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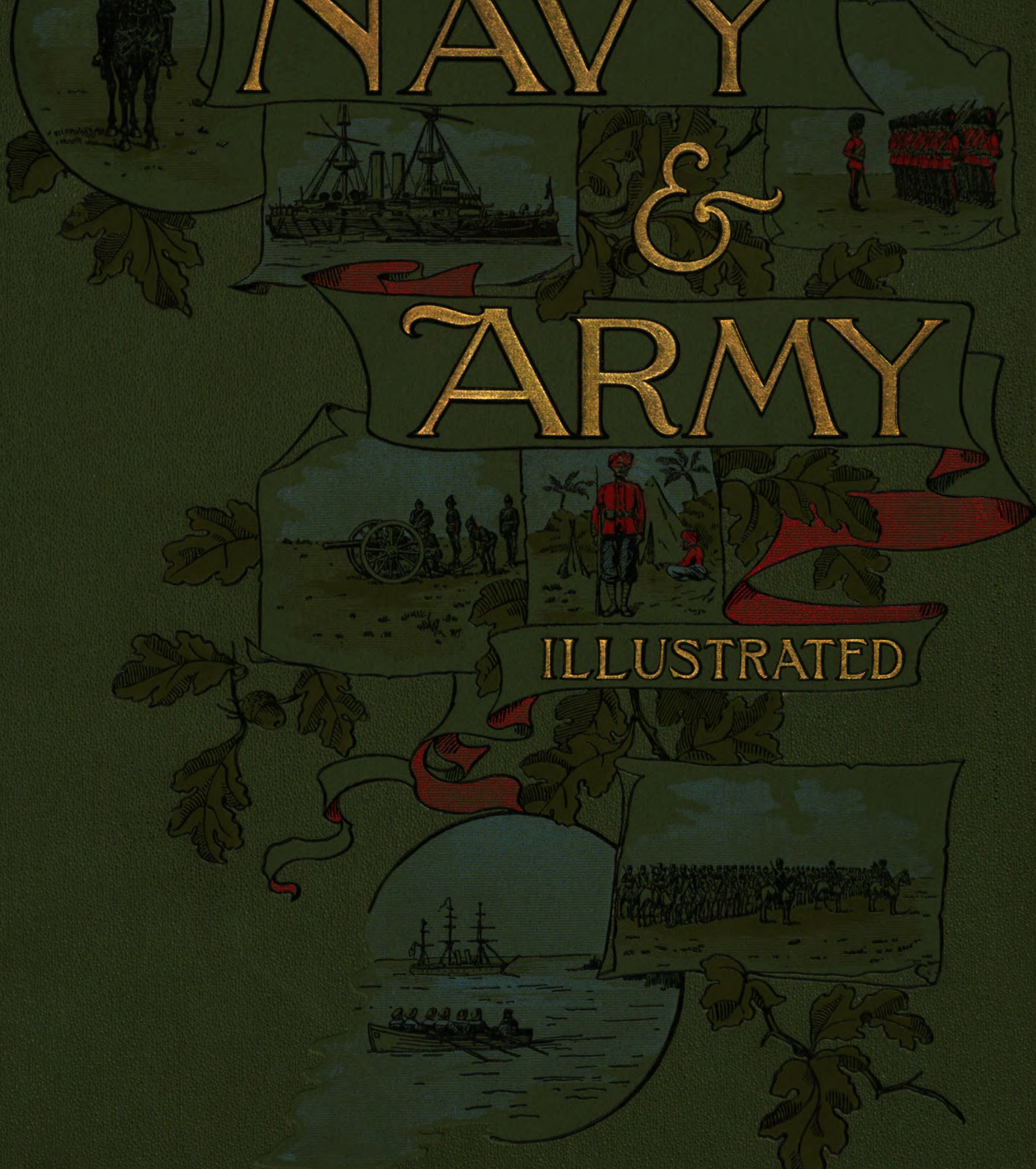

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.

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ADMIRAL SIR ANTHONY HILEY HOSKINS, G.C.B.

SIR ANTHONY HOSKINS entered the Royal Navy in 1842, and as a midshipman was present at the operations off Madagascar, and in the Mozambique Channel in 1845 and 1847. As lieutenant he served on shore during the Kaffir War of 1851-52—acting as Naval A.D.C. to the military officer in command—and on several occasions was mentioned in despatches. He won his promotion to Commander for services in the China War, 1857-58, in the course of which he was present at the capture of Canton and the Taku Forts. As a commodore Sir ANTHONY HOSKINS commanded on the Australian Station between 1875 and 1878, and was then granted the C.B. He won his K.C.B. in Egypt in 1882, and his promotion to G.C.B. was a special reward for distinguished service on retirement from the Active List in November, 1893, after having been continuously employed, since 1880, in some of the most responsible posts of the Service, including those of Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean and First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

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LIFE-SAVING ON OUR COASTS.

Putting to Sea.

Firing the Rocket.

Photos. HUBERT PALMER. *Great Yarmouth.*

Rigging the Tripod.

THE two principal agencies for saving life on our coasts are the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and the Coastguard Service. The first of these, as our readers are probably aware, is a voluntary association, dependent on the liberality of the public for its "sinews of war." It is an institution of which the nation is justly proud, as being the outcome of a spontaneous desire on the part of individuals to benefit their fellow creatures. Moreover, it is essentially English in its character, and has no exact counterpart elsewhere. The other department of life-salvage is a branch of the Government Service, and has already come under notice in this publication, under the title of "The Coastguard and their Duties." Suffice it to say here, that the rocket apparatus is under the Board of Trade, its actual working being entrusted to the Coastguard; though, unfortunately, owing to the fact of this being a Government department, the services rendered by the force in the matter of life-salvage are not as widely known as they deserve to be.

It might be thought that the spheres of action of these two departments would overlap; but this is not so. They are both necessary, and both equally useful. Thus the lifeboat comes into play when the wreck lies at a distance from the coast, while the radius of action of the rocket apparatus is limited to a few hundred yards from the shore—in positions which it is dangerous for the lifeboat to approach in consequence of rocks or surf.

Photo. KAY. *London.*

Mr. J. O. Williams, R.N.

To ensure both lifeboats and rocket apparatus being kept ready for immediate service, as well as to ensure efficiency on the part of the crews, recourse is had to periodical drills and exercises, carried out under competent inspectors, who carefully examine every detail of the appliances used, and satisfy themselves by the application of certain tests that the men are not only acquainted with their duties, but in every way competent to perform them under the ever-varying conditions of wind and weather that have to be encountered.

Some of the incidents connected with these exercises are depicted in the accompanying illustrations. First, we see a lifeboat, manned and fully equipped, proceeding under sail to a supposed wreck. Some of the crew are still using their oars for the purpose of pushing the boat into deep water from the beach whence she has just been launched. The tumbling surf and fierce wind which would certainly have to be encountered on real service cannot, unfortunately, be had "to order." Britannia may rule the waves, but, as the sea-sick dominie plaintively remarked, in the intervals of upheaval, "She cannot rule them straight!" In this instance, the sea, as the reader will take note, has declined to "rise to the occasion," and remains provokingly calm. Leaving the lifeboat to proceed on its errand of mercy, let us return to the shore. Here we find the rocket apparatus in "action," getting ready to throw its fiery messenger of good tidings over the wreck. A portion of the crew are erecting the iron tripod from which the rope, by means of which communication is hereafter to be effected with the wreck, will eventually be stretched. The tripod is for use on flat shores for the purpose of lifting the rope above the surf, the height being regulated by contracting or spreading the legs. Next, we have the fiery trail of the serpent depicted, as the rocket which has just been fired goes shrieking through the air with an angry roar, carrying with it a light rope, which, by dropping across the wreck, if the aim be true, enables those on board to haul off the stouter rope by which their rescue will, if all goes well, be effected. And now we see the whole apparatus in working order: the rope tightly stretched from ship to shore, the wreck, in this instance, being represented by a small vessel at anchor, while one of the crew is being dragged ashore in the "breeches buoy," a Coastguardman meanwhile wading into the surf, equipped with life-belt and lines, to help the poor fellow ashore, as depicted in the next illustration, where the lump of exhausted and half-drowned humanity is being tenderly lifted out of the buoy, preparatory to the application of restoratives, followed, let us hope, by a warm bed and hot grog. Lastly, the lifeboat, having accomplished its mission, returns to the shore to land the rescued ones and receive the well-earned plaudits of the crowd.

Photo. JACOB. *Sandgate.*

John Morris, C.O.

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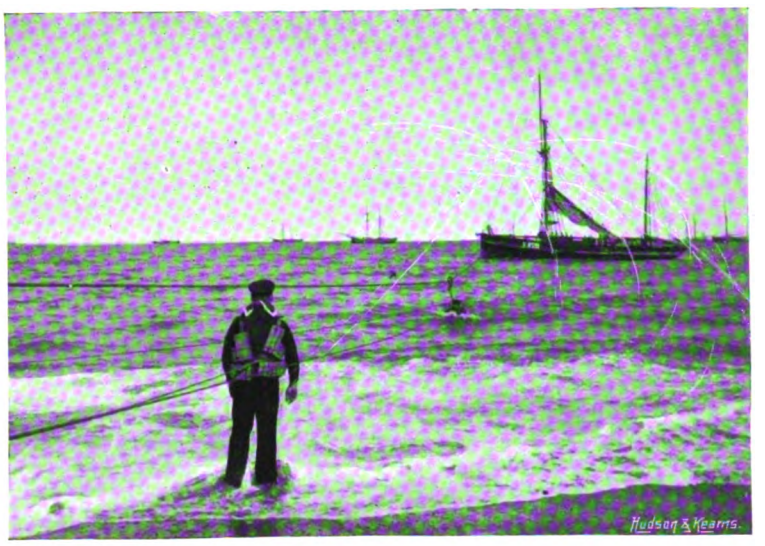
In the Breeches Buoy.



Landing the Rescued.

Photos. HUBERT PALMER. *Great Yarmouth.*

The Return to Shore.

Without going into statistics, it may be remarked that the number of lives saved by the means above described, since their first establishment, amounts to several thousands. For further particulars the reader must be referred to the annual reports issued by the departments concerned, wherein are set forth, in dry official language, details of the services rendered, together with any special acts of gallantry on the part of individuals. Needless to say, the duties connected with life-salvage entail, at times, a great deal of exposure and hardship, to say nothing of risk to the lives of those engaged. But Englishmen have never been backward in coming forward, and even risking their own lives on behalf of their fellow creatures, and many splendid acts of heroism, equalling anything recorded in history, are performed every year in connection with the lifeboats and rocket service. Where so many are entitled to a place on the roll of honour it would be an invidious task selecting cases for special mention. But on this page we have much pleasure in presenting the portraits of an officer and three men of the Coastguard Service who are recipients of honours for gallantry in saving life at shipwrecks. The one on the left is Mr. J. O. WILLIAMS, R.N., an officer who has probably been the recipient of more honours for saving life than any other member of the force. The mere enumeration of the distinctions this brave man has earned is enough to take one's breath away. Besides which, he has been honoured with numerous complimentary letters. Such a record, in the words of the late lamented Admiral Sir GEORGE TRYON, "does honour to the Coastguard Service."

On the occasion of the conferring of one of these distinctions, the "Standard" remarked: "People sometimes lament in the present matter-of-fact age a man has but little chance of performing noble deeds. It seems, however, from the facts stated at the presentation of the gallantry medals of the Liverpool Mercantile Service Association that chances come to those who have the pluck to take advantage of them." And after enumerating the honours that had been conferred on Mr. WILLIAMS, the writer justly observed: "This is, indeed, an extraordinary list of honours to be worn by one man, even though he be a chief officer in the Coastguard." Mr. WILLIAMS is now divisional officer at Aldeburgh, and everyone will join in the hope that this gallant officer may be spared to his country's service for many years to come.

The next one is JOHN MORRIS, who, when serving at Sandgate as a commissioned boatman, was awarded the Board of Trade silver medal for "brave conduct in hauling himself off by the whip through the breakers and properly securing the gear on board the 'Northern Belle,' and thus enabling the crew to be brought ashore," on the 13th of January, 1895. MORRIS was the last to leave the wreck, and was much exhausted when landed. He is now stationed at Milford, in the Lymington Division of Coastguard.

Photo. HERBST. *Sydney.*

Harry Cowling, C.O.

The next is HARRY COWLING, commissioned boatman, one of the latest recipients of honours, who, on the 23rd September of last year, in default of communication being effected by the rocket, divested himself of all clothing, attached a line to his waist, and swam off to the Pilot Schooner No. 1, of Wexford, which had been driven ashore in a very heavy gale, near Rosslare, Co. Wexford, and lay about 100 yards from the shore in the midst of a most dangerous surf. Communication was by this means effected, and the crew saved, for which gallant act COWLING was awarded the bronze medal, and promoted to commissioned boatman.

We regret to say that, in consequence of the exposure and cold he suffered on this occasion he has been in bad health ever since. COWLING is now serving at Morris Castle, Co. Wexford.

The portrait on the right is that of THOMAS DAWES, in the uniform of a commissioned boatman his rank at the time he was awarded the silver medal for the following gallant deed performed on the 10th December, 1893, at Ramsey, Isle of Man: "For praiseworthy service in going off in the breeches buoy and setting up the gear on board the 'Cormorant,'" the sea at the time washing over the crew, who, not understanding the gear, had taken to the rigging. As the result of this act, the crew of seven were safely brought ashore. DAWES was promoted to chief boatman, February 1st, 1894, and is now serving at the Holyhead station.

As long as British seamen are found willing to risk their lives in this manner on behalf of others, there need be no misgivings on the score of the *personnel* of our Navy. Fortunate, too, is the Fleet in having such gallant stuff to fall back on, in the shape of a Reserve.

Photo. MOORE. *Bristol.*

Thomas Dawes, C.O.

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H.M.S. "LAPWING"—OFF THE EDEN GARDENS CALCUTTA.

H.M.S. "LAPWING"—Commander G. S. Q. CARR, C.M.G., and Her Company.

THE "Lapwing" represents a type of ship that we have not before shown in these pages. She is a gun-boat of the first class, single screw, of 850 tons displacement, with a complement of a hundred officers and men all told, and mounting eight broadside guns (six 4-in. breech-loaders and two 3-pounder quick-firers), one boat gun, and two Nordenfelts. She was built at Devonport in 1889, and has since September, 1890, been continuously employed on the East Indies Station, where she now is; her special duty being what one may call the Ocean Police Service, in which so many of the smaller vessels of the Royal Navy of her kind are at all times employed all the world over. Eden Gardens, Calcutta, off which the "Lapwing" is seen lying, is upwards of sixty miles up the Hoogly, and from the "Lapwing's" presence so far from the sea we can gather something of the varied nature of the services that come in the way of our smaller ships on distant stations. Our photograph of Commander CARR, the other officers, and a portion of the ship's company, shows those serving in the "Lapwing" since last March, when the ship was for a second time re-commissioned on the station.

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Amateur Theatricals on Board H.M.S. "Magnificent."

Widow Twankey and the Magician.

The Grand Vizier, His Son, and "Pekoe's Pal."

The "Dramatis Personæ."

Aladdin and His Sweetheart.

AMATEUR theatricals may be said to be one of the most popular forms of entertainment in the British Navy. The position of the "Manager" of one of these performances is one requiring much tact and buoyancy of temperament. He has to choose a company out of a great number of officers and men, whose dramatic fervour is less questionable than their ability in the same direction. A midshipman is usually allotted to take the part of the heroine in a cast, and if an ogress is wanted, a big, raw-boned fellow is selected, who must necessarily be clean shaven. More often than not the play is itself the production of one of the officers on board the ship in which the performance is given. Some officers have indeed attained quite a celebrity in this direction, and have had their works performed on the boards of a real theatre. At the end of last month a most successful entertainment of this nature was given at Gibraltar, on board H.M.S. "Magnificent," the second flag-ship of the Channel Squadron, when members of the Officers' Dramatic Club gave a burlesque called "Aladdin," which included many up-to-date Naval songs and much amusing dialogue. As the night was fine and calm, there was a large attendance from the shore, including a number of ladies. The quarter-deck was turned into a temporary but most effective theatre, and was prettily decorated with flags. The performance was carried out without a hitch, and was much appreciated. The illustrations given here show some of the performers in their various parts. In the first we have Assistant-Engineer P. F. GRIFFITHS, R.N., as Abanazar the Magician, who has temporarily disguised himself as a sailor. The "lady" with the stern visage is Lieutenant JOHN N. HAMILTON, R.N., got up for the part of the immortal Widow Twankey. The disguised magician has been telling the lady an interesting yarn, and to convince her of its absolute truthfulness, has offered her "his hand on it—a honest hand, a seaman's hand." "A seaman's hand," says the widow, "hum—er—hard, horny, and deuced dirty." In the next we have Sub-Lieutenant C. D. ROPER as the Grand Vizier, Assistant-Engineer A. E. COSSEY, R.N., as Pekoe his son, and Midshipman A. L. GWYNNE as Tootsi, described in the programme as "Pekoe's Pal." In the third illustration we have the whole of the cast, as well as a slight indication of the scenery, and in the last are the two principal characters, Aladdin and his sweetheart the Princess, the first-named taken by Midshipman C. M. FORBES, and the latter by Midshipman R. C. BAYLDON. The part of the Emperor of China was played by Engineer C. STEVENS, R.N., and the cast also included Messrs. J. C. KENNEDY, C. G. HALL, G. L. SAURIN, A. N. GOULDSMITH, and fifteen other performers who took the part of the chorus. The play was written on board, and the music arranged by Mr. RILEY, the Chief Bandmaster of the ship.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

"SPONGE AND LOAD."

A CLASS of Marines is here represented at instruction in the handling of the 9·2-in. breech-loading gun of 22 tons. The operation in immediate process is that of sponging and loading The heavy breech-piece, with its intercepted screw for retaining it securely in position under the strain of discharge, has been swung back clear of the bore; the gun has been sponged, the sponge laid down in rear, and the projectile hoisted up with the travelling pulley, in readiness to be brought in rear of the gun. Two men handle the stout rammer wherewith to push it home in the bore; No. 1 superintends the proceedings, while the sergeant-instructor keeps a watchful eye on all from the rear. The 22-ton gun is a formidable weapon, throwing a projectile of 380-lb. weight, with a charge of 170-lb. of powder, at a velocity of 2,065-ft. per second on leaving the gun. It is calculated to be capable, under favourable circumstances, of piercing an unbacked armour plate of 19-in. in thickness.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

GUN-DECK, H.M.S. "NORTHUMBERLAND."

IN this illustration, as a contrast to that on the opposite page, is depicted the gun-deck of the "Northumberland." This vessel, one of the earlier ironclads, carried at first an armament of 68-pounder smooth-bores—the hardest hitting gun then in general use—with a few 100-pounder breech-loading Armstrong guns. These were subsequently replaced by 8-in. muzzle-loading rifled guns of nine tons, with a few 9-in. of twelve tons. The imposing appearance of the long vista of broadside guns is now a thing of the past; but the "Northumberland's" guns, as here illustrated, are very poor weapons compared with the 9·2-in. breech-loader which the Marines are handling. The 9-in. gun throws a projectile of 250-lb. weight, with a muzzle velocity of only 1,440-ft. per second, and a penetrating power of 11-in. of unbacked iron; while the 8-in. gun, with a projectile of 180-lb. weight, and a velocity of 1,384-ft. per second, is only equal to piercing 9-in.; the dispropoi tionately greater power of the modern gun being mainly due, of course, to the higher velocity.

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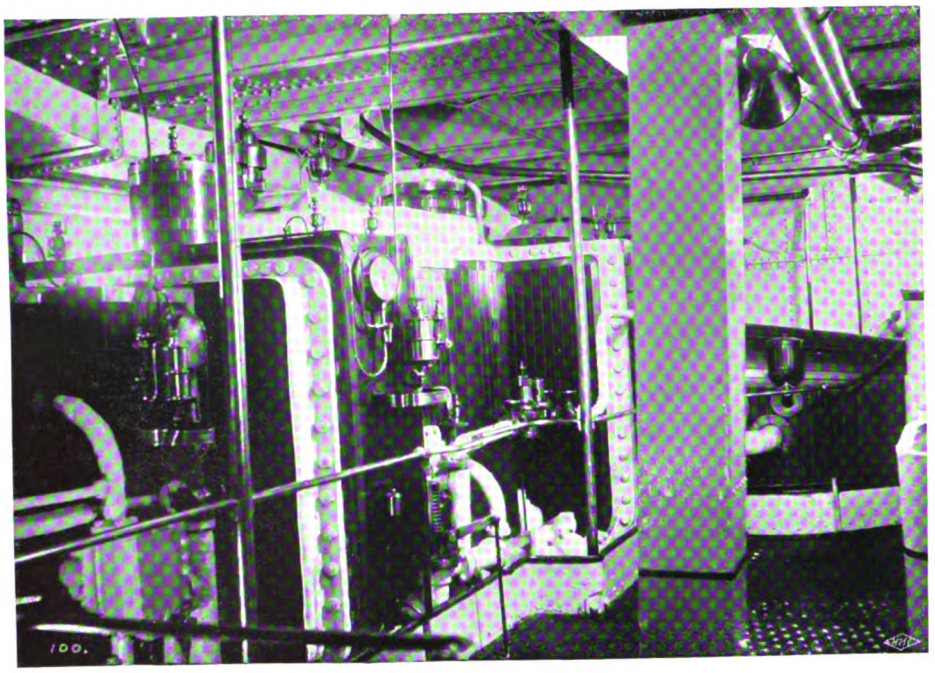
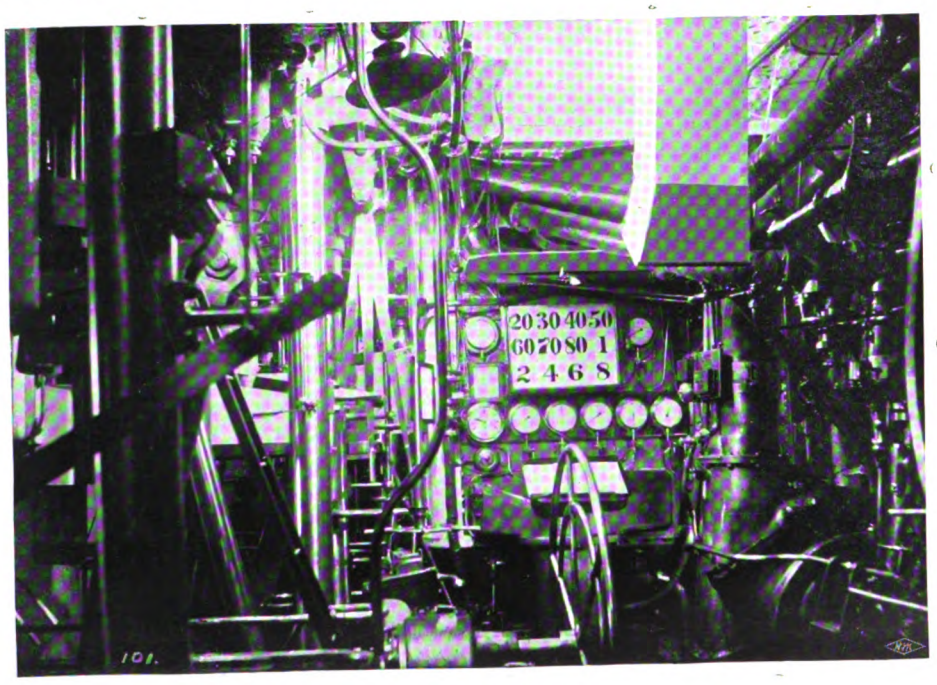
THE ENGINES OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

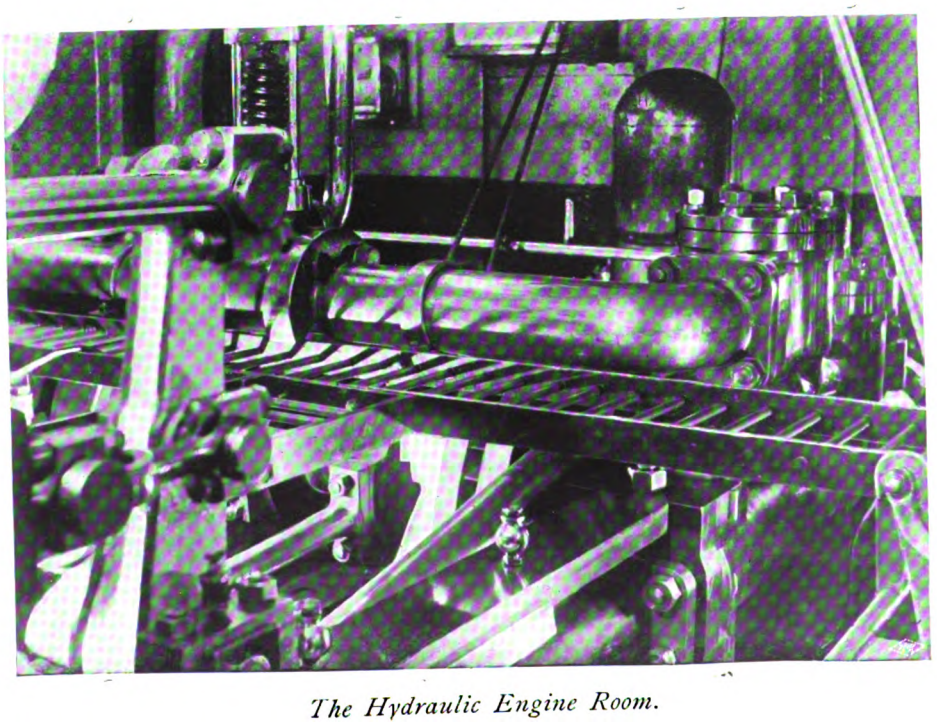
PROBABLY very few people, except those whose profession connects them with steam-ships or marine engineering, have any very precise idea of the extensive or important share in a war-ship's equipment occupied by her machinery. The casual visitor to a man-of-war knows of course that a steam-ship cannot move without engines, but as a rule he confines his observations to a stroll around her decks, has a look at the quarters occupied by the crew, sees a few of them at their drills, is very much impressed with her monster ordnance and pleased with the spick and span condition usually the attribute of every British war-vessel, but he seldom ventures below decks into the engine rooms. Situated as they are in the bowels of the ship, full of ponderous machinery, tortuous steam pipes, glistening rods and levers, and accessible only by steep ladders which descend into oftentimes a dark and heated atmosphere, they do not invite the same amount of attention or interest which the upper portions of the ship do. The "man in the street," as a rule, is sufficiently pleased with what he can easily see and understand, but unless he cares to venture below he can form no idea of what a modern man-of-war is like, of the amount of science and care required for her thorough equipment, nor of the means whereby she alone is enabled to fulfil the functions for which she was designed and constructed.



From the Débris Deck.



The Port Engine Room.



The Hydraulic Engine Room.

We present in this issue some photographs taken in the engine rooms of H.M.S. "Trafalgar," with twin-screw engines developing a full power of 12,000 horses, which under favourable conditions give the ship a speed of 17¼ knots per hour. The engines are of the three-cylinder triple expansion inverted type now usually fitted to war-vessels. The view taken from the *débris* deck shows the upper portions of the engine rooms and the cylinders. It will be seen that they are situated well below the armoured deck, which is shown overhead in the photograph, and which is intended to give protection from shell and splinters, when the ship is in action, not only to the machinery and boilers, but to all the vital portions of the vessel below the water-line. Ventilating trunks overhead supply cool air from above, or remove heated air from below in the engine rooms. Around the bottoms of the cylinders a platform is arranged to give access to the various valves in the steam pipe system, and also to the lubricators which, situated in the upper parts of the engine rooms, supply oil by means of suitable pipes to most of the bearings and moving parts of the machinery below—a very necessary and important matter, for the engines could not work well and smoothly without a proper supply of oil.

Another view shows the lower portion of the port engine room in the vicinity of the starting platform, at which point are arranged all the details for starting, stopping, or reversing the engines, all steam pressure gauges, vacuum gauges, electric bells, voice pipes, and instruments for transmitting orders to various parts of the engine department, or for communicating with the bridges and conning tower on deck. The engineer officer of the watch takes his station at the starting platform in readiness to receive and transmit the necessary orders to his subordinates, who are distributed, according to their duties, in the engine and boiler rooms. A battleship like the "Trafalgar" has, in addition to her main engines, about seventy smaller engines, supplied for various purposes, *i.e.*, steering, air compressing for torpedoes, electric lighting, ventilating, working ammunition hoists and heavy guns, etc.

The main armament of the "Trafalgar" consists of four 67-ton guns, mounted in pairs in two turrets, situated 120-ft. apart. Each gun is capable of discharging a projectile weighing 1,250-lb. The view of the hydraulic engine room shows the machinery whereby motive power is provided for hoisting these projectiles with their ammunition from the shell rooms and magazines, for loading the guns, and for working them and the turrets wherein they are mounted. There are two sets of hydraulic pumping machinery for this purpose, capable of supplying hydraulic pressure of 1,000-lb. per square inch.

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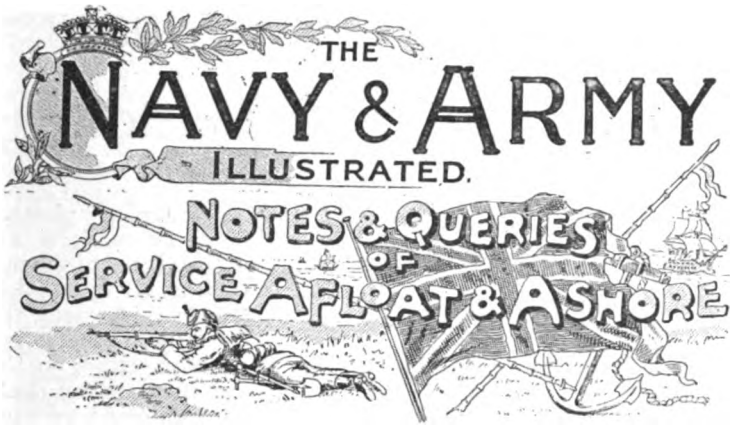

WITH this number we begin a new volume, and as on these occasions it is usual to make announcements of any new departures intended, or fresh features to be introduced, I intend this to be no exception to the rule. My appeal to Naval and Military men for illustrations of such subjects as the professional photographer would be unlikely to obtain has been most successful in one respect and yet unsatisfactory in another. Naturally, with so many Service men going in for photography, the appeal resulted in a large number of pictures being submitted for my acceptation. Unfortunately, out of this number all but a very few have fallen into one or the other of two classes, both of which were unsuitable for reproduction. There was one class in which the subject was everything to be desired, and I wish I could say as much for the workmanship. And then, again, there was another where the workmanship was as good as anyone could wish, but where, unfortunately, the subjects chosen were entirely unsuitable. It is strange how few amateurs recognise the exceedingly small amount of general interest that is felt in a group of figures, unless, of course, for some special reason the individuals composing the group have claims upon the general attention. Yet the larger number of the best photographs submitted have been groups of little or no public interest. What I would prefer to obtain are scenes of regimental and ship life, incidents in the field or at sea, and, indeed, anything that will convey to the public a correct idea of the experiences of our seamen and soldiers in all circumstances and under the varying conditions of service. In these pictures I want to see the same officers and men who are sent to me in meaningless groups, but engaged instead in occupations illustrative of their profession or its pastimes.

* * * *

IT is for these reasons that I have decided to offer a number of prizes for the best photographs sent to me by Amateurs. Separate prizes will be given for the best photograph of a Naval subject and for the best photograph of a Military subject, the points which will be taken into consideration being, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; secondly, excellence of photography; and thirdly, suitability for reproduction. The final decision in the matter will rest with me. As this announcement is intended for those of my readers who are farthest away, as well as for those near at hand, I will give now a few particulars so that they may at once set to work to compete, leaving full details till later on. As a general rule nothing smaller than a half-plate photograph will be accepted, although this proviso would not prevent the prize being awarded for a smaller photograph if it was in other respects the best one. Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the picture. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be carefully packed, as many of those we receive are found to have been damaged in transit. Of course, I have liberty to reproduce the prize photographs as well as any others which may be unsuccessful, but for these latter payment will be made at the rate of 10s. 6d. each for photographs used as full pages, or 6s. each for smaller ones. Competitors can send in as many photographs as they like, but it should be very clearly understood that bromide or platinotype prints are unsuited. The competition will open at once, and close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume, and the decision will be made as soon as possible after that. Fuller details as to the prizes, etc., will be announced shortly, and coupons published in future numbers, which must be used by competitors.

* * * *

IN answer to various correspondents who have written, asking in regard to the whereabouts of certain old ship logs of historic interest, the following information will be useful. All old logs up to 1845 are to be found stored away and carefully indexed at the Record Office in Chancery Lane, but the series does not date further back than 1689. Although orders were issued by the Admiralty as long ago as October, 1652—during Blake's battles with Tromp—for all captains of men-of-war to send in their logs and journals to the Admiralty after every cruise, and repetitions of this order were issued afterwards from time to time, little attention seems to have been paid to the order until after the Revolution of 1688. Then the business of the Admiralty was put on a more satisfactory basis, and an order as to the sending of logs was made, on the principle of "no log no pay," with results that we see in the almost complete series of logs to be found at the Record Office to-day. Logs since 1845 are preserved at the Admiralty for the most part, and special application has to be made to obtain access to them.

* * * *

To those acquainted with the southern portion of Devonshire, the expression "Plymouth weather" cannot fail to convey, at once, the idea of a very tearful sky and of an atmosphere similar to that of a hothouse plentifully watered by a careful gardener. In short, moisture is the great characteristic of the West Country weather, and a local poet is probably answerable for the following lines, which, unfortunately for the people who live in South Devon, contain a great deal too much truth. Here are the lines which "Old Salt" asks for:—

"The West wind always brings wet weather,
The East wind wet and cold together;
The South wind surely brings us rain,
The North wind blows it back again."

For the last six months my correspondents tell me that it has been true to the letter in the West Country.

* * * *

How can you ascertain approximately the weight you must remove from your ship in order to lighten her a given amount? The following is a very good rough-and-ready rule, and quite sufficiently accurate for practical purposes. Multiply the length by the beam of the vessel, and divide the product by 560, in the majority of cases; for long fine ships the divisor must be increased to about 600, and for ships of great beam, such as modern ironclads, it must be reduced to about 500. This will give the number of tons required to sink or lighten the ship one inch.

* * * *

THERE are numerous little privileges, which amount to distinctions, connected with the uniforms of our Army. For example, the officers of the 7th Hussars and the Oxfordshire Light Infantry are allowed to wear shirt collars when in undress uniform. I may remark that it would add a great deal to the comfort of all officers if this were made a general practice throughout the Army. The cloth collar, often heavily gold-laced and therefore quite costly, is bound to get disagreeably greasy, and, although it can be easily renewed, to be able to wear a clean white linen collar at all times would be much appreciated, and be certainly more cleanly. The Northumberland Fusiliers wear Grenadier caps made of racoon-skin, and bear a distinctive badge in the shape of a red and white "hackle" feather on the left side. The cap was given to the Old 5th—"The Fighting Fifth," "The Old, Bold Fifth," or "Lord Wellington's Body Guard"—in commemoration of their having captured a corps of French Grenadiers at Wilhelmstahl in 1762. The red and white feather was bestowed on account of their gallantry at St. Lucia in 1768, when they despoiled the French dead of their white feathers, dipped the ends in blood, and went in to win—the gallant "Old and Bold."

* * * *

"T. C. F." writes: "The custom of colouring funnels of H.M. ships buff was first enforced in 1867, for vessels attending the great review at Spithead, when the Sultan of Turkey visited this country. On that occasion there were two lines of vessels, one composed of wooden line-of-battle ships and frigates, headed by the 'Victoria' three-decker, and the other of ironclads. Orders were issued previously that all funnels were to be coloured buff; previous to this they were usually black. Also about that time it became the custom to paint the yards a light yellow instead of black, giving a much lighter appearance aloft. There was some want of uniformity in painting ships aloft. About that time the 'Liffey,' frigate, came home from the Mediterranean with canary-coloured masts, creating some sensation amongst the ships at Spithead."

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THE title "Corporal," as indicating the lowest grade of non-commissioned officer, is derived from the Latin *Caput*, the head; and, as meaning one placed as head over others, probably reached our language through the French, as did most of our military expressions. *Caporal* and the Spanish *Cabo* bear a closer resemblance to the original root. The grade probably existed under the same name before the establishment of a standing army in these islands, for we find the expression used by Shakespeare about 1590. It is a fact worth noting that the word "Corporal" forms the basis of the titles of all the non-commissioned officers of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, the rank equivalent to that of Sergeant in other branches of the Service being in these regiments "Corporal of Horse."

* * * *

STEAM propulsion in the Navy is comparatively recent when compared with the time it has been in vogue for mercantile craft. In 1807, Fulton first made steam navigation a commercial success by running a passenger steamer regularly between New York and Albany. By 1822, steam was established, not only for river and inshore traffic, but the pioneer steamer had crossed the Atlantic. Even then our Admiralty only recognised the possibility of the innovation as useful for towing and general, as contradistinct to war, purposes, and in that year the small tugs "Monkey" and "Comet" were added to the Navy. Vessels of this type continued to be built, but it was not until 1838-9 that *bonâ-fide* war steamers were introduced, and even then steam propulsion was confined to the smaller types of war-ship. One reason that the adoption of steam propulsion was not more rapid was that the paddle, the only propeller then in vogue, was obviously unsuited to war-ships. In 1836 the screw propeller had been perfected, and rapidly came into use; but not until 1842 did the Admiralty adopt it even experimentally, and it was 1850 before the Navy had been to any extent reinforced by screw steamers. These were of all types—corvettes, frigates, and battle-ships—but even at the time of the Russian War a large proportion of the Royal Navy was composed of sailing ships, and it was not until 1860 that the conversion of the grand old fleet into a new fleet, the vessels composing which were to be all steamers, was effected.

* * * *

"A. K."—The Order of the Thistle was instituted in the year A.D. 1540, and that of Saint Patrick in A.D. 1783. They resemble the Garter in the manner of their bestowal. The Bath is an Order far older than either of these, and one with which sailors and soldiers are nowadays particularly identified. The Bath was instituted not a great while after the Garter, having been founded by Henry IV. (Bolingbroke) in commemoration of his coronation, after he had usurped the crown. After a chequered career it was re-constituted in 1725, and has now an exclusively military division, to which only members of the fighting services can be admitted.

* * * *

THE German people, though slow in their comprehension of some things, manifest much patriotic enthusiasm about others. They delight in heroic festivities even more than their Western neighbours. Every jubilee and centenary, whether of individuals, regiments, or institutions, is seized upon as the occasion for rejoicing and self-congratulation over the glowing glories of the Fatherland, and "Hochs" for the *Weltreich* to be won. History is not written rapidly enough for them. They have not waited for its slow recording hand to make their first Emperor "William the Great." The recent celebration of the old Emperor's hundredth birthday was a truly national festival. His monument was unveiled as a military ceremony, his military writings have been officially published, and "Unser Heldenkaiser," a splendid memorial volume from the pen of Dr. Wilhelm Oncken, appears in Berlin (Schall and Grund). It was a splendid life; beginning with soldierly experience in the embers of the great Napoleonic wars, pursued through a long series of troubles and difficulties; completed with the lifting of Prussia to the hegemony of Germany, and glorified by the winning of the imperial crown. In this magnificent, and yet popular, volume all is well told in entertaining fashion and yet with accuracy of fact. The binding is a marvel, and illustrations are on almost every page. Who would know the making of Germany cannot do better than read Dr. Oncken's volume, and possess these admirable portraits of the Wilhelms, Moltkes, Bismarcks, and Roons, who were the makers of it.

THE EDITOR.

The Royal Academy Pictures
OF THE
Sea and Battle-Fields.

By H. H. S. PEARSE.

TO read the oracular phrases in which some modern art critics delight, is to think with Sterne that, of all cants that are canted in this world, the cant of criticism is the worst. One is forced either to the conclusion that among these writers no standard of sane judgment exists, or to the alternative that painters know nothing of the craft to which they have devoted half their lives. If the oracles agree at all it is in abuse of Academicians to whom the task of selection is entrusted for their "tolerance of the commonplace," and in depreciation of English art as it is represented by works at Burlington House. All this, however, has been heard before. It is no new thing to be told that in this year's Academy Exhibition there is a plethora of utter rubbish or a display of mediocrity unredeemed by any great work, but it will be a surprise for many readers to learn how much the pictures of Sir Frederic Leighton and Sir John Millais are missed by the very critics who persistently tried to belittle, while he lived, the most accomplished painter whom the world has seen since Titian's day. That one work from the brush of Leighton or Millais would be more precious than a hundred minor works now hanging on the walls at Burlington House is true enough, and too obvious also the melancholy fact that hands to which we looked for great achievements have lost their cunning. But an exhibition wherein the most careful works of capable artists look poor by comparison, cannot be so bad as the pessimists pretend.

Happily the task of exhaustive criticism is not mine, the object of this article being rather to deal with subjects that have especial interest for sailors and soldiers as depicting incidents that appeal to the martial spirit. From the Service point of view, it is to be regretted that England has so few painters who delight to stir the patriotic pulse by vigorous renderings of episodes that have shed honour and glory on our nation. Perhaps Ruskin was right in thinking that a great war would be necessary to bring out the highest development of art. Conscious that their powers do not lie in methods of Homeric strength, all but a few painters shrink from battle scenes that demand not only technical skill, but also imagination and dramatic force of a very high order.

It is something to the honour of artists who choose subjects demanding an exceptional combination of qualities that they are enabled to hold their own in goodly company. Merit of this kind can hardly be denied to Mr. Ernest Crofts, whose "Attack on the Gatehouse at Hougoumont" is worthy to rank with the great battle pictures of Detaille or De Neuville. The hot courage of French soldiers who stride over the bodies of fallen comrades to batter in vain at the stout doors, while withering fire is poured upon them from loopholes and windows, the gallantry of French officers cheering their men on to almost certain death, and the stubborn resistance offered by British Guardsmen who meet their assailants on the outer walls with a steadfast resolution not to be overborne by numbers, are realistic touches that stir the pulses of any man who has seen brave soldiers in moments like this, animated by a devotion that transforms the lust of battle into noblest heroism. Even more effective in sentiment, though lacking the great artistic qualities of Mr. Crofts' work, is Lady Butler's "Steady the Drums and Fifes," the 57th (Die Hards) drawn up under fire on the ridge of Albuera. We all know, or should know, the story of that glorious struggle, when Houghton's Brigade, the 29th, 57th, and 48th, held stubbornly their foothold on the ridge against overwhelming odds until Cole and his Fusiliers came to their rescue. Through the ranks shot and shell tore with merciless persistency, but the gaps were closed, and wounded men fought on round the tattered colours, cheered by Inglis, who repeatedly called to them "Die hard, 57th. Die hard." And nobly they answered to his call. When struck down by a grape-shot the grim old colonel refused to be carried to the rear, but lay where he had fallen still encouraging them to steadiness and exertion. So destructive was the fire of the enemy that "the few survivors must have slept in peace with their fallen brothers" had not the Fusilier brigade come up to their

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support and by a brilliant charge turned the tide of battle. The wreck of the 57th, cheered on by the tough old soldier who was so near to death's door, would have joined in the charge for which drummers were beginning to beat the roll, when Marshal Beresford exclaimed, "Stop! Stop the 57th. It would be a sin to let them go on." When that glorious fight was over the remnant of the "Die Hards" carried out of battle with them the colours "shot to ribbons but unpolluted by a moment's grasp of a foeman."

There is none of the frenzy of battle in Mr. Walter C. Horsley's sunny picture illustrating an incident in the Egyptian Campaign under Napoleon. This is a work very brilliant in colour and absolutely true in its rendering of atmospheric effects in the hot sunlight of Egypt. There is delicate humour, too, in the artist's treatment of a quaint scene. The French army was accompanied by a staff of *savants*. These were openly derided by the soldiers, who called their donkeys "*demi-savants*." Napoleon issued an order that "*Messieurs les savants et les ânes*" should take refuge in the squares whenever an encounter with the Memlûks began. This was a daily occurrence, and Mr. Horsley has chosen the moment when the learned camp followers with their donkeys are being summoned to their proper places by a camel rider of the mounted infantry brilliant in uniform of scarlet and blue. Napoleon in the distance is watching the approach of Memlûk horsemen and preparing his infantry to receive them on the battle-field of the Pyramids. There is a great deal of movement, much character, and very clever treatment of animal life in this sparkling picture, the effect of dryness and heat being rendered by technique that is peculiarly adapted to such a subject.

The "brutal" force needed for scenes of sterner strife is to be found in Mr. Caton Woodville's "Fuentes Onoro," where Norman Ramsay's battery of Horse Artillery is seen cleaving its way through the ranks of French Cavalry that had hemmed it in. Horses and riders are rolling in the dust, and the whole scene of wild confusion is vividly suggested, though the painting is much less satisfactory than in many of Mr. Woodville's previous works. Curiously enough, Mr. W. B. Wollen has selected the same subject, and both artists quote from Napier the passage that describes how "Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated; an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth, sword in hand, at the head of his battery. His horses, breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind him like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close with heads bent low and pointed weapons in desperate career." By conscientious attention to details and too much insistence on them Mr. Wollen takes some of the action from his men and horses. The eye, caught by a very carefully-painted sabretasche or some totally unimportant accessory, rests there, and so the illusion of swift movement is lost. If Mr. Wollen will let himself go and be less troubled by the exigencies of military criticism, he should produce a much more vigorous work, though he is hardly likely to surpass this in the qualities that appeal to soldiers who insist on absolute definition in matters of detail. With them this rendering of a memorable incident will find favour, and it is to be cordially commended for sound workmanship. Mr. John Charlton exhibits a large picture entitled "Comrades," in which there is much restrained force and subtle expression of sentiment. A trooper of the 17th Lancers lies dead on the field, and his horse, hit by a bullet, is rearing in the agony of death. Comrades to the end, they will be presently lying side by side on the battle-field. That is the story suggested, and Mr. Charlton shows all his old skill in handling it. A new departure is his portrait of Lord Tredegar, who led the 17th Lancers—"The Death or Glory Boys"—out of the fateful charge of Balaclava. It is an admirable likeness, and its artistic merits are quite worthy of the place that has been given to it on the line.

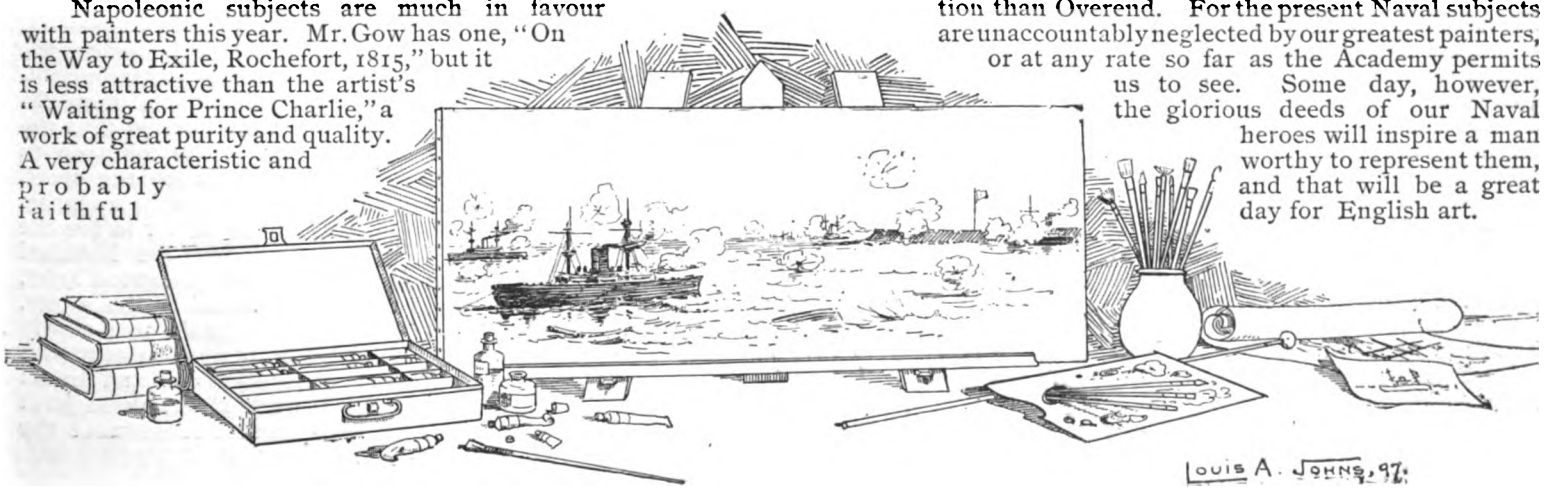
Napoleonic subjects are much in favour with painters this year. Mr. Gow has one, "On the Way to Exile, Rochefort, 1815," but it is less attractive than the artist's "Waiting for Prince Charlie," a work of great purity and quality. A very characteristic and probably faithful conception of the great Emperor is Mr. H. H. Piffard's "The Last Review," which represents Napoleon in exile sitting in an easy chair, while General Bertrand's children play at soldiers before him. Mr. Laslett Pott and Mr. Chapman also deal with episodes in the life of Napoleon, but not very successfully. Mr. Vereker Hamilton has forsaken Indian battle-fields and given a fresh rendering of the familiar Quatre-Bras, while Mr. Beadle chooses for his subject the capture of an Eagle at Waterloo by Corporal Styles, of the Royals, in the charge of the Union Brigade.

Painters of the sea in its various moods are represented by Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Peter Graham, who is seen at his best in a great portion of storm-tossed waters, foam, and mist—

"When nought is heard but lashing wave and sea-bird's cry"

—Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Edwin Hayes, Mr. Brett, Mr. Wyllie, and Mr. Dudley Hardy. The last-named, in his "Queen's Highway," shows that he can paint the strong swell of a flowing tide with the force that comes from accurate knowledge and with the understanding of a true artist. Neither of these, however, is likely to attempt rivalry with Mr. Somerscales as a painter of Naval battles. That distinction may be left for Mr. L. Holst, who exhibits a charming little picture of Sir Francis Drake's flag-ship "Revenge" towing the Spanish galleon "Rosario" into Torbay. It is admirable in colour, strong in drawing, and full of the right feeling. The last fight of this same little "Revenge," three years later, is made the subject of Mr. Somerscales' single work, and no incident more worthy of commemoration could be found in all our Naval annals than Sir Richard Grenville's glorious combat in which for fifteen hours the "Revenge" alone gave battle to nearly the whole Spanish Fleet, and only surrendered when her captain was wounded and no more than one barrel of powder remained. If Sir Richard had been allowed to have his way, the "Revenge" would have gone down with colours flying, and like a dying swan singing her own requiem to the music of a last broadside. The ships and sea are painted cleverly, but there is little suggestion of the sublimity of such a scene in the stately array of Spanish ships bearing down upon their tiny adversary. No wreckage strews the waves, nor are there signs of carnage. Another Naval picture displaying great skill in draughtsmanship and other good qualities, but lacking the supreme virtue of magnetism, is Mr. Thomas Davidson's "Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen," where, after the four hours' fight, Nelson went to the stern galley and wrote his famous letter to the Crown Prince. His secretary, who copied as he wrote, offered him a wafer to seal the letter with, but he ordered a lantern to be brought, that he might seal the letter with wax. The first messenger was killed, and another took his place. Asked afterwards why he had taken so much trouble at such a time, Nelson replied that he did not wish the Crown Prince to think he was in a hurry. The wafer would have been damp when delivered, but wax "told no tales." None of the stress of battle is in Mr. Davidson's picture. A little smoke from it is seen through a distant port-hole where grimy gunners stand, and a "powder monkey" is handing water to a wounded man who lies in deep shadow at another part of the vessel, but beyond these figures there is little sign of action on board the "Elephant" to indicate that she is, or has been, under the fire of fort and fleet for hours, and Nelson's calmness might be rather that of a spectator than of one who has risked everything on the issue of this fight.

For some reason, neither the Chevalier De Martino, Marine Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty, nor Mr. W. H. Overend is represented on the Academy walls this year, and there are not so many marine pictures of merit that we can afford to dispense with the works of men who, in different lines, are masters of their craft. There are few artists who can give so much character and individuality to a ship as De Martino, and fewer still who could portray life at sea in calm or storm, peace or war, with greater fidelity or more ardent appreciation than Overend. For the present Naval subjects are unaccountably neglected by our greatest painters, or at any rate so far as the Academy permits us to see. Some day, however, the glorious deeds of our Naval heroes will inspire a man worthy to represent them, and that will be a great day for English art.



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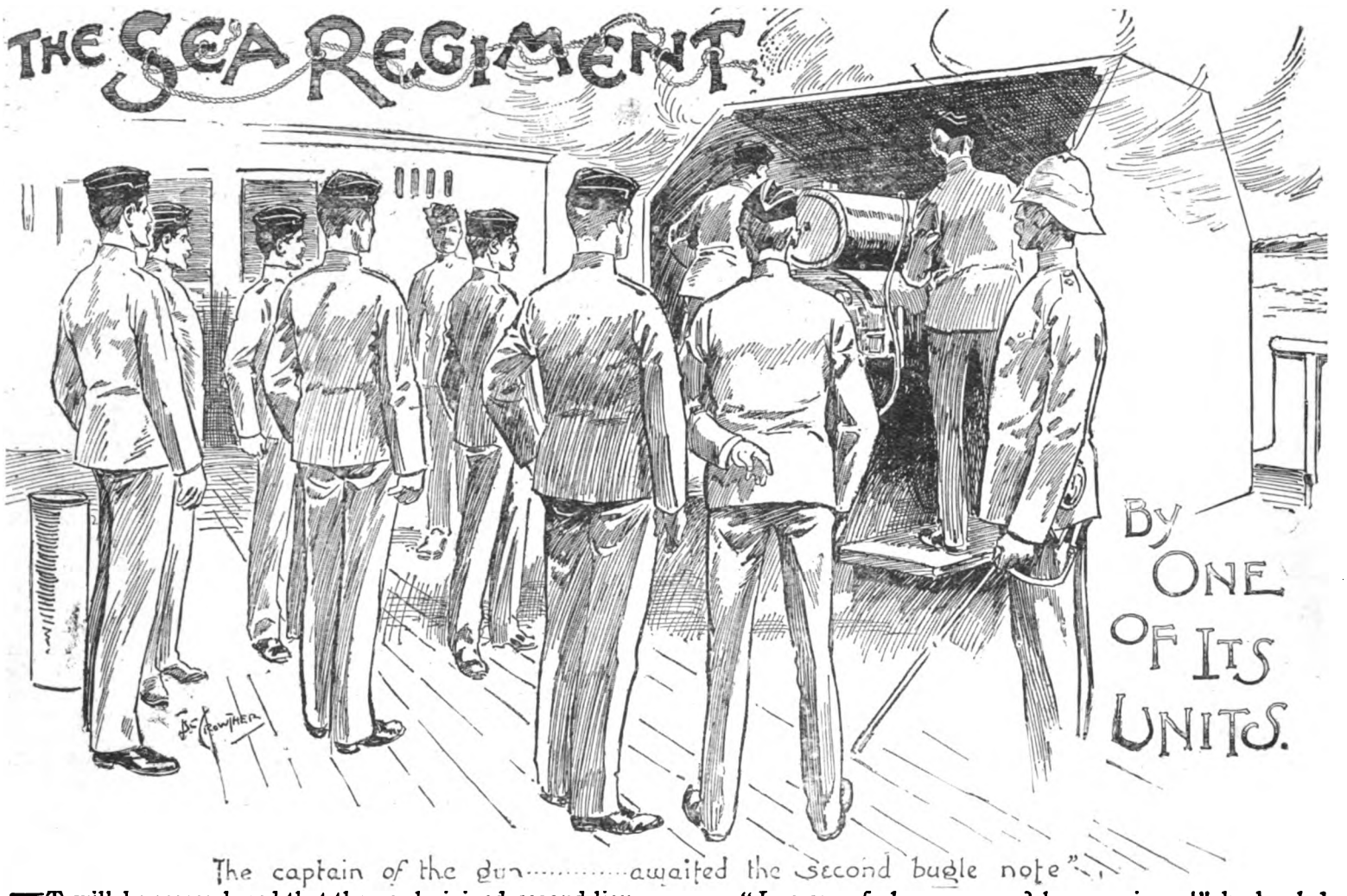

The captain of the gun.....awaited the second bugle note".

IT will be remembered that the newly-joined second lieutenant of the Loyal Mid-Wessex Regiment — "the Makee-learn ping tung," as Captain Bronzeface of the Marines, fresh from the China station, called him—had been invited by the latter to spend a day with him and his sea soldiers upon their native element. Now, the Makee-learn's conception of a Marine was refreshingly *naïve*—derived, as it entirely was, from Marryat's novels and from the chatter of the inland military university at which he had recently graduated. But the boy had journeyed since upon the great highway of nations, where that red-coated British policeman is better known than among the whispering Surrey firs. On sentry-go in the battlecraft lying in Malta harbour, at drill upon the Corradino parade, patrolling the streets of Valetta with their bluejacket brethren—for the first time the Makee-learn met the redcoats of the Royal Navy face to face. Being a keen and well dragged up—if somewhat callow—youth, he had enjoyed, in the club and Service messes, the privilege of sitting at the feet of certain of the elders. Yet nowhere, *mirabile dictu!* could he see or hear a trace of the naval novelist's military buffoon; and thus was another of childhood's traditions ruthlessly shattered.

Tied by the nose to a ponderous man-o'-war buoy in the harbour was H.M.S. "Grandiloquent," throbbing and snorting like a charger chafing at its halter. The solemn daily rite of "cleaning wood and brightwork"—of which the first lieutenant is high priest, and with which nothing short of a general action is allowed to interfere—was being performed, and the gods were surely pleased. For, the standard compass perched high above the demoralising guns, the brazen-faced tompions and steel breechblocks of the guns themselves, the reflectors of the search lights—that pair of eyes which read the secrets of the blackest night at sea, the brass-bound ladder-rungs and the gun-metal rims of the scuttles—all these baser metals were presently transmuted by Sol, the alchemist, into glittering gold and silver.

At least, so it seemed to the impressionable Makee-learn coming alongside in Me-good-fellow-sir's dyso: and, with an artistic sense of harmony, he tendered in payment of his fare a bright new sixpence.

Me-good-fellow-sir blasphemed in his native—and very vulgar—tongue, and refused to accept it.

"What does the son of Ham want?" called down Bronzeface from the top of the accommodation ladder.

"A bob!" returned the Makee-learn indignantly, "and I could hit the Custom House landing-steps with a stone!"

"Take his number and give him his legal fare," counselled Bronzeface—"three *d* and the boot!"

Me-good-fellow-sir grabbed the sixpence and shoved off with much alacrity.

"I no son of—how you say? bacon—signor!" he bawled back to Bronzeface from a safe distance, "Me son of Knight of Malta! I speak it to the Marines," he added, as a parting shot and with a vague impression that his statement gained value therefrom.

"That is the boast of every scallywag in the island," laughed Bronzeface, shaking hands with Makee-learn, "though, in view of the fact that the Knights of St. John were a celibate order, the honour of being one of their descendants is—eh? What?"

The "Grandiloquent" was a low freeboard ship, with a great expanse of upper deck, *across* which—and with several feet to spare—a cricket pitch might have been marked off. Built up on the fore and after portions of this deck, and connected by a long bridge, were a couple of light superstructures, pierced with square ports; and between them, set in echelon, rose the two ponderous turrets. From each of the latter, and just clear of the deck, a pair of forty-five ton guns thrust their long muzzles—guns, turrets and superstructures all being resplendent with white enamel paint. The brilliancy of the structures was further enhanced by a broad band of crimson, and this colour was repeated by the kersey of the sentry on the fore bridge and by the cross of the great white ensign that lay, ready for hoisting, athwart the stern 6-inch gun.

"Great Scott!" said the Makee-learn, as he stepped through the watertight doorway into the after superstructure, "it's more like a house-boat than a battleship!"

Bronzeface contemplated the cocoanut matting along the deck, the electric lamps, the scrollwork on the bulkheads, the polished jalousies and gay door-curtains of the officers' cabins, and laughed softly. "You'll find her a damned noisy house-boat before you've done with her," he said.

The clock over the captain's cabin door being on the stroke of eight, the sentry—a six-foot Marine artilleryman—notified the fact to the officer of the watch outside upon the quarter-deck. Cap in hand, the lieutenant hurried into the cabin, and reported the impending birth of the forenoon to the skipper, who straightway commanded it to take place. As the sharp strokes of the bell-clapper rang out in response, Bronzeface dragged the Makee-learn up the ladder to see the function on deck. The band was playing the National Anthem, the sentry on the fore bridge had presented arms, while every other soul, with right hand raised to the salute, was facing aft, where the yeoman of signals was slowly hoisting the ensign. The Grand Harbour was resonant with the clang of bells and the music of brass and reed and drum: for it is the healthy custom in the Queen's Navee throughout the world to mark with much pomp and circumstance the daily uplifting of the British flag.

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From the wardroom came the cheerful clatter of crockery, and thither the Marine led his youthful guest. A wardroom breakfast on a hot station is no *recherché* meal to be loitered over. Routine inboard, like the wind and tide outboard, waits for no man, nor does the cockroach-tainted atmosphere invite dalliance. With the Grandiloquents it was, moreover, a silent meal; for when you have breakfasted for over three years with the same seventeen faces—as each of the Grandiloquents had—there does not appear to be any pressing need for conversation. The Makee-learn shook hands with the first lieutenant, whom he had met before.

"Here, hi!" broke in Bronzeface, "you musn't do that, you know. It isn't safe to address Number One before lunchtime at the very earliest."

"Lunchtime! Bedtime, you mean," corrected the fleet surgeon, whose breakfast appeared to consist of a grape and a glass of water.

"It would lighten a poor devil's lot considerably," retorted Number One, "if some of you would refrain from doing so at *any* time. To-day, however, I am quite tame; a child might play with me."

"I'm hanged if I'd let mine—even if I had one," observed the torpedo lieutenant pleasantly; "children are so impressionable, don't you know."

The subsequent conversation was afterwards described by the Makee-learn as flat contradiction to positive assertion followed by personal affront. He turned his attention, therefore, to such prosaic details as ejecting a cockroach trespasser from his preserve and helping himself with a spoon to butter. The waiters, he remarked, were no other than the ubiquitous Marines—who seemed, indeed, to the Makee-learn to have a finger in every pie. This, of course, is but a figure of speech, for the ten big privates in their spotless white drill tunics were entirely without reproach in the matter of handling dishes.

After breakfast everyone foregathered for a quart of aner hour round the smoking lantern on the half deck, and at ten minutes to nine the five Marine buglers sounded off *Divisions*—the naval morning parade. By this time wardroom, gunroom, cabins—indeed, the entire ship, had been swept and garnished, the decks having been holystoned somewhere about cockcrow. By companies the bluejackets and stokers fell in under their respective officers along the upper deck, the detachment of Marines—which naturally interested the Makee-learn most—being right aft upon the quarter-deck. The inspection of men, arms, and clothing over, the ship's bell tolled for prayers, and the entire company—with the exception of the Roman Catholics—were massed amidships. Then the Chaplain read the quaintly-worded petition that his flock might be preserved from the dangers of the sea and the violence of the enemy, to be a safeguard unto our most gracious sovereign lady Queen Victoria and her dominions, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions.

Freed presently from the great buoy, which went blundering aft along her side, the "Grandiloquent" kicked up the sea with her heels, and snorted her way disdainfully through the merchant shipping to the harbour mouth. Outside, the rudeness of the east wind was fast working old man Neptune into a villainous frame of mind; and the fat battleship began curtseying her respects to him like a *débutante* at a drawing-room, till it must have made him sick to see her.

At least, it did the Makee-learn. Like that other old man with the scythe, he of the trident is a great leveller; and the smart young infantry officer was speedily rendered abject as the sickest tripper on a Margate steamboat.

"Look here," said he with conviction, as H.M.S. "Grandiloquent" suddenly sat down between two waves, "this ship of yours is a beast!"

"Rot!" retorted the other, "she's a damned good seaboat. You can't expect a ship always to be on an even keel—it would be infernally monotonous if she were."

"You Marines," asserted the Makee-learn querulously, "are the sort of fellows who would enjoy riding a buck-jumping whale—I wish you wouldn't have cock roaches in the jam—I wish I hadn't been such a bally juggins as to —— I wish, ugh! 'Scuse my runnin' away, won't you?"

At the back of Malta, and distant from it about a couple of miles, is a rocky precipitous islet, whither, one by one throughout the year, the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet come to do their annual prize firing. Towards this battered cliff the "Grandiloquent" was racing at her top speed, every moment being precious. For, owing to the ship's low freeboard, it was impossible, without risk of swamping her, to open the turret gunports in any but the most moderate weather. Already with each roll the water was lapping across the deck and round the turrets as upon a rock-studded beach; and, with a falling barometer and rapidly rising wind and sea, there was no time to lose if the practice was to be carried out.

As soon as the distant surf-whitened islet opened out from the dismal coastline, the quintet of buglers sounded *exercise action*. Instantly came the rush of many hundred bare feet, the clatter of the sea-soldiers' boots, the rattle of arms plucked from the racks, the clank of the guns' securing chains flung upon the decks, and the barking of many commands. Stanchions, rails, davits—all fittings, in short, that masked the gun fire, were deftly removed. Every worker in that busy hive had his clearly-defined tasks, and there were no drones in the swarm. The magazines were opened, shell whips rigged, and its allotted meal of powder and projectile served to each hungry gun. The guns themselves were cast loose and the breechblocks thrown open; the small arms were placed in the fighting racks, and stretchers provided; while, in a sheltered place below the waterline, the doctors set out their ghastly stock-in-trade upon an operating table. Indeed, had the passive rock been instead a hostile cruiser, I know of no other preparation that would have been made for the encounter.

A certain proportion of the Marine detachment was employed in the magazines, but the majority worked the battery of 6-inch B.L.'s upon the after superstructure, a few being stationed at the Hotchkiss and other quick-firers upon the bridge. Bronzeface, in command of his infantry-gunners, received his orders through a voice tube direct from the captain in the conning tower for'ard, as did the officers in the turrets, upon the foremost superstructure, and in the fighting tops. The ship by this time was rolling somewhat quickly; but the Makee-learn's curiosity had got the better of his sea sickness, and presently, seeing him propped against the binnacle, Bronzeface went up to him and explained the then system of prize firing.

"Five buoys—you can just see them now," he said, looking for'ard through the gangway, "are laid down in a straight line at equal distances from each other, and at right angles to the line of fire. The ship steams down this row of buoys, one gun only firing at the target during the run. On passing the first buoy, a 'G' is sounded on the bugle as a warning to the gun's crew to 'stand by!' but they may not begin to fire till the arrival at the second buoy is announced. At the third, the bugle again sounds, to denote 'half-time,' and at the fourth buoy the gun must cease firing. At the fifth, the ship is turned round for the run back—another gun taking up the tale, and so on. The gun's crew who register the greatest number of rounds and hits in the time—about four minutes—win a substantial money prize, there being one to each class of gun. I hope I have made myself tolerably clear. Hullo! there goes the first 'G,' and my starboard 6-inch opens the ball!"

The Makee-learn surreptitiously stuffed into his ears the cotton wool he had brought with him, and opened his mouth. The sea-soldiers had trained the already loaded 6-inch as far for'ard as possible, and the captain of the gun—a smart young corporal—with eye along the sights and lanyard in hand, awaited the second bugle note.

Almost simultaneously with it came the roar of the gun and the scream of the released shell, and in the dense cloud of smoke the Makee-learn dimly saw the crew sponging, reloading and training their noisy shipmate for the next round. Eight rounds with six hits was the score of these sweating, grimy soldiers when their run came to an end; and eventually it was they who secured the 6-inch prize.

Never will the Makee-learn forget that day with the sea-soldiers. The appalling roars of the monsters caged within the turrets, the deafening voice of the 6-inch, the ear-splitting chatter of the machine guns—with the wetness and general discomfort of a low freeboard ship in a heavy sea—took all the stiffening out of him.

"The Sea Regiment," he observed in his own messroom that evening, "is a ripper, and I drink its health. Thank God, though," he added, "it isn't mine!"

A Third Article, by Captain Drury, on "The Sea Regiment" will appear shortly. The first was published on October 30th, 1896.

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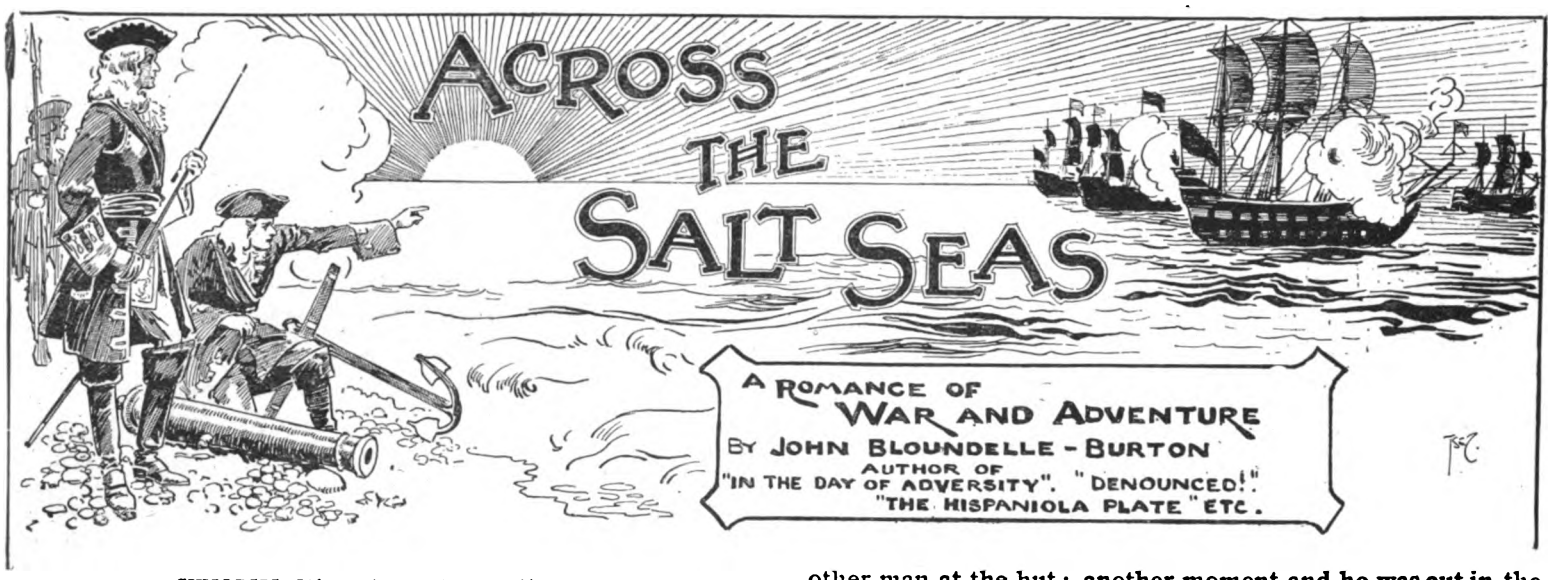

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, a Lieutenant in the Fourth Horse, or Cuirassiers under Marlborough, has been sent by the latter to Sir George Rooke, who was in command of the English sea and land forces which besieged Vigo, and captured the treasure ships lying there under the protection of the French Admiral, Chateaurenauld. Crespin has here discovered a young West Indian gentleman, one Señor Juan Belmonte, who was a passenger in a galleon, and a great friendship having sprung up between them, the latter, who is very well to do and with no particular occupation, decides to accompany the former on what promises to be a remarkably hazardous attempt to rejoin his regiment in Flanders. They are, consequently, now endeavouring to travel through Spain and, afterwards, France, by road, and the following chapters will depict what befalls them in the attempt to do so. Other leading characters which have appeared in the earlier part of the narrative are soon to be seen again.

CHAPTER XV. *(continued).*

GOD! would they never separate—would not some depart and the others retire into the cabin and shut the door against the cold wintry night? Or offer us the opportunity to make one turn of the wrist on our reins, give one pressure of our knees to the animals' flanks, and dash up the remains of the ascent and past the hut ere those within could rush out and send a bullet after us from fusil, gun, or musketoon?

At last they gave signs of parting; we heard the *Buenas Noches* and *Adios* issuing from those Spanish throats; we saw two of the men, their forms blurred yet magnified in the out-streaming rays of the lamp, clasp each other's hands; we knew that they were saying farewell to one another. And then—curse the buffoon!—and then, when they had even parted and two had turned towards the door to re-enter, while the rest had taken their first steps upon the road forward—then, I say, one of these latter turned back, made signs to all the others, and, when he had fixed their attention, began to dance and caper about in the road, imitating, for the benefit of his friends, as I supposed, some dance, or dancer, he had lately seen.

From the lips of my high-strung companion there came a long-drawn breath—almost, I could have sworn, I heard the soft murmur of a smothered Spanish oath—and then, once more, those whom we watched parted from each other; the buffoonery was over, the imitation—if such it was—finished. Again, with laughs and jokes, they broke up and separated.

"Our chance is at hand at last!" I whispered.

Was it?

The others—those going away—had disappeared round a bend of both rock and road; the two left behind were retiring into their house when, suddenly, the last one stopped, paused a moment, put up his hand to his head as though endeavouring to recall something, then put out his other hand, seemed to grasp a lantern from inside the door, and slowly began, a moment later, to descend the road towards where we sat our steeds.

And now we were discovered beyond all doubt. In an instant or so he would perceive us; another, and he would challenge us—would shout back to his comrade in the hut, perhaps call loud enough to attract the attention of his departing friends. We should be shot down, our horses probably hamstrung, we brought to earth—prisoners or dead.

"Swords out!" I said to Juan, "and advance. Quick, put your horse to the canter at once—ride past him—over him, if need be."

A moment later and we had flashed by the astonished man—the jennet that bore Juan springing up the hill like a cat, my own bony but muscular steed alongside; behind us we heard the fellow's roars; an instant after the ping of a bullet whistled by my ears, fired at us as we advanced by the other man at the hut; another moment and he was out in the road endeavouring to swing a wooden gate, that hung on hinges attached to the cabin, across the road.

Also, which was worst of all, we heard answering calls from the men who had gone on ahead—tramplings and shouts—we knew that they were coming back to help. But we were at the gate now, and still it was not shut; there wanted yet another yard or so ere its catch would meet the socket-post, and, shifting my reins into my sword hand, I seized its top bar, endeavouring to bear it back by the combined weight of my horse and myself upon the man striving to shut it.

Then I heard the fellow at the gate call out something of which I understood no word, heard Juan give a reply with—who would have believed it of him at this moment!—a mocking laugh; heard the word Inglese; knew instinctively that he had told them who and what we were, and had defied them.

And also, as I divined all this, I saw that the other men had returned, had reached the gate, and were lending their assistance to aid in its being barred against us.

It was war time, as I had said before; I took heart of grace in remembering this, and I set to work to hew my way, even though I killed all who opposed me, towards the distant goal I sought. One brawny Spaniard who, even as he lent his whole weight to the gate, drew forth a huge pistol, I cut down over those bars, he falling all aheap in the road. Another I ran through the shoulder; and I saw the steel of Juan's lighter sword gleam like a streak of lightning betwixt the upper and the second bar; I heard the third man who had come back give a yell of pain as it reached him, while a pistol he had just fired fell to the ground—he falling a moment later on top of it.

And now there was but the original man left at the gate, and still it was not shut! Wherefore I brought the whole strength and power of my body to force it back, so that there should be room for us to pass.

Yet even as I did so I had to desist, for, from behind, I heard Juan shout, "Mervan! Mervan! Help me!" and, on looking round, I saw that the jennet was riderless. Saw also that he was down; that the man who had begun to descend the hill was wrestling with him on the ground, and that, as they struggled together, both were rolling over towards the lower part of the precipice, or rock side, which hung perpendicularly above the swift-flowing river.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

In a moment I, too, was off my horse; had tied it and the jennet's reins together, and had flung myself on the man—a big brawny fellow who had one arm around Juan's body while, with his disengaged hand, he felt for a knife in his girdle.

Even as I did so, I saw that they were both so perilously near the edge of the rock which hung over the river, that, in a few more moments, they must have gone over it. Over and down, crashing through bushes and shrubs until they fell into that rapid stream below, or were hurled on to the timbers of the crazy bridge, with, probably, their bones broken all to pieces.

Yet, small as was the space left in which a third man might intervene, be sure I lost no time in doing so, in flinging myself upon that muscular Spaniard, and in tearing him off his prey. Seizing him by the collar of his jacket, one hand around his throat, I dragged him from the boy—for I was as muscular as he, and, maybe, younger, too—wrenched him to his feet, and sent him reeling back into the road.

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"Catch the horses," I said to Juan, "quick! and mount yourself. Be ready. Once I have disposed of this fellow, there remains none but the one at the gate."

And, although the lad tottered as he rose to his feet, he did as I bade him; and securing the animals, which had but backed a few paces down the road, got into his saddle again.

Then he said, though faintly, "I will go forward and dispose of the remaining man."

Yet there was still this one for me to dispose of; and I understood at a glance that I had no easy task before me ere I could do so.

He was a fellow of great bulk—this I could observe in the light of a watery half-moon that now peeped up over the bend of the rock where the cabin stood—also he was well armed. In his hand he held now a long cavalry sword which he had drawn from its steel scabbard with a clash, even as he staggered back against the rock; with his other hand he fumbled at the silken sash around his waist in which was the knife he had endeavoured to draw against Juan.

In God's mercy he had no pistol!

He muttered some hoarse words—to me they conveyed nothing!—yet no words were needed. I knew as well as though he had spoken my own tongue that one of two things must happen now. That great inch-deep blade be either buried in my heart or my head cleft open with it, or my straight English weapon through and through him!

Then we set to it.

As animals who are bereft of speech fight, so we fought now; only more warily. For they fly at each other's throats, in a moment are locked in each other's grasp, their fangs deep in the other's flesh. It was not so with us. We had not to come too close, but rather to guard and feint; to avoid each other till the moment—the one critical and supreme moment—came.

Thus we began.

At first, perhaps because of the deadly weight of his blade—better for cut than thrust—he aimed twice at my head and tried again a third time; then jumped back with another of his—to me—scarcely comprehensible hoarse and raucous exclamations. For at that third attempt I had quickly—ay! and easily, too—parried the blow, had disengaged my weapon, and, with a rapid thrust, had nearly struck home. I missed the inside of his ribs by an inch only.

Then I knew that the next time I should not fail.

"Curse you!" I muttered. "If I could speak your *patois* I'd tell you that you are doomed." While to myself I said, "He is a clumsy fool, and—he is mine."

We had turned in these passadoes; as I drove him back, so, too, I had edged him round. Now, 'twas I who had the rock behind me, 'twas he who had the declivity of the lower precipice behind him.

And he knew it as well as I—saw in a moment all that this meant, and—endeavoured to turn again!

"my blade was through his arm"

Yet he never had the chance. Trust me for that, as well as my recollections of the daily lessons in the fence-school at Hounslow, which, for a year, Dutch William's best *ferrailleurs* had given me ere my father got my guidon for me.

He never had the chance! Yet he strove hard for it, too; proved that Spain made no bad choice when she sent him to this frontier post. Strove hard to beat me round again, to bring my back in the position his was—to the lip of the plateau—and failed!

If I could have spoken to him in his *argot*—for it was scarce Spanish—if I could have made him understand; if he would have discontinued his contest with me, I should have spared him, and willingly; should have bidden him let me go in peace and be saved himself. For he was a brave man; too good a one for the doom that must now be his! Yet he forced me to it; forced me to go on; ceased not for one instant his swinging blows and thrusts; forced me to parry and thrust in turn for my own salvation—to drive him back step by step to the brink of the precipice behind him. And, now, it was not five paces behind him.

His was the danger—I wondered if he knew it—yet mine the horror. Above the clashing of our swords I heard now the dull hoarse roaring of the river below, heard its angry swish as it struck past the timbers of the bridge below. In my desire to save him, I told him madly in my best Spanish, to desist—to save himself. Also, I think, he saw upon my face some look of horror at the fate that must be his, some beads of sweat, perhaps, upon it, too—I know I felt them there!—doubtless saw them, and—God help him!—misunderstood them. Misunderstood, and thought my look of horror, my sweat, were for my own safety.

With a leap, a roar, he came at me again like a tiger springing at its prey, his blows raining upon my sword; almost I thought that even now he would have borne me to the earth—have conquered. And I thrust blindly, too, in desperation, knew that my blade was through his arm, saw him jump back, stagger—and disappear!

And up from below, where he had last stood, there came a scream of awful fear and horror, the branches and the bushes crushed, there was a thud upon the water a hundred feet beneath—and then nothing more but the swirl of the river and its hoarse murmur as it swept along.

It had not taken much time in the doing; a moment later I was running up the road to where the gate stood, swung back now so that the road itself was clear. And Juan was sitting on his horse, a pistol in his hand, and standing beneath him, his hands by his side, was the last remaining man—dreading to move, palsied with fright and speechless.

"What shall we do with him?" the youth asked, turning on me a face in which there was now left no vestige of that brilliant colour it had once borne. "What! Kill him?" and his eyes flashed ominously, so that I knew the thirst for blood was awakened.

"Nay," I said, "nay; there is no need for that. Bind him and lock him up here in his hut; that will do very well. Also, he is old. What of these others?"—and I turned to those who lay in the road.

As I looked at them it appeared that none were hurt to death, for which I was thankful enough, since a soldier needs but to disable his enemy and seeks not to take life needlessly. The one whom I had first cut down seemed to have but a scalp wound—doubtless the thick, coarse hat of felt he wore had turned my blade; he whom I had run through the shoulder had but a flesh wound which would trouble him for some weeks at most; while the fellow whom Juan had pinked had got an ugly gash in the neck.

"We will put them all in here together," I said, pointing to their hut, "then leave them. Doubtless they will be relieved in some hours. Yet the longer ere it happens the better. We must press on and on till we are well clear of this part of the world. There will be a hue and cry!"

After saying which I proceeded to drag the wounded men in—one of them was enabled to enter the place unaided, though not without many melancholy groans and ejaculations—and then motioned to the old man to follow.

But now, obeying me even as I so pointed to the door, he cast an imploring glance at Juan, and then muttered something to him, the boy answering with a laugh. And on my demanding to know what he had said, my companion replied:

"He saw you take up the lamp. Therefore he asked if you were going to burn them all when they were locked in the hut."

"Humph!" I said, "it has not quite come to that."

Time was, however, precious now, therefore it was useless for us to remain here any longer, or to waste any more of it.

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Whereon, again taking up the lamp, I carried it out into the road. Then I removed the key from where it hung by the side of the door and, going out, locked them all inside.

"Now," I said, "they can remain there till someone comes by to set them free. Yet, if that someone comes across from Portugal, and our late landlord speaks truth, they will be in no hurry to do that friendly office for them." After which I blew out the lamp and, walking to the edge of the under precipice, hurled both it and key down into the river beneath.

For some time after we had set out upon our journey again we rode in silence; Juan being as much occupied, I supposed, with his thoughts as I with mine. And, indeed, my own were none of the pleasantest; above all, I regretted that that brave man with whom I had fought had gone to his doom. For, although killing was my trade, and although I had already taken part in several skirmishes and fights, I had none too great a liking for having been obliged to slay him. Yet I consoled myself with the reflection that it was his life or mine, and with that I had to be content. But, also, there were other things that troubled me, amongst them being that which I feared would prove certain, namely, that there would be the hue and cry after us of which I had spoken, for some time at least, and until we had left the frontier far behind. Nor, since Lugo was but a short distance from this place, would it be possible for us to stop there even for so much as a night's rest. We must go on and on till we had outstripped all chance of being recognised as the two men who had forced themselves into a hostile country in the manner we had done.

But now, breaking in on these reflections, I heard Juan's soft voice speaking to me—murmuring words of admiration and affection.

"Mervan," he said, "if I liked you before, ay! from the very moment you stood outside the cabin door of 'La Sacra Familia,' and bade me unlock it—and when the first sound of your voice told me I had nought to fear—I love you now. My life upon it, you are a brave man, such as I delight in seeing."

I laughed a little at this compliment—yet soberly, too, for this was no time for mirth—also I recognised clearly enough that every step the animals beneath us took brought us nearer to other dangers, by the side of which our recent adventure was but child's play. Then answered, "And what of yourself, Juan? You have done pretty well, too, I'm thinking; go on like this and you will be fitted to ride stirrup to stirrup with the most grim old blades of Marlborough's armies when we get to Flanders—if we ever do! I thought you nervous, to speak solemn truth; now I am glad to have you by my side."

"Yet," said the boy, his face radiant with delight, as I saw when he turned it on me under the rays of the moon, "I was deathly sick with fear all the time. Oh! my God!" he cried, suddenly, "what should I have done, what become of me, if you had been struck down?" Then added, anxiously, a moment later, "You are not wounded?"

"Not a scratch. And you?"

"Nor I either. Yet I was so faint as I guarded that old man by the gate that I doubted if I could sit the horse much longer. Should have fallen to earth, I do verily believe, had you not joined me when you did."

"Poor lad," I said, "poor lad. You have chosen but a rough road—a dangerous companion. You should have gone to England in the 'Pembroke,' with the fleet. You would have been half-way there by now and in safety."

"Never!" he said, "never!" and as if to give emphasis to his words he turned round in his saddle towards me, placing his left hand on the cantle as though to obtain a steady glance of my face, and continued:

"I told you we were friends, sworn friends and true. Also that to be together was all I asked. Mervan, our friendship is riveted, bound now; nothing but death or disaster shall part us—nothing. Till, at least, this journey is concluded. Then—then—if you choose to turn me off you may. But not before. You have not yet learnt—do not know yet, what a Spanish—a—a man reared amongst Spaniards feels when—he—swears eternal friendship."

After which he regained his position and rode on, looking straight between his horse's ears. But once I heard him mutter to himself, though still not so low neither but that I caught it very well—

"Friendship. *Dios!*"

And this warm, fervent youth, this creature full of emotion and glowing friendship was the one against whom the Admiral had expressed some distaste when he learned that I proposed to ride in his company; had doubted if that companionship might not be of evil influence over my fortunes during the journey. If he knew nothing, what did it all mean? I asked myself. Above all (and this I had pondered on again and again, though without being able to arrive at any answer to the riddle), why warn me against one whom he, when brought into contact with himself, had treated with such scrupulous deference?

Even as I thought again upon these things I resolved that as our acquaintance, our friendship and comradeship, ripened, I would ask Juan who and what he was.

For, at present, I knew no more than I have written down—that he was young and handsome, and was well-to-do. But, beneath all, was there some mystery attached to him! Some mystery which the older and more far-seeing eyes of Sir George had been able to pry into and discover, while mine were still blinded to it?

We were passing now through a wild and desolate region, a portion of the western extremity of Northern Spain, in which we met no sign of human life or human habitation; hardly, indeed, any sign of animal life. Also, we had struck a chain of mountains densely clothed with cork and chestnut woods, the trees of which were bare of leaves and through the branches of which the wind moaned cheerlessly. On our left these mountains, after an interval of barren moorland, rose precipitously; to our right the Minho rolled sullenly along, the road we traversed lying between it and the moor. So desolate, indeed, was all around us now that we might have been two travellers from another world journeying through this, a forgotten or undiscovered one—no light, either far or near, twinkled from hut or cottage—neither bark of dog nor low of cattle reached our ears; all was desolate, silent and deserted.

Yet, even as the road lifted so that we knew we were ascending these mountains step by step, we observed signs which, added to the well-kept state of the road itself, told us it was not an altogether unused one. For though the snow lay hard and caked upon it we could observe where it had taken the impression of cart-wheel ruts and of animals' hoofs, could perceive by this that it was sometimes traversed.

And, presently, we observed something else, something that told us plainly enough that we were now in the direct way for Lugo.

Observed that there branched into the road we were travelling an even broader one than it—causing, too, our own road to broaden out itself as it ran further north, a road in the middle of which was a huge stone column, or pedestal, with arms also of stone upon it pointing different ways, and with carved on them words and figures.

And of these arms, one pointed west, and bore upon it the words "To Vigo," another pointed north, with on it the words "To Lugo."

Wherefore, seeing all this by the aid of a tinder-box and lantern which we carried amongst our necessaries—seeing it, too, by craning our necks and standing up in our stirrups—we knew that we had now struck the route along which those must have come who had fled from Vigo after the taking of the galleons.

Chapter XVII.

THAT MAN! WHO IS HE?

All that night we rode, yet slowly, too, for sake of the horses, and, in the morning—which broke bright, clear, and frosty, the sun sparkling and shining gaily amongst the leafless branches and trees of the forests through which we passed—we reached a little town or village about half-way 'twixt the frontier and Lugo, a place called Chantada, and not far from another town named Orense, which, because it had a large population—as we gathered from a sight of its roofs and spires all a-shining in the morning sun, as we could see very well from the mountains as we passed along them—we avoided. Also we avoided it because it lay not so much upon our direct route by some three or four leagues as Chantada itself.

"Now, come what may," said I to Juan, as we drew near this place, "and even though we should be pursued from the border—which is not very like—we must stop here for some hours. We require rest ourselves; as for the beasts, they must have it. Otherwise they will have to be left behind and others found. And that would be a pity—they are better than might have been looked for."

As indeed they were, especially considering the haphazard manner in which we had come by them, both having kept on untiring on the road, while, as for the jennet which Juan bestrode, it was, possibly because of his light weight, almost as fresh as on the hour we set out.

(To be continued).

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Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GENERAL SIR COLLINGWOOD DICKSON, V.C., G.C.B.

SIR COLLINGWOOD DICKSON entered the Royal Artillery in December, 1835. His record is one of which he may well be proud. As one of Lord RAGLAN'S Staff in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55, he was present at the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, and took part in the Expedition to Kertch. When commanding the night siege train in the bombardment of Sebastopol, 17th October, 1854, he gained the Victoria Cross "for having, when the batteries of the right attack had run short of powder, displayed the greatest coolness and contempt of danger in directing the unloading of several waggons of the field battery which were brought up to the trenches to supply the want, and having personally assisted in carrying the powder barrels under severe fire from the enemy." Sir COLLINGWOOD became Major-General 1866, Lieutenant-General 1876, and General 1877. He is one of the Colonels-Commandant Royal Artillery, and was made G.C.B. 1884.

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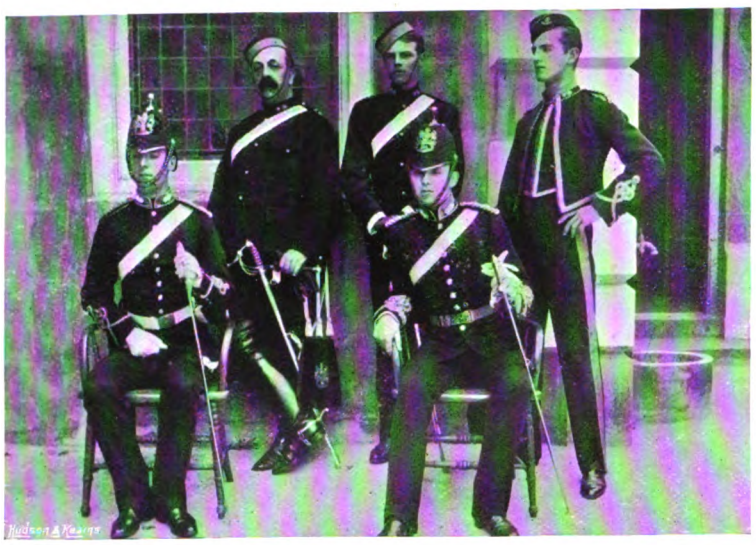
THE ROYAL GUERNSEY MILITIA.



Group of Officers, Royal Guernsey Artillery.

THE Royal Militia of Guernsey is one of the most ancient military organisations in the world; the law of "compulsory militia service," which obtains in Guernsey, being, in fact, a survival of the feudal system. Since the thirteenth century every male inhabitant has been held liable to serve in the island force, between the ages of sixteen and sixty; though, at the present time, service in the active militia is limited to ten annual trainings for privates, and up to forty-five for other grades—after which militiamen are transferred to the reserve.

In 1680, the Militia, consisting of thirteen companies, was formed in one body, under the command of the Governor or his lieutenant, the strength of the force being 1900 of all ranks; and in 1730 these companies were divided into three regiments, styled, respectively, the "East," "North," and "South." There was also, about this time, a troop of horse raised by Lieut.-Governor Dollon, which was subsequently replaced by a corps of Light Dragoons, the latter being disbanded in 1835.

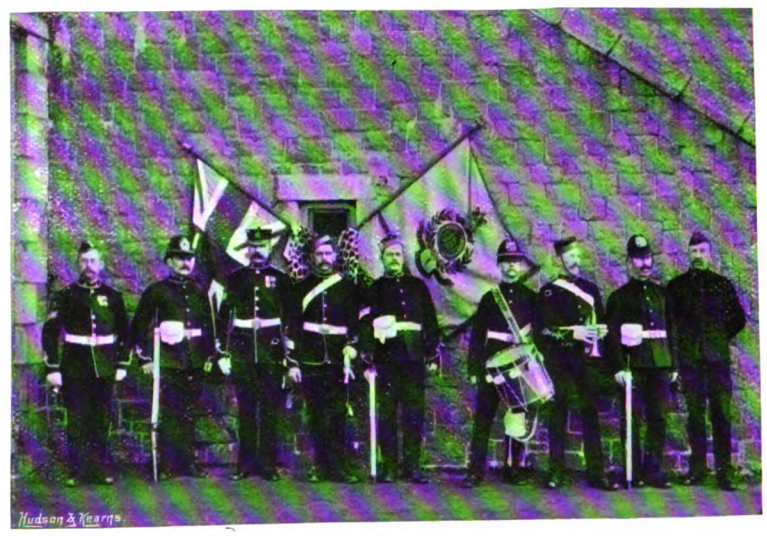
Until the middle of the eighteenth century there was no artillery corps in Guernsey — the various batteries being manned, and the field train served, by men selected from the Infantry Militia; but in July, 1755, orders were issued by Sir John Mylne for the formation of two companies of artillery. Between 1758 and 1780 two more companies of gunners were added to the establishment; and during the latter year, the four companies—which had hitherto been employed in the batteries—were formed into a field artillery regiment, styled "The Royal Guernsey Artillery Regiment," under Colonel Nicholas Dobree. At the same time another infantry regiment was raised, and the Guernsey Militia now consisted of:—

The Royal Guernsey Artillery: Uniform, blue; facings, scarlet; lace, gold. The 1st (East or "Town") Regiment, red; facings, white; lace, gold. The 2nd (North), red; facings, green; lace, gold. The 3rd (South), red; facings, blue; lace, silver. The 4th (West), red; facings, black; lace, silver. The three country regiments were popularly known as "Le Regiment Vert," "Le Regiment Bleu," and "Le Regiment Noir," from the colour of their facings.

During the long war with France (1793—1815) the Guernsey Militia was constantly on duty, furnishing guards and picquets (*guet et surguet*), and earned the praise of the military authorities for the efficient manner in which these duties were performed. During the war, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Regiments were made Light Infantry; a distinction subsequently conferred on the 1st Regiment. Rifle companies were also added to the establishment.

In January, 1831, William IV. was pleased to order that the Guernsey Militia "should be made Royal, and assume the distinctions thereof." The establishment comprises the R.G. Artillery, four position batteries and two garrison companies, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd R.G. Light Infantry, each regiment consisting of six companies.

The artillery are armed with the Martini-Metford carbine, the infantry with the Lee-Metford rifle. The uniform of the infantry is scarlet, faced with blue; the officers wear gold lace of special pattern, with *un léon-léopardé, passant regardant*, as a collar-badge.



Group of N.C.O.'s and Men, R.G.A. and 1st Light Infantry.

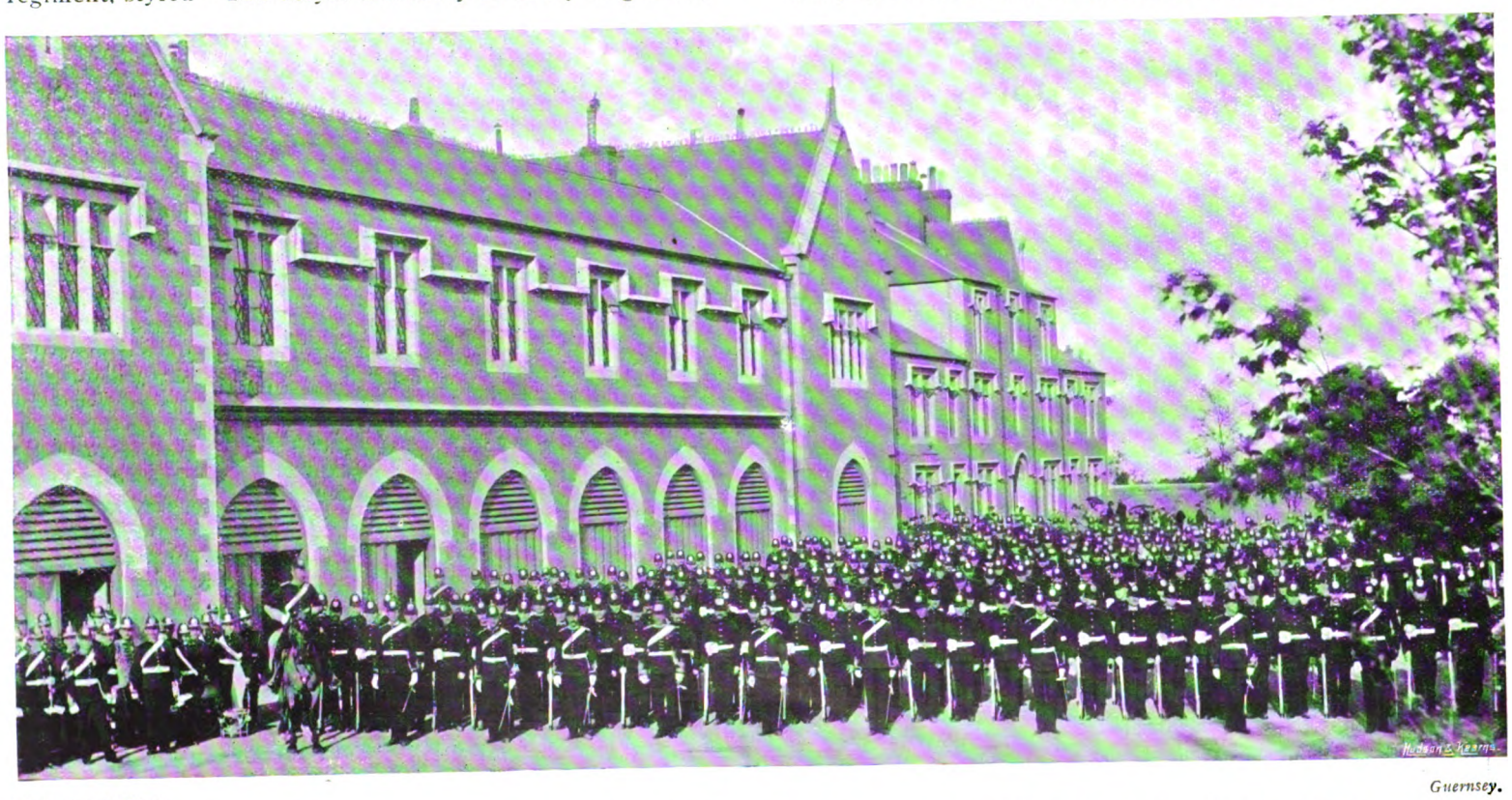


Photo. J. CLUETT. *Guernsey.*

THE ROYAL GUERNSEY ARTILLERY REGIMENT ON PARADE.

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TYPES OF OUR CAVALRY.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE 14th HUSSARS—A Corporal in Review Order.

THE 14th Hussars were raised chiefly in the Southern Counties by Brigadier-General DORMER, in 1715, and styled the 14th Dragoons. The regiment was engaged against the forces of JAMES EDWARD STUART, and later was at Prestonpans, 1745, and at Culloden, 1746. Some twenty years afterwards the 14th became Light Dragoons, and in 1798 were styled the 14th Duchess of York's Own Light Dragoons, being allowed to wear as a badge the Prussian Eagle in honour of H.R.H. Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia. The Eagle is worn by all non-commissioned officers to this day on a shield or disc above the badge of rank, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration. The regiment won distinction at Talavera, 1810, and again at Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, and Vittoria. In 1830, the former title gave way to that of the King's Light Dragoons, and as such the regiment was employed in the Punjaub and Central India. The officers of the 14th Hussars instead of leopard's skin wear a black lambskin edged with yellow. The uniform is blue, the busby bag yellow, and the plume white.

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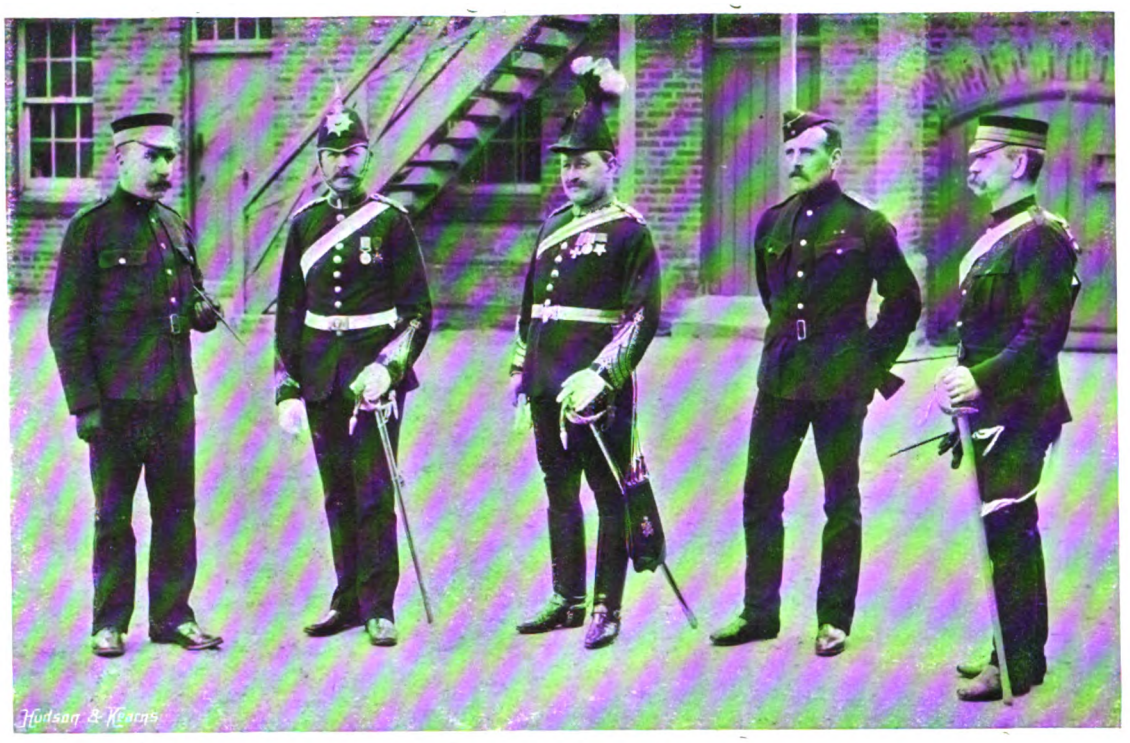
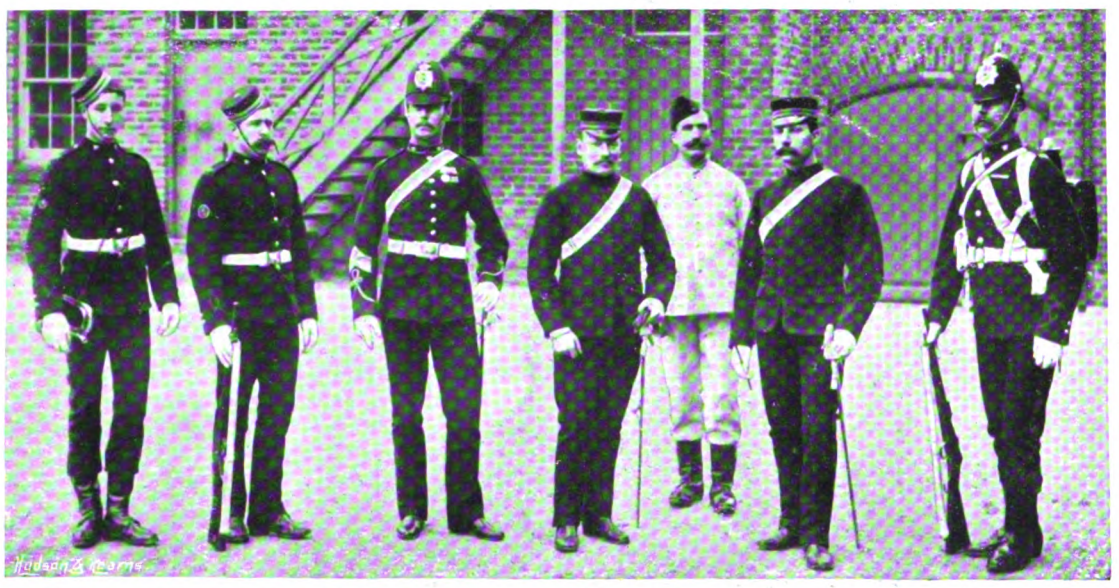
THE ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS.

THE work of the Army Ordnance Corps, as its name implies, is mainly connected with the transport of stores and munitions of war, and to this corps falls the duty of despatching these to the different stations both at home and abroad. The pictures that we show here give an excellent idea of the work engaged in and of the men who carry it out.

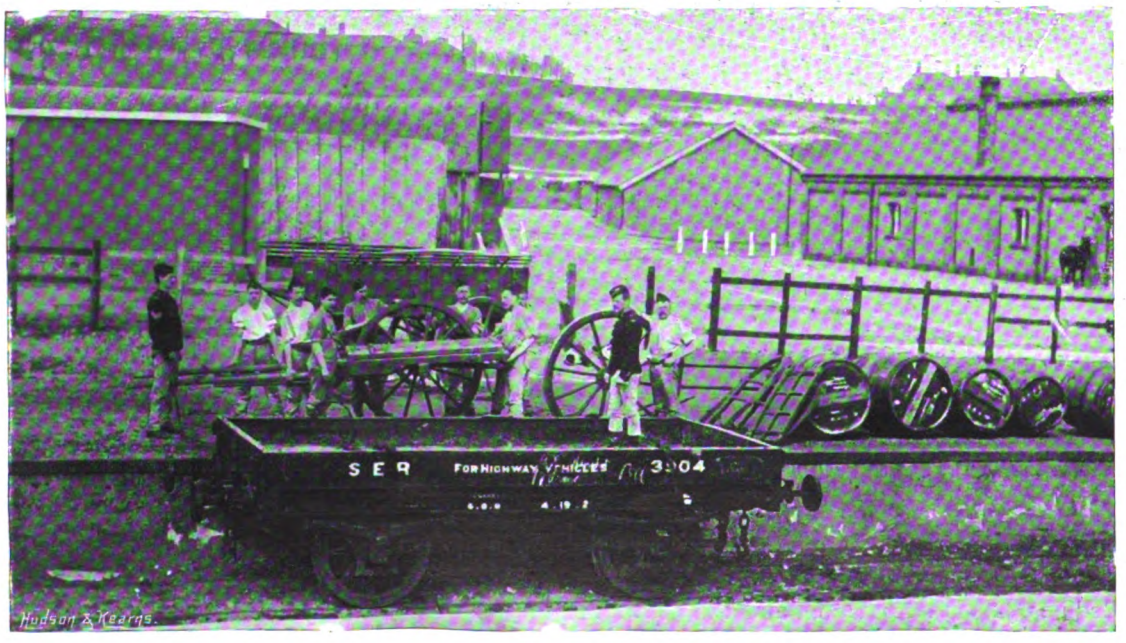
The first picture is that of the Aldershot Ordnance Staff. The first officer on the extreme left is Lieutenant and Assistant Commissary of Ordnance W. HUTCHINGS. He is in undress uniform. The next is Lieutenant and Assistant Commissary of Ordnance W. COX. He is in Church Parade order. The officer in the centre is Colonel F. G. WINTLE, D.S.O., the senior Ordnance officer at Aldershot, in full dress. The fourth is Captain H. H. R. TAYLOR, 4th class Ordnance officer, in undress uniform.



The Aldershot Ordnance Staff.



Various Types of Uniform.



Photos. J. CUMMINGS. Alac shot.

Loading Railway Trucks at Government Siding

And the officer on the extreme right is Lieutenant and Assistant Commissary of Ordnance D. E. COLLINS. He is in drill order.

The Army Ordnance Corps serves all over the world, and its duties are both dangerous and manifold. There are six officers of the 1st class, twelve of the 2nd class, eighteen of the 3rd class, and twenty-seven of the 4th class, besides quarter-masters and officers ranked as Assistant Commissaries of Ordnance.

In the next illustration we give a number of types of the men of the Corps. On the left is a bugler on duty. Next, a private in drill order, followed by Quartermaster-Sergeant GIBSON, in Church Parade order. Conductor ROBERTSON, who did good service in the last Ashanti Expedition, comes next. Slightly in rear is a private in working order. And we have Sub-Conductor BONSOR, acting as Regimental Sergeant-Major. The uniforms of conductor and sub-conductor are exactly the same, according to Queen's regulations, although the former holds senior rank, and often performs the duties of a commissioned officer, especially whilst on foreign service. The man on the right is a private in marching order.

The bottom picture on this page represents a detachment of the Army Ordnance Corps loading a truck at the Government siding, which connects the camp at Aldershot directly with London, Southampton, and all ports of embarkation. Here, daily, officers and men are busily engaged in sending munitions of war to foreign stations.

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Photo. J. CUMMINGS. Aldershot.

LOADING CAMP EQUIPMENT AT FIELD STORES.

THIS picture represents the men of the Army Ordnance Departments loading camp equipment at the Aldershot Field Stores. The bags being put in the Service waggon contain bell-tents, whilst close beside will be observed the cooking appointments, and on the left ammunition boxes and a machine gun. The Mobilisation Stores, partly represented here, contain a complete equipment for an Army corps. The Army Ordnance Corps is represented at every important port and military station in Great Britain and the Colonies—Ireland, Scotland, the Channel Islands, and abroad at Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Ceylon, China, Bermuda, Natal (South Africa), Mauritius, Nova Scotia, Jamaica, and St. Helena. Its duty may be said to be among the more important of those of any of the forces of this great Empire. Although numerically small, it may be not generally known that the O.S.D. in the last Ashanti Expedition lost more men from the effects of climate and their arduous duties than any other unit engaged.

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NEW ZEALAND VOLUNTEERS.

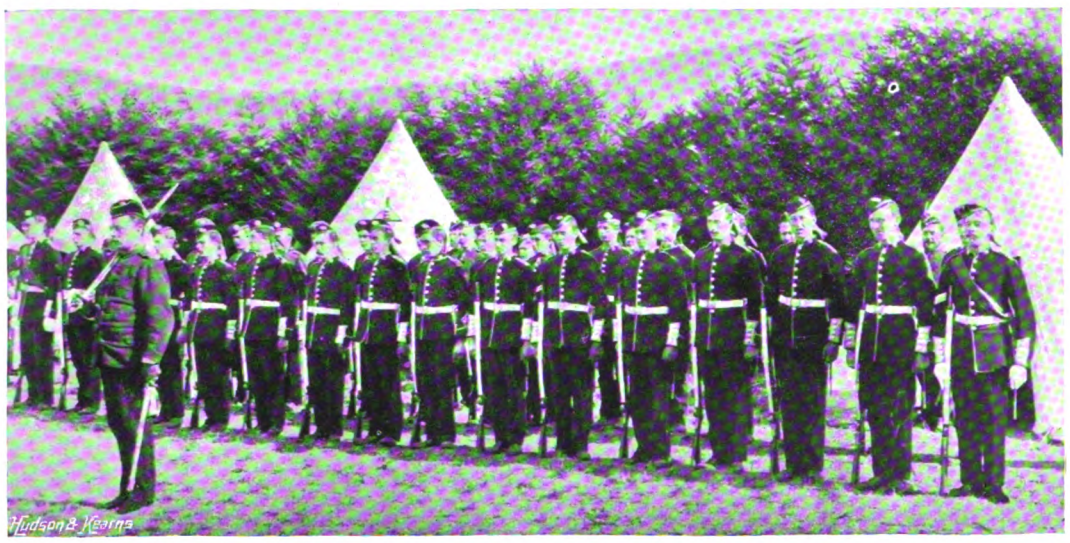
THE two New Zealand Volunteer companies of which illustrations are given here, are the two oldest companies in that Colony. The photographs were taken while they were at their respective camps of instruction. They both chose the same week for their training, E Battery spending a week under canvas at New Brighton, and the Christchurch City Guards at Sumner. The former corps came into existence in 1859, when they were known as the old No. 1 Company, and the latter seven years afterwards, they being known as No. 6 Company. Arguments have often arisen as to which is the older company, it being contended by some that as the old No. 1 Company was turned into an artillery battery, this made it a fresh company. Others say that this does not in the least alter the fact that the company was formed seven years before the City Guards, and that as their being changed into an artillery battery did not alter their position as Volunteers, they must certainly be considered the oldest Volunteer company in New Zealand. But the arguments are always friendly, and the two corps themselves reckon honours to be about easy.

The story of these old Colonial Volunteer companies and their doings may be interesting to the citizen soldiers of this country as showing what their Colonial forerunners had to put up with when preparing themselves for the defence of their adopted country.

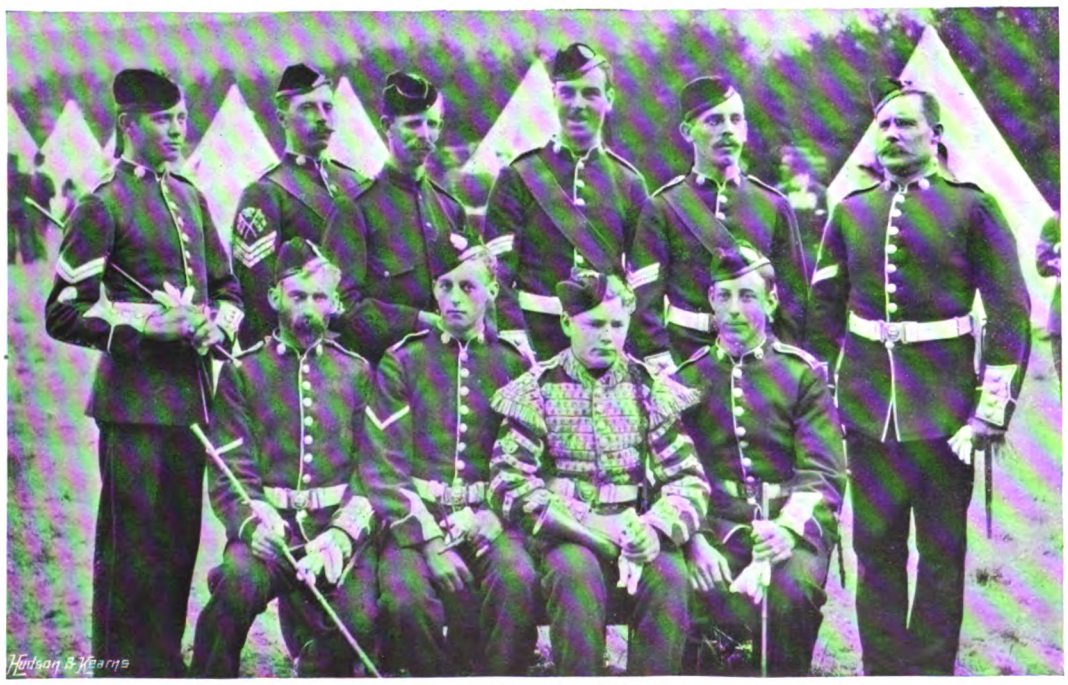
It was in 1859, when England went in so strongly for Volunteering, that the wave struck New Zealand, and amongst the first to feel its effects were the Canterbury Pilgrims. Those who interested themselves most in forming and educating the Volunteers of those days, have left an indelible mark upon the annals of the Colony, and their names are to be found among those who have since taken a high position in its commercial and industrial world.

In the early days of Volunteering in New Zealand all expenses were borne by the individual members, and there was little talk of capitation grants, as it was not for some years after the formation of the first two companies that the Government rendered any assistance whatever, and then they granted £75 per annum per company. Indeed, it was some time after the formation before the men were completely armed.

Officers, Christchurch City Guards.



C.C. Guards in Camp.



Photos. TAYLOR. *N.C.O.'s and Bugler, C.C. Guards.* *Christchurch, N.Z*

The year 1864 was perhaps the most prosperous which the early Volunteers had, and at the close of that year there were eight companies in the Christchurch Militia district. Of all those who held commissions in the original companies there is to-day only one gentleman who holds a commission in the local forces, viz., Capt. R. J. S. HARMAN, of the Honorary Reserve Corps. There are few more genuinely patriotic sportsmen in the Colony than Capt. HARMAN, and he can claim, during his long connection with Volunteering, to have raised more marksmen than any Volunteer officer in New Zealand. If accuracy in shooting is the *sine quâ non* of the defence force, then Capt. HARMAN can claim one of the top niches in military usefulness.

The training of these early Volunteers appears to have been of a much more vigorous character than has sometimes been the case in England. In the course of a sham fight at a place called Hillsborough, the records of the corps relate how the Lyttelton Artillery brought over their Armstrong gun from Port, and started to bombard the camp, which their cavalry attempted to raid. But the attack of the Artillery was repelled, and the horsemen who tried to ride down the infantrymen were bayoneted. The Lyttelton Volunteers blazed away their gun, but had the full benefit of their opponents' rifles. Several men of both sides were hurt, and there was quite a calling over the list of wounded afterwards. One man carried a piece of copper in his chin for some time, and others had bayonet and sword wounds which scar them to this day, whilst as for powder, some were black with it, and it was many a day before the men got the marks out of their faces.

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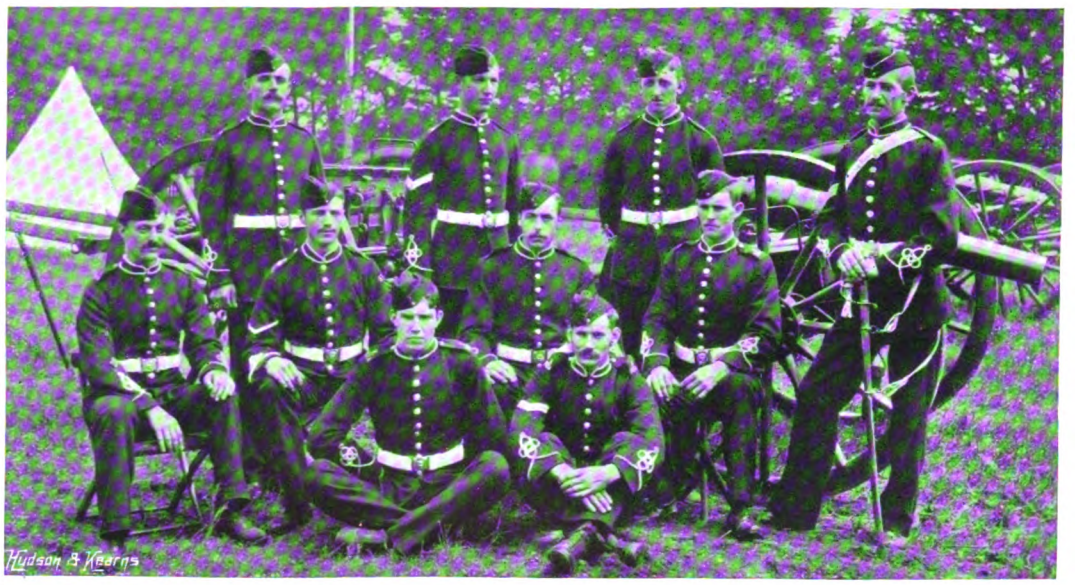
NEW ZEALAND VOLUNTEERS.

Another fight at a little village called White's Bridge was of rather a different character. Two of the artillerymen were in charge of a mortar battery. The cavalry under Capt. CRACROFT WILSON charged this battery, and the two artillerymen, not satisfied with the blank cartridge supplied, jammed the mortars full of tussocks and sand, and as the cavalry came on let them have the full benefit of it. Needless to say, they were driven back. But retribution speedily overtook one at least of the culprits, as immediately on joining his battery, whilst serving the vent of a gun, one of the horses swerved and he was knocked down, the gun passing over his body. Three minutes was the space of life allotted him by the doctors, but he is to-day one of the prominent landmarks of Canterbury.

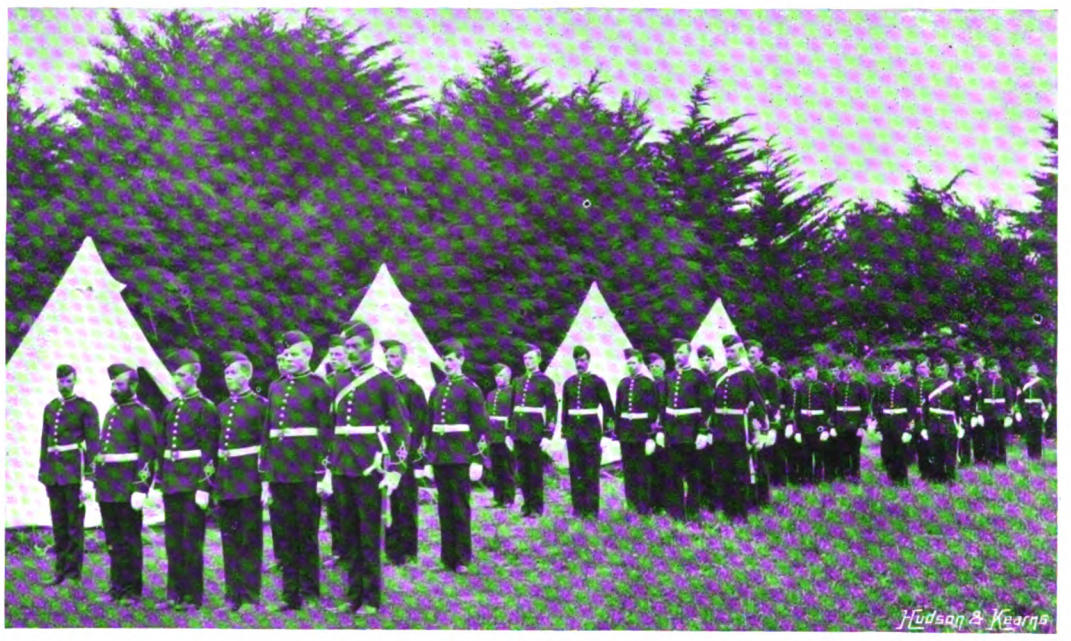
But to come to the present day Volunteering, and the companies of which illustrations are given here.

The E Battery was brought to its present high standard of perfection under the able tuition of Capt. MARTIN, now Public Trustee in Wellington. The battery under Capt. MARTIN was classed by several English military visitors as quite equal to anything to be found in the British Volunteer Force. Capt. DONALD is the present captain of the corps.

In gun competition the E Battery has always had a high place, which is due, in a great measure, to Capt. MARTIN, who presented a handsome silver challenge cup to the battery, to be competed for yearly by detachments. In 1896 a team under Sergt.-Major TRELEAVEN beat Dunedin, Timaru, and Oamaru at the Drill Shed, Christchurch, and on Boxing Day last the battery proved that they were quite up to their old form by a detachment under Sergt. SKINNER winning a competition against all comers, at Dunedin. The last competition for the Martin Cup, which is about the most complete artillery competition in the Colony, was won by Sergt. CROPP's detachment, who hold it for a year. The battery is armed with four 9-pr. B.L. guns, and under the present regulations the side-arms and rifles are done away with.



Winners, All Comers' Gun Competition, E Battery, 1897.



E Battery in Camp.

Photos. TAYLOR. *Christchurch, N.Z.*

Officers, E Battery.

The old No. 6 Company of the Christchurch City Guards, founded in 1866, was some time since amalgamated with the Christchurch Rifles, the position of Volunteering thereby being much strengthened in the locality. The present fine company was thus formed, and Capt. CRESSWELL elected to its head. That this appointment is a popular one is proved by the fact that at the present time there are only about two vacancies in the ranks. Capt. CRESSWELL has with him Lieuts. SANDFORD and F. C. B. BISHOP. A great feature of the Guards has always been their shooting, and they won last year the Associated Corps' Challenge Shield. The Guards are considered one of the best corps in New Zealand.

Against a serious attempt at invasion the defence of New Zealand rests on British fleets many thousands of miles away. Against attacks on commerce and raiding expeditions by a few cruisers—the only kind of attack possible so long as the Naval supremacy of the Mother Country is maintained—the best defence is an active defence at sea. But as the Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station recently pointed out, there is always a possibility of a small force slipping in behind the back of the active Naval defence and doing a great deal of mischief if there is no properly-equipped body of armed men ready to resist such an attempt. For this reason every Naval and Military expert who has visited their beautiful country has urged the New Zealanders to make use of the good material at their disposal, and provide properly-trained and thoroughly-equipped forces to defend the integrity of their islands. That this advice has been taken to heart, and is being acted upon, is shown by the description we are able to give of the efficiency of the Volunteers represented in our illustrations.

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OFFICERS IN INDIA.

MARCHING orders for the "shiny East" are not always hailed with delight by officers serving at home, but "needs must where the devil drives," and though the man of wealth is, by means of the "almighty dollar," often enabled to buy an exchange, his less favoured brother must accept the inevitable and set about collecting the numerous items which go to compose an Indian "kit." The latter is somewhat comprehensive—often too much so for the purse of a junior subaltern.

Those who have already completed a tour in the East find that after having made one or two minor additions to their wardrobe they embark with everything that is necessary to comfort. The novice, however, scorning to seek advice from those who have bought their experience some years before, is not infrequently led into boundless expense by confiding tailors and outfitters.

What with a variety of saddles, guns, rifles, and riding breeches, his equipage more often resembles that of a viceroy than the belongings of a humble British subaltern.

On arrival everything is strange to one who has never served out of the United Kingdom; but ere long, when he has grasped the conditions of Indian life, the position appears on the whole a most favourable one.

The substantial increase of pay is in itself a matter for congratulation, and though the rate of exchange be low, it has little effect on the pocket of a resident in India. Officers are thus enabled to indulge more freely in sports from which they are debarred at home owing to lack of means.

Officers, King's Own Regiment.

Officers, 7th Hussars, with Inspector-General of Cavalry in India.

Officers, Durham Infantry.

To enjoy a good day's sport does not demand the renting of a moor or deer forest, and even the man of strictly limited means may secure a polo pony by the kindly aid of the Polo Fund, which is usually formed for that purpose some months before leaving home.

When we add to the category of sport unlimited gymkhanas and cricket under the most favourable meteorological conditions, the life of an officer in India is exceptionally happy. There is, moreover, a much better chance of being engaged on active service and of being well to the front in event of an Indian campaign.

The accompanying photographs depict the officers of the King's Own, the 7th Hussars, and the Durham Light Infantry, all of which were serving in India when the photographs were taken.

Photos. HERZOG & HIGGINS. Mhow

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THE
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ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—NO. 39.] *FRIDAY, JUNE 11th, 1897.*

PHOTO. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

ADMIRAL SIR J. C. DALRYMPLE HAY, BART., K.C.B.

ENTERING the Royal Navy as long ago as January, 1835, Sir John Dalrymple Hay had a part in all the more important of the various campaigns with which the Fleet had to do during the first half of Queen Victoria's reign. As a midshipman, in the days when President Kruger was in petticoats, he made his first essay on active service in the first Kaffir War with a Naval force landed at Algoa Bay for the defence of Port Elizabeth. A little later, after a course of slaver chasing off the West African Coast, he was under fire in the old "Benbow" at Stopford's bombardment of Beyrout and St. Jean D'Acre. From the Levant he went to the far East and saw service off Borneo and with the pirates of the China Coast. Then came the Russian War, in which, as captain of the still existing old "Hannibal," Sir J. Dalrymple Hay was present at the taking of Kertch and Kinburn and at the fall of Sebastopol. During the creation of our first armour-clad fleet, he presided over the Iron Plate Committee, passing from that, in 1866, to a seat at the Admiralty. He retired from the active list in 1870.

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MAKING MEN-OF-WAR'S MEN.

THE operation of making men-of-war's men out of raw material is one which has been very greatly elaborated in the last twenty years or so; partly because there is so much more to learn, and partly, also, because the idea, which used to be held by some old sea dogs, that it is more advantageous to send your raw material straight to sea than to mould it in training ships or schools, is happily exploded. There was never much sense in it, even in the days of rigged steamers or sailing ships. Given a lad suitable for forecastle or quarter-deck, with a due amount of ambition and aptitude, will he be any the less "worth his salt," when he joins his first ship, because he has learnt in the "Impregnable" or "Britannia" the name and lead of every rope, and the practical use of almost every conceivable object he may encounter? It is not many years since there could have been found seamen who would have persisted in giving an affirmative reply to this question; they were, however, few in number, and we may believe that if they still exist, at least they are converted.

Now that precision and knowledge in handling all sorts of weapons, large and small, is more than ever insisted upon, from the highest to the lowest, some systematic training is needed in proportion before a lad is sent to join one of our modern fighting machines, and no pains are spared to gain this end. True, the old sail drill is still included in the curriculum, though it is probable that only a small proportion of the boys now under training will ever assist in reefing or hoisting a topsail; but it has its value in inculcating smartness and self-reliance, and it will be a subject for regret, more or less sentimental, perhaps, when it is finally relegated, in company with carronades, muskets, and hemp cables, to the limbo of the past.

Of the subjects selected for illustration here, "flag drill," as will be readily understood from the picture, consists in acquiring the art of making vocabulary signals by means of a single flag on a hand-staff. This, of course, is not the same thing as the semaphore, which requires two arms, wooden or human, to express itself. The system adopted with the single flag is the Morse code, or some similar combination of "dots and dashes," which is more handy than the semaphore. A "dot" or "dash" is represented by a very rapid movement of the flag through a large or small arc to right or left, a great number of combinations being thus possible without undue complexity.

FLAG DRILL.

DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

ANCHOR DRILL.

Dumb-bell exercise was not formerly taught in the Naval training-ships, but it is a feature of education in every school nowadays, and very properly so. The boys in the picture are at that part of the drill where they strike out straight from the shoulder with either hand alternately, one foot being advanced. The dumb-bells in use appear to be unusually large; half-a-pound or so is generally considered to be sufficient to give momentum to the hand, but these must be of very light wood if they do not considerably exceed this weight.

The two next illustrations are extremely interesting. At the foot of the page we find a class at "anchor drill," and at the top of the next page is the steering model. Anchoring and steering, it may be safely asserted, are not yet within measurable distance of becoming obsolete, but still retain their value and necessity in craft of all sorts and sizes, from the yacht's dinghy to the big clipper, the steam pinnace to the battle-ship.

The management of anchors and cables is taught by means of a model of a ship's hull, mounted on wheels so that it can be readily

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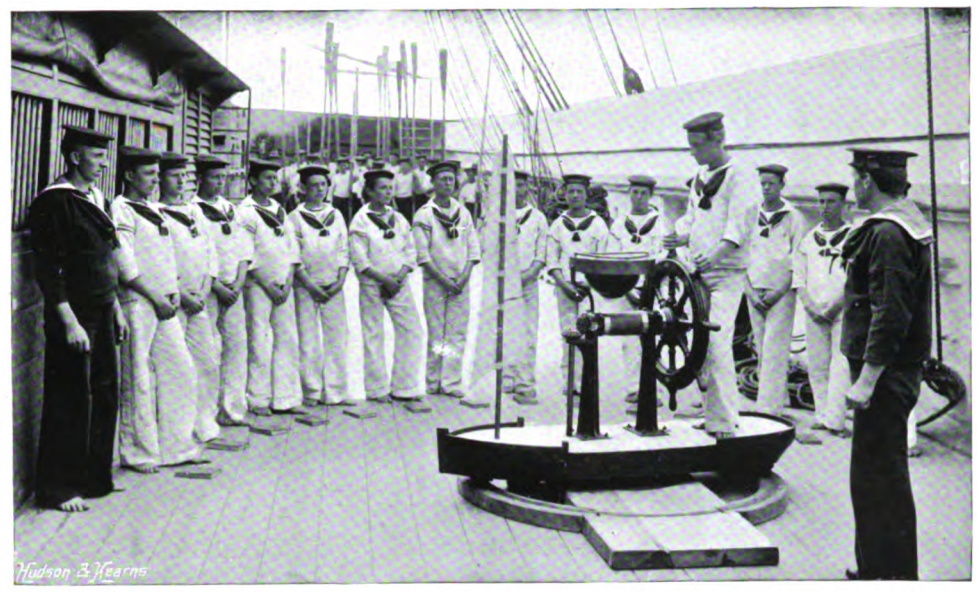
moved, and fitted with anchors, cables capstan, etc. The cable may be seen attached to an anchor, while models of the old "Admiralty mud-hook"—a very fine anchor, though not adapted for modern battle-ships—and its more complicated successor lie on the deck. Mooring, anchoring with headway or sternway, the effect on the cables of the ship swinging when moored, putting on and taking off the mooring swivel, etc., may all be very practically illustrated by means of this model, so that every lad when he goes to sea will have an intelligent appreciation of what is going on.

The steering model is even more valuable. The insignificant size and apparent inadequacy of the rudder for directing the huge hull had, no doubt, been a familiar subject long before St. Paul remarked upon it nearly two thousand years ago; yet how all-important is the handling of it, especially in action! The judicious use of twin screws may assist it, but this is only a very clumsy substitute for the delicate touch of the helm when steaming at a high speed, which may make or mar the successful issue of an engagement. Steering models formerly consisted usually of a small hull worked by mechanism on a table, round which the pupil followed the motions of the vessel—a very unreal representation.

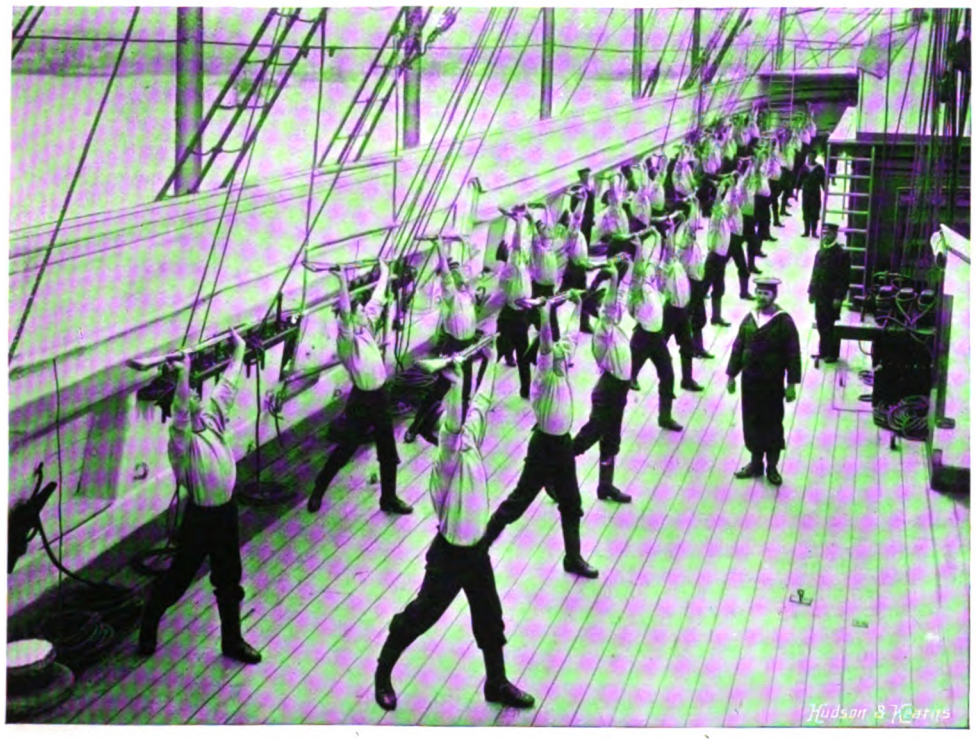
The idea of having a model, on the deck of which the helmsman should stand, and actually turn it about in a realistic manner, was originated by the superintendent of a reformatory training-ship in the North. The model here represented is a somewhat different adaptation of the idea, though equally efficient. The hull pivots on a point about one-third of its length from the bow, the wheel being geared to a rack on the deck, so that, as he puts the helm over, the helmsman, watching the compass in front of him, sees the model "slue," as a ship actually does under the circumstances. Having become proficient at the model, the boys have ample opportunity for its practical application when they go out in the brig attached to their ship.

The gunnery exercises, of course, form an important part of the training, and in the next illustration is represented a class in the final section of the cutlass drill, when, having thoroughly mastered the different cuts and guards, they are armed with single-sticks and attack each other in earnest a wrong or careless guard being properly accentuated by the rattle of the opponent's stick on the helmet,



STEERING DRILL.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE.



Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

PHYSICAL DRILL WITH RIFLES.

or a stinging cut on the leg. There is a certain drawback here, however, as the handling of a light ash stick is a very different matter from that of a cutlass, especially where quick wrist action comes in, as in parrying a swift point. The Naval cutlass exercise leaves a good deal to be desired from a fencer's point of view, but it is perhaps better adapted to the somewhat awkward weapon than more scientific methods would be; and our seamen have, in past times, usually given a good account of themselves when called upon to use it in earnest.

The last illustration depicts what may be termed, in one sense, rifle exercise, but more properly "physical drill," in which the rifle takes the place of the long stick commonly used in schools. The lads in the picture are not, therefore, preparing in this very clumsy fashion to brain an antagonist after firing their last cartridge, but are simply having their joints and backs made supple by means of a very useful exercise.

Such are some of the processes to which our future bluejackets are subjected during the embryo stage of their career. The results, as is universally acknowledged, are uniformly good, and the tone of critics of the present day usually takes the form of the question, "Why not have a larger supply of so good an article?" It does not come within the limits of this article, however, to attempt a solution of the problem.

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The Wellington (New Zealand) Naval Volunteers.

THE New Zealand Forces comprise Militia and Volunteers, who are enrolled under the Defence Act of 1886. The Militia form a permanent and paid force, and comprise a small Garrison Artillery and Torpedo Corps, in all some 200 men, designed to form the nucleus of the Colonial Army for war purposes.

The Volunteers are a much larger body. They comprise a small land army of Rifles, Cavalry, Engineers, and Artillery (both field and garrison), and several companies of Naval Artillery, allotted to the ports of the Colony, and intended in wartime to act in combination with the Militia Artillerymen, the whole body numbering upwards of 7,000 men. Our special subject is the corps of Naval Artillery Volunteers stationed at Wellington, the capital of New Zealand. They are considered to be the smartest of the Volunteer corps of New Zealand, and number 100 men, the limit allowed by Government. In addition to receiving a general training all the year round (as our own Volunteers at home do), under an instructor detailed from the Permanent Force, the corps goes through a fortnight's training at Fort Nicholson and the harbour batteries, being attached for that purpose to the camp of the Permanent Militia Garrison Artillery.

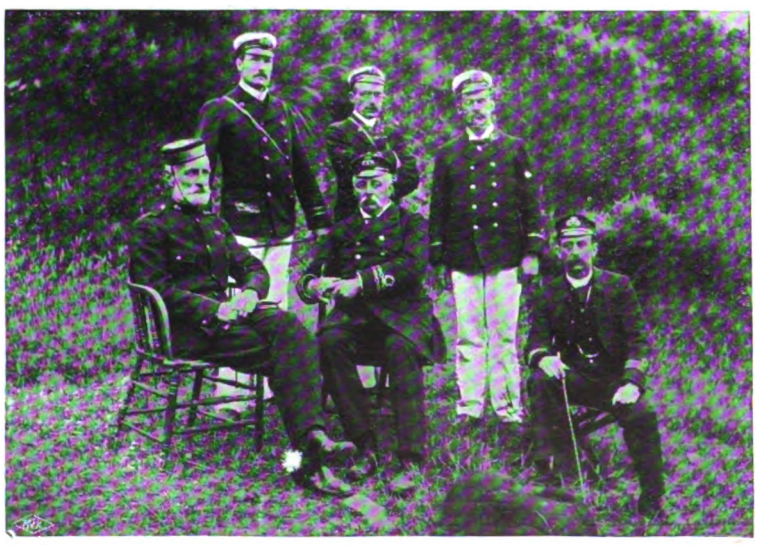
Camp of the Wellington Company N.A.V. at Mahanga Bay.

The first of our photographs shows the yearly camp of the Wellington Company N.A.V. at Mahanga Bay, inside Wellington Harbour.

The second photograph shows a N.A.V. cutter's crew ready to leave the company's boat station in the Harbour.

Our third photograph shows the officers of the Naval Volunteers. Captain Duncan, the officer in command, is shown in the centre; Commander Davy on the left; Major Messenger, of the Permanent Artillery, on the right. The officer shown standing up on the left is Lieut.-Commander Campbell; the remaining two officers, Lieutenants Cooper and Bell—all of the Wellington Company of the New Zealand N.A.V.; and our fourth shows Lieutenant Cooper's 8-in. B.L. Gun Squad, the crack squad of the company, with (in white) Bombardier Meades, the instructor, and "Brownie," the company's pet, a large sable collie, who attends all parades, and belongs to Lieutenant Cooper.

Duty Cutter, N.A.V., Leaving the Boat Station.



Officers, Wellington Company New Zealand N.A.V.

8-in. B.L. Gun Squad, Winners of the Gunnery Badges, 1896.

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Photo. CRIBB, Southsea.

A BRITISH COMMERCE PROTECTOR—H.M.S. "POWERFUL."

THE "Powerful," which is one of the two largest cruisers in the world—her sister ship, the almost completed "Terrible," being the other—belongs to a class of large sea-keeping cruisers which have come into existence within the last ten years, as a set-off to certain foreign cruisers designed avowedly as "commerce destroyers." The "Powerful" and "Terrible" have, indeed, but one serious rival, the later and not yet completed French "Jeanne D'Arc," which is only four feet shorter in length, and is of 28,000 horse-power, against the British ships' 25,000. The special *rôle* in warfare of the "Powerful" and her sister ship will be ocean cruising on the great Trade routes, and to that end they have a coal capacity of 3,000 tons—far beyond anything yet attempted in any other Navy, but an all-important consideration likely to prove of great value by enabling the two British ships to outlast and run down any war-ship afloat. The gradation in our commerce-protecting class of cruisers, in which we have to include the "Powerful" type, is interesting. First, we have the nine "Edgars," of 7,350 tons displacement and 1,000 tons of coal; then the "Blake" and "Blenheim," of 9,000 tons displacement and 1,500 tons of coal; then the eight "Diadems," of 11,000 tons displacement and 2,000 tons coal capacity; finally, the "Powerful" and "Terrible," of 14,200 tons displacement and 3,000 tons of coal—the whole forming an ocean-keeping fleet of twenty-one first-class ships for safeguarding the Trade routes in wartime not to be matched outside the British Navy. The "Powerful" will hoist the pennant in June of the present year for the Jubilee Review and Naval Manœuvres, whence she is to proceed to the China Station.

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THE TRAINING OF A BLUEJACKET—*Gunnery.*

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE TRAINING OF A BLUEJACKET—Signalling.

A BLUEJACKET is not only required to serve the "big guns" on board ship. He must be prepared, when called upon, to undertake the working of guns of smaller calibre, and especially those designated as "machine-guns." "Jack" is perhaps even smarter than his cousin "Tommy" at machine-gun drill; and, indeed, on more than one occasion a Naval contingent or brigade has undertaken the care of a machine-gun in the field with telling results—notably in the Soudan Campaign of 1884. The upper photograph is that of a squad being instructed in the mechanism of the Nordenfelt gun, a sample of which is being taken to pieces for their benefit. It is unnecessary to say that it is infinitely more easy to "strip" than to "assemble" the different parts of the Nordenfelt. Signalling, too, is an important part of "Jack's" education, for it must be remembered that his duties are more intellectual in nature than in the days of the old "wooden walls," when brute force and courage were alone required. The lower picture shows a group about to begin signalling practice.

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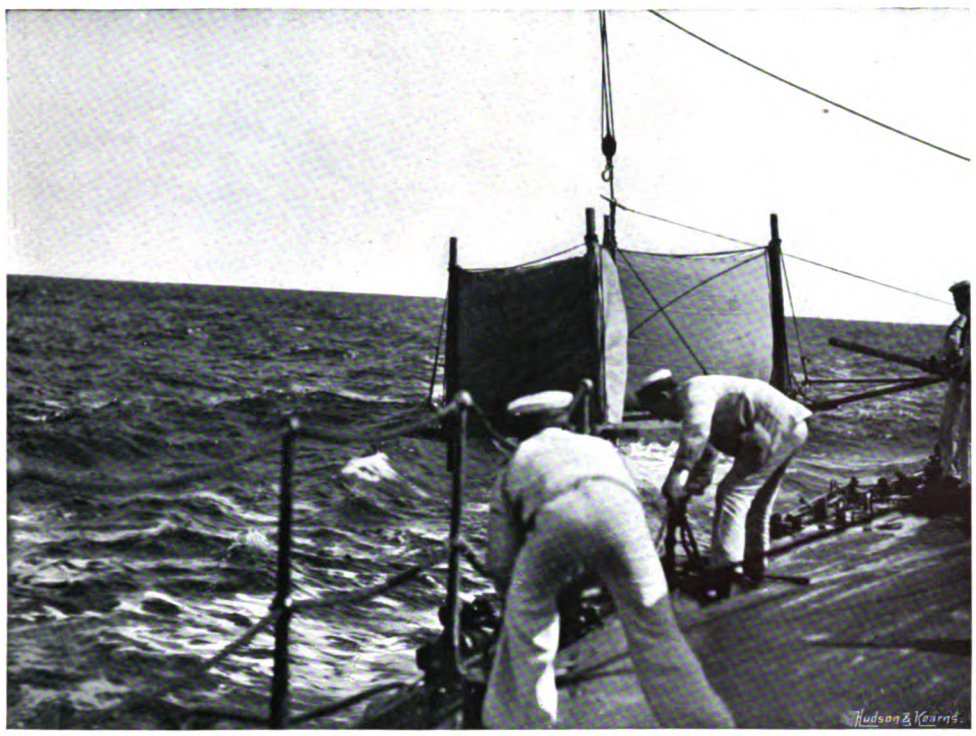
TARGET PRACTICE AT SEA.



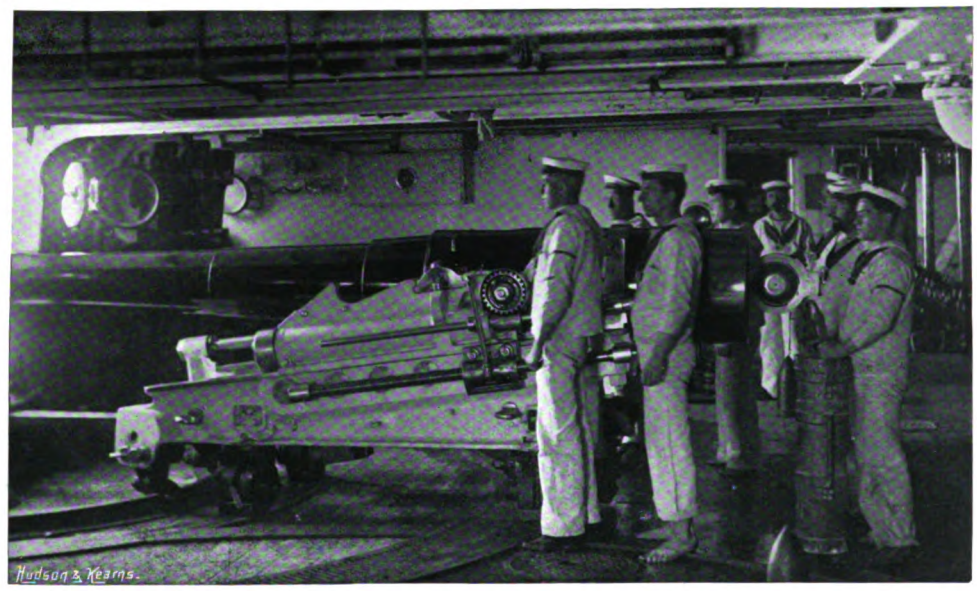
Dropping the Target Overboard.

MODERN science and ingenuity have worked wonders in regard to gunnery during the last half century. But as long as guns have to be fought at sea there will always remain certain conditions which science is powerless to modify to any great extent, and certainly cannot remove. True, the modern battle-ship has a slower and easier motion than the old wooden vessels and early ironclads; but in spite of this she will still roll, in a fraction of a second, through an arc which will more than cover the "dangerous space" over which the projectile will strike a hull, say 15-ft. high, at 1,500 yards or so. And yet not a few Naval officers and bluejackets are able to make good practice at sea; nay, they actually prefer a little motion to absolutely still water. How is it done? Who can say that he will time the pressing of the key or the pulling of the laniard to less than *a quarter of a second?* Well, it is a matter of practice, and a certain intuition, which is more highly developed in some individuals than in others.

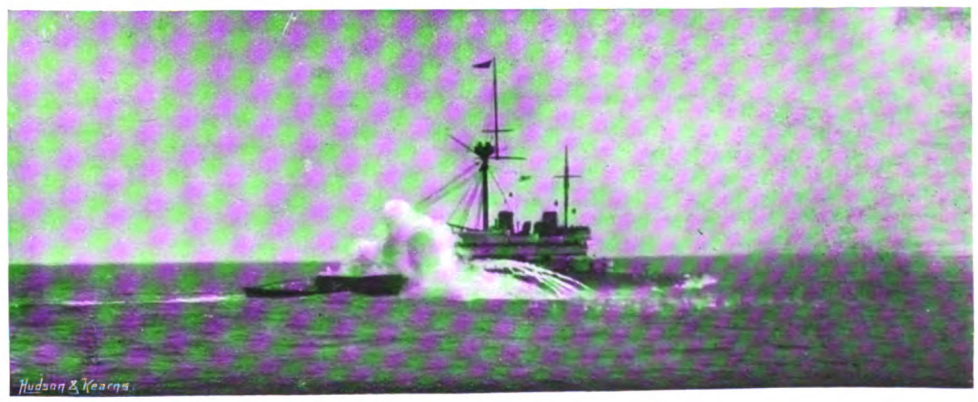
Here is the "Thunderer" at target practice in particularly smooth water. Her 38-ton muzzle-loaders have been replaced by 10-in. 29-ton breech-loaders, with which certainly better practice should be made, and the captains of the turrets ought to give a good account of themselves on such a fine calm day.

Here, again, is represented the gun-deck of the "Rodney," with the long wicked-looking 6-in. breech-loaders ready loaded, and the crews awaiting the order to commence, while the target is being hoisted out on deck. The tackle is attached to it by a "slip-toggle," which is pulled out by means of the small line shown in the picture, and leaves the target free. Sea targets have been as completely revolutionised of late years as the guns. Formerly, the "horizon" was occasionally deemed to be sufficiently precise, but a cask with staff and flag was usually adopted. Then came a regular Admiralty pattern, a canvas three-sided pyramid, some 12-ft. high; but with these the points for accuracy had to be awarded according to the estimated distance of the "splash" from the target, admitting, of course, great latitude. Now, the target is a canvas representation; as regards dimensions, of some 20-ft. of the broadside of a vessel, and nothing counts except an actual hit—a thoroughly practical arrangement, and most important in carrying out the annual prize firing, which under the old *régime* was productive of some very remarkable results. The distance from the target at which a shot strikes the water, as estimated from aloft, is obviously extremely problematical, and subject to very large variations, depending upon the conditions of the atmosphere, the heave of the sea, and the "personal error" of the observer, to say nothing of the strong temptation to produce as favourable a report as possible, for even gunnery lieutenants are human! Some very unpractical person in authority caused a clause to be inserted in the regulations at one time to the effect that the officer stationed aloft was to measure with his sextant the angle between the splash of the shot and the horizon! The "horizon" method of ascertaining the distance of an object at sea, devised by Admiral RYDER, is very fairly reliable at moderate ranges, but the idea of treating a splash as an "object" admits, as Mr. Midshipman Easy would say, "of much ratiocination"! There were also a number of minor points which caused complications. The time in which the stipulated eight rounds were got through was an important factor, and there is no doubt that some wide-awake officers, by a free method of interpretation of the regulations, were able to make remarkable scores.

Prize firing is now carried out as follows: A canvas screen, as described above, is moored so as to be stationary, and the ship steams past at a given speed and distance, the gun's crew being required to put as many shots as possible through the canvas. This constitutes a very fair test, and with modern guns a large proportion of shots are frequently put in, the 6-in. quick-firing guns being particularly deadly. It is, of course, necessary to make due allowance for the different guns, as it would be obviously unfair to place a quick-firing gun on level terms with a big gun in a barbette or turret, which has to be loaded and worked by hydraulics.



Waiting Orders to "Commence Firing."



Photos. J. KING SALTER. **Sheerness.**

The First Shot with the 10-*in.*

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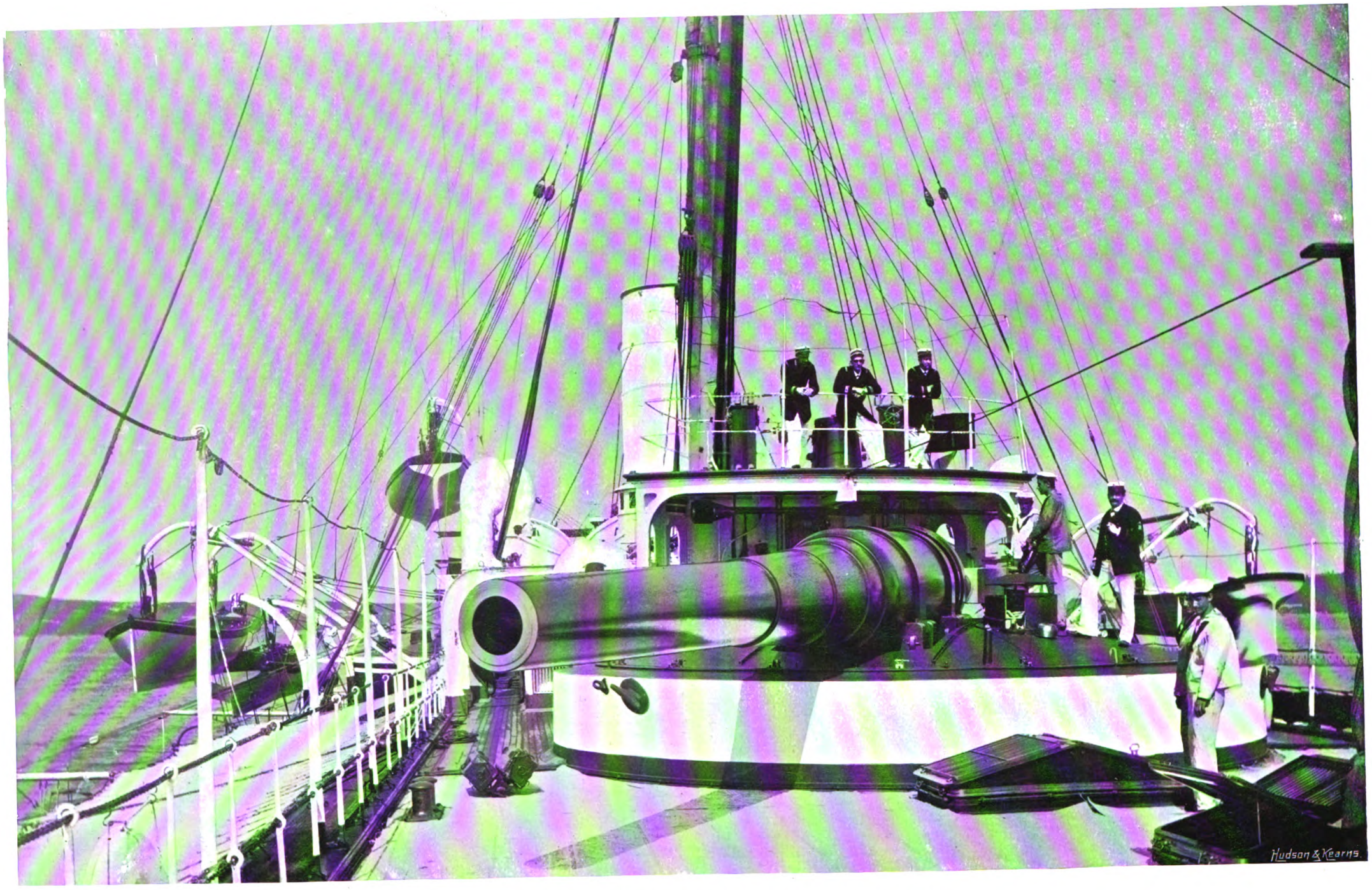

Photo. ALOIS BEER.

"THE KRONPRINZ ERZHERZOG RUDOLF."

WE are here on board the most powerful modern armour-clad of the Austrian Navy, which is named after the late unfortunate Archduke Rudolf. There remains in the Austrian service the tradition of efficiency and readiness which gave to Tegetthoff the memorable victory of Lissa; and the Navy of Austria, though small, is now among the foremost in Europe in respect of sound training and preparedness. We are looking at the 12-in. 48-ton Krupp gun in the after barbette, which has 10-in. plating below, with excellent protection for the ammunition hoists. Two other guns of the same character are mounted abreast in barbettes forward, which are slightly sponsoned out on the broadsides, and unite to form a strong transverse breastwork. On each side are mounted three 6-in. guns, and there are many small quick-firers. The ship has unarmoured ends, but 12-in. plating amidships. Three of her superior officers are seen on the bridge, and a chief gunner stands on the turret-cover.

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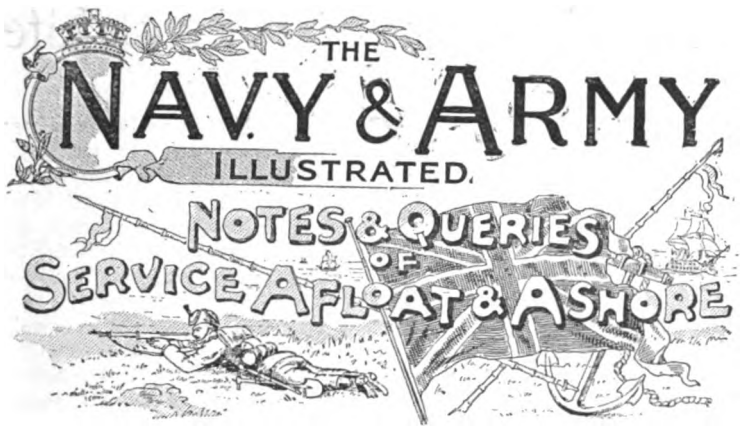

I AM glad to learn that my project of prize-giving for photographs by amateurs has already "caught on," and by the number of enquiries about it we ought to have a spirited competition, in which not only the sterner sex but the ladies intend to take a part. This is quite as it should be, and I shall welcome specimens of work from anybody who can make good a claim to be considered an amateur. Perhaps I had better repeat the statement, made in the last number, that Naval subjects and Military subjects will be considered separately, and that the points in each case which will be taken into consideration are, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; secondly, excellence of photography; and thirdly, suitability for reproduction, the final decision in every case resting with me. The Prizes offered are: Two of ten guineas each, Six of two guineas each, and, as consolation prizes, Thirty Bound Volumes of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. One half of this number of prizes will be awarded for Naval subjects, and the other half for Military.

* * * *

Now as to the rules of competition. On the cover of this and future issues will be found a coupon, which must be cut out and sent in by those wishing to compete. Every coupon will give one chance for a prize; that is to say, if a person sent five photographs and five coupons, each of the photographs would stand a chance for all the prizes offered. But, on the other hand, if the five photographs are sent with but one coupon, then only one of the five photographs would stand a chance, the selection of which one resting, of course, with me. Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the subject. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be packed carefully, and the package should be marked on the outside, "Photographic Prize Competition." As a rule nothing smaller than a half-plate photograph will be accepted, and it should be clearly understood that bromide or platinotype prints are unsuitable. The competition will close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume, and the decision will be announced as soon as possible after that.

* * * *

"SOMERSET" would like to know why a "mural crown" is among the honours of the 13th Prince Albert's Somersetshire Light Infantry? This is a distinction granted in commemoration of the heroic defence of Jellalabad in the first Afghan War, from November, 1841, to 7th April, 1842. The 13th Light Infantry were the only European troops engaged, and formed part of Sir Robert Sale's brigade, which also comprised a squadron of the 5th Bengal Light Cavalry, and a few Irregular Horse, a battery of Bengal Artillery, and the 35th Native Infantry. The gallantry displayed by this small force, and the privations so cheerfully borne during the investment, no less than the crushing defeat inflicted on Akhbar Khan, gained it the title of "The Illustrious Garrison of Jellalabad" from the Governor-General of India. Lieutenant-General Sir John Cox, K.C.B., Colonel of the Bedfordshire Regiment, and Lieutenant-General G. G. Stapylton, Colonel of "The Queen's" (both of whom served in the 13th), are survivors of the "Illustrious Garrison."

* * * *

THERE are some people who contend that there is no music in the bag-pipes. Others there are of gentle manners, who, afraid of offending Northern susceptibilities, hasten to assure their Scotch listeners "that they are very fond of the pipes, don't you know, but have such a poor ear that they can never tell one tune from another." There is one air, however, which even the most patriotic of Scotchmen agree with their comrades of the sister kingdom in regarding with scant affection when they hear it trilled out in the grey dawn of a winter morning. It is the well-known march, "Johnny Cope," which time out of mind has been the *réveille* for all Highland regiments. General Cope was the Hanoverian leader who was badly beaten at Dunbar by the Young Pretender, and the song, which is full of canny Scotch wit, conveys the challenge:—

"Hey, Johnny Coup, are ye wauken yet?
Or are yer drums a beatin' yet?
Gin ye are wauken I will wait,
An' I'll meet ye at the coals in the mornin'!"

The reference to coals is an allusion to the fact that Dunbar is surrounded with coal-mines.

* * * *

"X" WANTS us to describe the pouch of a cavalry officer. This is no light task, for a great variety exists. In the three regiments of Household Cavalry and in the 10th Hussars the pouch is of black leather, with a gilt device thereon. In the Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, and most Hussar regiments it is also of black leather, covered completely by a silver "flap"—in the 11th Hussars by a gilt flap. In the 7th, 8th, and 15th Hussars it is of scarlet cloth, embroidered with gold, and in the 18th Hussars of scarlet leather with gold embroidery. In the 5th, 9th, 12th, and 16th Lancers it is of scarlet leather with a silver flap (gilt in the 9th), and in the 17th, blue leather under a silver flap. The four Hussar regiments which do not wear the silver flap have no coloured silk line running through the gold cross belt supporting the pouch.

* * * *

ALTHOUGH the sergeant-major of an infantry battalion wears a sword, it is a somewhat curious circumstance, perhaps not generally known, that according to regulation there is only one occasion on which he draws it. This solitary instance occurs during the ceremony of "trooping the colour." The regimental colour is placed under charge of a guard on one flank of the parade, and, the "escort for the colour" having been marched up, it is the proud privilege of the sergeant-major to receive over the colour from the guard and hand it to the subaltern officer who is to carry it. This officer first salutes the colour with his sword, then returns the weapon to its scabbard, and takes the silken flag from the sergeant-major's hand. The latter then draws his sword and salutes the colour, afterwards taking his place behind the escort, and marching past with drawn sword.

* * * *

"WHEN were special correspondents first employed in war?" asks "Independent." It will sound incredible in these days, but none of our newspapers seem to have been specially represented on the field of Waterloo. Unofficial descriptions of the battle gradually found their way into the press, but they were from the pens of officers who had been present, and not the work of any of our recording angels of Fleet Street. It was, as I have already said, only much later that a German gentleman, of the name of Grüneisen, was sent to Spain to describe some fighting for the *Morning Post*, and he may be described as the first of his race on the English Press. In his recently-published "Life of 'Robert the Bruce,'" Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us that "on two occasions the armies of England invading Scotland were accompanied by scribes specially commissioned to record the course of events." One of these, the anonymous author of the "Siege of Caerlaverock," fulfilled his task with admirable minuteness; but the other, one Baston, a Carmelite friar, was captured by the Scots at Bannockburn, and could only purchase his ransom by celebrating the victory of the enemy whose complete annihilation he had been employed by Edward II. to record

* * * *

A FEW months ago some of the officers of H.M.S. "Britannia," the training establishment for Naval cadets at Dartmouth, thinking that the record reign of Queen Victoria should be commemorated by them in a suitable and lasting manner, decided to present a piece of plate to the Ward Room Mess of the ship. In consequence of this subscriptions were collected, and Mr. J. H. Spanton, one of the drawing instructors in the "Britannia," whose skill as a designer is well known, was asked to prepare some sketches. The result of these combined actions has been to endow the Ward Room Mess of the "Britannia" with a handsome table centre-piece, the total height of which is about two feet. It represents a figure of Britannia in silver, supported by an oak plinth, made of the wood of the old "Britannia." The base of the plinth, which is itself adorned with silver ornaments, contains four silver receptacles for cut flowers, or fern pots The whole thing is certainly in every way worthy of the traditions of the Navy, and, as it will pass to the College Mess, when the "Britannia" as a ship no longer exists, will remind many generations of Naval officers of Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

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STAGE law is not more inaccurate than the average novelist's conception of things military, or the artist's representation of a battle, especially of a cavalry charge, which is usually portrayed as being performed at about sixty miles an hour, whereas most of it is done at a trot, and no little at a walk, and, strange as it may sound, some even at the halt—*e.g.*, the wedging together at Balaclava of the "Heavies" of Russia and Great Britain. Of all writers one would have expected Thackeray to avoid the pit-falls of ignorance of his subject-matter, yet *Vanity Fair* is dotted over throughout its military chapters with mistakes, some trivial, but all none the less unnecessary errors; for instance, there is, as from a *Gazette*, "Lieut. Osborne to be captain, vice Smith, who *exchanges*." Now it is self-evident that whoever Smith *exchanged* with occupied Smith's place in Osborne's regiment (except that he became junior of that rank regimentally), and that no vacancy thereby occurred which a lieutenant could have been promoted to fill. Again Thackeray writes of "selling out and going on half-pay," a contradiction in terms.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT who has been reading some recent articles on Naval education asks whether the sea officers of the past were better educated than the present ones. I cannot pretend to say; but there is no denying that what we call the "old school" had a knack of expressing the thoughts that were in them with singular terseness and directness. There was no beating about the bush with them. What they had to say they said—sometimes, perhaps, with more aptness than elegance. For instance, when Admiral Campbell was questioned by the mutineers at Bantry Bay concerning the probable destination of the "Téméraire," he replied: "To h—ll, if she is ordered, and we must go with her!" a reply which drew from a contemporary writer the remark that it was "one of the most natural traits of true Naval discipline, after the old school, that we remember." Very "unofficial," too, was Captain Napier's (afterwards the famous "fighting Charlie") application for a command, in 1810: "My leave of absence is just out. I expect you will give me a ship, as I am almost tired of campaigning, which is a d——d rum concern." But as an example of "polite letter writing," the late Hobart Pasha's reply to a Lord of the Admiralty, who had threatened to scratch his name off the Navy List, "takes the cake": "You may scratch and be d——d!"

* * * *

"K. Q." writes to know why military officers wear sashes. Sashes (from the Persian *shast*, a girdle) are nowadays merely badges of distinction. Formerly they were used to carry the wounded off the battle-field. All officers (except in rifle and Highland regiments), quartermasters of foot guards, and all staff-sergeants and sergeants of line regiments wear them. The officers', made of crimson silk, are worn over the left, and the non-commissioned officers', of worsted, over the right, shoulder. Field-marshals and general officers, however, wear theirs round the waist with the tassels hanging from the left side. Officers of rifle and Highland regiments, in common with those of all Volunteer corps, wear pouch belts. But when Volunteer officers are appointed aides-de-camp to the Queen, then they must wear sashes. In one infantry regiment, the 13th Somersetshire Light Infantry, the sergeants wear their sashes over the same shoulder as do the officers. This is a much-prized and unique distinction which was won at Culloden, when nearly all the officers were killed and their places taken by the sergeants. The custom was recognised officially by the Horse Guards in 1865.

* * * *

IN his interesting volume, lately published, on the "Achievements of Cavalry," Sir Evelyn Wood devotes a concluding chapter to the subject of mounted infantry, in which he is a great believer, holding that, in the wars of the future, this arm must and will be extensively employed, not only on the Continent, but also wherever England has fighting to do throughout her vast colonial possessions. Sir Evelyn tells us that "dragoons" were at first nothing more than mounted foot soldiers, and he might have added that this is the pattern to which most of the Russian cavalry has now been reduced. But when was mounted infantry proper first employed in this country? As far back as the time of Bannockburn (1314), after which battle Robert Bruce sent an army of 20,000 Scots into England to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham. Mounted on hardy ponies, these soldiers carried nothing with them but their arms, a bag of oatmeal, and a girdle whereon to bake their bannocks, relying for the rest of their commissariat on the English beeves which they plundered. Devastating the country as they went, this force of mounted infantry moved with such celerity that the English Army could never come up with it; and indeed its exploits were not surpassed by the United States Cavalry, which was little more than mounted infantry in the Civil War.

THE EDITOR.

The Humours of a Naval Life.

BY COMMANDER HON. H. SHORE.

MARRYAT'S novels have probably done more to familiarise us with the humorous side of Naval life, in old days, than any other writings, and the scenes he depicts are the more valuable and interesting from the fact, of which there can be no doubt, that they were taken from life. But even this prolific writer has very far from exhausted the subject, as students of Naval biography and history must be aware. There is still enough unworked raw material lying ready to hand to form the nucleus of a series of nautical romances as engrossing as any that came from the pen of that distinguished novelist; and, some day, perhaps, one of our "popular authors" may be induced to turn his attention to this aspect of Naval life, and work up the material into popular and readable form.

In an interesting article on our "men-of-war's men," by Captain Sir Alfred Jephson, in one of the early numbers of this publication, there is an amusing story of a marine and a sail-maker who went on a shooting expedition, presumably for sport, but which nearly ended in a tragedy, for the marine, after chaffing "sails" on his bad marksmanship, offered himself as a target, with the unexpected result that he received nearly the whole charge in that part of the body which is not usually displayed to the foe. Now, curiously enough, this humorous episode may be matched from another incident in real life that occurred more than a century ago at Gibraltar. It appears that in the month of March, 1763, the First Lieutenant of H.M.S. "Isis" went out to shoot gulls, but on returning with an empty bag the purser laughed at him, and told him he was a bad marksman. The lieutenant answered that "he could shoot as well as any person in the garrison," upon which the purser replied, "I'll bet you half-a-guinea you don't hit me with a single ball at a distance of forty yards." "Done," said the lieutenant; "and let us immediately go on shore and try." Accordingly they both went ashore to the dockyard, and the lieutenant measured out the ground; but "instead of forty yards he measured but twenty-three," and there being a wooden horse for the support of the cables he rested his piece on it and aimed at the purser at the dock gate. The sentinel asked him what he was going about, to which he replied, "Only to shoot an old purser who is wearied of his life." He then called to the purser, who stood facing him, to know if he was ready, who answered he was, upon which the lieutenant fired, and the ball tore the purser's leg in so terrible a manner that the surgeon was obliged to cut off the injured member. A mortification set in, and "the next day," says the narrator, "the old man gave up the ghost." The lieutenant was tried, and found guilty. He said little at his trial, but his own captain and several others gave him a very good character. "His sentence," adds the writer, "was respited till His Majesty's pleasure is known," and there the story ends.

From time immemorial, whether rightly or wrongly, the sailor has been credited with a wife in every port—and it is much to be feared that under the conditions that prevailed in those days constancy to his first love was not a strongly-marked characteristic of the British tar. Had he not a weighty precedent? A very old story it is, too, of the sailor coming home after years of foreign service and finding the wife of his bosom wedded to another, by way of consolation for the supposed loss of her bread-winner. The following case in point may be taken as typical of many that occurred, and it shows, moreover, the philosophical spirit in which the aggrieved husband would sometimes accept the inevitable: A man belonging to the "Active," the ship that captured the "Hermione," who, on his return to England, had for some time fixed his quarters at a public-house at Portsmouth, bethought him at last of going in search of his wife, from whom he had been absent about five years. So he came up to London with the landlord, and after enquiry found she had been married to another man the preceding Thursday. The tar sought them out and at once pleaded his prior claim, and insisted on having his wife back again, which her new mate finally agreed to. All having been arranged in a friendly way, they were on the point of departing, when the tar, putting his hand in his pocket, said, "Here, friend, accept of a couple of guineas for any kindness you have done my wife," and afterwards set out with her and his landlord in a landau and four for Portsmouth.

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It has been truthfully said that we never really know the value of anything till we have lost it—a remark which is equally applicable to the loss of friends; and it was this human weakness, no doubt, coupled with Jack's enforced absence for long periods from ladies' society, that accounted for his extraordinary devotion to the sex when in port, and the fascination the fair ones exercised over him. He lavished his all on the dear creatures, who requited his devotion by zealously seconding his efforts to get rid, as fast as possible, of his hardly-earned cash.

Jack's partiality for the fair sex sometimes led him into sad scrapes, while, on the other hand, the devotion of young women to "the right man" has been responsible for some of the most curious escapades that history has cared to preserve. Many instances are on record of women personating men, the better to enable them to share the adventures of the objects of their regard. One of the most curious cases of this sort occurred in a vessel commissioned by Captain Phillip Beaver, R.N., in 1810. "Before sailing," wrote this officer, "I wanted a lad as under servant, and my steward, George, recommended me one. Last night this youth was discovered to be a buxom girl, dressed in boy's clothes. I have ordered her to dress *en femme* again, and never to appear in my presence. I shall send her home the first opportunity, and I am thus deprived of a servant." It transpired, upon investigation of the circumstances, that the girl had chosen this course for the purpose of following her sweetheart, who was on board the vessel. What a romance might have been built up on this very small basis of fact!

"The Sailors Revenge."

But this partiality for female society afloat, by way of solatium for the rigours of a sea life, was by no means uncommon in those days, and was indeed winked at by the Authorities, if not permitted by the regulations. For example, Lord Exmouth's biographer mentions that when that distinguished officer began his careerin the Navy, he found himself on board the "Juno," commanded by Captain Stott, who carried his wife about with him in the vessel. Now, this lady had some pet fowls, which were allowed to fly about the ship, and one day, while the captain was ashore, a young midshipman called Cole took it on him to drive one of these birds off the quarter-deck, an act which roused the ire of the captain's lady, who began abusing the youngster in no measured terms, which provoked him to make a sharp reply. The consequences were serious, for, on the captain's return, he was so enraged by the lady's version of the affair, that he not only severely reprimanded young Cole for what he termed "his insolence," but so far forgot himself as to strike a blow. Cole, being a high-spirited lad, at once applied for his discharge, the ship being off Marseilles at the time; and young Pellew, out of sympathy for his friend, went up to the captain and said, "If Frank Cole is to be turned out of the ship, I hope, sir, you will turn me out too." The end of it all was that both youngsters went on shore, and, notwithstanding all attempts on the captain's part to induce them to return, they found their way home to England in a merchant vessel. The old, old story—*Cherchez la femme!* Somehow, woman has seldom been a peace-maker on board ship. It is only right to add, for the credit of the Navy, that Captain Stott had entered the Service "through the hawse-holes," had been boatswain under Boscawen, and though, as the biographer says, "an excellent seaman, had unfortunately retained some habits not suited to his present rank." The lady's antecedents may be surmised.

With all his gallantry, in love and war, Jack was endowed with a very keen sense of justice, which was apt to blaze up in the most unexpected manner when he was suffering under a sense of wrong. Not even the sight of a distressed female could then assuage his anger or alter his desire for revenge; and very summary, at such times, was his way of wreaking it, as the following episode will show:—

In the year 1749, three sailors of the "Grafton," having been robbed in a public-house in the Strand, returned the following night with a number of their shipmates, who proceeded to clear the house, and threw the furniture and effects into the street. Next night, which was Sunday, the tars treated two more houses in the Strand the same way, "in the presence of multitudes of spectators, who huzzaed them." The same measure was meted out to houses in Old Bailey and Goodman's Fields, and the episode forms the subject of illustration in a print of the time.

The Londoners of modern times are not often treated to spectacles of this sensational description; though, certainly within the memory of people still living, Jack has been known to raise the cry of "down house!" with terrible results when his feelings have been wantonly outraged.

Truth to tell, Jack ashore was a law unto himself—a privileged person, whose vagaries amused the multitude, and whose generosity enlisted many insincere friends. The particular form which his eccentricities assumed on these occasions may shock the more refined taste of the present day; but, really, when we consider the awful existence he too often dragged out afloat, the poor fellow was entitled to a certain amount of licence during his infrequent runs on shore. The only wonder is that, with his pocket full of shiners and with the strongest inducements to extravagance and debauchery abounding on all sides, he conducted himself with so much good-humour and self-control. And yet, no doubt, there was good ground for the saying of old—that sailors "earned their money like horses, and spent it like asses!"

The two extremes between which Jack fluctuated were typified by the Cornishman, who, in his elation of spirits at finding himself at home again, with full pockets, ordered a dinner of "fried watches," and the last survivor of Anson's crew, who, on being discovered in an almshouse, and questioned as to his poverty, replied, "Alas, sir, I was a sailor." Jack's life alternated between fasting and feasting, though the feasts were few and far between, while his fasts were something very different to the fish banquets we associate with the season of Lent.

One more story—this time from the midshipmen's berth—and the space at our disposal will have been exhausted.

When Lord Keith was chasing the French Fleet, under Admiral Bruix, in the year 1799, fresh provisions were so scarce on board his ship that the midshipmen took to catching the "millers," as they called the huge Norway rats that abounded on board, and grilling them for supper. As these animals had been fattened amongst the flour and meal sacks, we are told that "they made nice, tender food." But on this coming to the ears of the Admiral, he gave orders that "the disgusting practice must be put a stop to." Whether the order was obeyed we are not told, but the youngsters had their revenge, for when, soon after, the Admiral dined at their mess, "devilled millers" were served up as young rabbits! "His lordship," we learn, "partook of the savoury dish; but when he found out the trick, the thought of the rabbits produced the same effect on him as a choppy sea probably would on a landsman." We are not told what happened to the middies after this.

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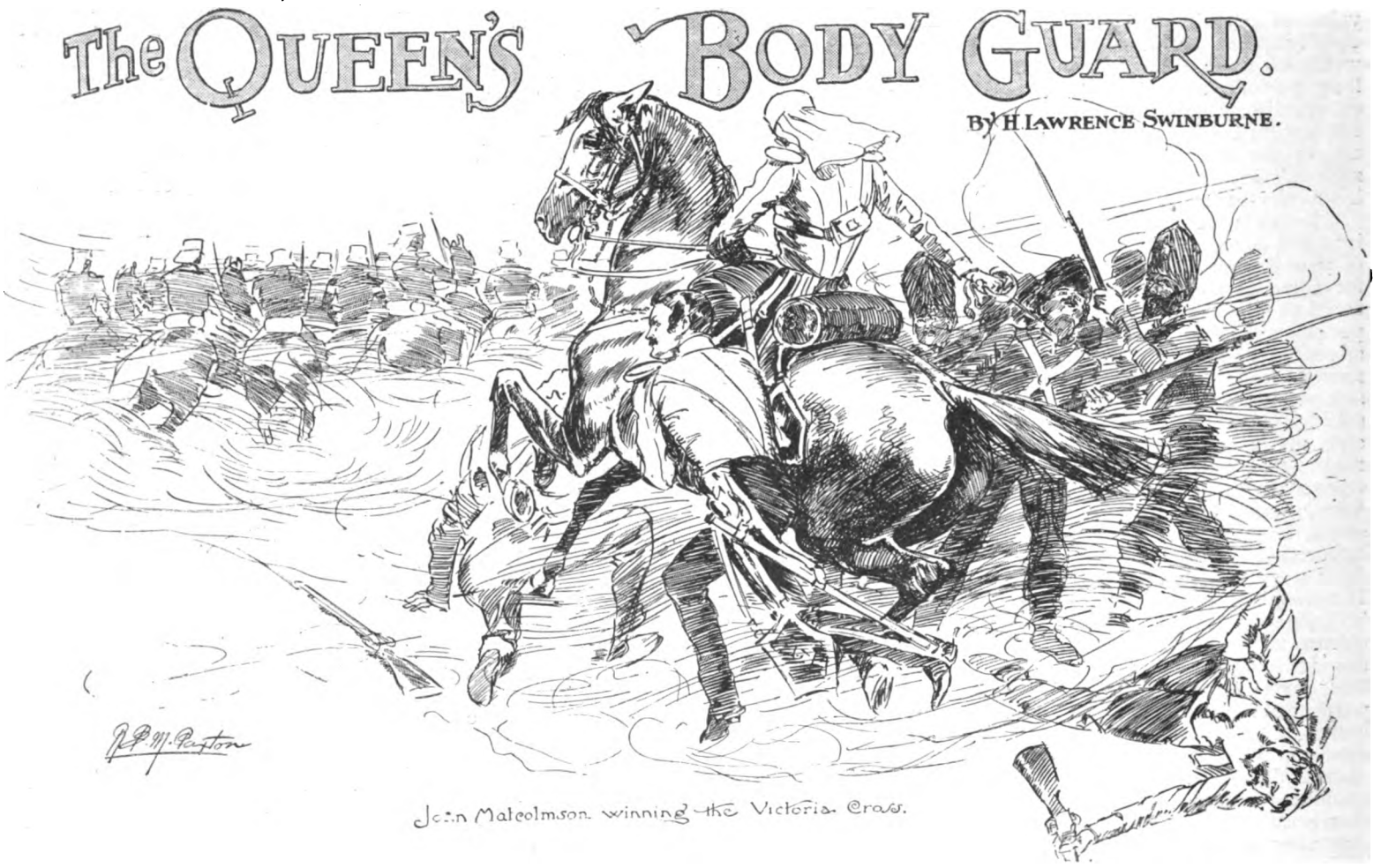
The Queen's Body Guard.

By H. Lawrence Swinburne.



John Malcolmson winning the Victoria Cross.

"OUR nearest Guard," and not only that, but also "the only one in the Presence Chamber, to the exclusion of all others." This is its privilege, maintained for close on four centuries, and passed on unbroken to the little group of war-worn veterans that to-day inherit it. War-worn are its members, in truth, and yet, curiously enough, this corps, which surrounds the Sovereign on all public and State occasions, is essentially a civil body. Less than half a century ago the trained soldiers in it could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, but now admission to its ranks not only marks a man as a trained soldier, but also as one who has commanded his men in the field. Founded by Henry VIII., in 1509, it came into being before the days of standing armies, and though but fifty in number, they were "chosen of Gentlemen that be commen and extracte of Noble Blod." Its officers and staff comprised a captain; a lieutenant; a standard-bearer, who bore the Royal standard; a clerk of the cheque, to keep the rolls and exact the fines from absentees; and a harbinger, whose duty lay in providing quarters for the band when accompanying the Sovereign on a progress. Down to the Stuart days the corps remained materially unchanged. Its ranks were always filled from the best blood of the kingdom, and full reliance was always placed on its loyalty, no matter how troublous the times might be. Under Henry VIII. and his son most of the Gentlemen-Pensioners, as they were early called, professed the reformed faith, but on the accession of Queen Mary this did not prevent them from standing loyally by the throne during the conspiracies that followed.

Underhill, one of the corps, whose zeal against Rome had procured him imprisonment, from which he had only just emerged, weakened with the terrible gaol-fever of the period, was one of the first to appear when the Body Guard was summoned to defend Whitehall and the Queen's person during Wyatt's insurrection. Norreys, the Chief Usher of the Privy Chamber, struck his name from the roll, crying out, "Nay, by God's body, that heretic shall not be called to watch here." But the sturdy zealot was not to be denied, and, donning his armour, he did excellent service throughout that trying day. By Elizabeth the Pensioners were highly esteemed. Their captain, Henry Carey (Lord Hunsdon) was a special favourite, and in the memorable year of 1588 it was to him that she entrusted the command of the "Army Royal," of 34,000 foot and 2,000 horse, that assembled at Tilbury.

Lord Hunsdon was succeeded in the command of the Pensioners by his eldest son, and it was a younger son, Robert Carey, who carried to James I. the news of his succession. The Ministers were anxious to defer communication of the news to James till their line of action had been fully decided upon; but young Carey succeeded in escaping from the carefully-guarded palace, and, though Elizabeth only died at 9 a.m. on the 24th of March, by the close of the 26th Carey had ridden with the news to James, 400 miles distant in Edinburgh. His gallant ride was well rewarded, for he was eventually raised to the Peerage as Baron Carey of Leppington. In fact, an appointment to the band of Gentlemen-Pensioners was in many cases a stepping-stone to positions of trust and emolument.

In a petition presented to James by Lord Hunsdon, stating the claims of the Pensioners and the rank and position they held, it is pointed out that the corps had "always been a nursery to breed up Deputies of Ireland, ambassadors into foreign parts, Counsellors of State, captains of the Guard, governors of places, and commanders in the wars both by land and sea."

Although under Charles I. the Pensioners were generally in arrears of pay, the band did loyal service to the Crown in the civil wars. So reduced, indeed, was the corps from deaths either in battle or in exile, that only twenty-five remained to be amongst the first to greet the second Charles at his restoration. They were at once augmented to their original numbers, but in 1670 the number, apart from officers, was reduced to forty, a figure at which it to-day remains. This reduction was due to the fact that, owing to the hurried way the band had been filled up at the Restoration, some had gained entry who, either by birth or political antecedents, were unsuitable to be enrolled in the ranks of "the nearest guard."

On William's succession Lord Huntingdon was replaced as captain by Lord Lovelace, and all were removed from the band who were suspected of being attached to the Jacobite cause. In fact, in three months, none of the officers, and but fifteen of the Gentlemen of James's Body Guard, appeared in that which surrounded the new monarch. This was, in truth, a decided hardship on those thus summarily dismissed, for from time immemorial the place of a Pensioner had been purchased much as was a commission. Their rights, moreover, were officially recognised by Parliament in 1809, for in an Act of that year the right of the Pensioners to sell or exchange their posts was specially reserved to them.

Owing to this system, the military character of the body diminished more and more, until on the accession of George IV. the corps was almost, if not entirely, composed of men purely civilians, and absolutely without military training. To William IV. is due the first determined effort to restore the military character of the force, as, in 1835, he ordered that all vacancies were to be filled up from a list of officers specially selected by the Commander-in-Chief. At this period, also, the title of Gentlemen-at-Arms, which had always been an alternative designation for the Gentlemen-Pensioners, was definitely adopted. Still, however, when our most gracious Queen succeeded two years later, only three of the corps had held military rank, and on these three fell the task of hastily drilling their comrades in the use of the carbine when, in 1848, in consequence of the Chartist Riots, the corps was

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called on to undertake the safe-guarding of St. James's Palace. The final reorganisation took place in 1862, the main features comprising the abolition of the purchase of places (existing interests being compensated) and the appointment only of those who held, or had held, commissions in the Regular Army, or Royal Marines, it being also a *sine quâ non* that the person appointed must have seen active service and wear a medal for such.

The dress now worn is a scarlet coatee with gold epaulets and a golden portcullis as a collar badge,* blue overalls with gold lace stripes; the helmet gilt metal, displaying the Royal Arms and carrying a plume of white cock's feathers; a cavalry pouch, belt, and sword-belt, of red and gold; the weapons a cavalry sabre and the picturesque halberd, or long-handled battle-axe. To-day the corps comprises a captain, a lieutenant, a standard-bearer, a clerk of the cheque and adjutant, and forty gentlemen-at-arms (one of whom is sub-officer); and there are, moreover, borne on the roll five gentlemen-at-arms on half-pay, their successors on the active list receiving only half-pay until the vacancies are absorbed. The position of captain, always held by a man of rank and distinction, is a purely political appointment, he going out of office on a change of Ministry. Only once has the post been held by other than a peer, in the person of the second captain, Sir Anthony Brown, a gallant soldier, and a personal friend of Henry VIII. He was, moreover, a Knight of the Garter, as, indeed, were all the captains up to the close of the reign of James I.

In former times large sums were frequently paid for the position of lieutenant, as it is one which almost invariably secures for its holder the honour of knighthood. At present it can only be held by an officer of the Army rank of colonel or lieutenant-colonel. The standard-bearer comes next in rank to the lieutenant, and must have at least the Army rank of major. He also not unfrequently receives the rank of knighthood on retirement or during his tenure of the office. The Body Guard has no standard, or colour, of its own, but whenever it has paraded in the presence of the Sovereign for a muster, or as a preliminary to actually taking the field, the Royal Standard has always been entrusted to its charge.

A tradition exists that of old the Pensioners had a special banner which was lost at Nazeby, and has never been replaced, but according to the able historian of the corps, Major Brackenbury—from whose beautiful work, "The Nearest Guard," these notes have been in the main compiled—this legend is absolutely mythical. The office of clerk of the cheque was, till 1862, invariably held by a civilian, but since that date it has, like the other offices, been filled by promotion from the ranks of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, its holder always being an officer of field rank, and the suitable military title of adjutant has been added. Every officer on his appointment receives a "stick of office," which confers on him the privilege of the *entrée* at levées and other State functions. This is gold-headed in the case of the captain; silver-headed for the lieutenant, standard-bearer, and clerk of the cheque; ivory-headed for the sub-officer.

Turning to the Gentlemen-at-Arms, we find that the intention of making the corps into a military body is now practically an accomplished fact. Of the forty-five members of the corps (including the five on half-pay and the sub-officer) only two remain who have purchased their appointments. These are the two senior members of the corps—Mr. Cotton, a civilian, who purchased in 1849, and Colonel Wemyss, an officer of Militia, who purchased in 1860. With these two exceptions, and of course the captain, every member of the corps is an officer who has seen service in the field and been decorated for such. If we could see the whole Guard in a line we could read by the medals and decorations on their breasts a history of the campaigns of the record reign, from the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1840, to the operations in Burmah during 1886-7. The medal for St. Jean d'Acre is worn by one of the two veterans of the Royal Marine Light Infantry which belong to the corps, Colonel Stewart. His comrade, Colonel Morrison, was present in the tough fighting on the Parana, and the forcing of the Obligado Forts on that river, in 1845, but for that very smart piece of work no medal was ever awarded, to the bitter disappointment of those therein engaged. Colonel Morrison, however, wears the China medal, with clasps for Canton, the Taku Forts, and Pekin. A third marine officer—a blue marine this time—Colonel Hill, of the Royal Marine Artillery, wears the Ashanti medal. Three officers wear the medal for the Sutlej Campaign of 1845-6, one, Colonel Noel, having been present with the 31st, now 1st East Surrey, at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sokraon; while Major Brackenbury has the medal for the second Sikh War, with a clasp for the sanguinary struggle at Goojerat.

This officer is also the *doyen* of the ten holders of the Indian general service medal, his clasp on that medal being for service against the Ensofzaies, on the North-West Frontier, as far back as 1849. Captain Bourke, the earliest of the four wearers of the South African medal, dates his war services almost as far back, for his medal was gained for services against the Kaffirs and on the Orange River in 1850-3. Wearers of the Abyssinian and New Zealand medals are also to be found in the corps, while those who fought in the last Afghan War have eight representatives in the corps, and ten medals commemorate services rendered in the recent campaigns in Egypt and the Soudan. Nearly half of the corps, moreover, are veterans of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny. Two officers, Colonel Dunbar and Major Granville, saw service in both wars. Colonel Dunbar has the Crimean medal, with clasp for Sebastopol, Turkish medal, and the Mutiny medal, with clasps for Lucknow and the Relief of Lucknow, besides the South African medal, with clasp for Ulundi. Major Granville was one of that glorious band that battled round the colours of the Welsh Fusiliers at the Alma, when Lieutenants Anstruther and Butler were both killed under them, and the gallant Sergeant Luke O'Connor won by his valour his commission and the Victoria Cross. Granville, indeed, himself volunteered to carry the Queen's colour after Butler had been shot under it, but there being no officer left with his company, the General commanding the brigade directed a sergeant to be told off to take it, and the young officer was thus deprived of the honour. His Crimean medal bears three clasps—Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol—while his Indian Mutiny medal has two clasps for services at Lucknow. Besides these two officers, ten saw service in the Crimea and nine in the Indian Mutiny—a total of twenty-one Crimean and Mutiny veterans. Colonel Lowndes' breast simply glitters with Crimean decorations, for, in addition to having our own medal with clasps for Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol (where he was severely wounded), he displays the Turkish medal, the specially-conferred Sardinian medal "Al Valore Militare," the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the Star of the Order of the Medjidie. Two of the officers decorated for the Indian Mutiny wear also the Indian general service medal, with clasp for the campaign in Persia, 1856-7, and one of these, Lieutenant John Malcolmson, late of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, is the Victoria Cross hero of the corps. This decoration he won by one of the most gallant exploits recorded in the annals of the Victoria Cross, a brief account of which will fitly conclude this record of the Body Guard and its veterans. In charging a square of Persian infantry, Moore, the adjutant of the 3rd Cavalry, leaped his horse into the square, a length or so ahead of the others, only, however, to go down at once with his horse shot under him, and his sword snapped in his hand. As the cavalry swept through the square to re-form on the other side, Moore was thus left practically helpless at the mercy of the fanatic Persians, who never gave quarter. The gallant Malcolmson, however, saw his plight, and at once turned and rode to the rescue of his dismounted and disarmed comrade. Inch by inch he fought his way through a thick crowd of the enemy, reached Moore's side, and giving him a stirrup, brought both, by sheer pluck and magnificent horsemanship, safely out of the melée

* The portcullis was the old Beaufort badge assumed by Henry VII. (and thus made a Tudor badge) as a descendant of that family. It is also the 4th Company badge of the Grenadier Guards.

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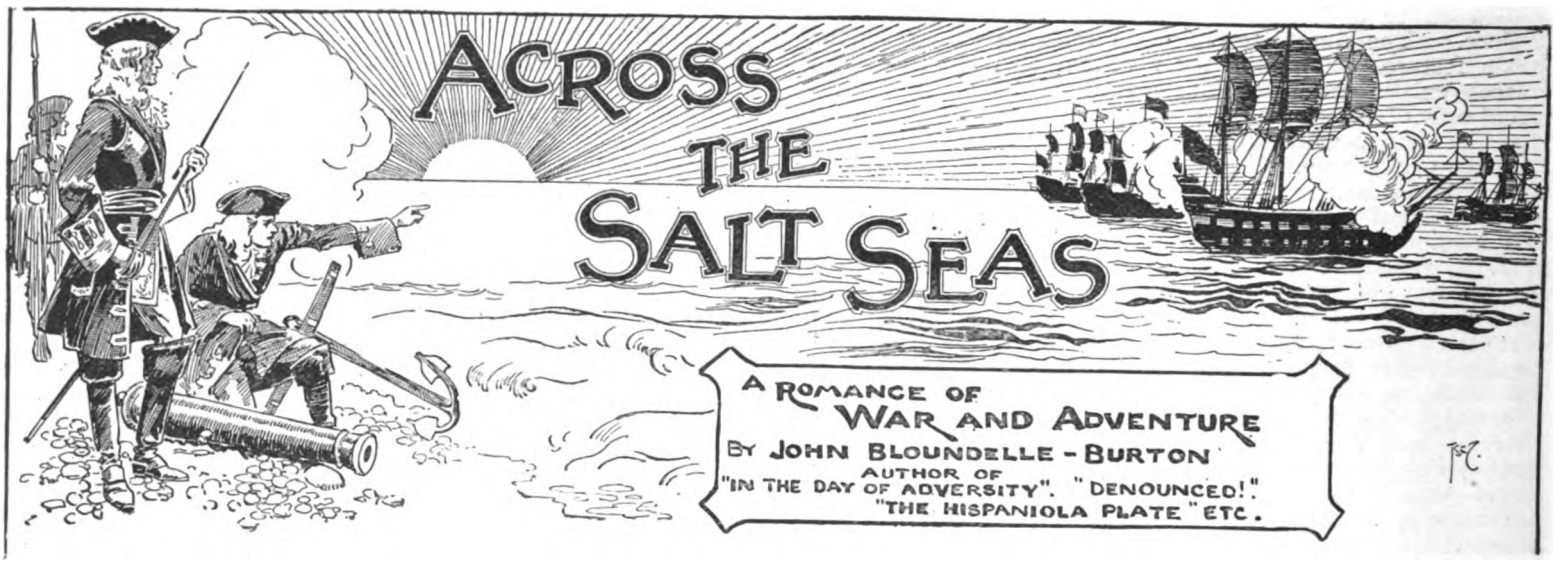

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, who is an officer under Marlborough, has been sent with a communication to the Admiral in charge of the English Fleet which has recently besieged Vigo, and captured the Spanish galleons lying there. He is now endeavouring to return to Flanders by way of Spain and France, viz, through two countries contending against, and hostile to, England. He is accompanied by Señor Juan Belmonte (a young gentleman from the West Indies, who has been discovered by him in one of the galleons), in consequence of a considerable and intimate friendship which has sprung up between them. Their journey is now surrounded by perils of many kinds, some of which have already been described.

CHAPTER XVII. *(continued).*

THEN turning to him I said, even as I noticed that he showed no signs of fatigue—at which I marvelled somewhat—and that his handsome face was as bright and full of colour as it had ever been:

"You must be a-weary, Juan. Three or four hours' sleep will do you a world of good. And you shall have it, my lad, even though I sit at your door with a drawn sword in my hand to prevent interruption."

As usual he smiled that gracious, winsome smile upon me—a smile which was always forthcoming in response to any simple little kindness I evidenced to him, and said: "I could ride on for hours thus—feel no fatigue. May-be, 'tis the brightness of the morning that heartens me so; perhaps, too, the crisp coolness of these mountains—Heavens! how different 'tis from aught we know of in the Indies—makes me insensible to it. Yet, Mervan," and he gave me a glance from his eyes under the dark and now dishevelled curls that hung almost over them, "there is one thing I long to do now. Do not refuse. I have earned the right!"

"What is it, child?" I asked, wondering what strange request he might be about to proffer.

"Let me sing—and play a little. 'Twill do no harm, and—and—you know—the viol is here," and he touched lightly the valise strapped in front of his saddle.

"Sing, if you will," I said, yet casting a glance around and ahead of me to see if there were any creature about whose curiosity might be attracted by the music—though, in sober truth, it would not much have mattered had there been. In such a land as this—though I scarce knew it then!—for a traveller to pass along on his way singing for cheerfulness and for solace was no strange thing, but rather, instead, the custom. "Sing, if you will—I shall be glad enough to hear a merry song or so. For audience, however, there will be no others."

"I want none," he replied, "if you are content." And by now, having got out the little viol d'amore, he struck a few notes upon it and began to sing.

At first his song was, as I understood and as he told me afterwards, a love ballad addressed by a youth to his mistress; the words—as he uttered them—soft and luscious as the trill of the nightingale on summer night. And his marvellous beauty added also to the effect that it had on me; made me wonder how many dark tropic women in the lands he came from had already lost their hearts to him. Nay, to wonder so much that, as the last sweet tones of both his voice and viol died upon the crisp morning air, I asked him a question to that effect.

"Ho, ho," he laughed, yet softly as he had just now sung. "None! none! none! In the Indies I am nothing; all are as dark as I, except when they are golden fair—and—and—Mervan, *mon ami*, no woman has ever said a word of love to me."

"Humph!" I said, doubting, "nor you, perhaps, a word of love to them."

"Nor I a word of love to them. Never, never. *Le grand jamais!*"

"Nor ever loved?" with a tone of doubt so strong in my voice now that he could not fail to understand it.

"Nor ever loved?" he repeated. "Yes—yes—I have loved. Do love." Then, impetuously, as he ever spoke—like a torrent let loose from mountain side—he went on:

"Love! love! love! With heart and soul and brain on fire. Love! so that for the creature I adore—have learnt to worship—I would—ah! what would I not do. Cast my body beneath that creature—plunge through fire or water—oh!" he exclaimed, breaking off as suddenly as he had begun, "oh! I am a fool! a fool! a fool!"

"But, surely," I said, "surely, with such as you are, that love does not go unrequited. If you have spoken to the object of this passion, told of this love you say you bear, and are believed, it must be returned. Such love as yours could not be simulated, must, therefore, be appreciated ——"

"Simulated!" he exclaimed. "Simulated! It cannot be simulated, not assumed like a mountebank's robe ere he plays a part. Anyone can paint a flame, any tawdry daubster of an inn sign-board, but not even Murillo himself could paint the heat. And my love is heat—not—not flame."

"And the lady? The lady?" I asked, almost impatiently. "Surely she does—she must return this love!"

Volatile as he was, and changing his mood again in a moment, he looked slyly at me under the dark locks, twanged the viol once more, and burst into another song, different from the one he had but recently finished. The song which I had previously known him to sing.

"Oh, have you heard of a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an Englishman?"

"I am an Englishman, you know, Mervan!" interrupting the song. Then going on,

"Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, she had on!"

"Did she woo you, then?" I asked, as he paused a moment. For answer he sang again:

"As his prisoner fast he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye——"

He stopped abruptly and pointed ahead of him with the little viol, then wrapped it up again in his haversack and said:

"See, *amigo*, there is the village—what was its name cut on the pedestal? Now, what are we, eh? And whence come we if any questions are asked?"

"You are a young Spanish gentleman," I said, repeating a lesson I had hitherto in our ride tutored him in, "from Vigo. I am a Frenchman. We are on our way to Bayonne to join the French forces. Also, we neither of us know English."

"*Bon, pas un mot*," he replied, catching me up brightly. "*Et nous parlons Anglais comme une vache parle Espagnol. N'est ce pas, mon ami?*"

"*C'est ça. En avant*," I replied, and with a laugh we each touched our horses with the heel and cantered down into the village of Chantada.

'Twas a poor place enough for any travellers to see, consisting of a long but very wide street with a fountain in the middle of a wide open square, around which there lay a number of grunting swine—lean and repulsive—and also some score or so of geese, all basking in the morning sun.

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Yet next in importance to the church, which was on one side of this *plaza*, was that which we most sought for, an inn; and, perhaps because of the road being one of much traffic 'twixt both Portugal and Vigo to France, it was a large, substantial-looking house, long, and with many rooms on either side the great porte, as well as in the two storeys beneath its sloping and serrated Spanish roof. Also it looked prosperous—a huge gilt coronet hung out over the unpaved street; for name it had, painted along all its front, the words "Taverna Duquesa Santa Ana."

Under the great archway we rode, seeing that in a vast courtyard there stood a travelling coach, on which, although there were no horses attached to it, some baggage was still left piled up beneath some skins; hearing also the stamping of several horses in their stables.

"Ask," said I to Juan, speaking in French—as agreed between us, there was to be no more English spoken unless we were certain no ears could overhear us—"ask if we can be accommodated for some hours. Say until night. Then we must resume our journey. Ask that."

Obedient to my behest the youth turned to a man who came out from the door giving entrance to the inn itself, and, in Spanish, made his demand, whereupon the fellow, after bowing politely, said:

"There is ample accommodation for—for more—alas!—than travel these roads."

Then, because I addressed a word or so in French to him, he continued in that language, which, however, he had exceedingly badly.

"Messieurs will stay here till night, then push on to Lugo! *Bon*, they will be there by morning. So! So! Yes, in verity, they can have a good meal. There are geese, fowls, meat, also some wine of excellence! Messieurs may refresh themselves in all ways."

Our horses being therefore put in the stable, we sat down half-an-hour later in a vast *sala*—in which a great banquet might have been given with ease—to a dish of veal, a fowl, and an *olla-podrida*, all of which would have been good enough had they not been flavoured so much with garlic that—to my taste, at least!—all pleasure was destroyed. Also we had some most excellent chocolate and some good spirituous liquor to follow—at which latter Juan made a wry face. Then, ordering another meal to be ready ere we set out—with strict injunctions that the flavouring should on this occasion be omitted—we betook ourselves to the rooms above, where we were to get a few hours' rest.

"'Tis the drunken old ruffian who came from Rotterdam."

Yet, as we passed along the whitewashed corridor, the windows of which gave on to the stable yard, the travelling coach standing there caught our eyes, and I said to the host:

"You have at least someone else here besides us. Some great personage I should suppose by his equipage," and I directed my glance to where the great carriage was.

"Ho!" said the man, with the true Spanish shrug of the shoulder, which is even more emphatic than that of the French; more suggestive, as it seems to me. "A personage of wealth, I should say, but no Grandee—of Spain, at least."

"Of what land then?" I asked. "And why a personage of wealth, yet no Grandee?"

"Oh! well, for that," the man said, with again the inimitable shrug; "his deportment, his conduct, is not that which our nobility permit themselves. Though I know not—perhaps—it may be so—he is a nobleman of, well! possibly, England. He drinks heavily—name of a dog! but he drinks like a fiend, *un enragé*—cognac, cognac, cognac!—also he sings all the night, sometimes so that even the fowls and the dogs are awakened, likewise all our house. Yet he pays well, very well!"

"Doubtless," I replied, quietly, "an English nobleman. Such is their custom—according to the ideas of other nations! Well, let us to rest." Whereon Juan and I turned each into a room which the landlord indicated, and, so far as I was concerned, I slept calmly and peacefully until awakened by him at three of the afternoon.

Now, when I descended to where our other repast was prepared for us, which would probably be the last one of a substantial nature that we should be likely to get ere reaching Lugo, I found Juan there walking up and down the great *sala*, his sword swishing about against his left leg as he turned backwards and forwards petulantly. Also, I could see that something had disturbed his usually sweet disposition—that his colour was a little higher than in general, and that the soft velvet-looking eyes were sparkling angrily.

"Why, what is't?" I asked, even as the landlord brought in the first cover, "what is't, my boy? You are ruffled."

"Be very sure I am!" he exclaimed, speaking rapidly, and, of course, in French, as I had done, so that the man heard and understood all he said. "I have been insulted———"

"Insulted!"

"At least, rebuffed, and rudely, too, and by, of all men, a filthy blackamoor—a—a—*por Dios!*—a slave! Oh! that I had him in the Indies. He would insult no White again, I can tell you," and he fingered the hilt of his weapon and stamped his shapely foot on the uncarpeted floor till his spurs jangled.

"Come," I said, "you can afford to despise the creature. How did it happen?"

"Happen, happen," Juan replied, still angry. "How———"

"Monsieur saw the black man preparing the luggage on the great coach," the landlord said, as he removed the dish cover from a course of pork and raisins, "and asked which way his master went. And the fellow was surly, rude—said that was their business, not the affair of strangers. Also they sought no companions if—if the young Señor meant that———"

"Who never offered our company," Juan broke in again. "Curse him, I wish I had him in the Indies," he repeated.

"Come," I said again, "come. This is beneath you, Juan. To be angry with a slave! As well be vexed with a mongrel dog that yaps and snaps at you when you go to pat it. Sit down and eat your meal. We have a long ride before us."

Perhaps he saw some sense in my suggestion, for he flung himself into a chair and began to eat, and, meanwhile, the host, who was still hovering about, handing us now a dish of mutton dressed with oysters and pistachio nuts and now some stewed pomegranates, chattered away at our side, telling us that the negro's master was not well—that he had been drinking again—but yet was determined to set out at once.

"Though," said he, "but an hour before the caballeros rode in he had resolved to stay until to-morrow. I know not why he has changed his mind so swiftly. Oh! the drink, the drink, the drink!" and he wagged his head.

That the man whom the landlord considered to be, in consequence of his habits, an English nobleman, was about to depart, there could be no possibility of doubt. From where we sat at table, and because curtains to the windows seemed to be things of which those who kept the inn had never thought, we could see out into the courtyard quite plainly. Saw first the horses brought out—four of them—and harnessed to the huge lumbering vehicle—the "nobleman" would have proved himself a kinder-hearted man if he had used six!—saw their cloths taken off their backs by the postillion, and observed the latter make ready to mount the near side leader. Also we saw the *faquins* on ladders strapping tight the baggage

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which had been brought down and hoisted on top, then heard the landlord, who had now left serving us to attend to his parting guest, give orders that the noble traveller should be informed that all was ready for his setting forth. Upon which we quitted our seats at the table and walked over to the window, Juan's curiosity being much excited at the chance of seeing the drunken English milor, as he called him. We had not long to wait. For, presently, we heard a considerable trampling on the stairs and some mumbled words—to my surprise the deep guttural tones seemed familiar—and then we saw a wrapped figure carried out between two of the *faquins* and lifted up into the carriage.

And behind that figure walked a negro, his head also enveloped in a rich red shawl—as though the black creature feared the cold night air, forsooth!

But, even as they lifted the debauched man into his carriage, the wrappings about his face became disturbed and fell back on his shoulders, so that I saw his face—and started as I did so. Started even more, too, when, a second later, I heard Juan exclaim in a subdued voice:

"My God! Who is he? Almost, I could swear——"

While, in my excitement, I interrupted him, saying:

"That an English nobleman! That! Why, 'tis the drunken old ruffian who came from Rotterdam with me in the ship."

"And his name? His name?" Juan asked, breathlessly. "His name?"

"John Carstairs."

Even as I spoke the postillion cracked his whip and the great carriage rolled out of the courtyard, the lamps twinkling and illuminating our faces as it passed before the window; showing, too, as they flashed on Juan's face, that he was once again deathly pale, and all his rich colouring vanished as I had seen it vanish more than once before.

Chapter XVIII.

"BETRAYED."

"His name is Carstairs? Humph!" Juan exclaimed when the last sound of the wheels had died away, and we no longer heard the rumbling of the great Berlin upon the stones of the roughly-paved street outside. "Carstairs!"

"That is the name under which he was entered as a passenger in the papers of 'La Mouche Noire,'" I answered. Then continued, looking at the boy as a thought came to my mind, "Why! have you ever seen him before, Juan—or have you any reason to suppose it is anything else than Carstairs?"

For the thought which had come to me, the recollection which had suddenly sprung to my mind, was the memory of the words Captain Tandy had used when first we discussed the old man.

"'Tis no more his name than 'tis mine—or yours."

Also I recalled that he had said, after meditation, that he was more like to have been one Cuddiford than anybody else.

And now it seemed as though this stripling who had become my companion, this boy whose years scarce numbered eighteen, also knew something of him—disbelieved that his name was Carstairs.

"Do you think," I went on, "that it is something else? Cuddiford—say?"

"Nay," he replied, "nay. Not that. Not that. I have heard of Cuddiford though—I think he was brought to London and tried. But—but—oh!" he exclaimed, breaking off, "it cannot be!"

"What cannot be?"

"If," he said, speaking very slowly, very gravely now, "if it were not eight years since I last set eyes on him—when I was quite a child; if he had a beard down over his chest instead of being close shaven, I should say, Mervan, that this was the ruffian to find whom I set out for England. The villain who robbed me of the fortune my father left me—the scoundrel, James Eaton."

"James Eaton!" I exclaimed. "The man you asked me about; thought I might be like to know?"

"The same."

"Had he, this Eaton, been a buccaneer?—for I make no doubt that man has," I said. "The captain of 'La Mouche Noire" thought so too—and—and—his ravings and deliriums seemed to point that way."

"I know not," Juan said. "Eaton was a villain—yet—yet—I can scarce suppose my father would have trusted him with a fortune if he had known him to be such as that."

"Who was your father, Juan?"

"I—I," he answered, looking at me with those clear starry eyes—eyes into which none could gaze without marvelling at their beauty—"*I do not know.*"

"You do not know!—yet you know he bequeathed a fortune to you, and left it in the man, Eaton's, hands."

"Mervan," he said, speaking quickly, "you must be made acquainted with my history—I will tell it you. To-night, when we ride forth again; but not now. See, our horses are ready, they are bringing them from the stables. When we are on the road I will tell you my story. 'Twill not take long. Come, let us pay the bill and away."

"I will pay the bill," I said, "later we can regulate our accounts. And as you say, we had best be on the road. For if that old man has seen me, or if his black servant has done so—it—it—may be serious."

"Serious!" he repeated. "Serious! For *you*, my friend?" and as he spoke there was in his voice so tender an evidence that he thought nothing of any danger which could threaten him, but only of what might befall me, that I felt sure, now and henceforth, of the noble, unselfish heart he possessed. "Oh! not serious for you."

"Ay," I replied. "Ay. Mighty serious. Remember, he knows I went ashore in Lagos Bay, that I sailed in the English fleet to Vigo. What will happen, think you, if he warns those at Lugo that such a one as I—an Englishman—who assisted at the taking of the galleons is on the road 'twixt here and there."

"My God!" the boy exclaimed, thrusting his hand through the curls clustering over his eyes—as he always did when in the least excited. "It might mean——"

"Death," I said. "Sharp and swift. Without trial or time for shrift. Without——"

"But—whether he be Eaton—or—Carstairs—he is English himself."

"Ay, and so he is," I answered. "But be sure he has papers—also he can speak Spanish perfectly. Will doubtless pass for a Spaniard. Also, unless I am much mistook, had a cargo in one of those galleons—for what else has he followed up here? For what—but the hopes of getting back some of the saved spoil which he hopes has been brought to Lugo? That alone would give him the semblance of being Spanish—would earn him sympathy. Meanwhile, what should I be deemed? A spy! And I should die the spy's death."

"What then to do next?" Juan asked, with a helpless, piteous look.

"There is but one thing for *me* to do," I replied. "One thing alone. As I told you ere we set out from Viana, my task is to ride on straight, unerringly to my goal—to Flanders. Through every obstacle, every barrier—to crash through them if Heaven permits, as Hopson crashed through that boom at Vigo—to reach Lord Marlborough, or to fall by the wayside. That is my duty, and I mean to do it."

"Mervan! Mervan!" he almost moaned.

"'Tis that," I went on. "But—think not I say it unkindly, with lack of friendship or in forgetfulness of our new-formed *camaraderie*—for you the need does not exist."

"What!"

"Hear me, I say, Juan; I speak but for your safety. For you there is no duty calling, the risk does not exist. You are free—a traveller at your ease——"

"Silence!" he cried, his rich musical voice ringing clear through the vast *sala*, in the middle of which we now stood once more; and as he spoke he raised his hand with a gesture of command. "Silence, I say! By the body of my dead and unknown father, you do not understand Juan Belmonte. What! set out with you and turn back at the first sign of danger, and that a danger to you alone? Oh!" he exclaimed, changing his tone again, emotional as ever. "Oh! Mervan! Mervan!"

"I spoke but for your sake," I said, sorry and grieved to see I had wounded him; "for that alone."

"Then speak no more, never again, in such a strain. I said I would never quit your side till Flanders is reached; no need to repeat those words. Where you go I go—unless you drive me from your side."

And now it was my turn to exclaim against him; to cry, "Juan! you think I should do that?" Yet, even as I spoke, I could not but add, "The danger to you as well as me may be terrible."

"No more," he said, "no more. We ride together until the end comes—for one or both of us. Now, let us call the reckoning and be gone. The horses are there," and he strode to the window and made a sign to the stableman to be ready for us. Yet, ere the landlord came, he spoke to me again.

"Remember," he said, "that beyond our *camaraderie*, of which you have spoken—ay! 'tis that and more, far more!—beyond all that, I do believe the old man, whose face I saw as the great lamps shone full on it, is James Eaton. I have come to Europe, to this cold quarter of the world, to find him. Do you think, with him not half a league ahead, that I will be turned from the trail? Never! I follow that man to Lugo; since his beard is gone I cannot pluck him by it, but I can take his throat in my hands, thrust this through his evil heart"—and he rapped the hilt of his sword sharply as he spoke, then added, "As I will, as I will."

(To be continued).

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Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GENERAL SIR HUGH HENRY GOUGH, V.C., G.C.B.

FEW officers in any service can match Sir Hugh Gough's war record for hard fighting. As a subaltern he served as Adjutant and Wing Commandant of Hodson's Horse throughout the Indian Mutiny, being wounded at Delhi, and severely wounded at Lucknow, where he had two horses killed under him. He was also repeatedly mentioned in despatches for distinguished bravery on other occasions. Sir Hugh Gough won his Victoria Cross twice over—first, on November 12th, 1857, near the Alumbagh, Lucknow, when he charged a vastly superior body of the mutineers, from whom he captured two guns; secondly, on February 25th, 1858, also near Lucknow, when, in a brilliant charge on the enemy's guns, he had two horses killed under him, a shot through his helmet, and a severe wound. Sir Hugh Gough commanded the 12th Bengal Cavalry in the Abyssinian War of 1868, and as a brigadier did brilliant service with Lord Roberts in Afghanistan in 1878-80, commanding the Cavalry Brigade in Lord Roberts's famous march to Candahar.

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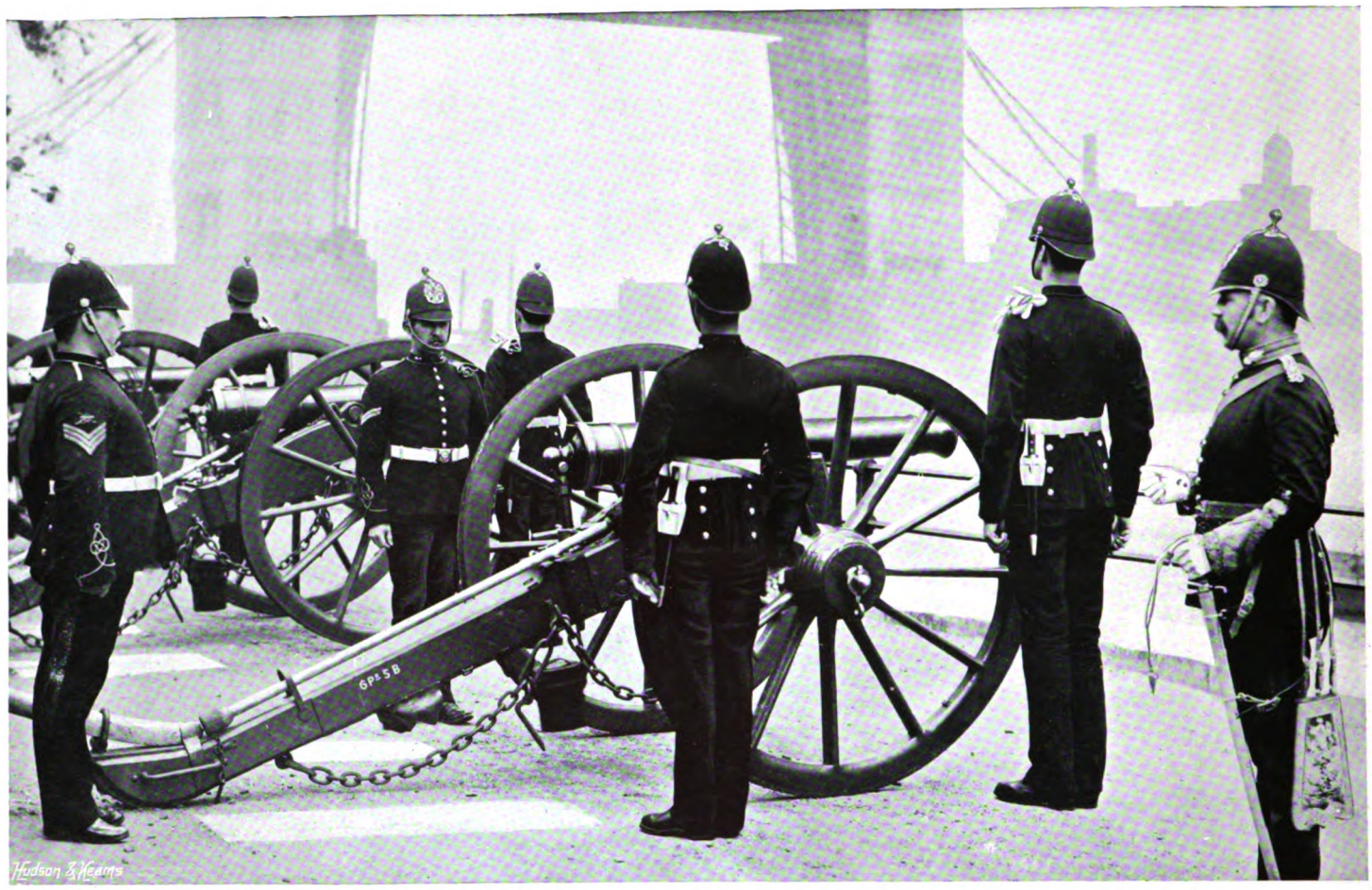

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FIRING A SALUTE AT THE TOWER.

Photo. RUSSELL & SONS, Baker Street,

FIRING A SALUTE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE Queen and members of the Royal Family are entitled to an artillery salute of twenty-one guns. This courtesy is also extended to foreign crowned heads, sovereign princes or their consorts, any prince who is a member of a royal family, or the president of a republic, as well as to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on arrival and departure. At Home, there are twenty-two stations at which such salutes are authorised to be fired, among them St. James's Park and the Tower of London. The occasion on which the honour is usually paid is the Queen's birthday, but at St. James's Park and the Tower it is customary to fire twenty-one guns when Her Majesty opens, prorogues, or dissolves Parliament in person, and when she goes anywhere in procession. Generally speaking, ten seconds are allowed between each shot, but when fewer guns than six are available they are not loaded more than once in a minute. The first picture represents a portion of a battery of Artillery firing a salute at the Tower on the Queen's birthday. The second depicts a battery of Horse Artillery performing the ceremony in St. James's Park on the same occasion.

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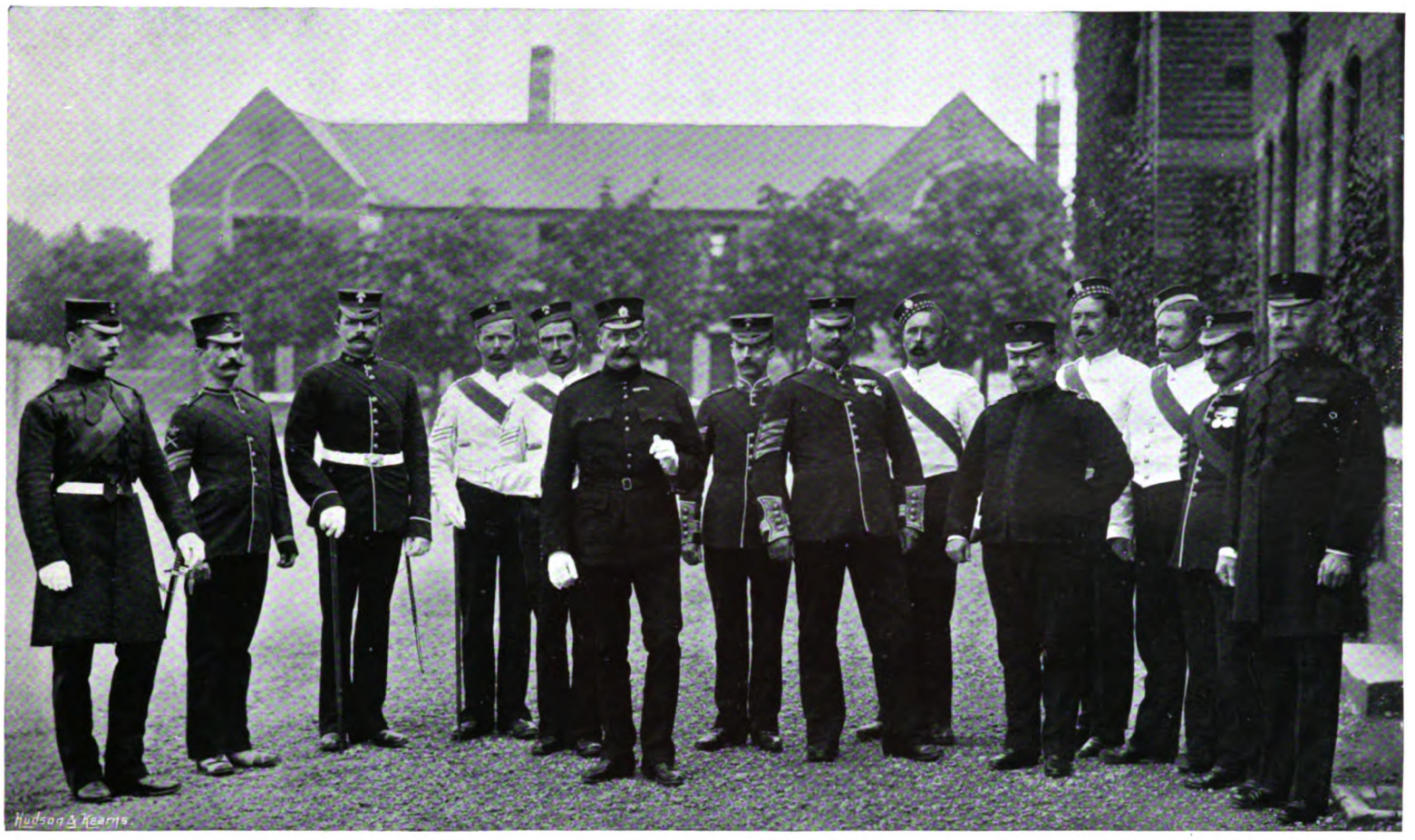
THE GUARDS' DEPÔT, CATERHAM.



THE DEPOT STAFF.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

MEASURING A RECRUIT.

ANYONE who has witnessed a battalion of Foot Guards, whether at drill or on the march, must have been favourably impressed with its general appearance. Almost without exception the men are well set up and smart in their movements, showing plainly that no pains have been spared in bringing each individual to that high state of perfection which is so characteristic of the whole brigade of Guards. It is in the country, far from the sound of Big Ben, that the embryo soldier of the

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A NEW ARRIVAL.

Royal Household receives the early and most important part of his training. A recruit, immediately after enlistment, is sent to the depôt at Caterham, Surrey, where he is destined to remain for the first four months of his service. On arrival he is subjected to a searching medical examination and vaccinated. His measurements, too, are carefully taken, in order that his future physical development may the more easily be traced. Having drawn his kit and clothing, he joins the company to which he has been posted, and the barrack-room henceforth becomes his home. Everything is novel and strange to the young recruit, and at first he is conscious of a certain degree of shyness in presence of his comrades, but the feeling is short-lived if he is "one of the right sort," for he is soon made to feel that he is heartily welcome, provided he conducts himself with the modesty becoming the latest addition to Her Majesty's Guards. "Drill without arms" is the first item on the drill sergeant's programme, and it is not until proficient in this that a rifle is entrusted to the recruit. During the preliminary stages of training

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AFTER FOUR MONTHS.

the new arrival cannot hope to have much time upon his hands—drill is the order of the day, morning, noon, and night. No sooner is one lesson learnt than another is begun, each, as it were, a brick towards the building up of a perfect military structure. The men being trained are formed into a number of squads. On joining a recruit takes his place in the most elementary, and as he gives signs of improvement is transferred to a more advanced squad. The amount of time, therefore, spent in the elementary squads is, to no small extent, dependent on the man himself. In the fifth photograph three squads are shown at drill, the one in the background being drilled without arms. The remaining two are being instructed in the firing exercise, which must be thoroughly learned before the soldier is allowed to fire with ball ammunition. After ten weeks' residence at Caterham each man is again carefully measured. The measurements are noted and compared with those taken on enlistment. In the second photograph the process of measuring is being carried out under the eye of the commanding officer, Major

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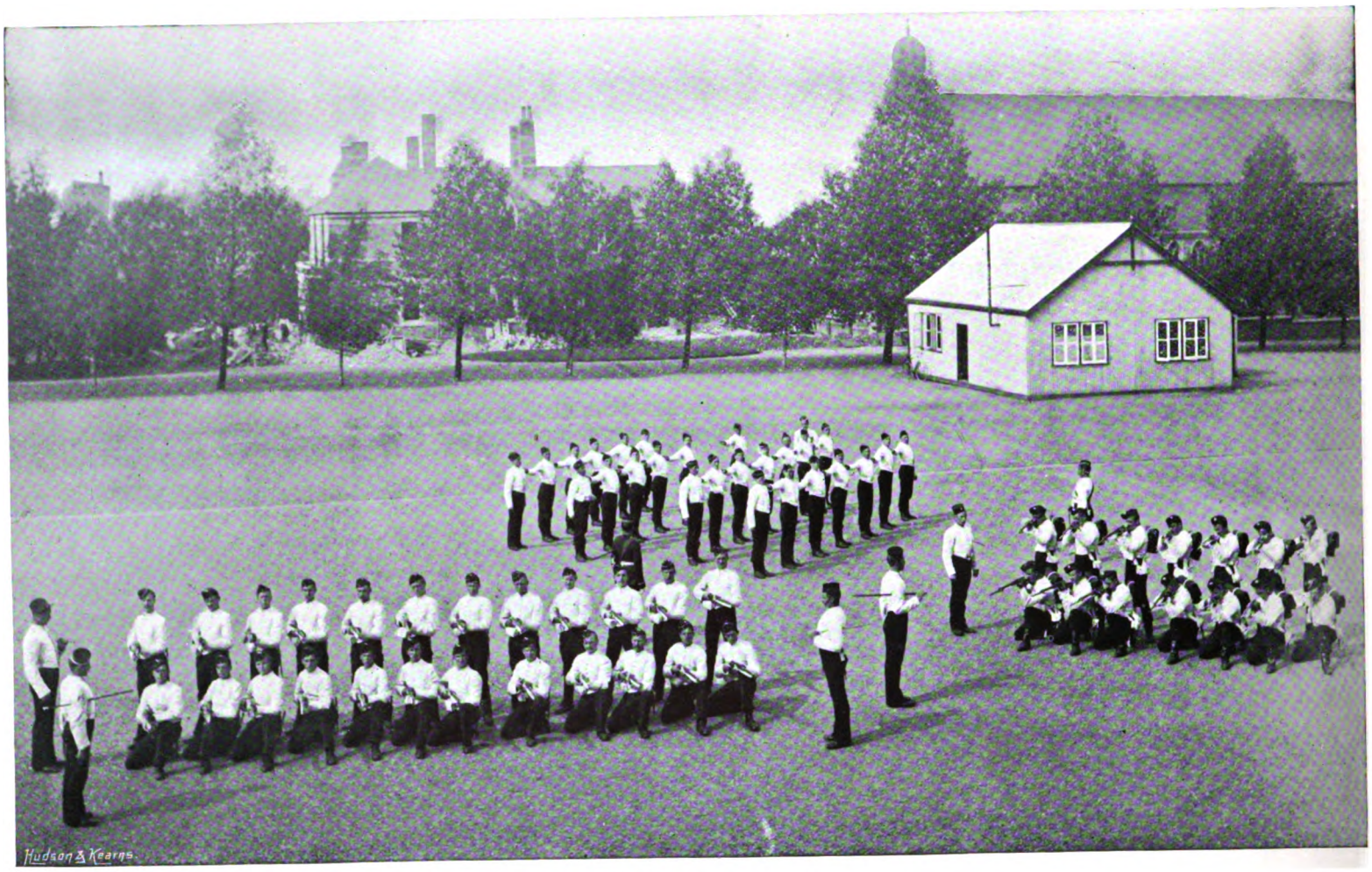
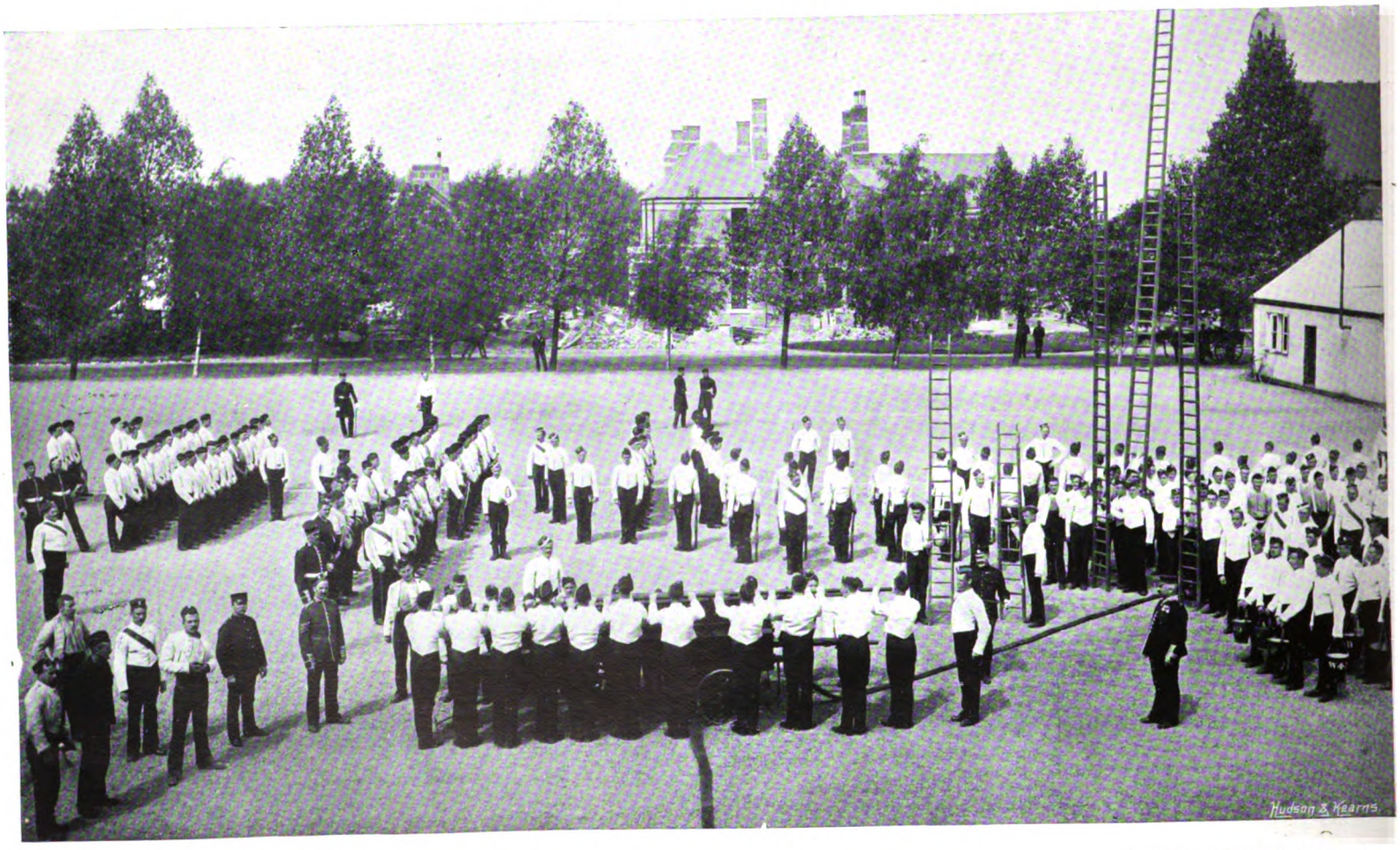


SQUADS AT DRILL.



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FIRE DRILL.

Hon. A. H. Henniker-Major, shown on the right of the picture with his adjutant, Captain H. G. Ruggles-Brice. The officer on the left is Surgeon-Captain R. A. Bostock. In order that no confusion may occur in event of a fire breaking out in barracks the troops are exercised in fire drill from time to time. On the "fire bugle" sounding every man must at once repair to the parade-ground and fall in, no matter on what duty he may at the time be employed. This fact accounts for the appearance of one or two men without coats on the right flank of the front company. After a training of about four months the recruit is sent to join his battalion. The effect which the drill and discipline have upon him may be seen by comparing the third and fourth pictures. In the first a recruit of the Coldstream Guards is shown talking to a colour-sergeant after having drawn his kit and clothing. In the second the same man appears after four months' training at Caterham—an ideal Guardsman. The staff of the depôt is shown in the first photograph. The commandant appears in the centre, the adjutant on the right, and the quartermaster, Captain T. W. Gunton, on the left of the group. In addition to these officers each regiment of Foot Guards furnishes one captain and one subaltern.

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ELEPHANT BATTERY MARCHING PAST.

ELEPHANT BATTERY DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION.

THE elephant is used as a draught animal in conjunction with our heavy batteries in India, particularly those of the siege train. Elephant batteries are of modern origin, though the animal has been used in war from the earliest times, and can be managed by his *mahout* with as little difficulty as a well-trained collie. It is, indeed, astonishing to see the apparently clumsy animal wheeling to the right or left when ordered, as though he, like the gunners who accompany him, had passed a considerable time under the care of the drill sergeant. Each animal can carry with ease a load of 1,000-lb. Its food is usually from 15-lb. to 30-lb. of flour mixed with sugar or molasses, and 400-lb. of green food. It requires at least 25 gallons of water per diem, but works well on only five hours' sleep. The first photograph represents an elephant battery marching past the saluting base. The second depicts a portion of a battery drawn up for inspection. Each heavy gun is drawn by two animals. The gunners are seen in front of the elephants.

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MILITARY TUG-OF-WAR TEAMS.

IF Great Britain is to retain her supremacy by sea and land it is of the greatest importance that all her defenders should be men of worth. Though it is no longer necessary to form the Army of giants such as those who fought under Frederick the Great, a sound mind and body is essential. The Government, realising the fact, continues to bestow the smile of its official countenance more and more every year on all manly games and sports when held by members of the two great Services. Every indulgence, too, is extended to those who show a desire to distinguish themselves at football, cricket, or in a tug-of-war team. It is entirely with the latter sport, however, that the accompanying photographs are connected.

The first team is selected from the 3rd and 19th Companies Western Division Royal Artillery, and has only been beaten once since 1892, viz., by the 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, in 1895. Last year great interest was evinced by the troops stationed at Bermuda in the tug-of-war contest which took place between this team and that of the Leinster Regiment. The latter had been preceded by a favourable report of their prowess, and it was thought by many that the gunners must bow before them. The result, however, proved that the Leinster team had at last encountered a superior enemy. This being the case, it is not surprising that even keener interest should have been shown this year when the two teams again met at the annual athletic sports of the Irish regiment. The event took place at Prospect, Bermuda, on the 13th April last, and was witnessed by His Excellency the Governor, the Vice-Admiral, and all the principal Government officials.

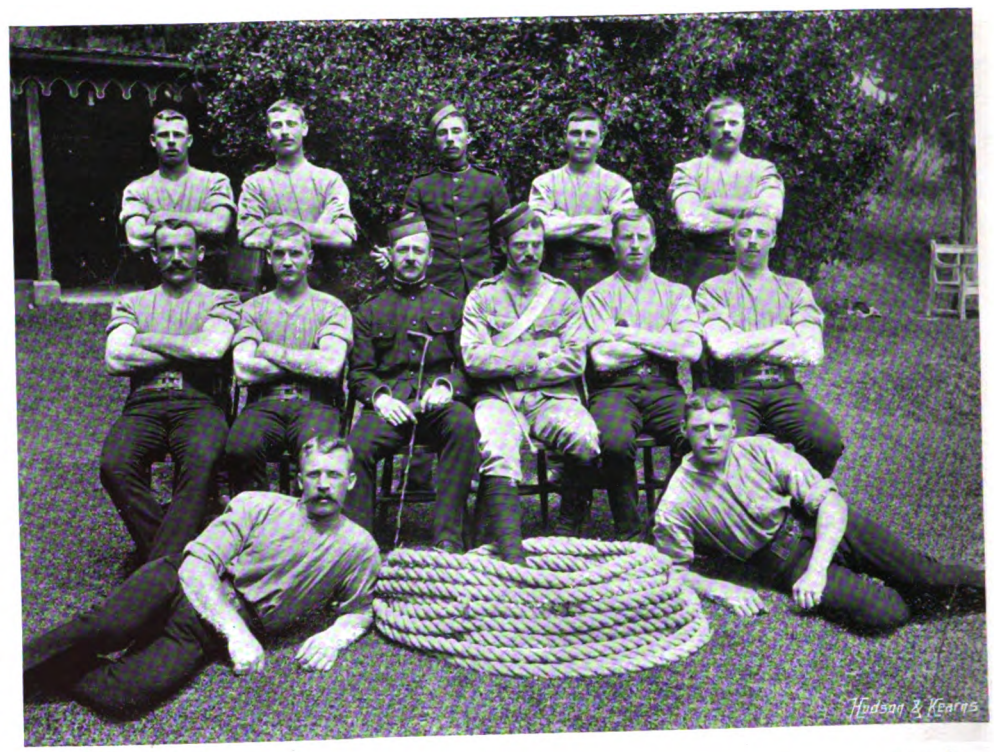

Photo. WILSON & CAHILL. Bermuda.

Team of Nos. 3 and 19 Companies W.D.R.A.

Light-Weight Team of No. 14 Company W.D.R.A.

Team of 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment.

The average weight of the Leinster team was somewhat heavier than that of the gunners, being 13-st. 6-lb., as opposed to 13-st. 1-lb., but the latter had been well trained to pull together by Sergeant Walden, who has successfully performed the functions of coach since 1892. The Artillery won the first pull in a very short time, but the second was infinitely more exciting. The Leinster team at first bid fair to win it, having gained as much as seven feet out of the twelve feet limit, but the gunners, being steeled to a final effort by the cheers of their backers, and having concentrated all their strength, succeeded in pulling the Irishmen over the line. The pull lasted almost four minutes.

The second picture represents the light-weight tug-of-war team of the 14th Company Western Division Royal Artillery. It is reputed to be one of the best teams in Jamaica, having only once been defeated, in January last, when it was vanquished by the representatives of the Depôt West India Regiment. The names of the team shown in the group are as follows: Bombardier Robertson; Gunners Dale, Walker, and Birch; Lieutenant G. F. Slator; Gunners Phillips, Greenwood, and Day; Corporal Lewis; Gunner Jennings; Bombardier Tomkins; and Gunner Stevens.

To Bombardier Tomkins is due in no small degree the long line of victories to which the team can lay claim. He has been untiring in his efforts as a coach, and has trained his men to a high state of efficiency. At the Garrison Athletic Meeting, held at Up Park Camp this year, Gunner Birch defeated all comers in the Quarter-Mile and Hundred Yards races.

The last group is composed of a team drawn from E Company 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, winners of the Tug-of-War Competition held at the Royal Artillery Sports at Halifax, N.S., in 1896. The Berkshire men succeeded in pulling over the gunners in the final tie. The average height of the team is 5-ft. 9½-in., and the average weight 12-st. 13-lb.

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20, TAVISTOCK STREET.

1837.] The Queen's Navy. [1897.

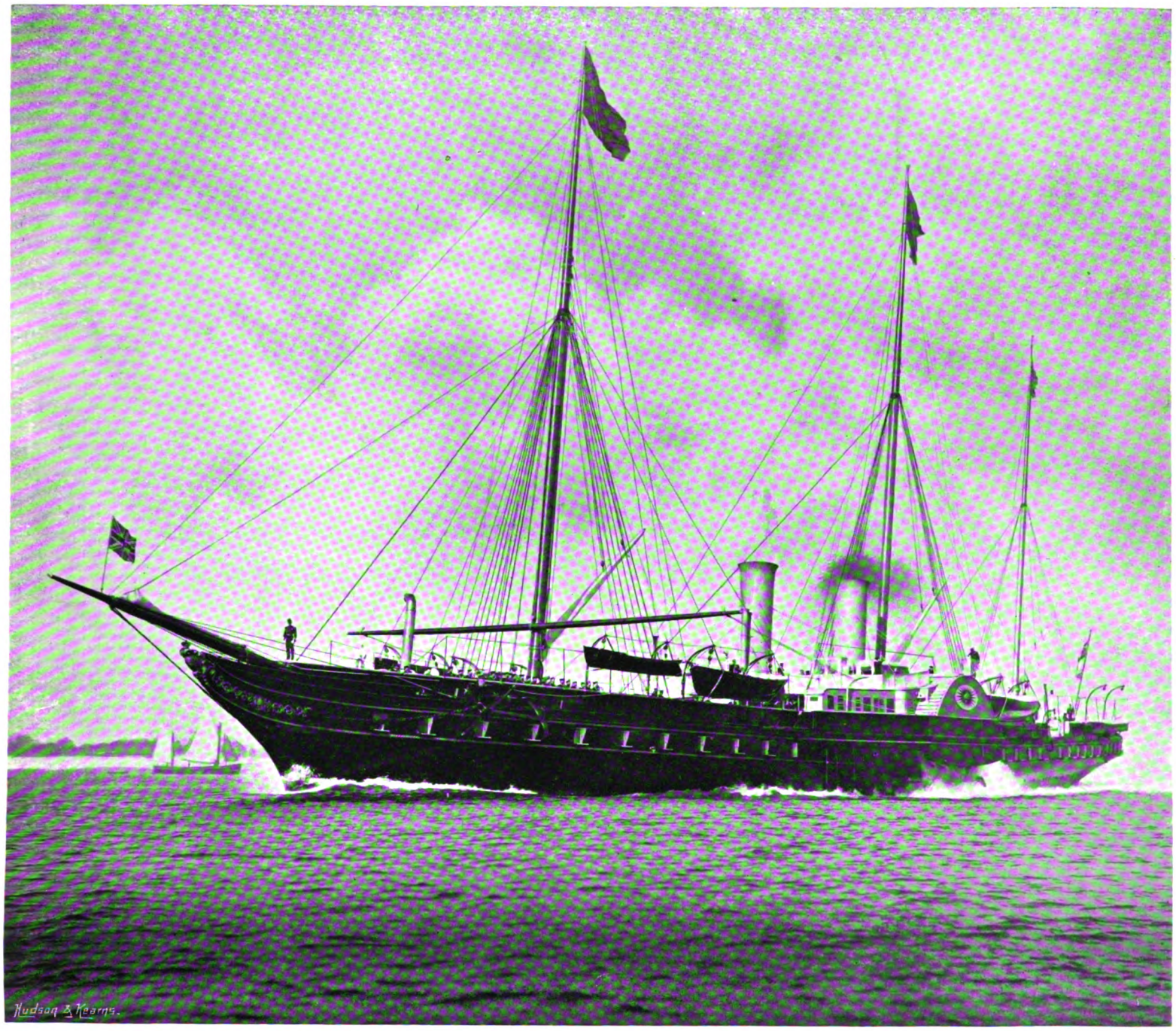

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. *Portsmouth.*

THE ROYAL YACHTS OF HER MAJESTY'S REIGN.

THE first Royal yacht of Her Majesty's reign was the "Royal George," a sailing vessel of 330 tons, built for George IV., and very sumptuously fitted. The rapid development of steam soon demanded a new vessel, and the "Victoria and Albert" was built. She may be seen in the picture, on another page, of the Queen's visit to the Experimental Squadron, 1845. Her successor in the title, shown above, of 2,470 tons, was built in 1856, and is still regarded as a remarkably well-designed and handsome vessel. She is soon, however, to be superseded by a screw steamer, built of steel, now on the stocks. The "Alberta," of 370 tons, succeeded the "Fairy" (a screw steamer), as a smaller and more handy vessel for crossing the Solent, etc. The Prince of Wales's yacht, "Osborne," 1850 tons, succeeded her predecessor in the title in 1873, and is considerably larger.

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THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

HER MAJESTY left Woolwich on the 29th August, 1842, in the sailing yacht "Royal George," towed by two steamers, the "Black Eagle," despatch vessel, and "Shearwater," paddle sloop; the "Rhadamanthus," "Salamander," and "Lightning," paddle sloops, and a Trinity yacht, being in company. The General Steam Navigation Company also sent two steamers, the "Trident" from London, and the "Monarch" from Leith, to do honour to Her Majesty. The Royal squadron was greeted everywhere with great enthusiasm, steamers putting out from every port on the East Coast with crowds of people to see the Queen pass. The illustration represents her arrival in the Firth of Forth, in tow of the two steamers above mentioned. The process of being towed the whole way did not, however, commend itself to the Queen and Prince Albert, and the "Trident" was specially chartered and elaborately fitted up for the return journey.

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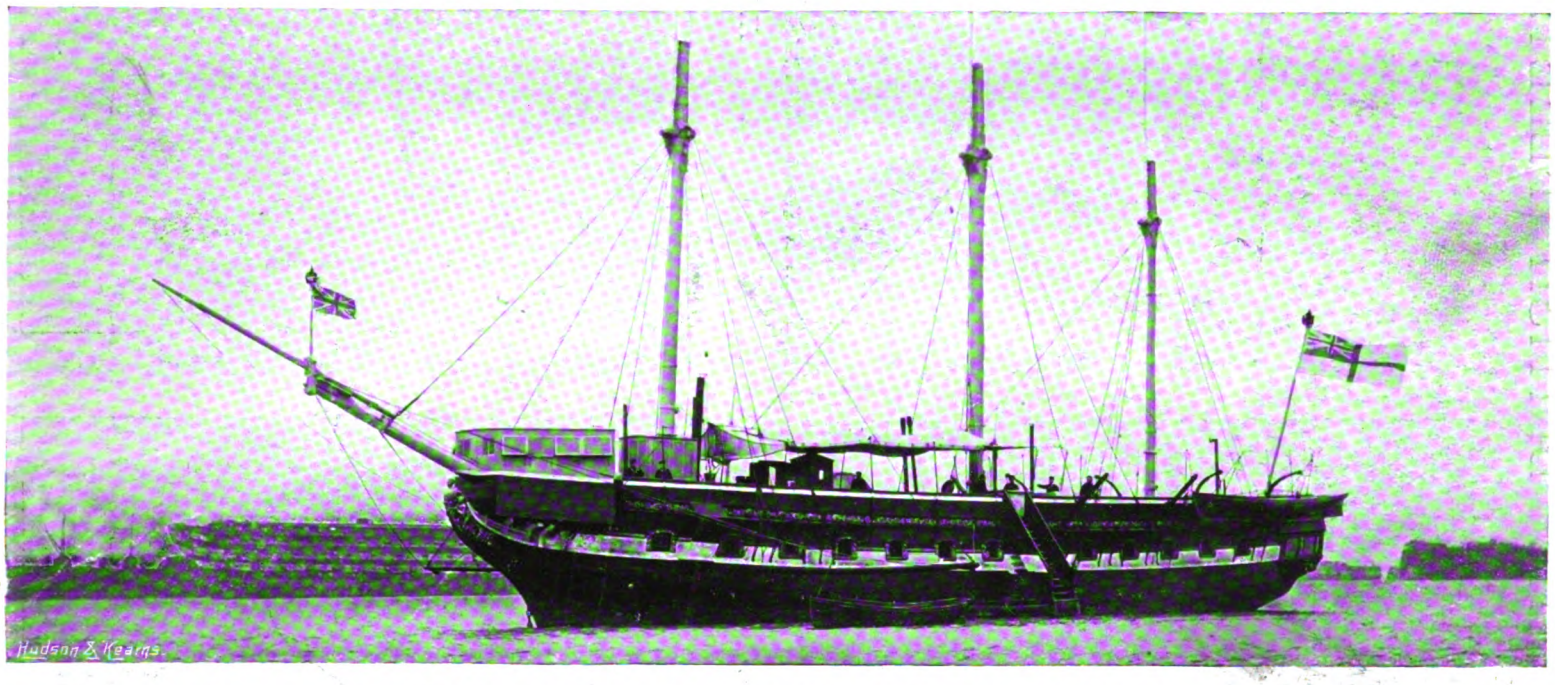
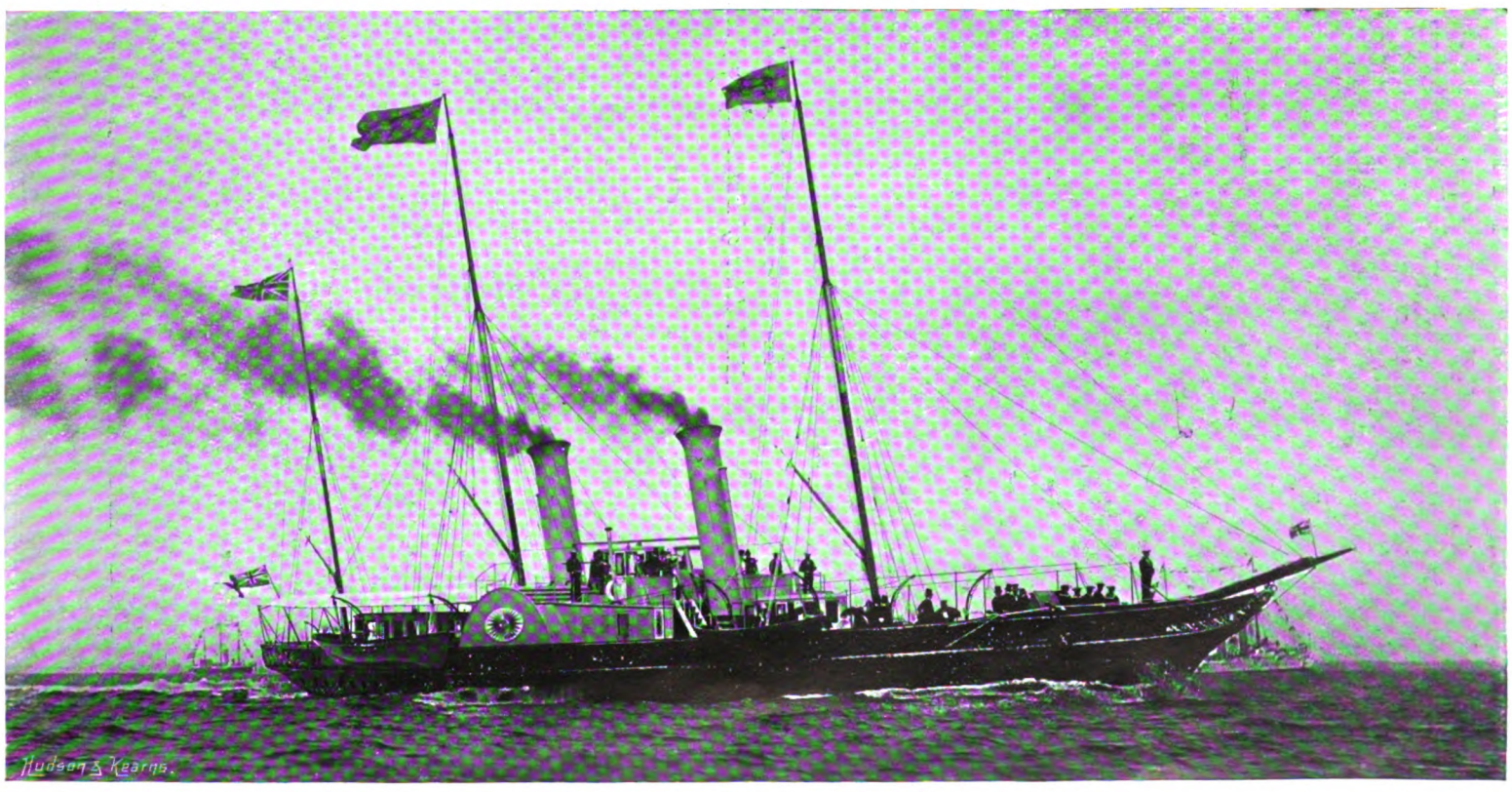
THE ROYAL YACHTS.—The "Osborne."



THE ROYAL YACHTS.—The "Royal George.



Photos. WEST & SON. **Southsea**

THE ROYAL YACHTS.—The "Alberta."

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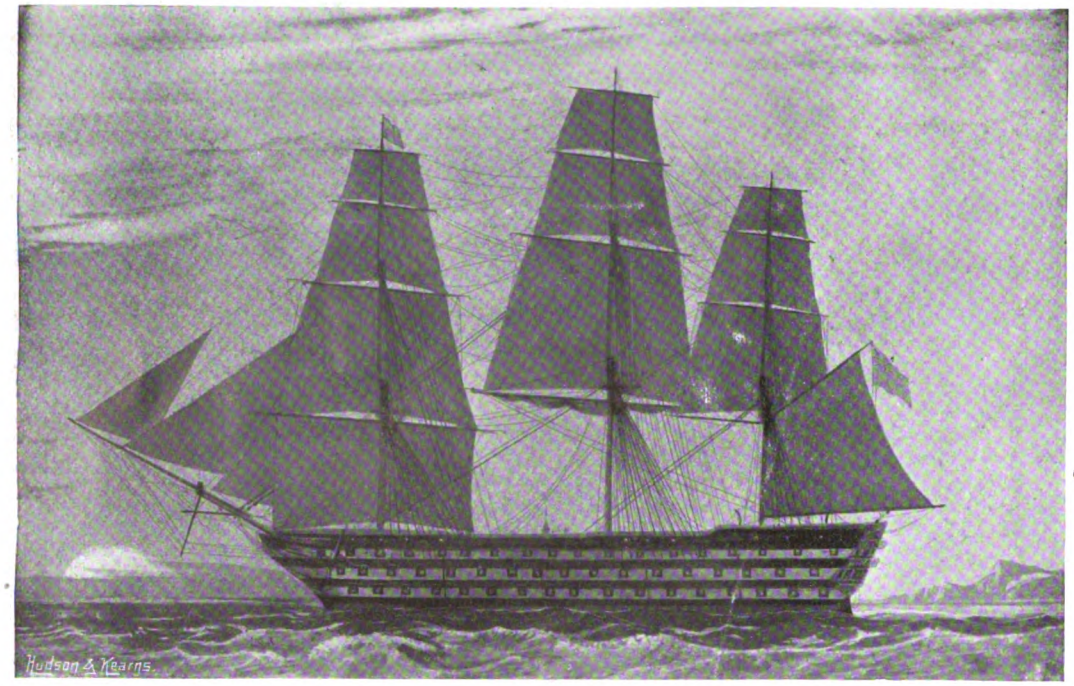
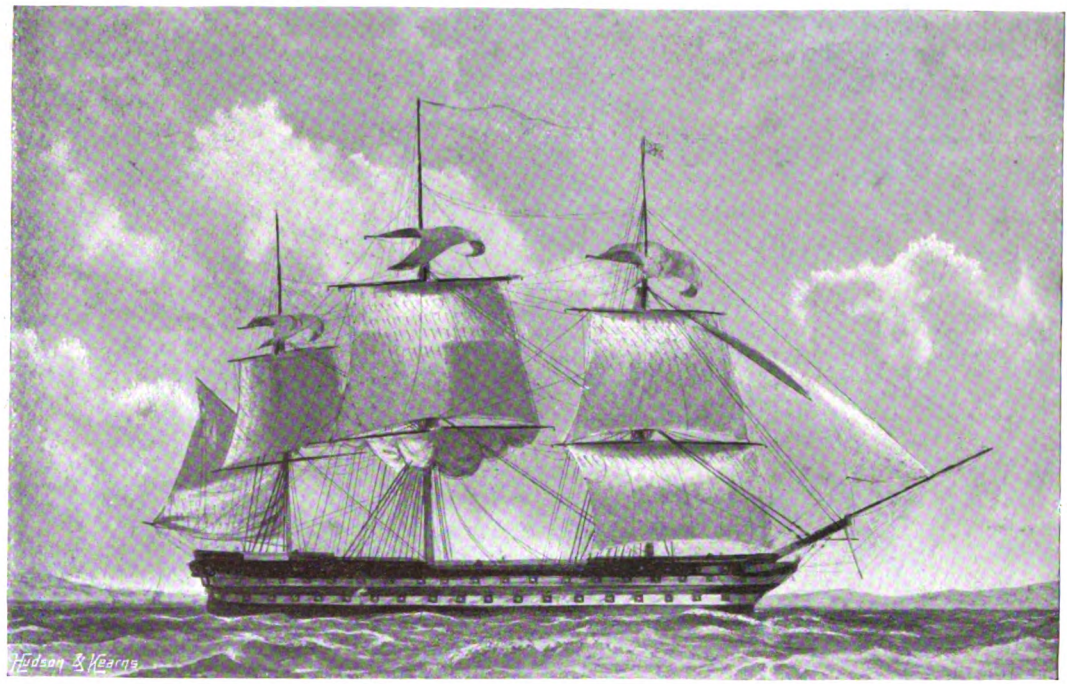
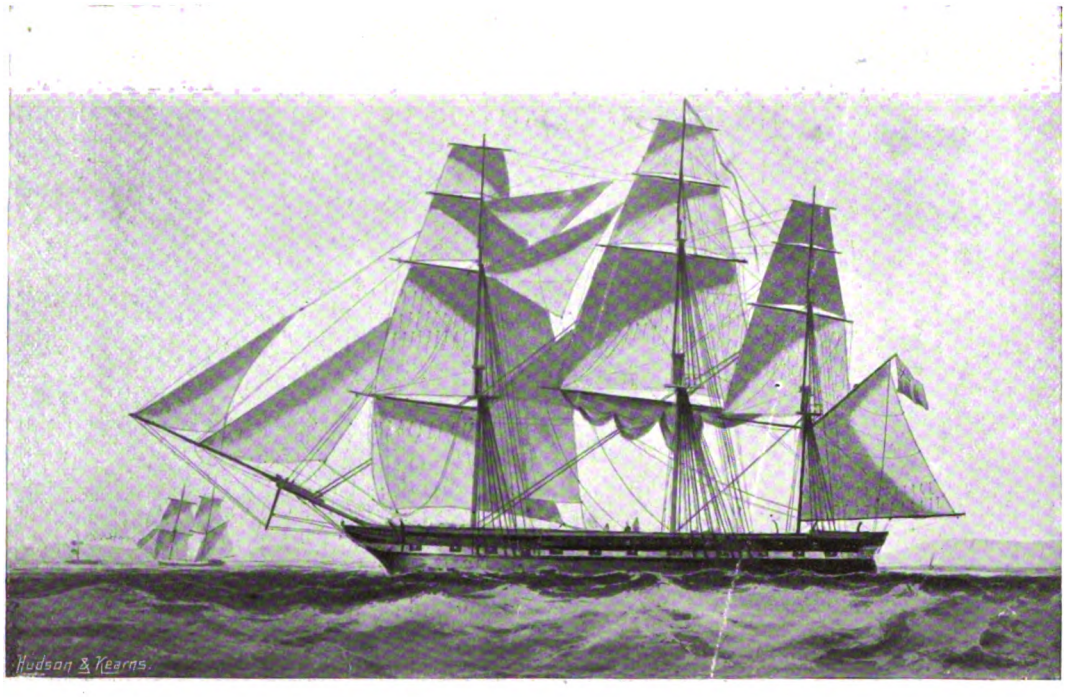
TYPES OF THE BRITISH FLEET, 1837-47.



H.M. Line of Battle-ship "Queen" (110).

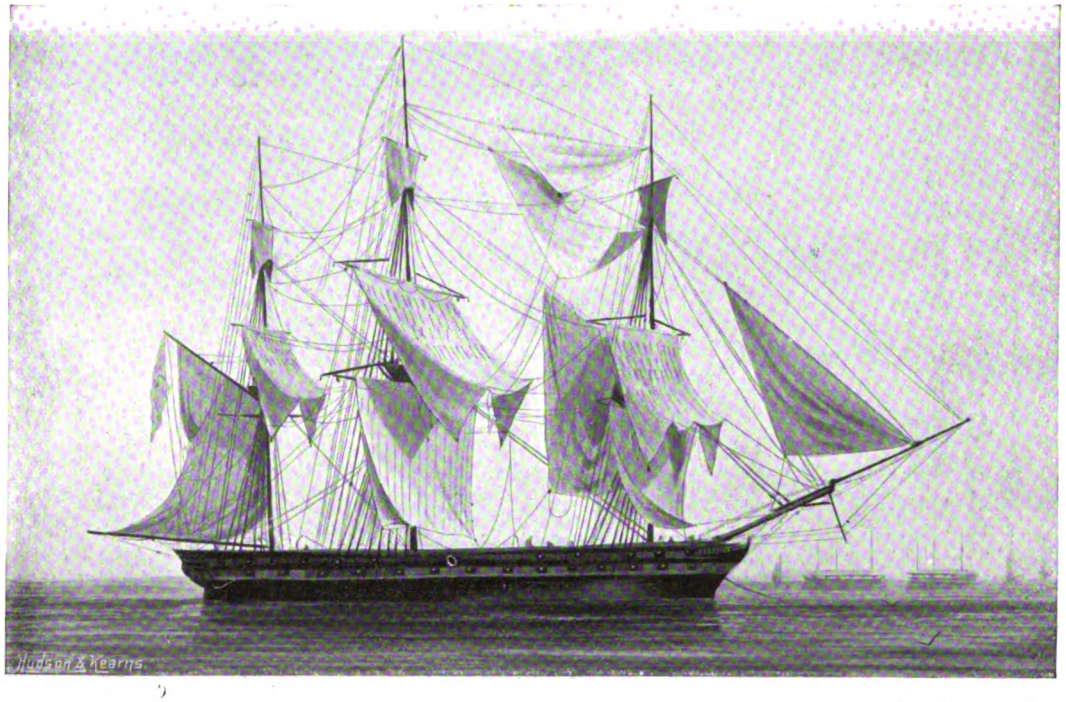


H.M. Line of Battle-ship "Rodney" (92).



From Lithographs.

H.M. Frigate "Pique" (36).



After W. KNELL.

H.M. Frigate "Vernon" (50).

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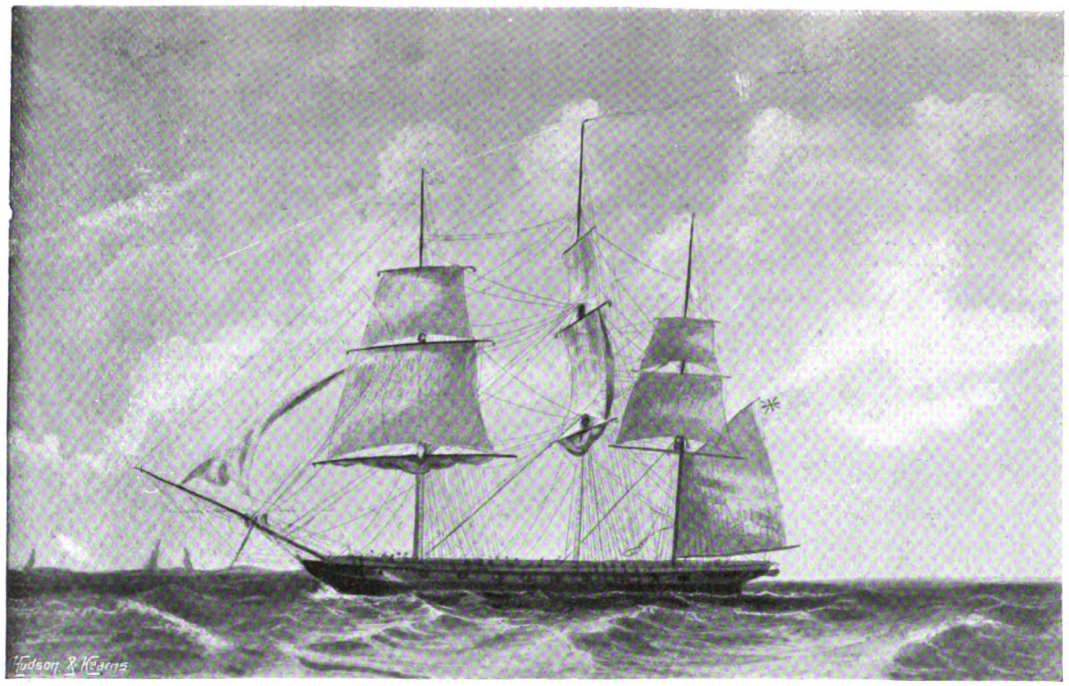
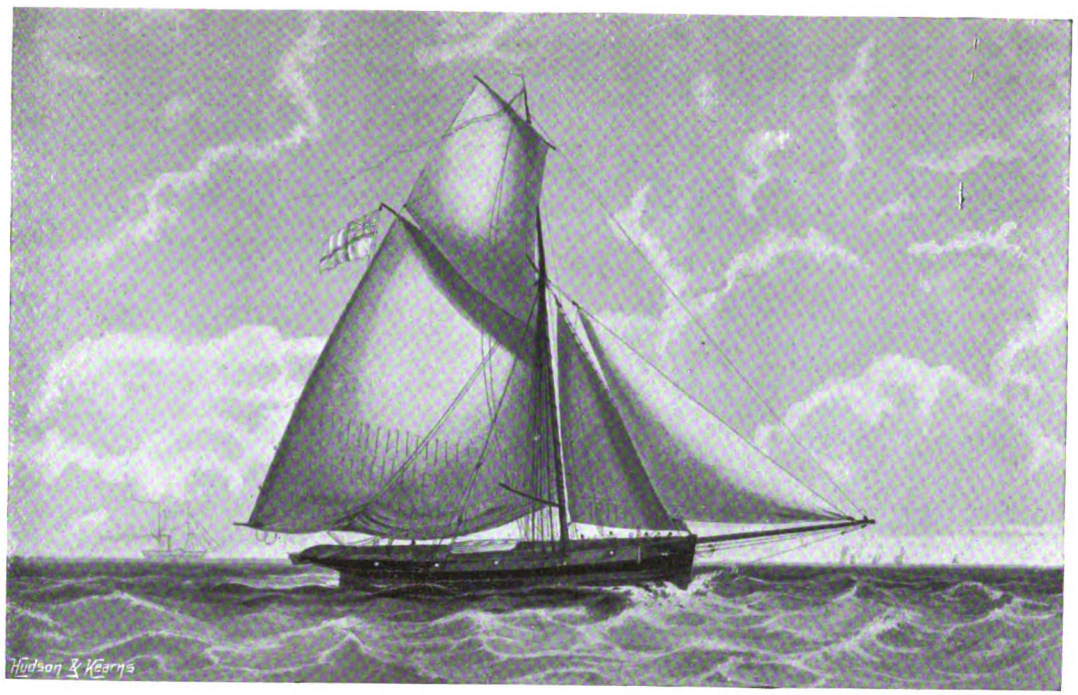
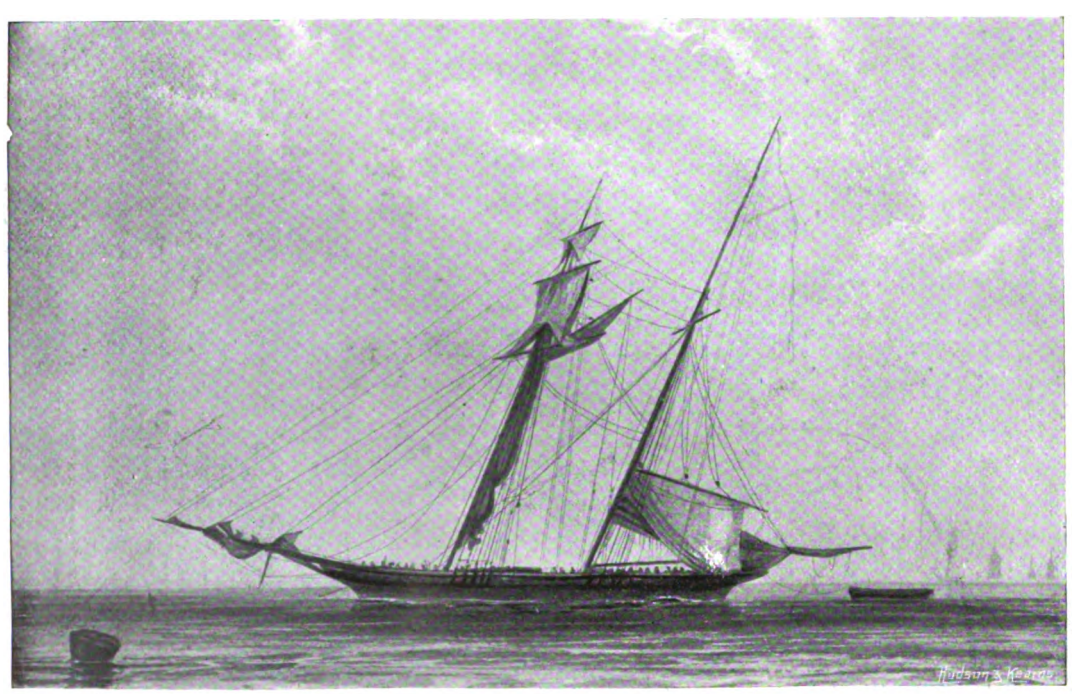


H.M. Sloop "Vesta" (18).

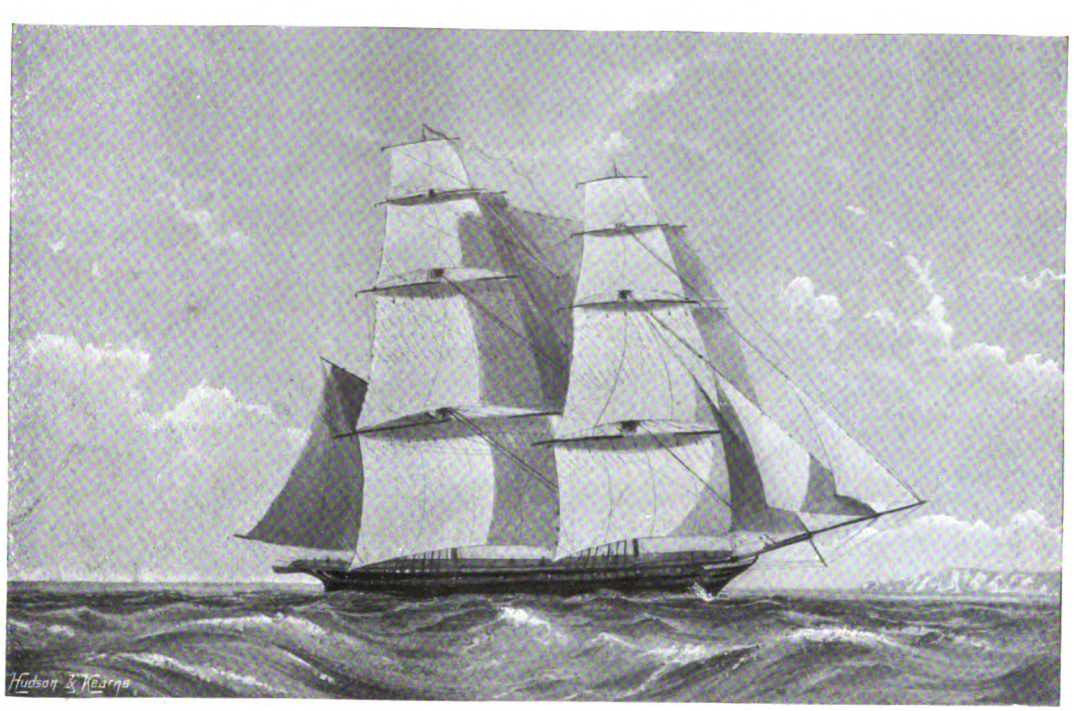


H.M. Cutter "Bramble" (10).



From Lithographs.

H.M. Schooner "Spider" (6).



H.M. Brig "Pilot" (16).

After W. KNELL.

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The First Engagement in the War with China, 1840-42.

From a Lithograph. *After C. GRAHAME.*

THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH COMMERCE.

THIS illustration shows the engagement which took place on the 4th of November, 1839, between two of Her Majesty's vessels—the "Volage," a 28-gun frigate, Captain Henry Smith, with the "Hyacinth," an 18-gun sloop, Commander William Warren—and a Chinese flotilla of twenty-nine war junks and fire-ships. For some time previous to this date the relations between China and this country had been the reverse of friendly, and our traders had been subjected to every kind of restriction and interference. Matters were brought to a head by the despatch to Chinese waters of the above-mentioned men-of-war with instructions to protect the English merchantmen, which had been seized by the Chinese authorities. Captain Smith, of the "Volage," had already served as Senior Naval Officer of Sir J. Keane's expedition to the Indus, in 1838, and commanded the Naval force at the capture of Aden, in 1839; his colleague, Commander Warren, had also, as a lieutenant, made a record for gallantry in connection with the suppression of the slave trade. These two officers were not likely to hesitate in carrying out their instructions, and on meeting the Chinese Fleet, at once attacked in most gallant style, with the result that in less than half-an-hour from the commencement of the action five of the junks were sunk, one blown up, and the remainder, in a disabled state, had as much as they could do to escape.

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The Campaign on the Coast of Syria, 1840-41.

From a Lithograph. *THE ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF SIDON.* *After Lieut. J. F. WARRE, R.N.*

IN the month of July, 1840, the allied Powers, Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, concluded a treaty with Turkey with the object of preventing the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire by Mehemet Ali. A British Squadron, under Commodore Charles Napier, was ordered to the coast of Syria to take possession of the seaports in the name of the Sultan, and to summon the Egyptian troops under Ibrahim Pasha, a son of Mehemet Ali, to withdraw from the province. On September 27th, Commodore Napier appeared before the important town of Sidon with the "Thunderer" (84), the "Wasp," a 10-gun sloop, and four steam vessels—the "Cyclops," "Gorgon," "Stromboli," and "Hydra"—with the Austrian frigate "Guerriéra," and the Turkish corvette "Gulsefide." On the Governor refusing to surrender the Fleet opened fire, and having driven the enemy from their guns a Naval brigade landed, commanded by the Commodore in person, and carried the place by storm, capturing many prisoners and a vast quantity of warlike stores of every description. The above illustration represents the commencement of the bombardment. The "Thunderer" is shown in the centre of the picture with two British steam vessels on her starboard side, one of which is flying the Commodore's broad pennant. On the right of the picture are the Turkish and Austrian men-of-war.

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THE BATTLE OF OBLIGADO.—Captain Hope Cutting the Boom.

IN 1845 the British and French squadrons in South America were ordered to reopen the Parana River, which had been closed by Rosas, President of the Argentine Republic. Rosas had taken up a strong position at Obligado, commanded by four batteries, with a boom, composed of vessels moored and connected by chains, across the river, and a ship of war and some gun-boats above this defence. The British force consisted of six vessels (two paddle steamers), and the French of five vessels (one paddle steamer); and on the 20th November they advanced to cut the boom and capture the forts. The wind was light, and the sailing vessels were severely handled by the batteries in detail, being unable to carry out the programme and act in concert. Soon after noon Captain James Hope, of the "Firebrand," volunteered to cut the boom. Taking with him three boats, with armourers, and assisted by Lieutenant Webb, Mr. Nicholson (mate), and Mr. Commerell (midshipman), he accomplished his purpose in four minutes, under a tremendous fire. Fortunately no one was hit, and the steamers, passing through, opened a raking fire on the batteries, which were captured without further loss.

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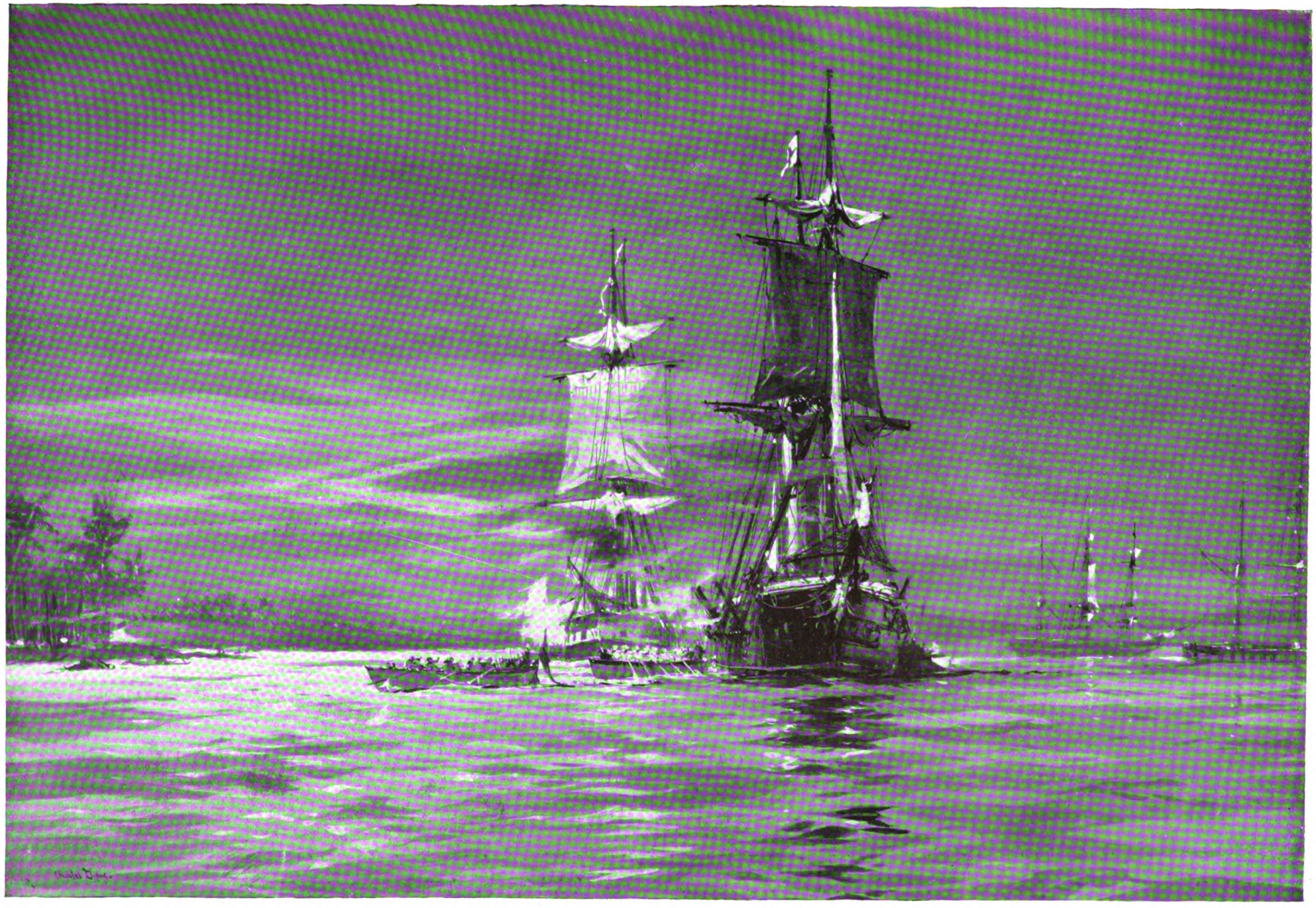

THE WAR WITH BURMA.—The "Fox" and "Rattler" at Rangoon.

IN the year 1851 complaints were made by British traders that the provisions of the Treaty made with Burma in 1826 were being disregarded, and that they were being insulted and oppressed by the authorities at Rangoon. Diplomatic representations failing, war was declared on the 2nd April, 1852, and a squadron was sent to the Irrawaddy, consisting of the "Fox" (40), Commodore Lambert (in command); "Serpent" (16), Commander Luard; "Rattler" (11), Commander Mellersh; "Hermes" (6), Commander Fishbourne; "Salamander" (6), Commander Ellman, and a gun-boat, with thirteen steamers of the East India Company, to co-operate with a force of 6,000 men under Major-General Godwin. Rangoon was attacked on the 11th April, three of the East India Company's steamers opening the ball very successfully, and blowing up a magazine. The "Fox" and "Rattler" silenced the stockades on the banks of the river, and a party of seamen and marines, under Commander Tarleton, of the "Fox," landed and carried the stockades in succession, spiking the guns. A Naval force of 120, under Lieutenant Dorville, of the "Fox," also served on shore, constructing and working a battery of heavy guns. Rangoon was captured a few days later.

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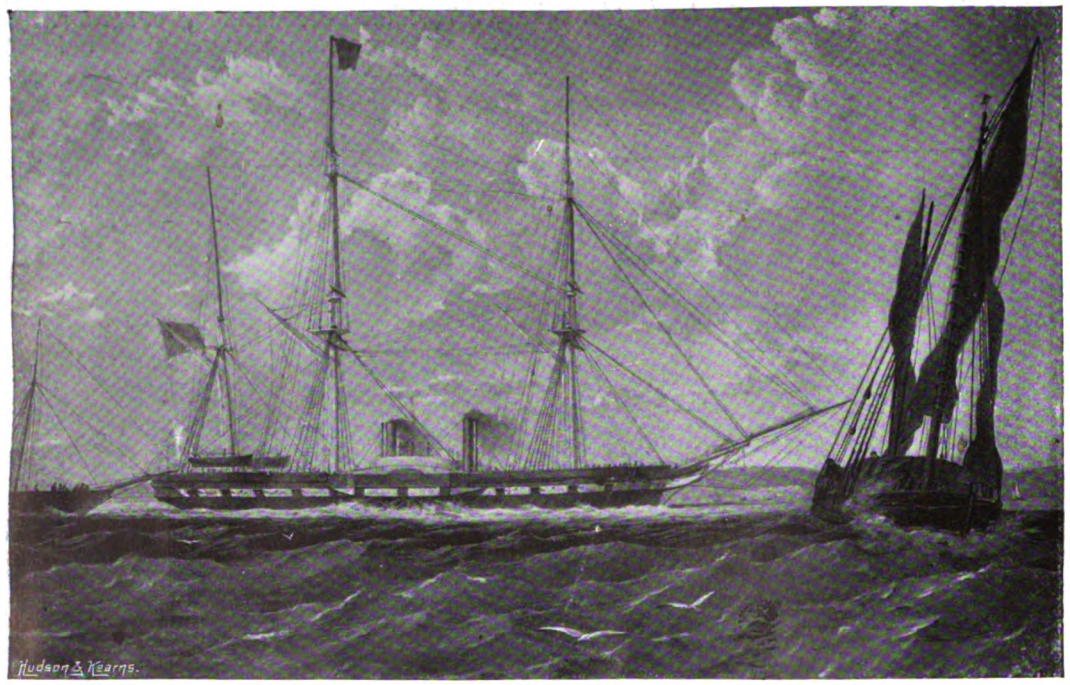
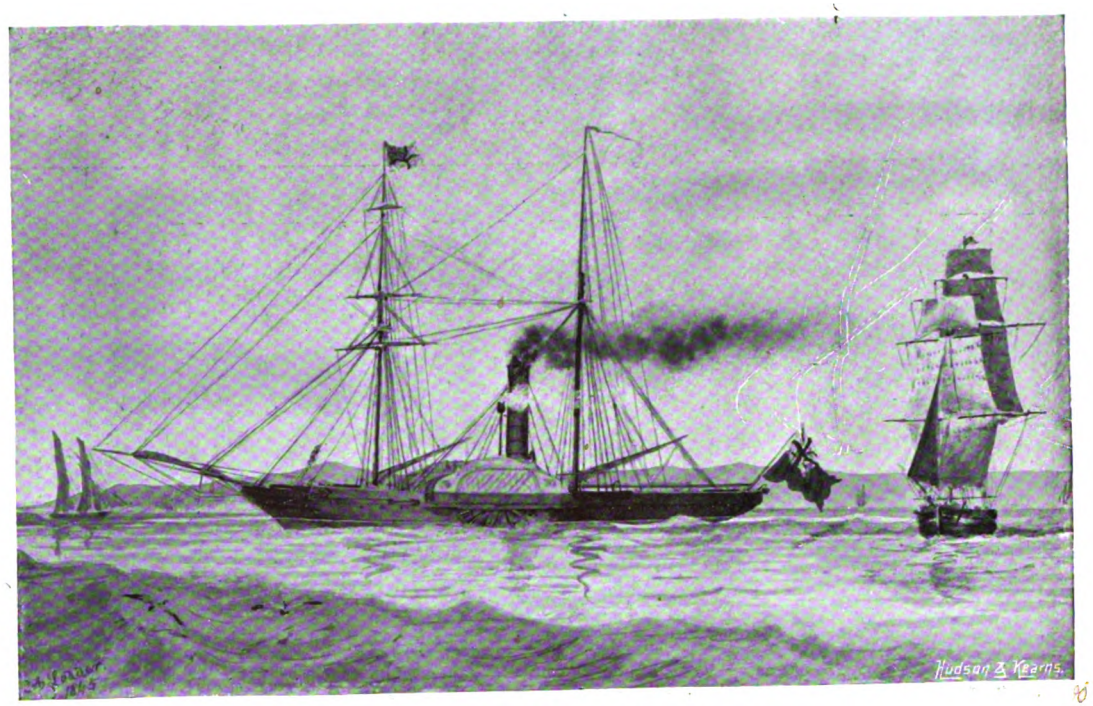
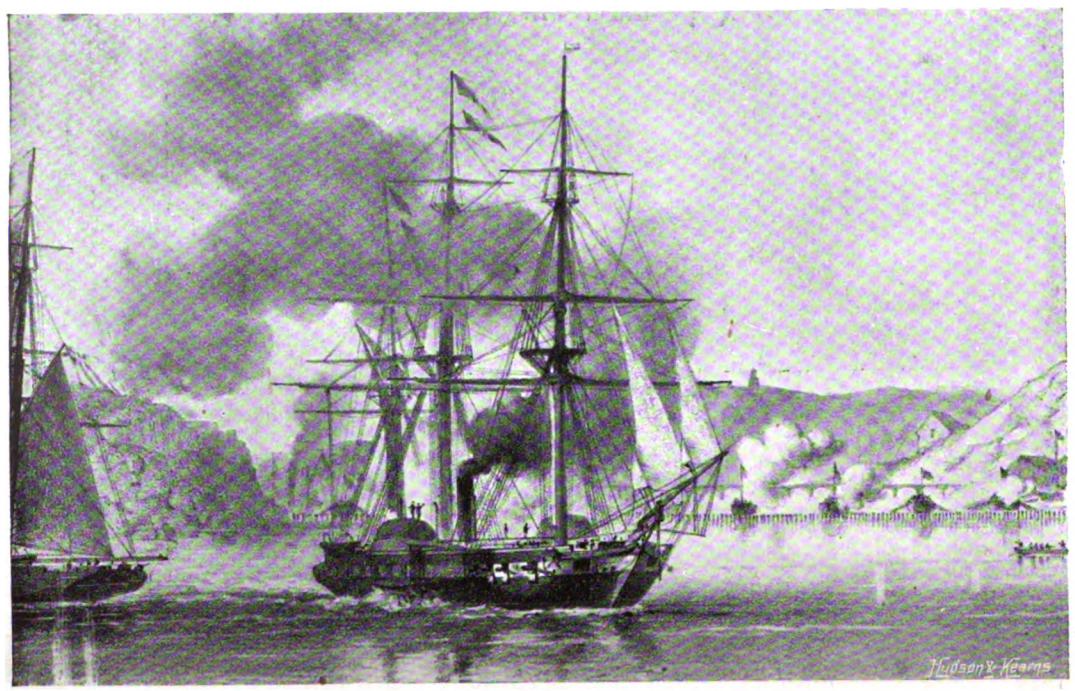
TYPES OF THE BRITISH FLEET, 1847-57.



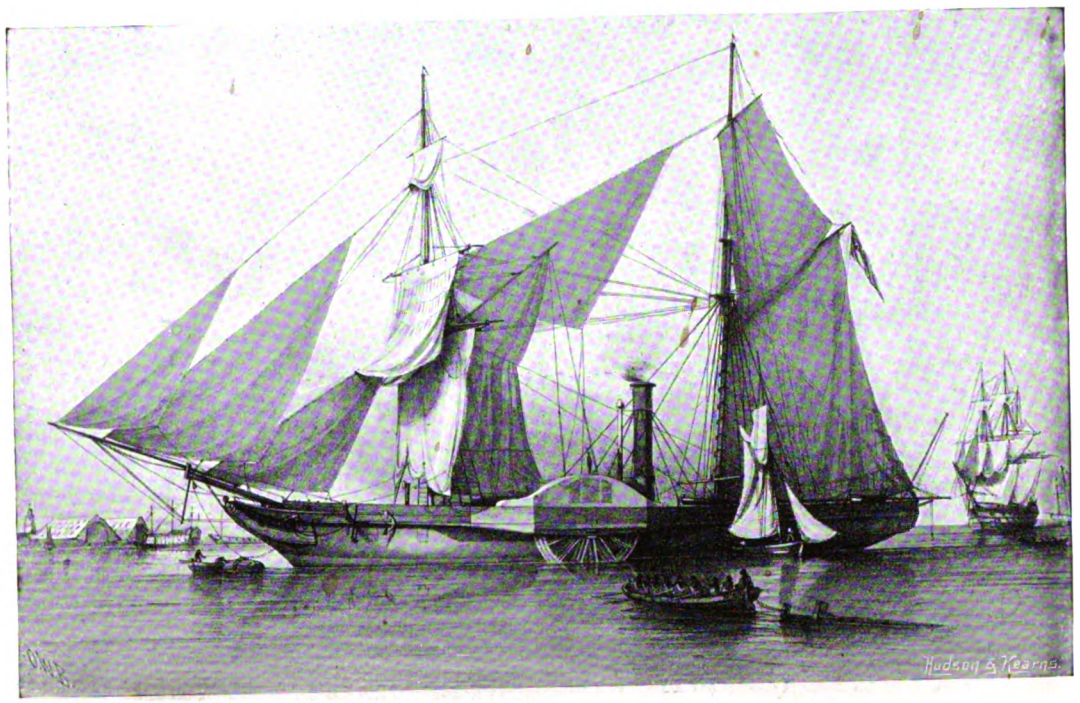
H.M. Paddle Frigate "Sidon" (22).



H.M. Paddle Sloop "Virago" (6).



H.M. Paddle Frigate "Odin" (16).



H.M. Paddle Sloop "Gorgon" (6).

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The Influence of Sea Power--1837-97.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

The Navy and the Empire.—The British Navy is the most important factor in the security of the British Empire. This must be the theme or the conclusion of any essay which broadly surveys the material and imperial development during Her Majesty's reign. The last sixty years have been an era of progress without any parallel, and undoubtedly, when future ages look back to these times, they will recognise them as among the most significant in the history of the world. For the English people—using the term in its broadest sense—they have been times of decisive import. The insignificant race of islanders who lay upon the mediæval fringe had risen, by masterful statecraft, interpreting the hidden impulses and forces that were working for expansion, and by the exercise of energy and power, to a foremost place among the nations, and issued from the long conflict with the forces wielded by Bonaparte towering above them all. Men who had been engaged in the death struggle turned with relief to the arts of peace, and there followed a period of internal consolidation, in which many elements of danger were eliminated from the State. But the work was not over—is still going forward—for the waves of expansion flowed onward, and it was reserved for the reign of Queen Victoria to witness the fruition of new ideals, the development of the Empire and strengthening of the imperial bond, the unexampled increase of commerce, and the extension of our power and influence throughout the world.

When we view this peaceful progress, and use such terms as "development," "expansion," and "commercial enterprise," we are apt to think of the British Empire as constituted of simple growths from the parent stem; and, in a certain sense, rightly so. But is there not too great a tendency to forget the condition which alone has made this growth possible? That condition is the existence or exercise of power, the expression of strength embodied in the maritime arm, the protecting force and guarantee of security given by the British Fleet. It will be my privilege here to attempt to show what has been the influence for good of the Navy during Her Majesty's reign. To do so I shall make a survey of the things that seem most significant, and, necessarily omitting a great deal, must be content in some places to suggest much in a few words. The advantages enjoyed by the State through the operations of the Navy are, indeed, immeasurable, for its triumphs in peace exceed its victories in war, and none can gauge the stupendous results that have flowed from the presence of our ships in every sea. The story is an inspiring one; and we cannot but be filled with admiration for the splendid Force which, often under discouragement, and when starved by the policy of parties, has never failed to do its duty in so noble a cause.

The Growing Need in 1837 for the Exercise of Sea Power.—When Her Majesty ascended the throne in 1837, many things were calling for the greater exercise of our sway in distant seas. It was not only the increase of Russian energy in the Levant, and of French influence in Egypt and Syria—both held to be highly dangerous for the overland route to India—but it was still more the growth of foreign and colonial commerce, and the increased protection this demanded, that called for additions to the Fleet; and here the reader may be reminded that all our long fighting with the Spaniards, the Dutch and the French, had its hidden origin in the supreme need of commercial expansion. In 1837 there were demands for commerce protection in the Pacific, where then no force was maintained. There were repeated calls from the consuls in Mexico, at Valparaiso, and in Peru, for means to safeguard life, property, and trade interests in times of internal broil in the unsettled States of the South. This is a service the Navy has rendered to English settlers and to commerce since then a hundred times, for very often, as I shall show, only the presence of British ships has given security to the lives and goods of Englishmen. In 1836, the merchants of Liverpool had called for protection in the northern ports of Brazil. Sir George Cockburn asked for means to put down slavery in the West Indies. On the North American station there was a demand for additional force to exercise influence for the protection of our Newfoundland fisheries, threatened by the United States and France, and there, too, it was necessary, in the year following the Queen's accession, to employ naval force in support of the troops engaged in crushing the rebellion in Canada. Piracy, also, in East Indian waters, and the suppression of the slave trade, carried on under the Spanish and Portuguese flags, was calling loudly for the presence of additional forces, both in African waters and elsewhere, to check the deportation of blacks to the labour markets of the West

Thus we see the wide field of activity that was opening to the British Navy in 1837, and the need that existed for the increase of the Fleet. The various classes of sailing war-ships of those days, of which not one could have been rated at more than 4,000 tons, and the sloops, gun-brigs, brigantines, schooners, and primitive steam vessels, have since given place to our magnificent battle squadrons, in which are ships of over 14,000 tons and 13,000 horse-power, and to our splendid steel cruisers of great speed and range; and, instead of 28,500 men and boys voted, we have over 100,000 in the present year, including coastguard and marines. But the duties carried on are the same. It is still the work of widening and protecting commerce, suppressing slavery, and extending the influence of our race in the undeveloped regions of the globe that falls to the British Fleet.

The First Naval Operations of Her Majesty's Reign.—In Europe, at the opening of the Queen's reign, the squadron which had been in the Tagus during the cruel government of Dom Miguel, was ordered, under Lord John Hay, to render aid to the troops of Queen Isabella during the war of disputed succession in Spain that followed the death of Ferdinand. Let us mark this as the last dynastic war in which we were engaged; and, unlike the dynastic wars of the century before, of which it was a survival, as one the result of which either way would have advantaged little our position or our trade.

Napier's Operations on the Coast of Syria.—A grave condition had, however, arisen in the Levant. Under the encouragement of France, Mehemet Ali, the powerful Pasha of Egypt, had created an efficient army, and a considerable fleet, and was aiming at the independent dominion of Syria. It was a principle embodied in our foreign policy that nothing which threatened the overland route to India, whether by the Isthmus of Suez or the Euphrates, could be tolerated; and the rapid growth of a new sea Power in the Levant—to which the Ottoman Fleet was added by the defection of the Capudan Pasha—having its base in points of high strategic importance on the coast of Syria, and regarded as enjoying the support of France, awoke feelings of great alarm in this country. It is to be feared that the Fleet exercised influence more by prestige than by its actual strength, but the increased force in the Levant under Admiral Sir R. Stopford was committed to the strong hand of Commodore (afterwards Sir Charles) Napier, and struck rapid and decisive blows. France had feared to throw her sword into the Egyptian scale, and Russia, which had been hostile to us before, had no choice but to join us in an alliance with Turkey and Austria.

But the strong body of naval force was that of Napier, which operated so effectively along the Syrian coast as to sever Mehemet's communications with Anatolia, and finally shattered his dream of power. Napier had the "Powerful" (an 84-gun ship), "Ganges," "Thunderer," and "Edinburgh" in his command. On September 27th, 1840, he fell upon Sidon and captured it. A few days later Beyrout was bombarded and taken by the forces he led. The Turks dreaded the trained Egyptians, but he "stirred them up with his stick," or pelted them with stones, and so, fearing the furious Commodore behind more than the hostile Egyptians before, they dashed forward, and the place was won. In the next month the formidable fortress of Acre—which Sidney Smith had defended against Napoleon with far-reaching effect forty years before—was shelled and carried by storm. The result was immediate, and impressed the States of Europe, not less than Mehemet Ali himself, with the weight of our maritime power. The swift and decisive result of this campaign was, indeed, a striking illustration of the strategic possibilities which sometimes lie open to fleets, boldly and capably handled, in the shaping of the course of operations ashore. But it had the unfortunate effect—an effect noted before in similar cases—of impressing our countrymen with the belief that forts are a right objective of fleets. We should not be surprised, then, that a wild belief was popularly entertained that Sir Charles Napier would hurl his line-of-battle ships against the fortifications of Cronstadt in 1854. A still more unfortunate result of the prevalence of such views was that vast sums were afterwards expended on fixed defences in England, which, so long as the Fleet exists, can never be seriously attacked.

The "Silent" Influence of the Navy in the Afghan, Scinde, and Sikh Wars.—It had been demonstrated anew that we were in a position to strike and control wherever the long arm of our Sea Power could reach. Well, indeed, was it for England that this was so. For it was the beginning of a new era of war and conquest in India, chequered by disaster, that may be said to have lasted nearly twenty years. On January 13th, 1842, Dr. Brydon, the last survivor of 4,000 and of 12,000 camp followers, rode exhausted into Jellalabad, with his story of appalling misfortune. Pollock and Nott, with their avenging forces, entered Cabul before the year was out. Then came the conquest of Scinde by the other Sir Charles Napier, the defeat of the Mahrattas by Gough at Maharajpore, and the beginning of the long Sikh wars. During all this time our Fleet held silent command of the seas. Its ubiquitous

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presence supported the army at every base. Under its protection troops were despatched, reinforcements carried from point to point, and the lines and sinews of war in distant regions maintained; and no hostile Power essayed to sap our strength by menace upon the sea. Yet it must be remembered, as a magnificent service rendered to the Empire by the Navy during the Queen's reign, that it has enabled us to exercise, undisputed, our military force wherever the need arose. This silent influence of our sea power for the imperial advantage should be constantly in the reader's mind, though some instances of its exercise may presently be cited.

But at this time the Navy was actively employed in the suppression of the slave trade. A little earlier, owing to the plundering of an English ship by Arab pirates, the "Volage" had proceeded to Aden, which was captured in January, 1839. The place definitely passed under the flag, and is now an important naval coaling station on the route to India and the East. Sir Charles Napier, too, after the Syrian operations, was employed in punishing and overawing the Riff pirates of Morocco, and much other work of the same kind went on.

The China War, 1839-42, and the Extension of Trade with China.—In the years that immediately followed, the Navy rendered memorable service in the Far East, in its true function of protecting and extending the opportunities of trade. The Dutch had been before us in those waters, but the "adventures" of the East India Company had opened the way for extensive commerce at Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, and some other ports. After the accession of the Manchu dynasty this intercourse was confined to Canton, and, when the Company's monopoly ceased in 1834, King's officers went out with the view of amending the conditions of trade. The first of these was Captain William Napier, R.N., who died at his post, after vainly endeavouring to open satisfactory relations under the difficult conditions of "Yu," a command on the part of the Mandarins, and of "Pin," a humble address from the Englishmen. The import of opium was prohibited by the Chinese; but considerable quantities were smuggled into the interior, a circumstance which brought an imperial commissioner to Canton in 1839, who demanded the surrender of all opium at the port, and guarantees for the non-importation of it for the future. The danger to Europeans was very great, and Captain Elliot, R.N., a son of Hugh Elliot, the well-known Minister at Berlin, wisely procured the delivery of over 20,000 chests of the drug, which were destroyed. This did not satisfy the Chinese, who were resolved to shut out foreign commerce altogether, and, by an imperial edict, trade with England was ordered to cease for ever. "The true and most important question to be solved," wrote Elliot to Palmerston, "is whether there shall be honourable and extending trade with the Empire, or whether the coast shall be delivered over to a state of things which will pass rapidly from the worst character of illicit trade to plain buccaneering."

The Navy answered the question in the first sense. Sir William Parker, "the last of Nelson's captains," arrived in command of the Fleet in the Canton River, in June, 1840, established a rigorous blockade, and seized the island of Chusan. A Chinese commissioner who arranged with Elliot to surrender Hong Kong, and compensate the traders, was disavowed. Hostilities thereupon began. The Bogue forts below Canton were taken in February, 1841, with 456 guns, the forts and junks in the Macao channel being destroyed and the city captured, after which trade was resumed there upon a ransom of 6,000,000 dollars being paid. Sir William Parker thereupon, convoying troops under Sir Hugh Gough, proceeded northward, and Amoy, Kalongsew, and Ting-hai were captured and great numbers of fire-rafts and junks destroyed. The Fleet then entered the Yang-Tse, and Woosung and Shanghai were taken; and, by splendid seamanship, Parker carried his fleet of over 200 warships and transports, with 19,000 men, under sail, a distance of 200 miles up the river to Nankin. The operations had been triumphant, and the Chinese treated for peace. The splendid result of the war was that, in 1842, Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were thrown open to trade, and that the island of Hong Kong was ceded, which, from being a small pirate stronghold supporting a population of 600, has now over 220,000 souls, and is one of the most prosperous places in the Empire, a great naval and military station, a free port, and the main emporium for our trade with China. Let us not forget that it had been the precisely similar work of the Navy in earlier times to break down the Spanish monopolies in Central America, and those which were set up by the Portuguese and Dutch in the East. The Fleet has since done other like invaluable service to the cause of commerce with the Chinese.

The Navy and the Suppression of the Slave Trade and Piracy.—I must pass somewhat rapidly over the next ten years. They gave the Navy ample work in protecting our commerce in foreign ports, in procuring restitution for wrong done, and in repressing piracy and the slave trade. A whole chapter might be filled with our dealings with pirates in the Straits of Malacca and the China seas, which were a fitting complement to the valuable service of the Fleet in the China War. It was early in Her Majesty's reign that means were found of giving effect to the abstract resolutions of the Congress of Vienna for the suppression of the slave trade. Alike on the East and West coasts of Africa the Navy has worked nobly in the cause of humanity, though scarcely observed by the public at home, in climates so pestilential that they were rightly called "the grave of British seamen." In much peril and through great hardship, even up to these present times, the Fleet has been engaged in this duty, and now it may be said, as a chief blessing of the Queen's reign, that the transport of slaves at sea is a thing of the past, with the further effect of strangling the inland trade.

From 1843 to 1846 the Navy did excellent service in assisting the settled government of Sarawak, and dealing effective blows at piracy in the neighbouring seas. Captain (now Sir Henry) Keppel in the "Dido" was engaged in 1843 in protecting trade and suppressing outrage in the Straits of Malacca. In the course of the operations, he attacked several pirate strongholds, and routed out the nests of an evil that threatened to paralyse commerce. Captain Talbot, with a party landed from the "Agincourt," utterly destroyed a pirate town in Maluda Bay, and Sir Thomas Cochrane, with his flag in the "Spiteful" (July, 1846), took the "Hazard" and Rajah Brooke's schooner the "Royalist" in tow, and, preceded by the "Phlegeton," forced the passage of the river, and ascended, with admirable seamanship, to Brune, the capital of Borneo. The place was found deserted, but an excellent lesson had been given to the pirate leaders. Again, in 1847, repeated insults to British residents in Canton caused Captain M'Dougall, of the "Vulture," to plan and execute a *coup de main*, by ascending the river, seizing and spiking the batteries, and showing the inhabitants of Canton that the ships in those waters, and the troops at Hong Kong, were at all times in a position to chastise aggression.

The Operations at Monte Video and in the Parana, 1845.—It was work of like character, for the protection and development of commerce in the other hemisphere, that occupied the "Gorgon," "Firebrand," "Philomel," "Dolphin," and other ships, in alliance with the French, at Monte Video, and in the Parana, in 1845. British merchants had large interests in the capital of the Banda Oriental or Uruguay, which Rosas, the Argentine President, had resolved to subjugate. Monte Video was relieved, the fleet of Brown, the Argentine Admiral captured, Buenos Ayres blockaded, and the river Parana, which had been closed, reopened to commerce, there being many merchant ships with cargoes of manufactured goods to take up the river, and others with inland produce to release. The British ships, with five French vessels in company, left Martin Garcia, ascended the river to Obligado, where a furious fight with the batteries took place, resulting in considerable loss on both sides. Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir James) Hope, in the "Firebrand," cut the chain; the passage was forced, and the ships pushed on to Corrientes, 800 miles from the sea. It was a triumph of skilful seamanship, the vessels being piloted by Commander B. J. Sulivan, of the "Philomel," against contrary winds, and a three or four knot current, in places where there was often but a foot of water beneath the keel, and where the bottom was frequently touched. Such service, besides removing obstacles from the paths of trade, gave signal proof of the quality of British officers and men. Captain Sulivan afterwards showed the same skill as a navigator and hydrographer during the Baltic campaign. Space is wanting to deal with the presence of war-ships in the Tagus, during the Portuguese rebellion, at the request of the Queen in 1846, the Riff Coast Expedition of 1849, and the capture of Lagos by the "Bloodhound" and "Teazer" in 1851.

The Second Burmese War, 1852, and Other Operations.—In the next year the ill-treatment of British merchants at Rangoon called again for the intervention of the Fleet, and the second Burmese War added the fertile province of Pegu to the Crown. The "Bittern," "Cleopatra," "Contest," "Hastings," "Fox," "Spartan," "Sphinx," "Styx," and many other vessels were engaged or sent detachments ashore, and, within a month Martaban, the Dallah stockades, Rangoon itself, and Bassein, were carried by storm. The fall of Pegu and Prome followed, and a splendid field was opened for peaceful development and the extension of trade. The Navy had once again shown its supreme value as the support and protection of commerce. A Naval brigade took part in the operations against the Kaffirs in 1852; a year later there were useful operations on the Bassein River; and in 1854 the hostile attitude of the Chinese to English traders caused the "Encounter" and "Grecian" to take action at Shanghai.

The Russian War.—But this survey of modern Naval history, and of the recent influence of sea power, now brings us to the memorable period of the Russian War. The incidental causes and complex details of that great struggle

(Continued on page 69.)

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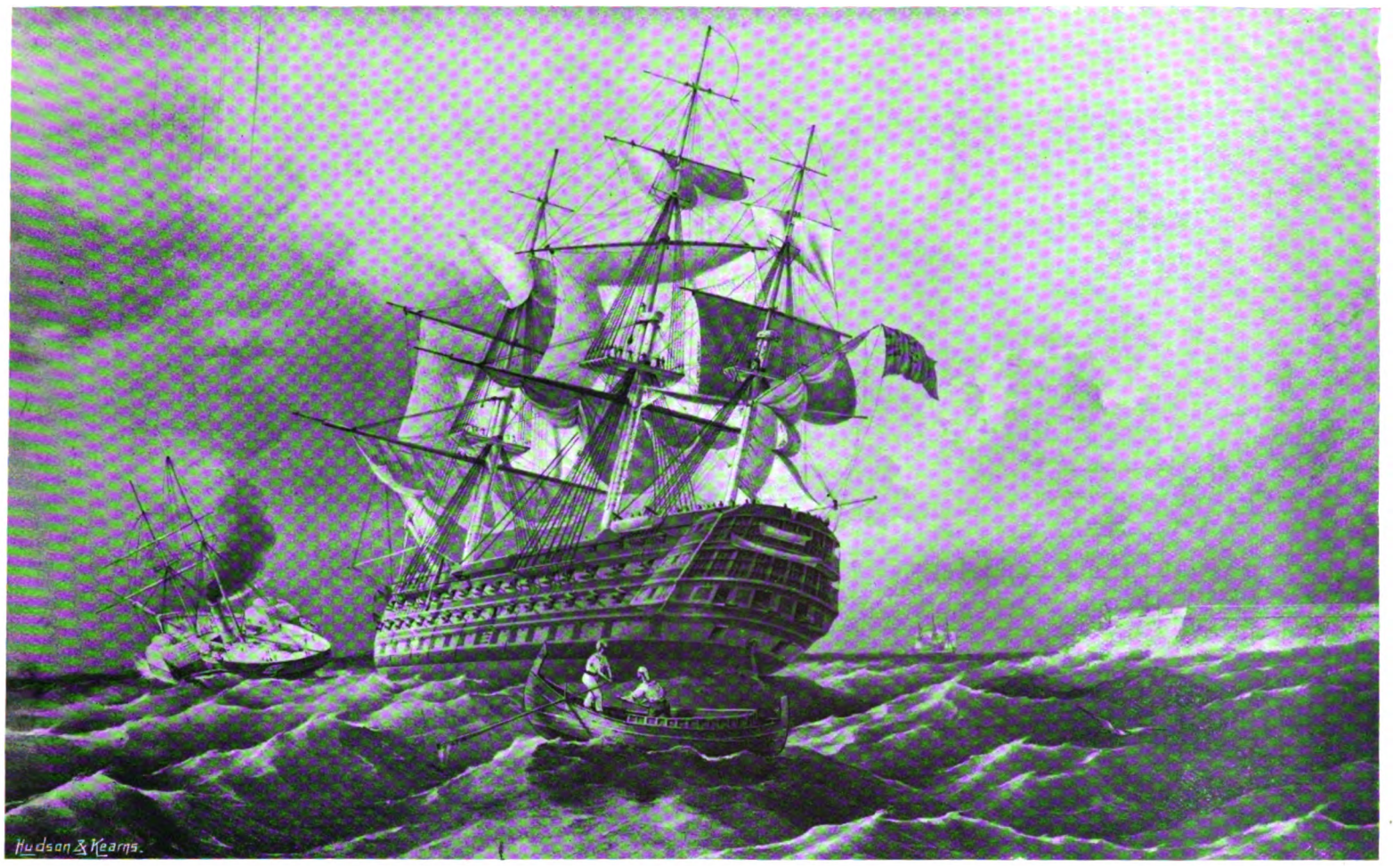
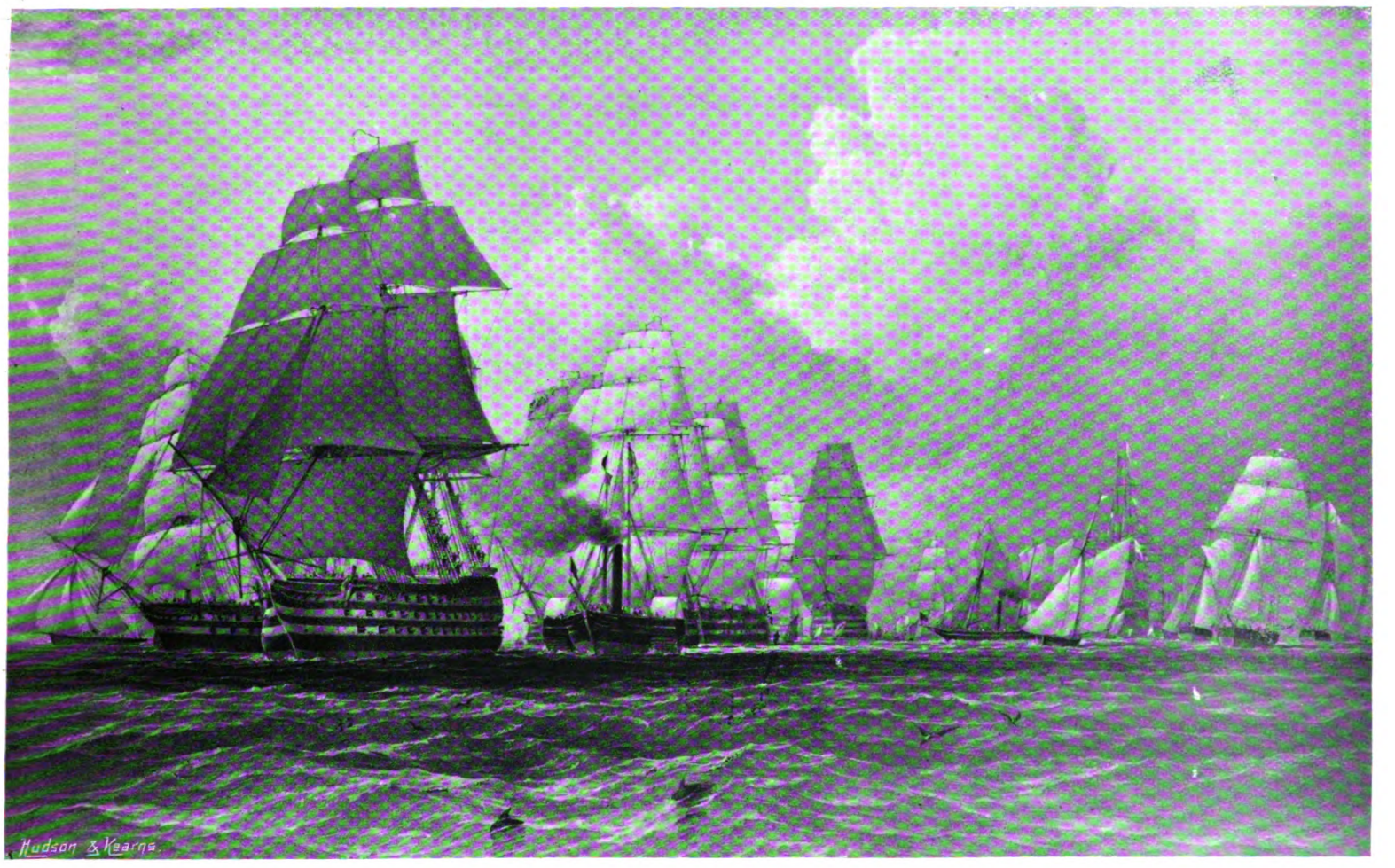


From a Lithograph. *After Lieutenant G. P. MEDDS, R.N.*

The "Queen" Towed Out of Malta Harbour by the "Virago," January 16th, 1844.



From a Lithograph. *After J. M. GILBERT.*

THE EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON.

THE Experimental Squadron was commissioned in the summer of 1845, under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with the object of testing the speed and sea-going qualities of ships of various designs. It consisted of the "St. Vincent," 120 guns, designed by Sir William Rule; "Trafalgar," 120, by Mr. Oliver Lang, "Rodney," 92, by Sir R. Seppings; "Queen," 110; "Albion," 90; "Vanguard" and "Superb," 80, all by Sir W. Symonds; and "Canopus," 84, a French prize. Immense interest was displayed in the Squadron, and on the 15th July Her Majesty, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, steamed out in the Royal yacht and passed down the line, followed by a procession of Government steamers and a crowd of yachts. The Squadron then put to sea.

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From a Lithograph.

THE BRITISH FLEET ENTERING THE BALTIC.

After O. W. BRIERLY.

THE Baltic Fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, left England on the 12th March, 1854. It consisted eventually of nineteen line of battle-ships and block-ships, nearly all steamers; five screw frigates, four paddle frigates, two screw sloops, and thirteen smaller vessels. The scene here represented is when the Fleet, numbering at that time some seventeen vessels, was approaching the entrance to the Great Belt, on the 25th March. Pilots could not be obtained, but it was of the utmost importance that the Fleet should enter the Baltic before the ice broke up and liberated the Russian Fleet in Cronstadt. The admiral, therefore, formed his ships in single line, under reduced canvas, and sent on frigates to anchor near the shoals. The "Dauntless" may be seen on the right performing this important office, while the "Leopard," on the left, repeats the admiral's signal "Prepare to anchor." The "Duke of Wellington" leads.

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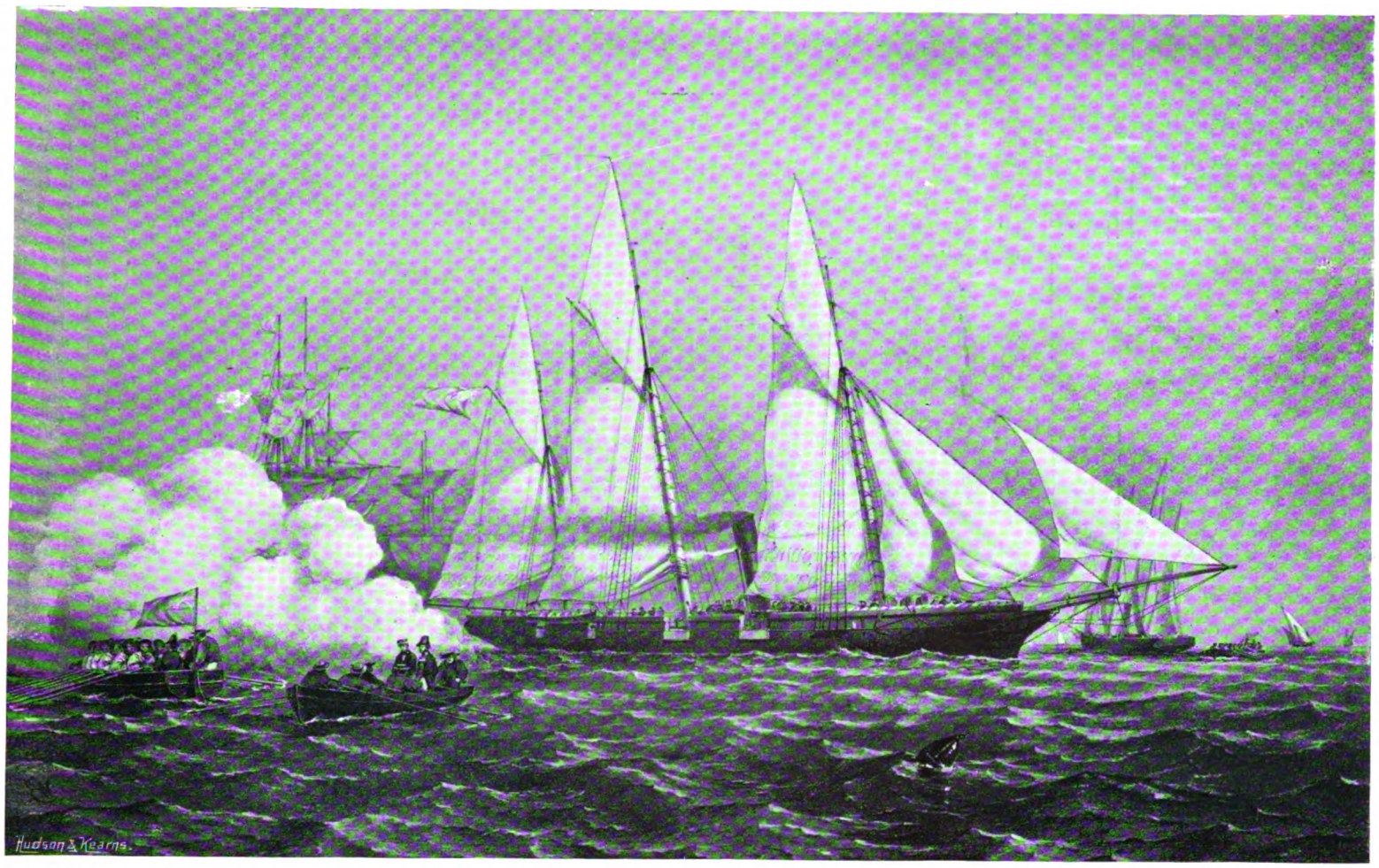
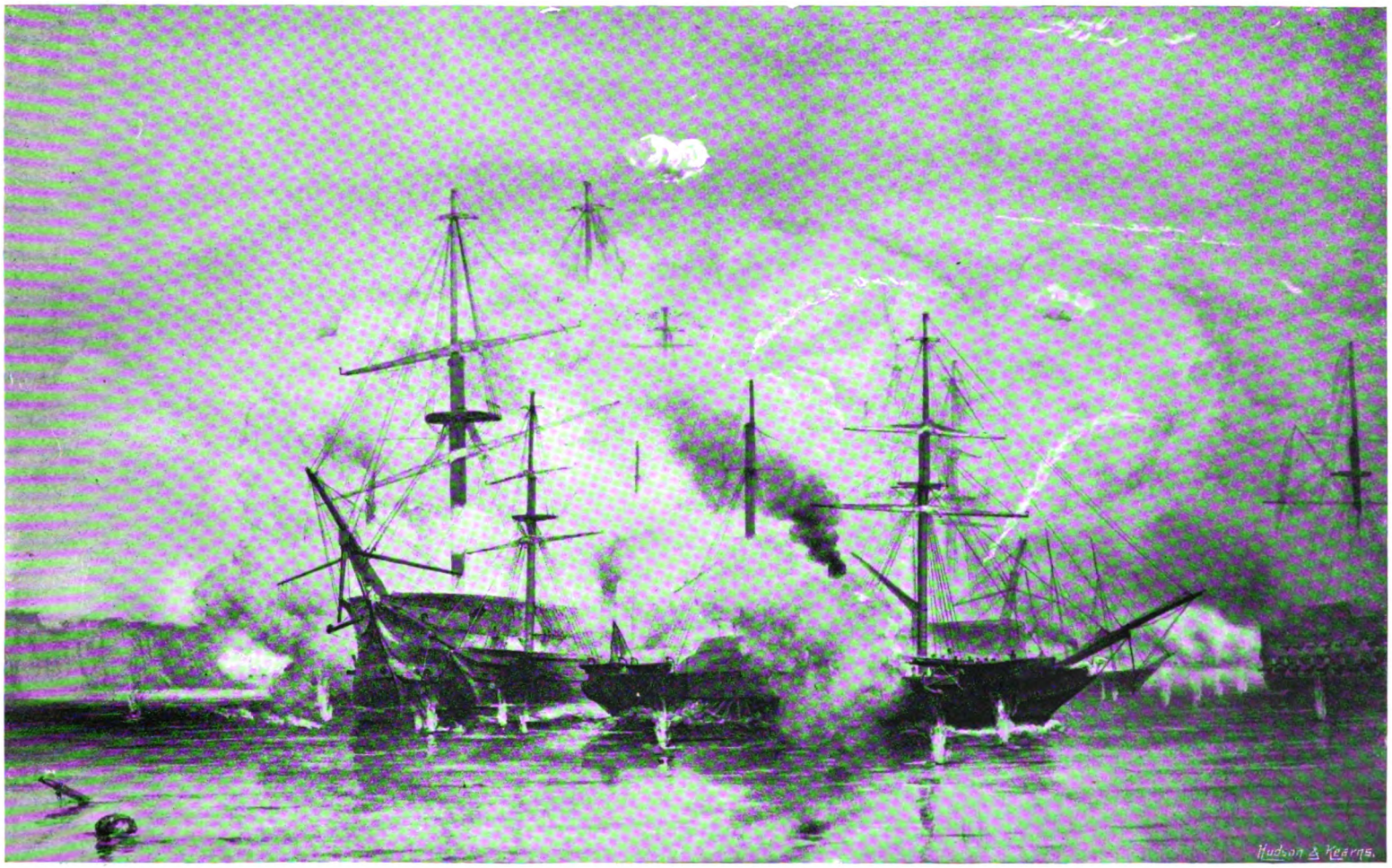


From a Lithograph. *After EDWIN WEEDON.*

H.M. Despatch-Boat "Arrow" Trying the Range off Sebastopol.



From a Lithograph. *After E. W. BROOKES.*

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL, OCTOBER 17th, 1854.

THE bombardment of Sebastopol took place on the 17th October, 1854, the land forces commencing the attack at 7 a.m., and the allied Fleets joining in after noon. The "Arrow," gun-boat, was sent in first, as a smaller target, to get the range before the big ships hauled in. The "Agamemnon," "Sanspareil," "London," and "Albion" got within close range of the formidable forts, and were subsequently supported by the "Rodney," "Bellerophon" (sailing ships), and others. The ships were most severely handled by the tremendous fire from the forts. The "Rodney" grounded, but was towed off by the "Spitfire," the "Bellerophon" being in tow of the "Cyclops." The Fleet eventually hauled off with heavy losses, but little impression having been made on the forts.

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From a Lithograph. *After O. W. BRIERLY.*

VICTUALLING THE FLEET AT SEA.

AMONG the difficulties and responsibilities involved in the command of a large fleet during wartime, that of maintaining a proper supply of provisions is by no means the lightest. Money is often referred to as the "sinews of war"; but it is expended in vain unless there be proper forethought and organisation. The picture represents an incident in this connection. Merchant vessels have arrived with a stock of provisions, and though it is rather a rough day, with a choppy sea, no delay is admissible, nor is it considered advisable to anchor the Fleet; so boats are lowered from each ship and sent to the steamers for their allowance, the vessels, handled with that skill for which our commanders are celebrated, keeping at hand under sail to pick up their boats. On the left is the bow of the "Cæsar"; the "Duke of Wellington," flag-ship, in the distance, fires a gun to enforce attention to a signal; the "Holyrood," merchant steamer, is the centre of a crowd of boats; the sailing liners "Monarch," "Cumberland," and "Boscawen," and the steam frigate "Impérieuse" manœuvre on the right, in readiness to bear down and recover their boats.

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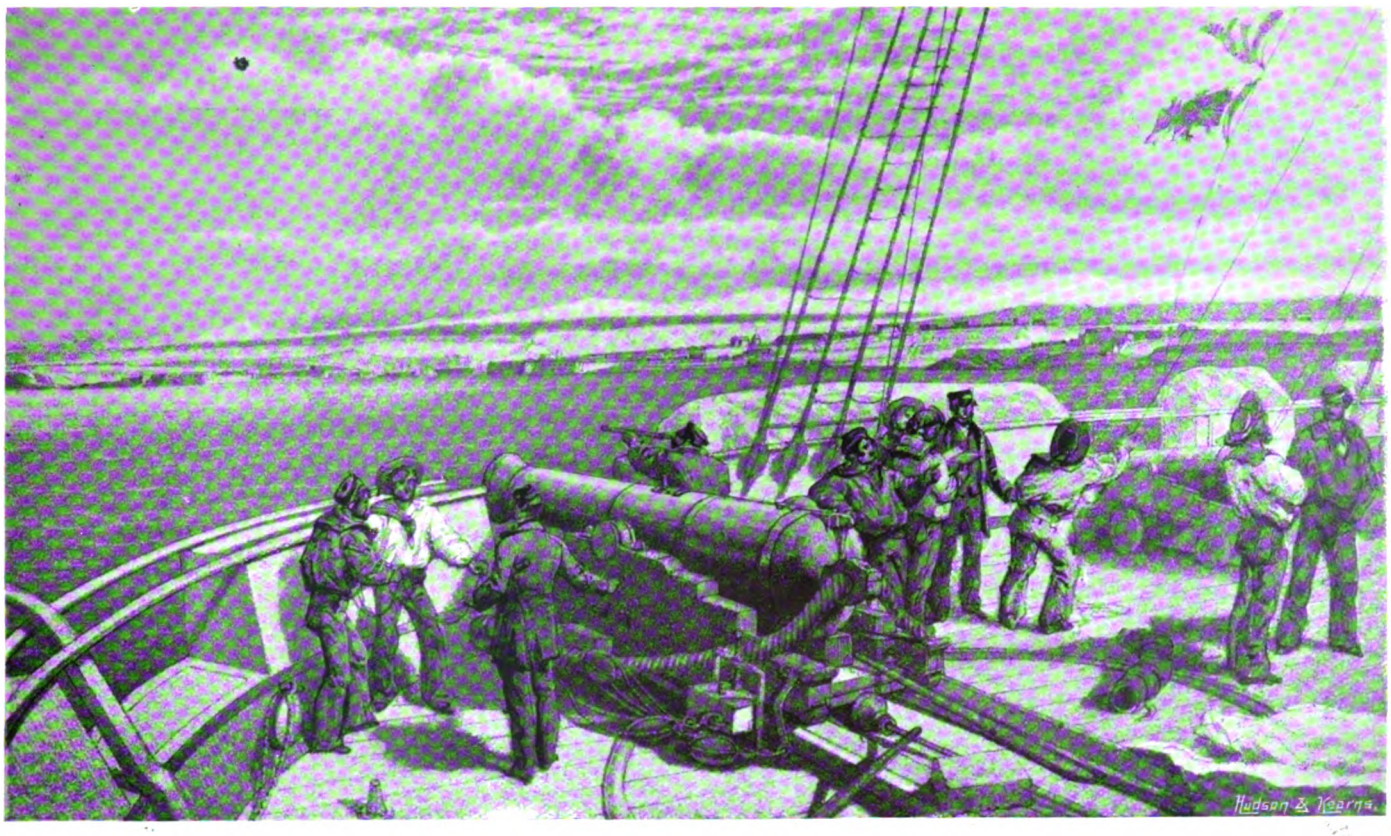
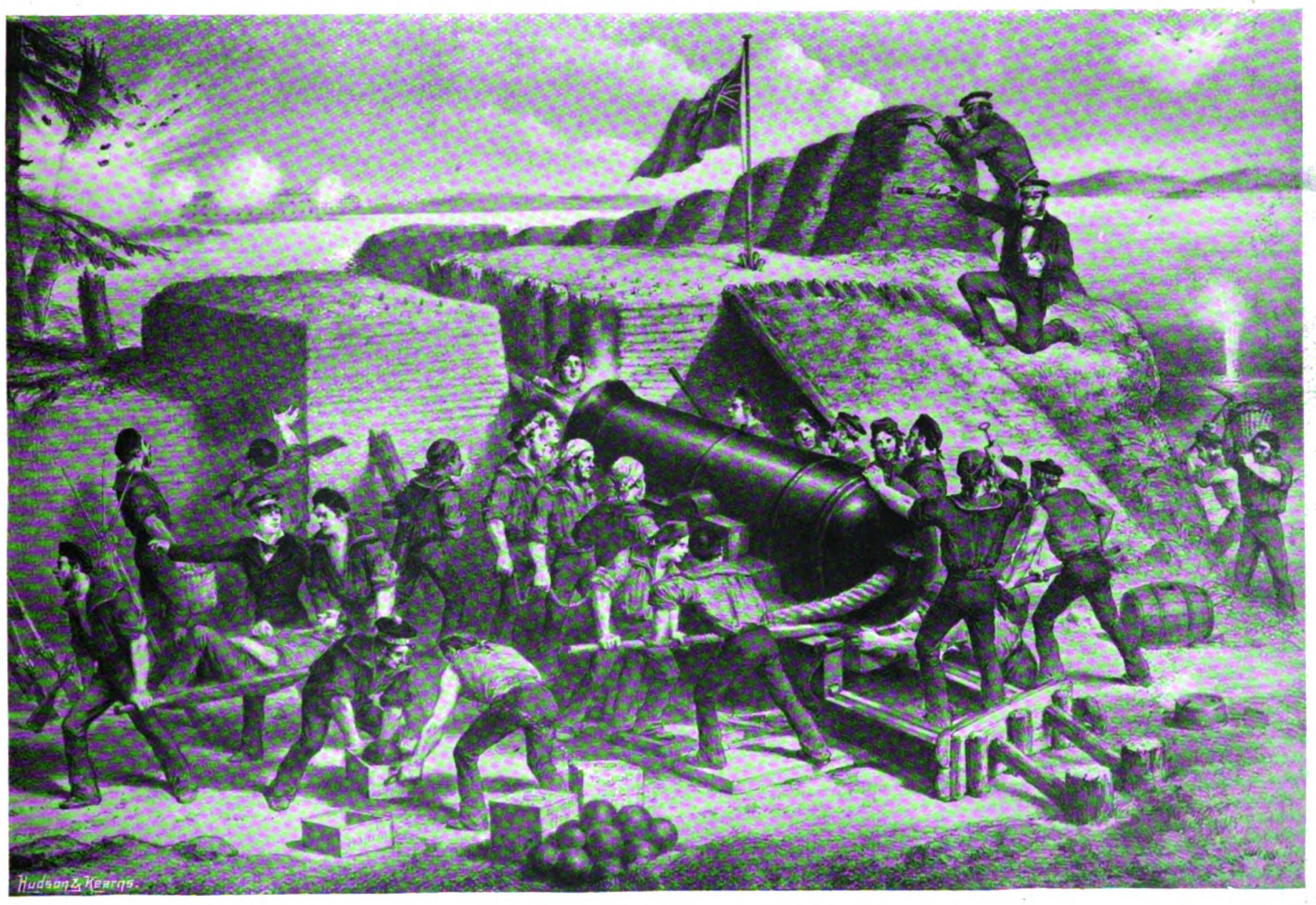


From a Lithograph. *After W. SIMPSON.*

RECONNOITRING SEBASTOPOL FROM THE DECK OF THE "SIDON."



From a Lithograph. *After S. T. DOLBY.*

THE "BLENHEIM'S" BATTERY AT BOMARSUND.

THE big shell-gun here represented is of a type well known at the time of the Russian War, and calculated to be much respected by any foe in a wooden ship. British sailors, however, when acting with land forces, have always been very handy in utilising the ship's armament on shore; and they do not stick at trifles. The 10-inch gun weighed 84-cwt., but that did not deter Captain Pelham, of the "Blenheim," from getting it on shore and placing it in a battery which had been carried a few days before. A battery of 32-pounders was also landed under the command of Captain Ramsay, of the "Hogue," who, on the 15th August, 1854, commenced the attack on the west battery of Bomarsund, which was silenced by noon, and surrendered next morning. The north fort was next attacked, and offered a vigorous resistance; but the assistance it would have received from the largest fort was frustrated by the steamers of the allied Fleets and by Captain Pelham's big shells, which the bluejackets plumped in with great precision and regularity, so that all three forts capitulated, and were in our possession by the evening.

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THE INDIAN MUTINY.—The Naval Brigade at Lucknow.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM PEEL, of H.M.S. "Shannon," was present with the Naval Brigade at Lucknow, and materially assisted in the capture of the Shah Najif, a large mosque, surrounded by a high wall. The fire from the Shah Najif was very heavy, and after a vain attempt to breach the thick wall, Sir Colin Campbell ordered the 93rd Highlanders and Peel's 24-pounders and rockets to close up and carry it by assault. The gallant 93rd lent the tars a hand on the drag-ropes, and "they rolled on in one irresistible wave," says Sir Colin in his despatches, to within twenty yards of the wall, when the sailors banged away under a heavy fire and sent rockets over the wall. Mr. Daniell, midshipman, was killed, and Lieutenant Salmon (now Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C.,) was wounded in this assault, which was eventually successful. The gallant Peel died of small-pox when the Mutiny was practically over.

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The Second War with China, 1856-60.

From a Lithograph. *FATSHAN CREEK.—The Sinking of Commodore Keppel's Gig.* *After O. W. BRIERLY.*

IN the month of May, 1857, the largest flotilla of Chinese war junks lay in Fatshan Creek, a large inlet off the right bank of the Canton River; and on the 1st June Admiral Sir M. Seymour determined to attack and capture them, leading the way in the "Coromandel," with eleven other gun-boats and some sixty boats, manned by nearly 2,000 men. Commodore H. Keppel, in the "Hong Kong," attacked the battery and some twenty junks on the left bank. The "Hong Kong" ran aground, but the gallant commodore led the boats in his own gig. The fire was tremendous, and every boat was struck, Keppel's gig being sunk under him. The boats fell back for the moment, but Keppel, seeing the tide was rising, got into another boat and called upon the men to follow him. The gun-boats soon got afloat, and seventeen out of twenty junks were captured.

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THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE New Zealand wars arose chiefly through disputes with the natives concerning the sale and possession of land, and were prolonged over a considerable period, owing to the skill and determination of the Maories, and to fresh quarrels constantly coming up. On the 22nd April, 1864, General Cameron, with the 43rd and 68th Regiments, and a Naval brigade of over 300 men from H.M. ships "Pelorus," "Eclipse," "Harrier," and "Esk," attacked the Gate Pah, a strong Maori position. The defences having been breached by artillery, Commander Hay, of the "Harrier," led a party of 150 seamen and marines, who, with the same number of the 43rd rushed into the breach, but were met with such a murderous fire that they were compelled to retreat. Commander Hay was mortally wounded, and Samuel Mitchell, petty officer, received the Victoria Cross for carrying him out under fire. The Pah was occupied next morning.

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cannot be dealt with here. It had its origin in deep-seated distrust of Russia, which, by slow aggrandisement at the expense of the Turk, had grown to a position of great influence in Eastern Europe, and threatened, at the outbreak of war, to become a formidable naval power in the Mediterranean. The Black Sea had been converted into a Russian lake, where Sebastopol had been developed into a strong fortress and naval base; and, at Constantinople, the Muscovite was dictating policy to the unwilling Turk. Even in 1853, before hostilities broke out with the Western Powers, the British and French Fleets had, therefore, appeared in Besika Bay. Upon the declaration of war, they passed through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora. The purpose of this move was to make a counterpoise to the preponderating influence of Russia, but the Russians seized it as a pretext for dealing an irreparable blow at the Ottoman Fleet, which was attacked at Sinope on November 30th, 1853, by Admiral Nakhimoff, with six ships of the line, who utterly destroyed it with its crews to the number of 4,000 men.

The Black Sea Operations.—The answer to this step was the despatch of the combined Squadrons, into the Black Sea. This was equivalent to a declaration of war. It had the immediate effect of completely neutralising the Russian Fleet, which, from that time forward, ceased to play any practical part in the operations, and lay in the harbour of Sebastopol, where it perished, largely through the suicidal policy of the Russians in sinking ships to block the way of the adversary.

The new situation created was decisive of the future direction of the campaign. With the landing of British and French troops at Varna any possibility of prosecuting the war in the seat originally chosen for it vanished completely. The oversea transport of troops had become to Russia practically impossible, and the Muscovite legions toiled wearily on towards the Isthmus of Perekop. Odessa and Sebastopol were completely blockaded, and, when operations were undertaken, perhaps too late, in the Sea of Azov, even the movement of troops and supplies became difficult. These circumstances need not be dwelt upon. They were the decisive influence in the war in the Crimea, and it was command of the Black Sea that enabled the allies to transport troops unimpeded, to land them at their will, and to change the military base when the need arose. That the Russians neglected their opportunities is certainly true. Their Fleet might have been used as an effective force, and it is evident that, in not masking or destroying it, the allies ran extreme peril. Success justified the operation, but if the Russians had possessed a Nelson immense disaster might have ensued.

It was the character of the war that determined the attack upon Sebastopol, as the great Russian naval base and chief seat of power in the South.

In what manner the Fleet assisted in the transport of troops, and in the landing at Old Fort, preparatory to the battle of the Alma, is well known, as also how, when the flank march to the southern side of the fortress was decided on, it established the excellent base at Balaclava, and hastened, under prodigious disadvantages, the work of supply. Terrible as was the administrative mismanagement of part of the Crimean operations, it was the facility of supplying the Army in the field with food and war material by means of sea communication that inevitably led to the fall of Sebastopol. Sea power was pitted against military force and land communications, and the victory was decisive. The Fleet carried on effective bombardment both at Odessa and Sebastopol, and when the siege was begun, Admiral Dundas landed 3,000 seamen and marines, who, as the Naval brigade under Captain Stephen Lushington, rendered memorable service, manning many guns in the siege works, and playing a most distinguished part in the assaults. It would be a pleasure to describe the many deeds of gallantry of those days of war and hardship; but the task must be foregone. Yet we think of such men as gallant Sir William Peel, who threw a live shell, with the fuse burning, over the parapet of his battery, joined the Grenadiers in the famous defence of their colours at Inkerman, and carried a ladder himself in the assault on the Redan. In the hardships of the winter, the seamen suffered less than the soldiers, for their life afloat had gifted them with readiness and resource that carried them through many difficulties, and they had the advantage of being strong and hardy fellows. It is the character of the British bluejacket to take his discomforts cheerily, to submit where he must, and overcome them where he can.

The Operations in the Baltic.—But we must turn, though but to glance briefly at them, to the operations in the Baltic in 1854 and 1855. Upon the Fleet which left our shores under command of Sir Charles Napier, high hopes were set, but that gallant officer told the authorities bluntly how little fit it was to engage the strong defences which had been raised at Cronstadt. The English people generally expected that important place to be battered to pieces, and that it would inevitably fall into our hands, and even some statesmen indulged such hopes. But Sir James Graham impressed the views of his colleagues upon the Naval commander in unmistakable terms. "I by no means contemplate an attack on Cronstadt or Sveaborg," he said. "I have a great respect for stone walls, and have no fancy for running even line-of-battle ships against them. These considerations should not be overlooked by you. I recall them to your mind lest, in the eager desire to achieve a great exploit, and to satisfy the wild anxieties of an impatient multitude, you should yield to some such impulse, and fail in the discharge of one of the noblest duties, which is the moral courage to do what you know is right at the risk of being accused of having done wrong." Such an admonition was unnecessary, but it was precisely this blame that Sir Charles Napier incurred. The campaign did not result in the fall of Cronstadt, but it included the bombardment of Bomarsund, and the infliction of incalculable damage upon the Russians. The gun-boats, which were built with extraordinary rapidity, were nevertheless not ready for the operations of 1854, but they took part, with a more considerable fleet, in those of the following year, in which Sveaborg and other places were bombarded, the hostile coast blockaded, and vast quantities of shipping destroyed.

Significance of the Baltic Operations.—But the real value of the operations in the Baltic has been overlooked by many. It consisted in the threat that was exercised, and the anticipation of descents upon the shore, which kept tens of thousands of Russian troops in the north who might otherwise have been employed in attempting to raise the siege of Sebastopol. It is, indeed, not going too far to say that the disposition of the Russians to treat for peace after the fall of that fortress was largely determined by the belief that an attack in force was being prepared in the Baltic Sea. Here, then, we have an illustration of the widespread and enveloping character of operations conducted by a Power like our own, which bases its strength upon the sea.

The China War, 1857-60.—While the Russian War was being waged, new difficulties were arising in China through the restrictive and often lawless action of Chinese officials against English trade and traders. The actual cause of the outbreak was the seizure, as was alleged illegally, of the lorcha "Arrow," and war was declared against the Tatar dynasty—for the Taeping power was then at its height—in 1857. Sir Michael Seymour, in command on the station, and General Straubenzee seized Canton, and captured the Chinese Commissioner Yeh. Captain Elliot and Sir Michael Seymour, with whom was Captain Keppel, destroyed vast numbers of Chinese war junks and other shipping in the Escape and Fatshan creeks by daring enterprise. The Squadron then forced the passage of the Peiho, silencing the forts, and proceeded by Taku, where barriers were broken, to Tientsin. There Lord Elgin concluded a treaty, but his successor, Sir Frederick Bruce, determined that it should be ratified at Pekin in the following year. The English and French envoys accordingly arrived off the mouth of the Peiho in June, 1859, escorted by a British Fleet under Rear-Admiral Hope, of Parana fame. It was then discovered that the forts had been strengthened and put in a posture to defend the passage, which was further barred by three sets of obstructions. These were most pluckily examined by Captain (now Admiral Sir George) Willes, and a terrible fire was exchanged between the ships and the forts. The story of that gallant attempt cannot be told here, but it will be ever memorable as the occasion on which Commodore Tatnall's American seamen came to our aid, with the saying that "Blood is thicker than water." The attempt to force the passage failed, as well as a gallant effort to storm the south forts, and the "Cormorant," "Plover," and "Lee" were lost. But, in the next year, the English, with their French allies, again proceeded up the Peiho, landing men at Peh-tang, and the Taku forts were captured, August 21st, 1860. An advance was then made to Pekin, which was captured, and there terms were dictated to the Chinese. Here, we think, was the final work of the Navy in breaking the commercial restrictions of China.

The Indian Mutiny, and Persian and Maori Wars.—While the China War was still in progress the Navy was rendering memorable service in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. Gallant Sir William Peel, who had gone out in the "Shannon" to China, proceeded to Calcutta, and formed a Naval brigade of 450 men with ten 8-inch guns. Reinforced by 120 more men at Allahabad, he did splendid service during the siege of Lucknow, his bluejackets handling their heavy pieces as easily as if they had been light field guns, and the praise of the brave "Shannons" is still in the mouth of the Army. Peel himself, however, was severely wounded and died at Cawnpore, a grievous loss to the Fleet. The Navy had a part also in the Persian War of 1856-57, and Commodore Pullen, in the "Cyclops," bombarded Jiddah, in July, 1858, in retaliation for the murder of Englishmen. Again, during the Maori wars of 1860-64, the ships in New Zealand waters and the officers and men landed from them, were doing excellent

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service in the pacification of the country, and many died fighting bravely in the sanguinary affair of the Gate Pah. The New Zealand wars afford an admirable illustration of the exercise of sea power. In geographical situation the islands are pre-eminently open to maritime pressure, and, throughout the operations, the Navy exercised its ubiquitous sway, enabling men to be landed wherever the need arose, and effectually crushing the resistance of the rebellious natives. Let us not forget, either, that the pacification of New Zealand, thus brought about, was a step of supreme importance towards the consolidation of the Empire.

The Opening of Japan.—The exceeding jealousy with which the Japanese watched the attempts of foreigners to open trade with their country in those days, rendered the position of Englishmen one of some danger in the ports. The murder of a British subject and a brutal assault on his companions, one of whom was a lady, while they were riding near the English settlement in Japan, called for reparation and apology, and though the Tycoon was willing to make amends, it required a naval demonstration, and the bombardment and destruction of Kagoshima, in August, 1863, to bring to reason the Prince of Satsuma, within whose jurisdiction the outrage had occurred. In the next year the English and Dutch Fleets entered the Straits of Simonoseki, and destroyed the batteries. These operations were an object lesson to the clever and practical Japanese, who were thus gradually led to appreciate the value of intercourse with foreign nations, and to create the strong island empire which is so great a factor in the international politics of the Far East to-day.

The Abyssinian and Ashanti Wars.—Naval brigades were engaged in both the Abyssinian War of 1868 and the Ashanti War of 1873-74. In each officers and men sustained the reputation for gallantry and endurance which is the title of British seamen. The rocket party, under Commander Fellowes, at the engagement of Aroghee, April 10th, played a large part in winning that well-planned victory, which was a severe blow to the enemy, though it cost little to us. The same good service was rendered three days later in the final victory of Magdala, and Commodore Heath received the thanks of Parliament for the superb manner in which he had organised and conducted the transport of stores. The Ashanti War, which had for its object the pacification of that part of Africa, found bluejackets defending Elmina, carrying their boats up the Prah, sharing in the successes of Essaman, Akimfu, and Ampeni, the march on Assaybu, and the capture of Amoaful and Kumasi. These, like the employment of bluejackets in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, are instances of the way in which the Navy can take its part with the land forces in operations in the interior of countries. It is recognised by soldiers that bluejackets are useful, not only in landing and boat operations, but elsewhere in situations of abnormal difficulty, through their strength, resource, readiness in cutting their way through bush and scrub, and general cheerfulness and willingness.

Piracy and Minor Operations, and the Fleet at Constantinople.—But these years found the Navy plenty of work in its own special sphere. The Malay and Chusan pirates were scourged, and Mombasa was attacked and captured. Outrage in the Straits of Malacca was checked by operations against the marauding seafarers of Perak and Sunghie. Expeditions were also despatched to punish the slavers of the Congo and Niger, and a most determined effort was made to stamp out slavery on the East Coast. There were operations against Dahomey, too, in 1877, in which the Navy rendered much service. In Europe, on the death of Sultan Abdul Aziz, and in view of the excitement in Constantinople, Sir Henry Elliot requested that the Mediterranean Fleet should be despatched to Besika Bay, and the late Sir Geoffrey Hornby took it through the Dardanelles to the Bosphorus during the war between Russia and Turkey, 1877-78. It was a service of great delicacy, in which equal firmness and decision were necessary. On that occasion the very presence of the Fleet caused the Russians to moderate their demands, and preserved our predominance in the Levant.

South Africa and Egypt.—A Naval brigade was also engaged in the Zulu War of 1879, and took part in the engagement of Ineyzane. Men of the "Active" were in the besieged position of Ekowe, and a brigade from the "Shah," "Tenedos" and "Boadicea" marched with the relieving column. Again, in the Transvaal War, 1881, parties of bluejackets were involved in the disasters of Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. The Egyptian campaigns have given much work to the Navy both afloat and ashore. Sir Beauchamp Seymour, afterwards Lord Alcester, conducted the great bombardment of Alexandria with admirable skill and potent effect, and a Naval brigade occupied the lines of Mex. The Squadron then transferred the Naval base from Alexandria to Ismailia, and bodies of bluejackets were employed in the seizure of the Suez Canal, the occupation of Kantara, Chalouf, and Nefiche, and the actions of Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir. Admiral Hewett, who was in command of the ships in the Red Sea during the campaign of 1884, actively supported the advance of the troops, and landed a brigade which took a distinguished part at El Teb and Tamai, and he defended Suakin. A large Naval brigade was engaged in the operations designed for the relief of Gordon, in 1885. The first division of the brigade, under Lord Charles Beresford, who, as captain of the "Condor," had won high credit at Alexandria, was in Sir Herbert Stewart's Desert Column, and fought heroically in the sanguinary engagement of Abu-Klea, losing nearly half its numbers, and again at Abu-Kru. The survivors took an active part in the unfortunately futile advance on Khartoum, Lord Charles Beresford having charge of the steamers, and the hardihood, cool courage, and fertility of resource with which this work was conducted won deservedly high commendation. The boilers of the "Safieh" were repaired under fire, thus enabling Sir Charles Wilson and his party, wrecked at Wad-el-Habeshi, to be rescued. Parties of bluejackets were employed also at Kirbekan and Tofrek.

Later Operations.—These things are yet well remembered, and will have a large place in the history of Her Majesty's reign. The service of the Navy in more recent years must be suggested rather than described. It was actively employed during the third Burmese War, 1885, which led to the downfall of Theebaw, and the gradual pacification of the country. The Mediterranean Squadron blocaded the coast of Greece in 1886, in order to compel Greece to place her army on a peace footing, in accordance with the will of Europe concerning the question of East Roumelia. The repression of the slave trade has been steadily pursued, and many dhows have been captured. The Zanzibar coast was blockaded in 1889 to strike a decisive blow at the nefarious commerce. In the following year an attack on Witu was made by Vice-Admiral Fremantle, with 1,000 bluejackets and marines, in punishment for outrage. In 1894 parties from the "Raleigh" and "Alecto" were engaged in retributive action severally against Fodi Silah on the Gambia and Nana in the Oil Rivers Protectorate. They suffered severely from overwhelming numbers, but fought with splendid gallantry, and punishment was afterwards meted out to their assailants. In 1895 similar operations were undertaken against the men of Brass, who had raided Akassa, one of the stations of the Royal Niger Company. Admiral Bedford led a strong force, which seized Nimbe, the capital, and gave it to the flames. Punitive operations against several chiefs on the East Coast were also undertaken, and Sir Harry Rawson led a strong force against Mbaruk, the chief of Mwele. In the same year differences having arisen between this country and Nicaragua, Admiral Stephenson proceeded to Corinto and occupied the town, compelling the people to pay an indemnity of £15,500. Again, last year, when Said Khalid seized the throne of Zanzibar and garrisoned the place with 2,000 of his retainers and friends, men were landed for protection of British interests from the "Philomel" and "Thrush," and the palace was afterwards bombarded, and the usurper deposed. The Navy was also represented in the Nile operations of 1896 by several officers, who handled the boats in the ascent of the cataracts with remarkable skill and success. Even in the present year the barbarous opposition offered by the natives of the Lower Niger and Oil Rivers, which are a chief seat of West African commerce, to the operations of British traders, has given a fine opportunity to the Navy of crushing the turbulence in Benin, and opening the way to more settled conditions. Lastly, the appearance of the Fleet, under Sir Harry Rawson, in Delagoa Bay, is exercising an effect, not yet to be measured, upon hostility to the British in South Africa.

Conclusion.—We see, therefore, that the Royal Navy has rendered splendid service alike to the State and the cause of humanity during Her Majesty's reign. Its occupations have been as various as the changing types of ships which are illustrated in the plates accompanying this article. It was employed with conspicuous strategic advantage in the Russian War. It has taken a noble and sustained part in the suppression of slavery and piracy. It has never failed to administer punishment or secure compensation when British subjects have been outraged or their goods or occupations have been destroyed. It has conferred immense advantages on the commercial world by breaking monopolies and forcibly compelling the opening of the channels of trade in China, Japan and Africa. It would be true to say that the Navy has made Free Trade and the cheap loaf possible, by guaranteeing absolute safety of mercantile transport at sea. And lastly, the Navy has engaged in scientific work of high importance. It has explored the regions of the North Pole; it has despatched the "Challenger" to search the depths of the sea; and it has done an immense work, of directly practical advantage, by charting coasts, estuaries, and seas. As I said at the beginning, this is, indeed, an inspiring record of service rendered to Queen and country during Her Majesty's long and prosperous reign.

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The Naval Personnel during the Queen's Reign.

By Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb.

A Difficult Task.—It is not very easy, perhaps, to give at the same time a short and a vivid sketch of the *personnel* of the Navy during the sixty years of the Queen's reign; to explain in a few pages what it was in 1837, what it is now, and how it has become what it is. But when one begins to think out the best method of performing such a task, there appear certain heads of information which it is necessary to suggest to a reader's mind before it is prepared to recognise the force of any generalisations which the writer might desire to place before it.

Great Development.—The first point to remember is that we had a very small Navy when the Queen came to the throne, and now we have a very great one—the greatest in force and also in cost that has ever yet appeared in the world. The total numbers in the Navy on full pay were only 33,700 in 1837, while this year there are 100,050. The cost of the Navy sixty years ago was but £4,700,000, now it is £22,000,000. The reformed Parliament had ideas about Naval economy which were only driven off by the Russian War and the Indian Mutiny, so that even as late as 1851 the vote was only for 39,000 men and for £5,700,000. In a general way there has been a continual creeping up in the numbers voted ever since those practical lessons were administered to us.

Reserves of Men.—So far as men were concerned, the figure given for 1837 represented all that were available. Then there were no reserves. The increasing provision of reserves of seamen is one of the features of the reign. We began to establish the Royal Naval Reserve in 1859, and it has gone on till it now represents a force of 1,600 officers, 22,000 seamen, 300 boys, and 3,000 firemen. A further reserve of pensioners, numbering fifteen officers and 6,500 seamen, must be added, and besides, the Coastguard Service, which is included in the numbers given above, and musters 4,200 officers and men, is properly a Reserve. Thus if we come to contrast the *personnel* of then and now, we must say that, apart from officers, we had in 1837 29,000 men and nothing behind; we now have 82,000 men, and behind them the Coastguard of 3,800, the Royal Naval Reserve of 25,300, and the Pensioners of 6,500—a total of 117,600, against the 29,000 of sixty years ago!

Reserves of Officers.—With regard to officers, it was either deliberate policy or a traditional accident to have an enormous pile of them in reserve at the beginning of the Queen's reign, and it has come about that now we have on active service a much smaller proportion than we used to have, and practically no reserve behind them. There were about 4,400 officers employed in 1837, but there were nominally 5,000 more in reserve, that is, on half-pay. Now we still have some 5,000 officers on full pay, but there are only 260 in reserve behind them. We began to alter our plan in 1851, and in twenty years it had culminated. So that while in 1837 we only resigned our claim on the services of some 400 officers, we have now 2,000 the claim on whose services we have parted with.

Cost of Personnel.—Having thus got some idea of the growth of the *personnel*, we may look a little into the cost of it. It may be said that cost has grown with growth. The bill for wages and food has always been an increasing one per head, and certainly for the last twenty years this increase has gone into the pockets of the Queen's servants, or rather, perhaps, in maintaining a higher standard of living, as prices have fallen during that interval. The average wages for all ranks in the Navy, apart from the Marine forces, have been constantly mounting. They began at £32 13s. per head in 1837, and they shot up to £43 9s. in twenty years. The rise since then has not been so great, but it stands now at £51 6s. per head. The Marines appear to be a much cheaper force than the Navy. The charge for wages was only £27 8s. per head in 1837, and it has always kept below the charge for the Navy, and is now only £34 1s. per head.

Cost of Food.—The charge for food was £14 11s. per head in 1837, and as prices rose fairly steadily till the early seventies, there was reason for the figure to stand at £18 8s. in 1867. There have been variations in the charge since, for it was up to £20 8s. in 1887, but now it stands rather below the charge for 1867, namely, at £18 1s. per head. Of course these are but rough figures. It would be extremely difficult to refine upon them; but there can be no doubt that, speaking broadly, Her Majesty's Naval servants have been better and better paid, and better and better fed and clothed, ever since she came to the throne.

Continuous Service.—A great amelioration in the position of the seaman was introduced in 1852. Before that date few seamen serving were sure of their pensions, for they were only entered for the period of the ship's commission, and might be discharged at any moment. Since 1852 increasing numbers are entered for a fixed period of years, as the Marines have always been; so that now the great bulk of the seamen serving are on nearly the same footing as the Marines. They are either engaged to serve twelve years certain, or else they have taken the option offered to them at the conclusion of their first period of service, and are serving on to complete their term for pension, which is generally about ten years more.

Ranks and Ratings.—If we look back over the ranks and ratings and their changes since the Queen came to the throne, we note that the great change of all has been effected by steam. The Navy that Her Majesty first ruled over was in all respects the sailing Navy that had won in war. We count but twenty-three steamers in the Navy List of 1837, and none of these was much larger than a present-day torpedo gun-boat. Only one of them bore a captain, and only three of them were thought worthy of a commander's notice. They brought in officers who were called Engineers, and men who were called Stokers, and ever since that day, as steam went on fighting and winning, it developed a hierarchy of its own which now runs from Chief Inspector of Machinery through twelve titles down to the Second-class Stoker. The Engine-Room Complement, as it is called, begins to muster as one-fourth of the ship's company, and while there were in 1837 only sixty-one Engineers, who would now be almost classed as Engine-Room Artificers, costing only £90 per head, there are now 844 of these officers, with salaries starting at a minimum of £109 and rising to £730.

Change of Titles.—Amongst the other officers and men of the Navy, most of the old titles remain, and in this respect the Marines have been even more conservative. The title Warrant Officer has been introduced in the reign, but that and the change from Drummer to Bugler—as we could not well retain the old title when the instrument it connoted had disappeared—are the only changes. But in some of the Naval classes there has been a passion for changing titles, as if there were, after all, something in a name, and a rose called by one name would smell sweeter than if it were called by another. The Mate of sixty years ago is the Sub-lieutenant of to-day. The Naval Instructor now was the Schoolmaster of a day gone by. There were Pursers when the Queen came to the throne, who, not getting off with the old love till they were on with the new, became Paymaster and Purser some fifty years ago, and had dropped the Purser altogether before 1857. In this class also there was once a Passed Clerk, who is now an Assistant-Paymaster. The higher rank of the medical branch were called Physicians in 1837, and below were Surgeons and Assistant-Surgeons. Before 1847 we began to hear of Inspectors and Deputy-Inspectors of Hospitals and Fleets—which were rather long-winded titles, but though Staff-Surgeons intervened, Surgeons and Assistant-Surgeons held out till 1872. Later came the full change, when Assistant-Surgeon became Surgeon, and Staff-Surgeon and Fleet-Surgeon took rank above him.

The Navigating Officers.—But the great change of all here, not only took away the old titles, but followed it up by taking away the class itself. This happened in a body of officers the remnant of which is now called the Navigating Class. It was a strong body in 1837, numbering nearly 1,000, it is a weak body now, numbering sixty-four. But in 1837 its titles ran Master, Second Master, and Master's Assistant. Staff-Commander supervened as a higher class of Master before thirty years were out, but the Navy List of 1869 knows neither Master, nor Second Master, nor Master's Assistant. Instead, there are Staff-Commanders, Navigating Lieutenants, Navigating Sub-Lieutenants, and Navigating Midshipmen. But the titles were too much for the class. They fell upon it, and it disappeared under their weight.

Increase of Grades of Seamen.—Amongst the seamen we now count no less than 149 grades, but though the number of titles have in one way greatly increased, they have in another way diminished. The steam ratings are, of course, responsible for much addition, but much comes also from interposing "Chief" before the old title to denote a higher grade. Much is done also by interposing the word "Leading," which was a steam invention as applied to stokers originally. But if steam has added to the titles, it has been instrumental in diminishing the list. As there are no longer "tops," there cannot be Captains of them, and so all those localised titles have disappeared officially, and only remain as a convenience on board the ships. All who used to bear such titles are now merely 1st Class Petty Officers, or 2nd Class Petty Officers—as you might say, Sergeants or Corporals.

Uniform.—As the general result of all this has been to draw infinite definitions of rank, so has the same passion—if it may be so called—devoted itself to marking these infinite distinctions by means of uniform. It is just a little staggering to take the uniform orders of 1833, which

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were in force when the Queen came to the throne, and compare them with the twenty-seven pages of small print in the Navy List which deal with the same question now. Practically, there is only one fundamental change to note. The facings were red in 1837, and they remained red till changed to white in the year 1843; otherwise, what has happened is this. Some lower rank has sought a distinctive mark to separate it at sight from one still lower. Perhaps it is whispered that the real desire was to confuse itself a little with a rank still higher. Be this as it may, such an object has always been frustrated, because the higher rank has objected. The result, of course, has been to "pile the agony" on the higher ranks. When the Queen came to the throne, the Admiral of the Fleet was quite happy in nearly the present Captain's uniform. His epaulettes had the crown and anchor and three stars, and there were four narrow stripes on the cuff, as the Captain wears them now, except the curl. This held, because the Rear-Admiral had only one star on his epaulettes and the one row of lace, which is now required to decorate the Chief Boatswain. So the Captain, Commander, Lieutenant, Master, and all of their rank wore no stripes on the cuff. But the introduction of the loop or curl on the upper stripe on the wrist has all the importance of a great discovery. It absolutely marks the combatant officer, and separates him from those ranks whose orders it is not criminal to disobey. The Lieutenant and Master, the Surgeon and the Purser, all got on very well with one epaulette on the right shoulder, and, presumably, it was not discovered that they were lop-sided for many years afterwards. But it is plain to be seen that the history of Naval uniform for the sixty years has been the history of piling it up; and if we look at it, there is not much to stop the flow unless it be the natural limit to length of arm and neck which is found usual in the Admiral of the Fleet. It seems as though the seaman's dress in our day is in all respects an improvement on what it was in 1837. Then were the days of "slop-clothing," when serge was contraband, and there were first and second class jackets with white pearl buttons, and striped "Purser's shirts" and "Purser's pumps." But the idea of uniform for seamen then troubled us so little that a smart Captain had no hesitation in dressing his crew according to his own taste. As the Marines left their ranks and titles alone, so did they practically leave their dress alone. The changes were in detail, and not, as in the Navy, with a purpose, and on a principle.

The Leaders of the Navy.—Sketching thus rapidly and most imperfectly the outward conditions of our *personnel* during these sixty years, we are brought to think of what they have made of the men affected by them. It is strange to reflect that the rulers of the Navy in 1837 were the old warriors who had helped to sustain the Empire. Two, at least, of the Flag Officers had commanded line of battle-ships at St. Vincent; three had done the like at Camperdown; one at the Nile; and seven at Trafalgar. One of these was that Thomas Masterman Hardy whose lips had touched the brow of the greatest Admiral that ever lived, in his death agony. Sydney Smith was only a Vice-Admiral; Broke only a Rear-Admiral; and Captain Henry Hope, who, in the 24-pounder frigate "Endymion," had captured the "President" in 1815, was a Captain still. But then the senior Rear-Admiral dated his seniority from 1821, and fifty-two Captains of 1802 headed the Captains' list. These fifty-two Captains were thus of thirty-five years' standing, but they were many of them little out of their teens, when promoted. Now the senior Captain is of but fifteen years' standing, and the fifty-second Captain has only been one nine years. But they were old fifteen years ago.

Natural Prejudices.—With leaders whose antecedents were of this sort, it would have been strange if the whole Navy, serving not only in the types of ships which had established our Naval glories, but in the very ships themselves, or in such as had been taken from the enemy, should not have heartily despised those dirty little creatures which with much fuss and flapping could steam six knots in a calm. Everyone connected with the sailing Navy was certain that it would go on for ever. As for those grimy, flapping abortions, the paddle steamers, they might aspire in time to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the stately white-sailed aristocrats of the sea, but that was all.

Physical and Moral Qualities in 1837.—The whole *personnel* in 1837 was that of the war-time. The men had great arms and shoulders. They could climb, but they could not march. They had steady heads aloft, and very unsteady heads on shore. They were artisans in rope and leather and canvas. They were tailors, embroiderers, cooks, and washermen. Nothing in them or about them had accurate limits. There was no greatness of soul that they might not ascend to; there was no temptation so light that they might not yield to it. They were artists, not mechanics; and being in constant inter-changes of combat and alliance with the uncertain and fickle elements of wind and weather, they were apt to think that everything that occurred was an emergency, so that they themselves partook of that emergent character.

Physical and Moral Qualities in 1897.—Very slowly, but very surely, this condition of the *personnel* of the Navy has been changing. War steamers grew in such numbers that by 1848 the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets were arranged on the principle that every line of battle-ship should have a steamer to tow her. Thus there arose the sailing Navy and the steam Navy, the *personnel* of the first despising that of the second with the instinct of a despot towards his heir. The screw brought the two bodies into the same ship, but like the cuckoo, it drove out what it found in the nest. Sails and cordage and spars, the loose and vague appliances which in the friendships and wars with the elements had made the seaman what he was, disappeared before the rigid, certain, and accurate machinery, which left the elements out of account, and moulded the *personnel*, bodily, mentally, and morally, in some accordance with its own rigidity. The man-of-war's man no longer climbs, but he can march. He is no longer an artist. So far as he is an artisan, he is a mechanic. Everything he touches is a mechanism of certain and limited action. Art has gone out and science has come in. If it were not for his dress, and some limited amount of boat-work which he gets, the seaman of to-day, and, of course, the stoker of to-day, would be undistinguishable from the Marine. Like a religious sect which differs from another but by some infinite detail, we exalt the difference between the seaman and the Marine to hinder coalescence. And the thinner and weaker the partition between the two branches of the Service grows, so do we hasten to build it up and strengthen it.

Changes in the Character of Officers.—Alike with the men has the change operated on the officers. When the Queen came to the throne the deck officer controlled the propulsion; and it was necessary to bring to its highest development a presence, a fine voice, a noble personality, and of all things, the inborn aptitude for command. The Engineer who has taken his place deals with things more than with men, and does not require the old characteristics. But the deck officer's loftiest attitude is when, on "the bridge," he is turning telegraph handles, or whispering secretly down voice tubes, or, it may be, muttering to the steersman who plays with a toy wheel! Otherwise we find the officer lurking in the thievish corners of the ship, moving taps and levers which are more and more arranged so as to make it impossible to move them wrong. If he wants to shout, as it was his pride to do when Her Majesty came to the throne, he must take his men ashore and shout at them there, for on board the ship everything is so much round the corner that there is never anything to shout at, or, for that matter, to shout for. The officer, like the man, has little or no athletics in the course of duty. On board the ship, the "parallel bars" and the other orthodox apparatuses for systematic limb stretching must serve him.

If on all these accounts the *personnel* of the Navy has been moulded so that the individual is merged in the mass and there is less scope for personal idiosyncrasies, it cannot be doubted that the mass is finer, nobler, and more reliable than it was sixty years ago. The wayward system of discipline which rested itself upon fear, and became a reign of terror in one ship and no reign of anything in the ship lying beside her, has passed into a universal reign of law of a mild character. No one can doubt that the sense of duty has never ceased to strengthen itself in the *personnel* of the Navy during the Queen's reign.

While it is thus easy to see how the curve has been traced during the last sixty years, it is almost appalling to think of where it will lead us to if no new forces alter its direction. Can humanity stand the infinite definition and variation in detail which has been the accompaniment of great consolidation in principle? Not a day passes that some great principle is not set upon a firmer base; not one passes in which we do not refine upon some refinement. Who can say to what point we shall be led?

Naval Architecture, 1837-97.

By Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N.

Our Sailing Fleet.—To this generation, now accustomed to the ironclad as the emblem of sea power, and viewing the "Victory" as an association with a far distant past, it may seem strange to believe that in 1837 our most powerful warship did not differ materially from Nelson's flagship. There had been few changes in Naval architecture since her launch over seventy years previously. The stately two and three deckers, with their lofty spars and full spread of canvas, still represented the highest form of fighting efficiency. There was then no indication that within thirty

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years they would be entirely superseded. Two years after Her Majesty ascended the throne the "Queen" (three decker) was launched, which, though a thousand tons larger than the "Victory," was about the same length, and the increased displacement was due to greater breadth. The "Queen" certainly carried a more powerful armament — rendered feasible by her greater beam—for it consisted of 100 32-pounders and ten 68-pounders, whereas the "Victory's" broadside was composed of a mixture of 32, 24, and 12 pounders; but if the two ships were placed alongside each other in Portsmouth Harbour it would require a seaman's eye to detect the difference. The total cost of the "Queen" was £115,000: a sum which will only provide us now with the smallest cruiser or a couple of torpedo-boat destroyers.

Beginning of Steam.—It is also difficult to realise what these vessels did under sail with capable handling. We have now only traditions of them working out of Portsmouth Harbour under canvas in the way we see a Thames barge making its way up the river against an adverse wind. Sir Evelyn Wood, who was a midshipman of the "Queen" during the Crimean War, gives in his interesting reminiscences an instance of her captain's seamanship, when they beat up the Bosphorus in January, 1854, against a strong current, and received a signal from the admiral, "Well done, 'Queen.'" It was, indeed, an art which we had brought to great perfection, but which has now, alas! almost disappeared. Though we had, even up to the Russian War, practically a sailing fleet, steam-ships were represented in it to a small extent. Previous to the year 1830 the Government only possessed a few small steamers, principally employed for towing ships in and out of harbour, with an occasional trip to Gibraltar. The paddle wheel was then the only form of steam-ship, and in 1830 the Admiralty decided to build some for war purposes. Five were accordingly laid down of about 850 tons, and 220 horse-power, called steam sloops. They carried a few guns on the upper deck. Progress was indeed slow. In 1837 there were less than twenty steamers in the Navy. This year is, however, memorable because in it Ericsson took the Lords of the Admiralty for a trip on the Thames in a boat fitted with his screw propeller.

Paddle and Screw.—They expressed an adverse opinion on this system of propulsion, and Ericsson went off to America. In fact, old seamen of that day did not like steam in any shape for a warship. They thought paddles very liable to injury from shot—which was true—and they believed that a screw at the stern would affect the steering. The rudder was the most tender part of the old constructions, and they did not like it tampered with. But the opposition to the extension of steam only delayed its inevitable advance. We did with the screw as with the paddle wheel, first put it tentatively in a few small vessels and then gradually applied it to all. Between 1845 and 1850, light engines were put into some old two deckers, known as block-ships, but it was not until 1850 that the screw was applied to our fine wooden line of battle-ships then building. The "Sanspareil" (two decker) was the first, and she and the "Agamemnon"—completed in 1853—were the only two British line of battle-ships of the large fleet which entered the Black Sea at the beginning of 1854. Then came the brief reign of those splendid screw three deckers of which, until recently, the "Duke of Wellington" was a fine specimen.

This completes the sketch of progress in Naval architecture during the first twenty years of the Queen's reign, and the next ten were to see a complete change in form and construction.

Effect of Shell Fire.—Two incidents, one in 1853, and the other in 1855, brought this about. The destruction of a Turkish Squadron at Sinope, mainly by shell fire, and the protection against the same which some crude French floating batteries when covered with iron plates found in attacking the forts of Kinburn, swept away our wooden ships and gave birth to the ironclad. France led the way with "La Gloire," a two decker cut down and coated with iron. With a conservatism which has ever characterised our Naval policy, we hesitated for some time, and then went one better with the "Warrior." In her at one stroke we passed from a three decked wooden ship carrying 120 guns, as the most powerful sea-fighting machine, to what was an iron frigate carrying thirty-eight guns, but her hull for a considerable portion of her length was covered with iron plating four and a-half inches thick. To build a warship of iron even at that period was a courageous act, for only a few years previously a committee had reported this material to be unsuitable for fighting vessels, owing to the effect of cast-iron shot upon thin plates. This report caused the Admiralty to complete one or two iron vessels then building as troop-ships.

Our First Ironclads.—The "Warrior," though a bold experiment, was a great success, and her beautiful appearance even softened the hearts of the old salts, who had heard of the construction of an "iron kettle" with dismay. They viewed also her ship rig with approbation, for it was to be many years before we could make up our minds to dispense with sails, though now only a poor auxiliary to steam propulsion. Indeed, we went so far as to put five masts into one or two ironclads, which, if it increased their facilities for signalling, did not add to their sailing qualities. Their appearance thus equipped was curious, and puzzled the nautical world. The story goes that a merchant ship once approached inconveniently near one of these ironclads at night, her great length and five masts leading to the assumption that there were two ships and that the coaster might pass between! The "Warrior" was followed by several others of similar type, and being of iron, they are all in existence at the present time. Our competitors, the French, went on a different principle. They gave their early ironclads a wooden hull, which, less durable, limited the life of the ships. This was an advantage in one respect, because it compelled replacing them gradually with modern vessels.

Broadside and Turret.—At this time the broadside and turret systems of mounting heavy guns were competing for favour. We saw advantages in both methods, and thus constructed ships of each type. The loss of the "Captain" did not show Captain Coles's invention to be fallacious, but only demonstrated the difficulty of combining masts with efficient gunnery. We produced in the "Devastation" and "Dreadnought" class most effective turret-ships, while as broadside specimens it would be difficult to beat those which our constructors designed during the second twenty years of the present reign, such as the "Hercules," "Alexandra," and "Sultan." Naval architecture during this period was much influenced by the great advance in gunnery, though this had been chiefly in power rather than in accuracy of fire. All our efforts were directed towards increasing the weight of the projectile discharged, so that we gradually advanced from a gun weighing 95-cwt. to one of 80 tons. As the projectiles increased in size they penetrated successive additions to the thickness of armour opposed to them, which culminated in our placing a thickness of twenty-four inches of iron plates on the outside of the "Inflexible." This ship was commenced in 1874, and launched in 1876. Her armament for ship attack was limited to four 80-ton guns placed in pairs in revolving turrets, a reduction in number from the thirty-eight pieces of the "Warrior" which no one dreamt of sixteen years previously.

Intermediate Stage.—From 1857 to 1877 the changes in Naval construction may indeed be considered momentous. I come now to the last period of twenty years. Naval architecture had passed through various phases. In one the broadside ironclad had been brought to considerable perfection, such as we see in vessels like the "Hercules" and "Alexandra," of about 9,000 tons, of which about 2,000 tons were allotted to defensive armour. At the same time we were developing the turret-ship, resulting in a craft of about 11,000 tons, protected to the extent of carrying at least 3,500 tons of armour, but whose armament was limited to four guns of great individual size. There were certain advantages attached to each type which seemed to foreshadow that the next step would be to combine them to a certain extent, and thus reach a form of warship with some degree of finality.

Battle-ships of To-day.—From such a creation as the "Inflexible" it was inevitable there should be a reaction, because in one important respect there had been a departure from the first principle of an ironclad. That originally signified a craft the greater portion of whose exterior had a coat of mail to resist the entry of shell. But in the endeavour in this vessel to keep out all solid projectiles we had increased the thickness of the shield to such an extent that it could be only applied to a small portion of the hull, while the remainder of the ship's side was penetrable by the smallest projectiles. From such an application of armour we have now emancipated ourselves, and returned to a defence more impartially distributed over the various parts of a fighting ship. This return to first principles was gradual, not immediate, for in the vessels that followed the "Inflexible," known as the "Admiral" class, comprising the "Collingwood," "Anson," "Howe," "Camperdown," "Benbow," and "Rodney," there was the same limitation in area of defensive armour. These vessels had, however, three great redeeming points—they could steam fast, hit hard, and were of moderate dimensions, for all were under 11,000 tons. There was at that time no inclination here to follow the example of Italy in building monster ironclads. Indeed an opinion prevailed in some quarters that the end of such armoured vessels was at hand, for what reason I have never been able to understand. I have, however, a distinct recollection of a prominent official alluding to the "Nile" and "Trafalgar," two of our most powerful turret-ships completed not ten years ago, as probably being the last of the race. The unwisdom of prophesying unless you know is here exemplified, for a few years later we commenced to build those fine specimens of Naval architecture, the "Royal Sovereign" class, including the "Ramillies," "Repulse," "Resolution," "Royal Oak,"

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"Revenge," and "Empress of India," followed up by others even superior, such as the "Majestic" and "Magnificent," repeated in "Cæsar," "Hannibal," "Illustrious," "Jupiter," "Mars," "Prince George," "Victorious." We have in them the best combination of turret or barbette and broadside—four heavy guns in pairs at the extremities, and a powerful broadside fire of lighter ordnance, but which in rapidity of working and in accuracy are immeasurably superior to the guns mounted on the broadside of our early ironclads. We may see in these vessels a resemblance to even a more ancient construction—the two decked and three decked ships—for in the "Royal Sovereign" and those which followed her, the secondary armament is in two tiers on decks, one above the other, crowned by the small quick-fire guns higher up, completing the parallel. Thus does history repeat itself. Each "Majestic," when complete, represents the expenditure of a million of money in labour and material, as compared with £115,000, the cost of a three decker in 1837; but the displacement has also advanced from 3,000 to 15,000 tons.

Latest Phase.—It may be the contemplation of what the loss of one such vessel involves that has led us to commence a number of others in which a reduction in size to 13,000 tons is made. The "Ocean" class, with "Renown," "Albion," "Canopus," "Glory," and "Goliath," will combine the best features of the "Majestic," but they will carry less weight of armour. The Harvey process of hardening the face of this portion of a ship's equipment enables it now to resist the attack of projectiles which would have easily penetrated double the thickness of the wrought iron originally used for ship defence, and hence armour has once more come on an equality with the gun. It remains to be seen whether the latter will again resume the mastery.

Change in Cruisers.—If there is much to marvel at in the first-class battle-ship of to-day, may we not also view with admiration the wonderful advance made with that type of warship now generally known as the cruiser. Sixty years ago it was represented by the sailing frigate under 2,000 tons, of which it was poetically said that she walked the water like a thing of life. Thirty years later she had given place to the wooden screw frigate, of which the highest development was seen in the "Inconstant," of nearly 6,000 tons and 16 knots speed. She was the last of the wooden vessels of this type, for iron or steel was necessary to obtain rigidity for a hull palpitating with machinery of the required power. Then followed a series of vessels—which it would take a volume to describe—all tending towards increased steam speed, until we have arrived at the "Powerful" and the "Terrible," assimilating to those great liners which now cross the Atlantic with a punctuality almost equal to that of our railways traversing the kingdom.

First-Class Cruisers.—The "Powerful" and her sister have a maximum speed of twenty-two knots an hour, and carry enough coal to travel over 20,000 miles at ten knots. To obtain these advantages it has been necessary to construct them of dimensions equal to the battle-ships, and thus we now have cruisers of 14,000 tons. It is difficult to say whether we have approached finality in this type. The power required to propel such immense structures with greater velocity increases enormously with these higher speeds, so that, at present, I doubt if we shall see such progress as the past decade has witnessed.

Second-Class Cruisers.—Such has been the demand for more speed and a larger coal supply that a second-class cruiser is now a vessel of 5,700 tons, or equal in size to the "Inconstant," the largest specimen of 1867. The "Furious," "Gladiator," "Isis," "Juno," and "Minerva" are a useful type, but it is a question whether their armament has not been unduly diminished in favour of other qualities. This also applies with greater force to the largest cruisers now building.

Torpedo Craft.—It is equally difficult to foretell what influence the torpedo may have upon future Naval construction, until it has been subjected to the searching test of a great maritime war. The torpedo-boat and its antidote, the destroyer, especially the latter, are of modern growth, but represent more a development in propulsion than in Naval architecture generally. That a craft of 300 tons should, however, be constructed capable of travelling on the sea at the rate of thirty-two knots an hour, or thirty-six miles in that time, is, however, a mavellous tribute to the skill of design this form of steam-ship displays. The "Hornet," "Daring," and "Snapper" are representatives of a class now numerous in our Fleet with speeds varying from 27 to 30 knots. They are not larger than our gun-boats, which in former times were a good training school for young officers. The "Destroyer" has taken their place, and affords far better training for modern service.

Design and Construction.—Such has been the progress of Naval architecture during the Queen's reign, with which as designers the names of Sir Isaac Watts, Sir Edward Reed, Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, and Sir William White are connected, and though no occasion has arisen to submit our ships to a severer trial than can be afforded by the simulations of warfare in our annual Naval manœuvres, we have confidence in the result when a ruder demand is made upon their services. Fortunately, we have passed through the experimental stage, and our squadrons are now more homogeneous in the types of vessels composing them than they have been for many years. Amongst the many advantages this confers is one of great importance—that of ships manœuvring together at a speed and with a certainty not before attained. Though 100-ft. longer than most of the early ironclads, our later vessels with their twin screws are more easily handled and their turning powers are much increased. If this is of importance in ordinary manœuvring, how great a factor it becomes in the fighting efficiency of a fleet when opposed to another without such uniformity of type. We are now proceeding steadily, and on well-assured lines, in developing our Navy; and its restoration to a position it held at the beginning of the century will hereafter, I believe, be considered the special feature of a reign glorious in every respect.

The Royal Marines.

By Major A. F. Gatliff.

The Expansion of the Empire.—From the days of Elizabeth down to this Jubilee year of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, the British Empire has never ceased to expand, and in the process of Empire building so markedly characteristic of this glorious reign, the Royal Marines have played a very considerable part. Whenever the realm over sea has been a-making, that force whose proud motto is "Per Mare, per Terram" has been represented, and except on the Indian frontier, wherever hard knocks were to be given or got in any quarter of the globe, "'Er Majesty's Jollies" have been strenuously engaged, bearing themselves nobly as seasoned warriors. Small wars, big wars, boat fights, sea fights, struggle and battle, wherever waged, have been all as one to those who are "soldiers and sailors too."

Especially has it fallen to their lot to do and die manfully in the numerous un-newspapered expeditions

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand"

—expeditions now long forgotten, whose only record is in the musty archives of the past, and in lone graves by swamp and jungle. Constant experience of warfare in divers countries and sundry places, now part of the Queen's dominions, has given them a readinesss and resource proverbial throughout our Sovereign's Service.

Some Fights and a Moral.—Merely to enumerate the warlike exploits of the great Sea Regiment would fill pages, and it will only be possible to briefly refer to a few of their achievements during the past sixty years. In 1837 a battalion of Royal Marines—clad in gorgeous, tight-waisted, high-stocked coatees, white trousers, and lofty, outspreading shakoes—co-operated with the Spanish Forces under Sir De Lacey Evans, and took part in the battles of Ametzagana and Ernani and Irun, on one occasion successfully withstanding an attack by the whole Carlist Army. The following extract from general orders proves that discipline was as conspicuous a Marine virtue at the beginning of the Queen's reign as now:—"The unshaken firmness of the British Royal Marines in repulsing, as they did, four times their number afforded a noble example of the irresistible force of military organisation and discipline which the Army should be proud to emulate." Two years later detachments of the corps took part in the operations about Bushire, in Persia, and helped to capture the Biblical sea-ports of Tyre and Sidon. More than half a century afterwards those historic cities which had experienced British prowess in war were witnesses of British sorrow in peace, for it was almost within sight of them that the "Victoria" sank for ever below the sun-lit waves of the Gulf of Tripoli. In that terrible disaster the splendid discipline of the Royal Marines was again manifested, and the 68 men of the corps who were drowned went to their doom like heroes. In 1842 a Marine detachment was the first to occupy the newly-acquired island of Hong Kong, which had come under British rule as a result of two years' empiring in China. Here a fight and there a fight, with operations in Burma and the taking of Prome and Pegu, filled in the time till the Russian War. In that struggle the Marines had a brigade at Balaclava and Sebastopol, and others of them took part on ship board in the Baltic and Black Sea bombardments. For their services generally during the war the Red Marines were made Light Infantry in 1855.

Work in Asia and Africa.—During the Indian Mutiny the Marine detachment of the "Pearl" acted valiantly in the bloody fights at Bhoolpore and Fort Belawa, while their comrades serving in China performed prodigies of valour at the Peiho, at the White Cloud Mountain, and at the taking of the Taku Forts, with a welcome and lucrative interlude

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spent in sacking the Summer Palace at Pekin. New Zealand and the Maories at the Gate Pah, and Japan, whe.e Simonosaki is not a pleasant memory, next occupied the attention of the corps, which in 1862 was definitely divided into two branches the Royal Marine Artillery being established in that year and located at Eastney. Little was done in the way of fighting till 1873, when trouble arose on the West Coast of Africa. In the Ashanti War the gallant Sir Francis Festing prepared the way for the march to Coomassie and fought a battle on his own account before the chief arrived. King Koffee's sovereign red umbrella which was taken by the corps is now at Windsor Castle. Difficulties occurred at the end of the seventies with various headmen—black and white—in Perak, Zululand, and the Transvaal, and it is a satisfaction to the Royal Marines to remember that while they were successfully engaged at Rathalma, Ekowe, and Ginginhlovo, the corps took no part in the disastrous operations against the Boers.

The Egyptian Campaign.—In 1882, during the stirring events in Egypt, the Royal Marines were very much to the fore in every way. Firstly, at the bombardment of Alexandria; secondly, in the rescue of that city from fire and pillage; thirdly, in every battle up to and including the crowning victory of Tel-el-Kebir, where, alas! many fell; and finally in the reviews in Cairo and London. To mark Her Majesty's appreciation of the brilliant services of the corps in the campaign, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was appointed its honorary colonel. Both in Egypt and in the military operations that took place three years later at Suakin and up the Nile, the Marine Force was attached to the Brigade of Guards, with whom also in peace manœuvres a close intimacy has since been established. Teb and Tamaii, Abu-Klea and Abu-Krea, Gubat and Metemmeh, Hasheen and Tofrek, are all names well known to the corps from actual stress of fight under Sir Henry Tuson, and from the experiences of the Guards' and Marines' Camel Regiment. In 1894 the brilliant little expedition against Fodi Silah on the Gambia was successfully carried through by the corps; and last year, when the advance to Dongola was decided upon, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army confided the command of one of his brigades to a Red Marine, and the command of one of his gun-boats to a Blue Marine.

The Sea Regiment.—Finally, in this the sixtieth year of this famous epoch, the process of Empire making is still going on with unabated vigour, resource, skill, and heroism, and the recent little campaign in Benin has proved that the officers and men of the corps are just as ready and willing as ever to lay down their lives for Queen and country. In civil disturbances the Marines have rendered notable service, and were specially thanked by the Viceroy for what they did in Dublin at the time of the Invincibles. Steadfast amidst turbulence at home, foremost in honour abroad, they have proved an inspiring source of confidence wherever employed. A great leader has said of them, "There never was an appeal made to them for honour, courage, or loyalty that they did not more than realise my highest expectations." The corps will never cease to be proud of the great honour of having received new colours from the Queen's own gracious hands, and it may confidently be affirmed that Her Majesty has no more loyal and devoted servants than her Royal Marine Forces.

The Progress of Marine Engineering, 1837-97.

By a FLEET ENGINEER, R.N.

The Earliest Steam Vessels.—The history of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria will ever be identified with the history and development of steam navigation. As far back as the year 1801, a small steamer, the "Charlotte Dundas," had been built, and later, as the result of further experiments, the Government in 1822 constructed the "Comet," a small paddle vessel fitted with two engines of 40 horse-power each. She in turn was followed by the "Lightning," "Echo," "Confiance," "Columbia," and "Dee," the latter vessel having side lever engines of 240 nominal horse-power, capable of propelling the ship at seven knots, steam being supplied from flue boilers at 6-lb. pressure per square inch. It was sufficient in those days that boilers would raise steam and engines could be driven.

Trans-Atlantic Passages under Steam.—In the year 1838, shortly after the accession of the Queen, a new impetus was given to the science of steam navigation. Long voyages were attempted, and a most remarkable event occurred. The two paddle steam-ships "Sirius" and "Great Western" made the first passages under steam across the Atlantic! Ericsson, to whose genius many of the developments of the marine engine are due, had in the preceding year designed the first screw vessel, and had succeeded in towing the Admiralty barge with the Lords Commissioners on board, from Somerset House to Blackwall at the rate of 10 knots per hour. Propulsion by means of the screw found at the time but little favour, although it has since entirely superseded all other methods. It was not really until 1842 that the Admiralty laid down the first screw steam vessel, the "Mermaid"—subsequently renamed the "Dwarf"—but the first screw man-of-war was the "Rattler," which was supplied with engines of 200 horse-power nominal.

Introduction of Tubular Boilers, Higher Steam Pressures, and Compound Engines.—In 1843 the first tubular boiler was introduced, while a change was made in the system of driving the paddle shafts by fitting oscillating cylinders, a plan still in use in the few paddle wheel vessels yet in existence. The "Amphion," of 300 horse-power, succeeded the "Rattler," and in 1845 as many as nineteen sets of screw engines were ordered for the Navy, the engines being fitted with jet condensers and consuming from 4-lb. to 5-lb. of coal per hour per horse-power developed. In the year 1860 the surface condenser was introduced, and with the use of this came also higher pressures of steam and an improvement in coal economy. The compound engine also made its appearance about this time, and although not a success in the first instance in which it was tried, its advantages were so obvious that it was not long before its adoption became general.

Development of Screw Propulsion.—In the meantime the screw propeller had also shown its superiority over the paddle wheel, and had been generally fitted in war-ships. The compound engine, which required steam of much higher pressure than had hitherto been used, brought as its natural accompaniment an improved type of boiler, and so the old square box boilers became superseded by the cylindrical form of boiler, at that time capable of generating steam of about 60-lb. per square inch. The result of these changes was increased power in the engines, more speed in the ships, and a further improvement in coal consumption.

Increase in Horse-power and Speed.—In 1868 the ironclad "Penelope" was built and fitted with two sets of screw propelling engines, and the twin screw system has since become universal in our men-of-war. By the year 1870 the horse-power in some of our war vessels had increased to as much as 8,000, and the speed to 15½ knots per hour, but we had hitherto adhered to the horizontal type of engine, and continued to do so for the next ten years, the two cruisers "Iris" and "Mercury" affording perhaps the finest examples of this kind of engine, which, in the case of the latter ship, was capable of propelling her at nearly 19 knots an hour. It became evident, however, that horizontal engines were unsuitable for the high speeds being demanded, and so the vertical inverted type of engine came into use.

Change in Type of Engines, Advent of Forced Draught, and Adoption of Water-Tube Boilers.—In the year 1886, the first triple expansion engine made its appearance in the Navy, in the "Rattlesnake," and this kind of engine, owing to its superior economy in the matter of fuel and other advantages, has rapidly superseded all other types. At the same time, with this further development of the compound engine came the possibility of using steam of much higher pressures, and owing to the demand for extreme lightness of machinery and boilers, especially in torpedo vessels, the locomotive marine boiler was adopted for small craft. Forced draught was also applied to the boilers, by means of which a much greater generation of steam was obtained to meet the growing demands for extreme power and speed, but the system of forced draught was employed to such an extent that the boilers became overworked and defective, and the untrustworthy condition of many of our newest ships gave matter for serious national concern. Out of evil, however, has come good. As soon as it was sufficiently demonstrated that the cylindrical and locomotive types of boiler were unsuitable for the more rapid generation of steam, recourse was had to the water-tube boiler. The design of this type of boiler, of which there are many kinds, lends itself admirably to the needs of a war-ship, and its adoption during the last two or three years has become very general on account of its extreme lightness, its ability to stand "forcing" and rough treatment, and because steam of much greater pressure can be obtained by its use.

General Development of Steam Machinery during the Present Reign.—In the latest cylindrical or locomotive boilers in the Navy, steam of 155-lb. pressure has been used. In the water-tube boiler, we already employ steam of 300-lb. pressure. In the earlier steam-ships scarcely any engines except the propelling machines were fitted. To-day some of our largest vessels contain no less than 100 sets of engines, which assist in every function for which the ship exists. In 1837 the speed of our men-of-war was about seven knots; now we possess vessels capable of steaming over thirty knots. The horse-power has increased in the same time from 400 to 25,000 and the steam pressure from 4-lb. to 300-lb. per square inch; the

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weight of machinery per unit of horse-power has also been so much reduced that, whereas it formerly took 5-cwt. of engines and boilers to produce one horse-power, we now get the same results in some of our largest vessels for 1 4-5-cwt., and in our torpedo craft for much less than this. In 1837, it took no less than 4-lb. or 5-lb. of coal to obtain one horse-power per hour in the engines, to-day we get the same power for 1¼-lb. of coal. The marvellous changes due to the birth and development of steam engineering and its kindred sciences have produced corresponding progress in civilisation and in the comfort of the human race during the present reign, but nowhere have these changes and their resulting advantages been more marked than in the vessels of the British Navy.

Advance in Naval Gunnery.

By Captain H. Garbett, R.N.

Great as has been the advance made in every branch of science during the sixty years of the present reign, it may safely be said that in no branch has more astounding progress been shown than in that of Naval gunnery. It is more than progress—it is nothing short of a revolution which has been effected in those dread "Crakys of War," as they were termed in the 14th century, in the handling of which, during the last four centuries, English seamen have shown themselves so singularly proficient, as has been attested in many a hard-fought action from the glorious days when the Spanish Armada was swept out of the Channel, down to the still more glorious triumph of Trafalgar. And what is more remarkable is that this revolution, the greatest since the introduction of gunpowder first revolutionised warfare, has been effected only during the last thirty-five years of Her Majesty's reign.

The Nature of the Guns in Use from 1837 to the Conclusion of the War with Russia.—In 1837 our ships of war were armed with very much the same ordnance as had been in use during the preceding 300 years, the heaviest gun mounted being the long 32-pounder, which weighed 56-cwt., and was 9-ft. 6-in. long. In 1838, the year following Her Majesty's accession, however, a most important advance was made by the introduction into the Navy of the 8-in. 65-cwt. gun, which threw a hollow shot or shell weighing 56-lb. It may be as well to explain that the calibre or diameter of the bore of a gun is always expressed in inches, thus by an 8-in. gun is meant a gun of 8-in. calibre. Some two years later the 68-pounder 95-cwt. gun, designed by Colonel Dundas, was brought into the Service, and although too heavy for use on the broadside of the ships of that date, it was mounted as a pivot-gun in the then new steam paddle sloops and frigates, and at the time of the war with Russia, was mounted as the forecastle pivot-gun in all the new steam-ships of the line, and steam frigates. This 68-pounder was the heaviest solid shot fired from a smooth-bore gun in the Navy.

The Causes of the Revolution.—The revolutionary era in Naval gunnery was, however, now impending. The experience during the Crimean campaign showed that guns with greater range than the existing smooth-bore weapons possessed had become a necessity in view of the greatly-increased range of the new rifle with which troops were armed; and, secondly, which was the most important from a Naval point of view, the terrible havoc wrought on the Turkish Fleet at Sinope, by the shell-guns of the Russian ships, and the damage inflicted on our own vessels at the bombardment of Sebastopol by similar projectiles, showed that the death-knell of wooden ships had rung, while, on the other hand, the invulnerability of the French armoured floating batteries, specially constructed to withstand the Russian shell fire, to the heaviest shot fired from the Russian forts during the bombardment of Kinburn, proved that smooth-bore ordnance and spherical projectiles were powerless to penetrate iron armour even so weak as that of the French vessels, which was only 4-in. thick.

The First Armstrong Breech-loading Rifled Guns.—In the latter part of 1854, Mr., now Lord, Armstrong submitted plans to the Government for the construction on quite a new principle of a rifled field-gun, which plans were approved, and six guns ordered. Two years passed before the guns were completed, owing to the difficulties experienced in the new method of construction, but these being overcome some four years later (1860-61), six different natures of Armstrong guns were introduced into the Service, viz., the 7-in. 100-pounder, and the 40, 20, 12, 9, and 6 pounders. Instead of the gun being cast, Lord Armstrong's system of construction was to build it up of separate parts, beginning from an A tube or barrel, over which were shrunk a breech-piece, and from three to six different coils or jackets, according to the size of the gun The breech was closed by a vent-piece, dropped into a slot in the breech-piece, and screwed up tight by a breech screw; it was found in practice, however, that there was nothing to prevent the gun being fired before the breech was properly closed, and some serious accidents having occurred, particularly at the bombardment of Kagosima, in 1863, through vent-pieces being blown out from their not having been properly screwed up, the larger guns were withdrawn from use, and the adoption of breech-loading rifled guns was consequently postponed in England for many years. In spite of this first check, Lord Armstrong has had the satisfaction of seeing his method of construction adopted for all the later types of rifled guns which have succeeded his first efforts, and this triumph, even if it stood alone, must be a most gratifying tribute to his genius.

The Necessity for the Rifled Gun.—By 1864 it had become evident that the heaviest spherical projectile from a smooth-bore gun was quite inadequate to penetrate the armour now being universally adopted for ships, and experiments further showed that it was only to projectiles of an elongated form, combining as much weight as possible with small diameter, that the velocity and penetrating force could be given which could cope successfully with the new defensive powers afforded to ships by armour-plating. Rifled guns thus became an absolute necessity.

First Introduction of Rifled Muzzle-Loading Guns.—After a long series of experiments, rifled muzzle-loading guns were adopted in 1865, and the great contest between guns and armour, which has lasted ever since, began. The first of the new guns was the 7-in. 6½-ton gun, which threw a solid 115-lb. projectile, and almost every succeeding year saw a heavier and yet heavier gun brought out, until, in 1875, the first 80-ton gun, known as the Woolwich Infant, was produced. Only four of these guns were, however, sent afloat, and they were mounted in the turrets of the "Inflexible" in 1881. As finally constructed, the 80-ton gun threw a projectile 1,700-lb. in weight, which had an extreme range of about seven miles—a marvellous advance, indeed, when it is remembered that twenty years previously our heaviest gun was the 68-pounder, with an extreme range of some 4,000 yards. The 80-ton gun was the last of the muzzle-loading guns, as even while it was under construction a fresh change was in progress and the muzzle-loader was already becoming obsolete.

Introduction of Steel Breech-Loading Guns.—As the guns grew, so had the thickness of the armour, and to cope successfully with the improved and thicker armour-plating of ships, higher velocities and increased penetrating power were required from guns, and this could only be obtained by giving them greater length, which would render loading from the muzzle extremely difficult. So, as the result of exhaustive trials carried out at Elswick and Woolwich, the manufacture of breech-loading ordnance was again commenced in 1881, and from that date down to the present time immense strides have been made, not only in the methods of construction of the guns, but in giving them greater power and vastly increased rapidity of fire. The new guns were made of steel alone, although the method of building up remained the same, and they ranged in calibre from the 4-in. 26-cwt. to the 16·2-in. 111-ton gun; only six of these latter, however, were ever mounted in ships, as they were found to be too cumbrous, and from their great length displayed undoubted signs of weakness. Most of our modern battle-ships are armed with the 67-ton gun, which throws a 1,250-lb. projectile; but even this gun, a good and formidable weapon as it is, has now been discarded in the new ships of the "Majestic" class in favour of a 46-ton gun, throwing only a projectile of 850-lb. in weight. These are the new wire guns, so called because many miles of wire ribbon are wound round the inner tube before the outer hoops are put on. The idea of using wire ribbon for strengthening guns is due to the late Dr. Longridge, and after long experiments, extending over some years, the system has been finally adopted in England for new guns of all classes, the first wire guns being mounted in the "Majestic" and "Magnificent" in the autumn of 1895. With regard to the substitution of smaller guns in place of such enormous weapons as the 111-ton gun, it may be as well to point out that one disadvantage attaching to the heavier gun is, that it cannot be worked as quickly as the smaller ones; for instance, under favourable circumstances two rounds can be fired in a couple of minutes or even less from the 67-ton gun, while it takes two minutes and a half for two rounds from the 111-ton gun. Another point of importance is, that the bigger the gun, the shorter is its life, and the life of the 110-ton gun cannot be reckoned at more than from seventy-five to eighty full charges, *i.e.*, if an average gun of that size has fired seventy-five full charges, its projectile might not be rotated, and would consequently be liable to a complete loss of accuracy, this result being due to the bore at the end of the chamber being worn away, in consequence of the heavy charges, to such an extent that the driving band on the projectile overrides the rifling. With the 67-ton gun 110 full charges could probably be fired before this happened, while from a 6-in. gun from 400 to 450 rounds can be fired.

(Continued on page 85.)

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THE ERA OF IRON, STEEL, AND STEAM.

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON IN 1863.

THE Channel Squadron of 1863 was the first which could lay claim to the title of an ironclad squadron, being composed of the "Warrior," "Black Prince," "Resistance," "Defence," and "Royal Oak," with the "Edgar" (flag-ship) and "Emerald" and "Liverpool" (frigates) as the representatives of the old school. During their summer cruise round the British Isles in 1863 the Squadron naturally excited the deepest interest, and the ironclads were so crowded with visitors that it was almost impossible to get any work done. On approaching Liverpool with a fine fair wind, as represented in the illustration, Admiral Dacres, determined to demonstrate that the old school of seamanship was not yet defunct, kept the canvas on his ships until well into the estuary, and the wooden vessels only shortened sail at the anchorage, to the huge delight of thousands of spectators along the docks and afloat in steamers.

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TYPES OF THE BRITISH FLEET, 1857-67.

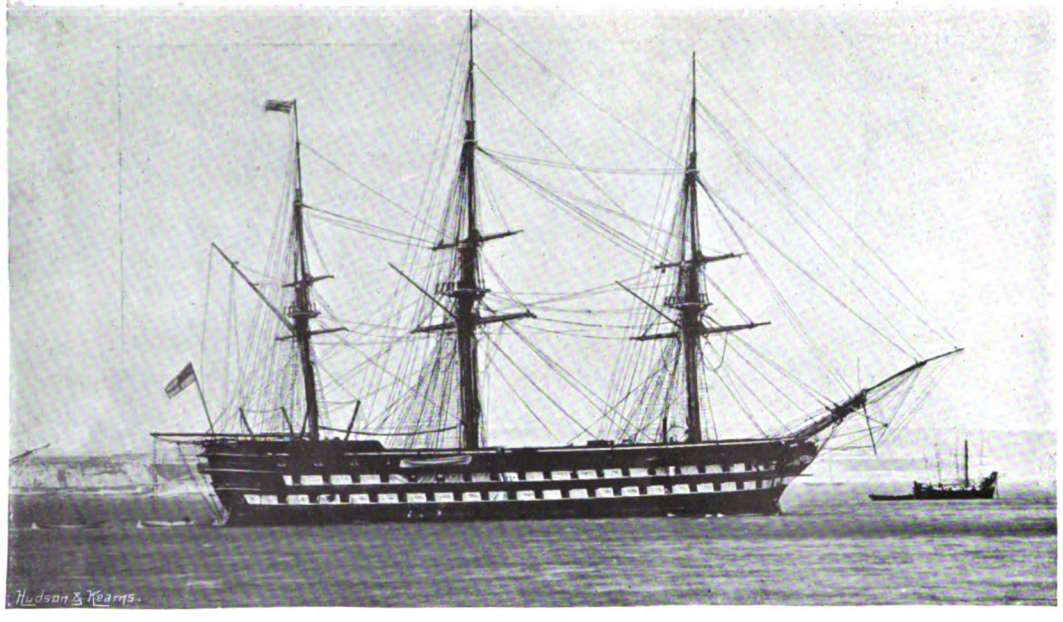

Photo. LONG. Plymouth.

H.M. Line of Battle Steam-ship "Revenge" (73)

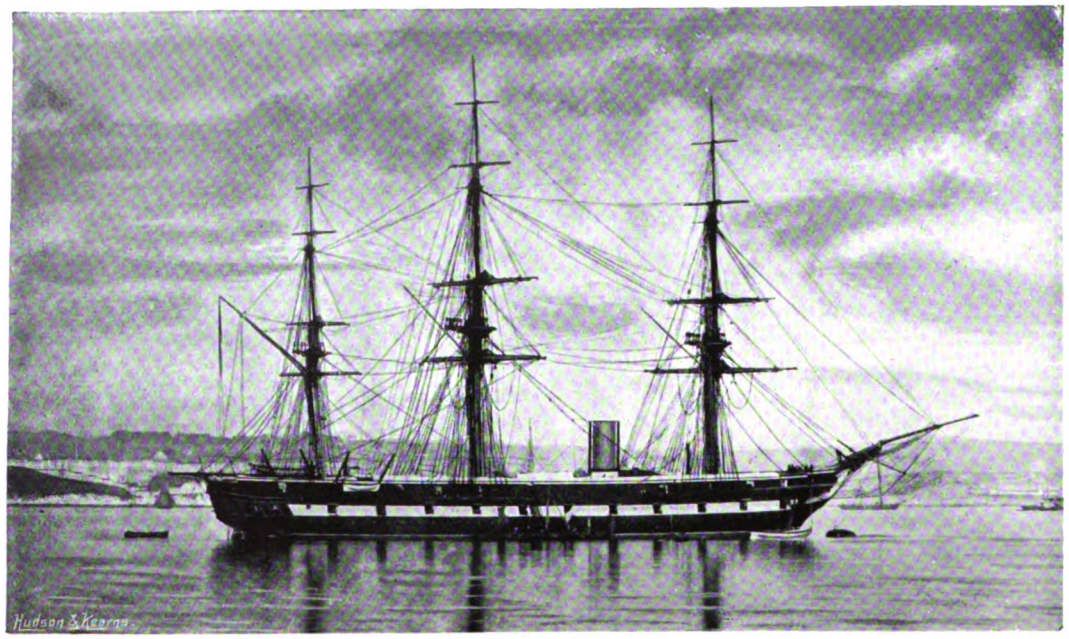

Photo. LONG. **Plymouth.**

H.M. Steam Frigate "Doris" (24).

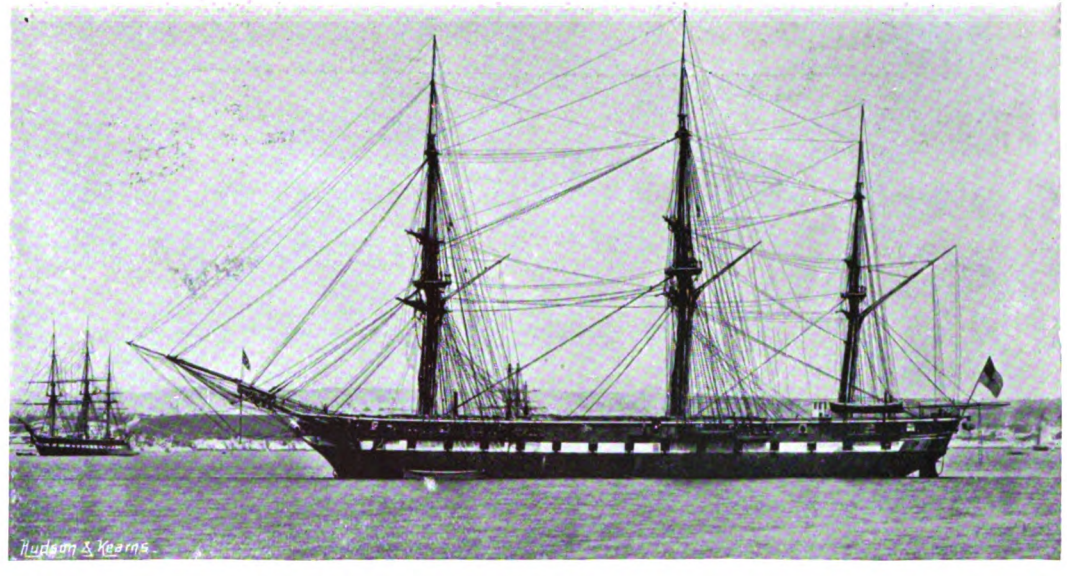

Photo. LONG. Plymouth.

H.M. Steam Frigate "Liverpool" (35).

Photo. WEST & SON. Southsea.

H.M. Steam Frigate "Valorous" (16).

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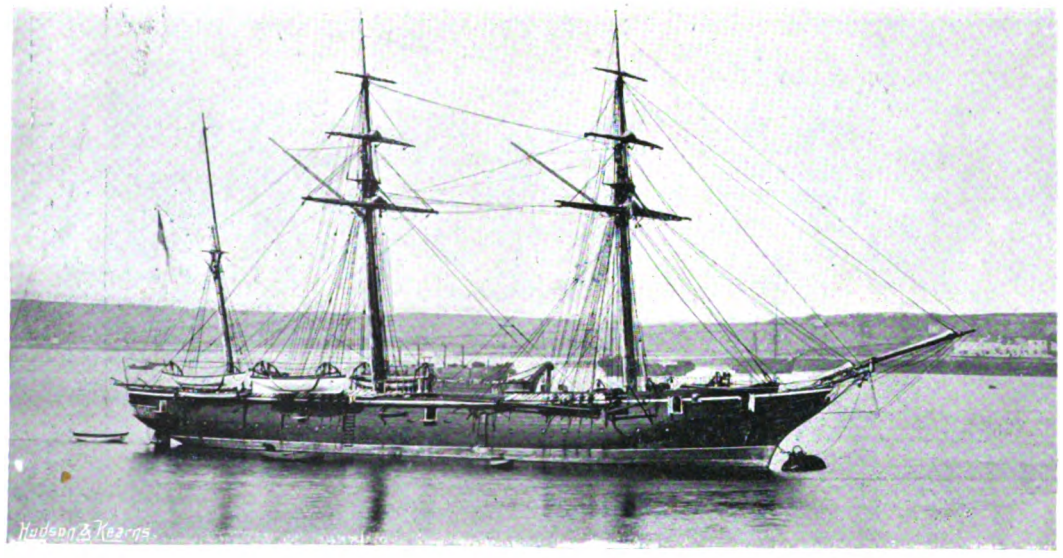
TYPES OF THE BRITISH FLEET, 1857-67.

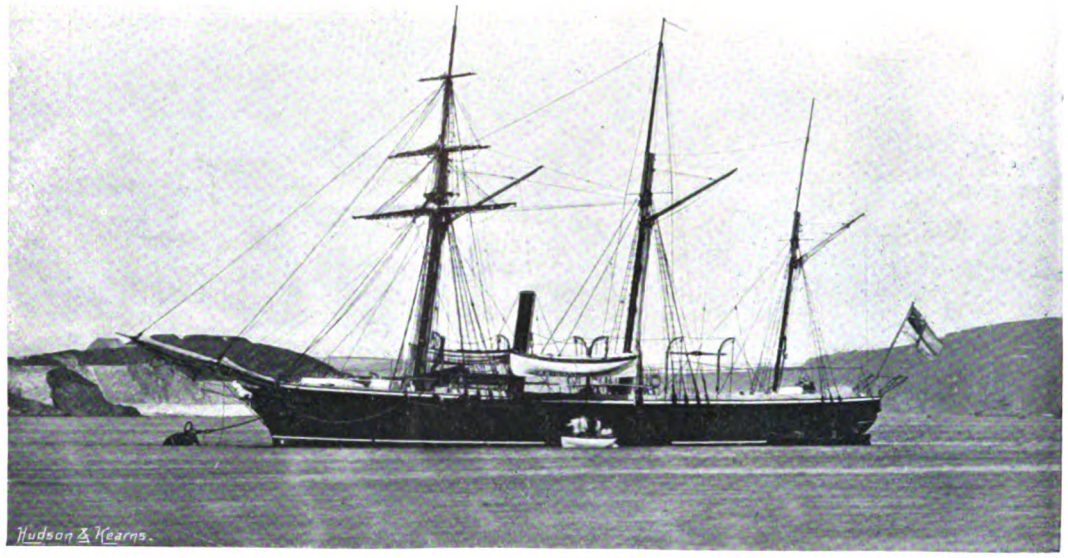
H.M. Steam Corvette "Cadmus" (21).

H.M. Surveying Vessel "Nassau" (5).



Photos. LONG.

H.M. Steam Sloop "Peterel" (3).



H.M. Gun Vessel "Cygnet" (5).

Plymouth.

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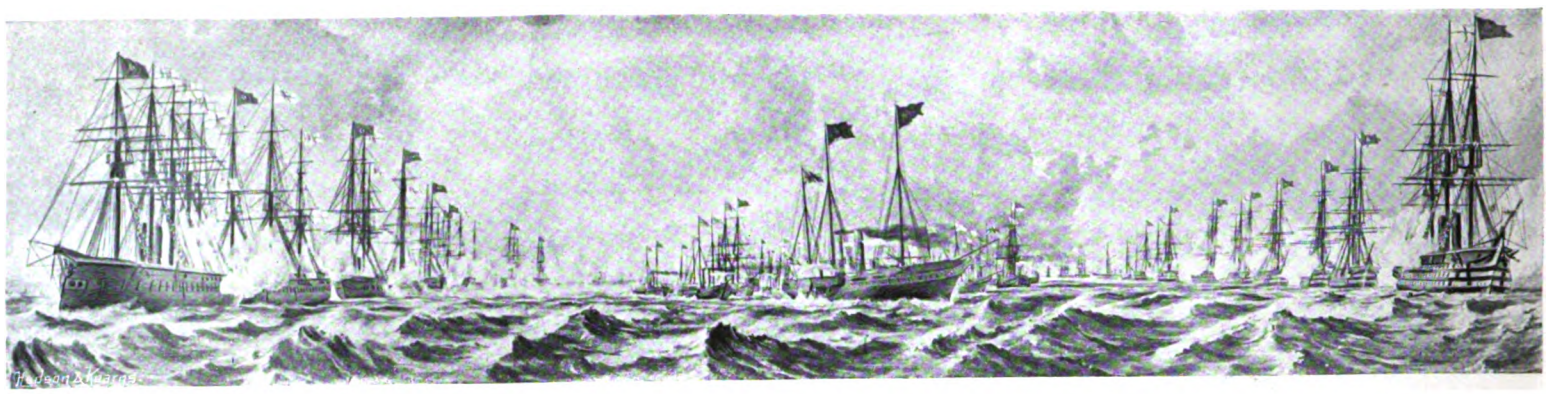

Reproduced *From a Painting.*

NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD, 1867.

Photo. WEST & SON *Southsea.*

NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD, 1887.

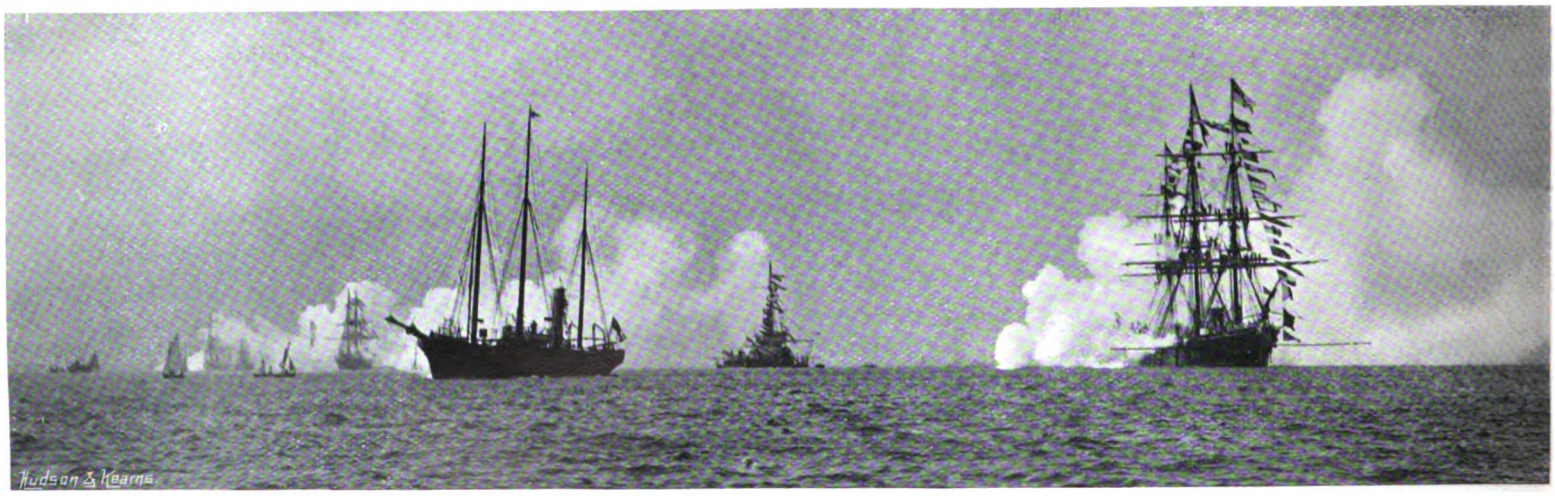

Photo. WEST & SON *Southsea.*

NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD. 1887.

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. *Portsmouth.*

NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD, 1889.

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TYPES OF BRITISH IRONCLAD SHIPS, Circa 1867-77.

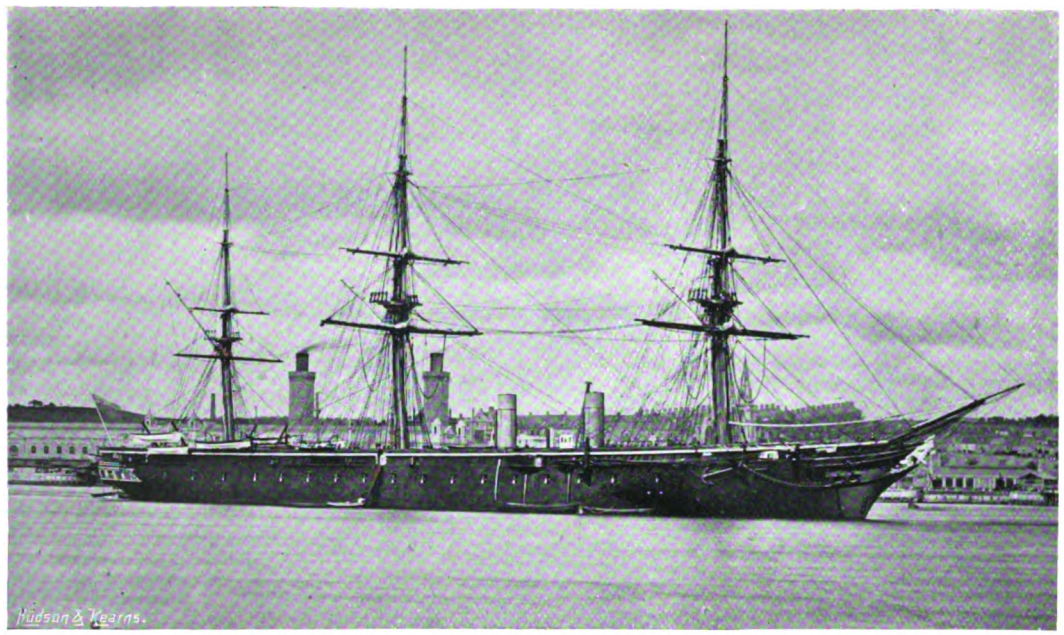

Photo. LONG. *Plymouth.*

H.M.S. "Warrior" (completed 1861).

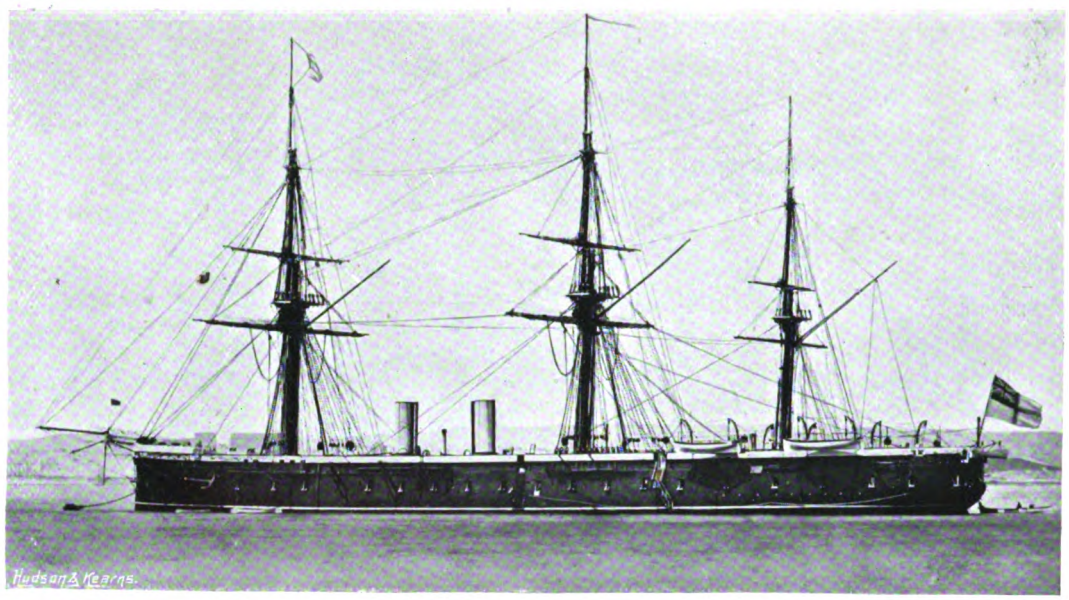

Photo. LONG. *Plymouth.*

H.M.S. "Achilles" (completed 1864).

Photo. LONG. *Plymouth.*

H.M.S. "Caledonia" (completed 1864).

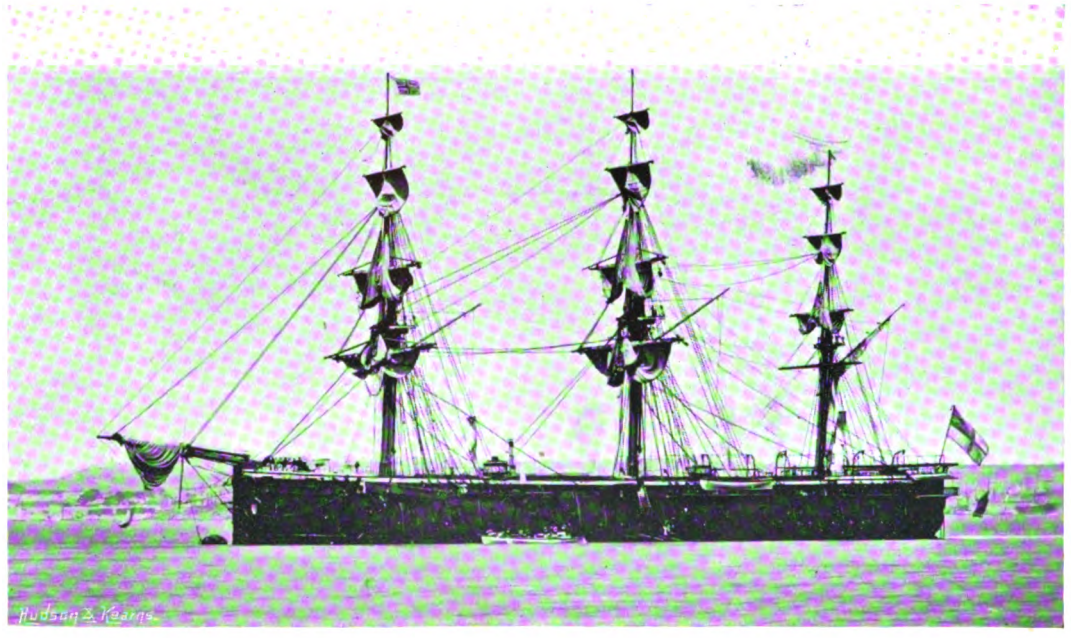

Photo. WEST & SON. *Southsea.*

H.M.S. "Lord Warden" (completed 1865).

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TYPES OF BRITISH IRONCLAD SHIPS, Circa 1867-77.

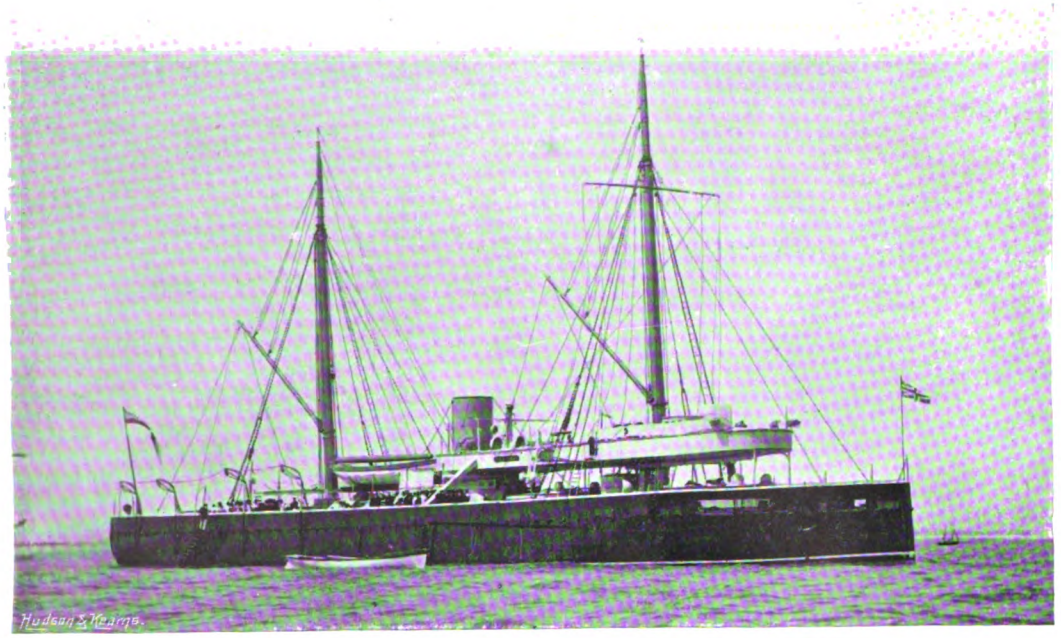
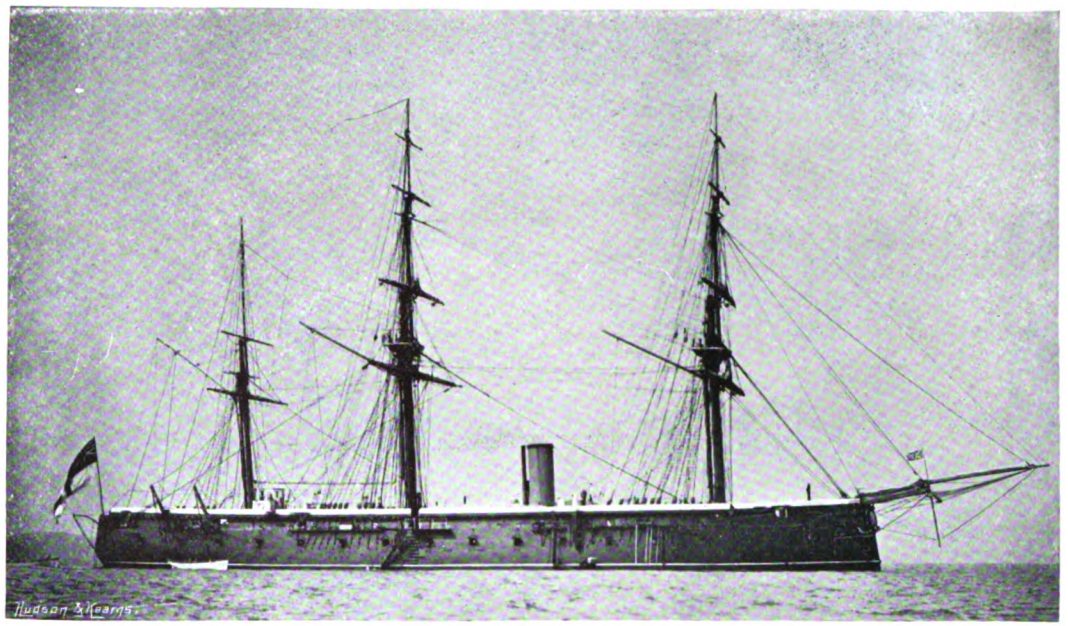


Photo. WEST & SON. *Southsea.*

H.M.S. "Prince Albert" (completed 1866).



Ph to. WEST & SON. *Southsea.*

H.M.S. "Valiant" (completed 1866).

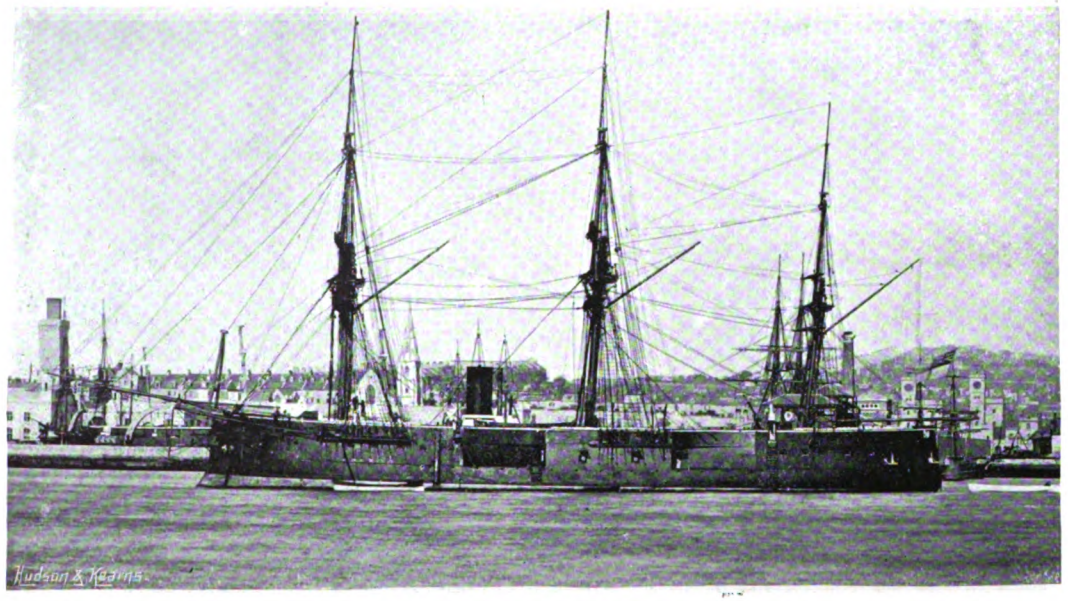


Photo. LONG. *Plymouth.*

H.M.S. "Pallas" (completed 1865).

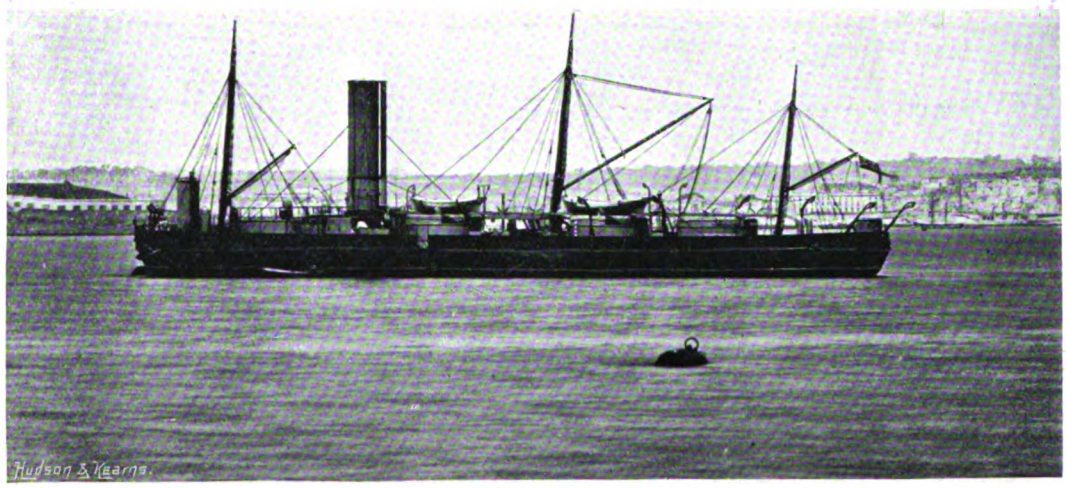


Photo. LONG. *Plymouth.*

H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign" (completed 1864).

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

THIS picture represents the "Inflexible" and other vessels at the bombardment of Alexandria, 11th July, 1882. The "Inflexible," with her 81-ton guns, took a prominent part in the action, and one of her huge shells dismounted a 10-in. gun in one of the batteries, turning it end over end, and killing the whole gun detachment. The other vessels engaged were the "Sultan," "Superb," and "Alexandra," acting in concert against one group of guns; the "Invincible" (carrying the flag of Sir Beauchamp Seymour), "Monarch," and "Penelope" against another; the "Téméraire," in the Boghaz Pass, assisting the latter; and the gun vessels "Beacon," "Condor," "Bittern," "Cygnet," and "Decoy" kept in reserve. The rebels fought their guns better than was expected, and Lord Charles Beresford, in the "Condor," was complimented by the admiral for singly engaging the Marabut batteries. Mr. Harding, gunner, of the "Alexandra," received the Victoria Cross for extinguishing a live shell.

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TYPES OF THE BRITISH FLEET, 1877-87.

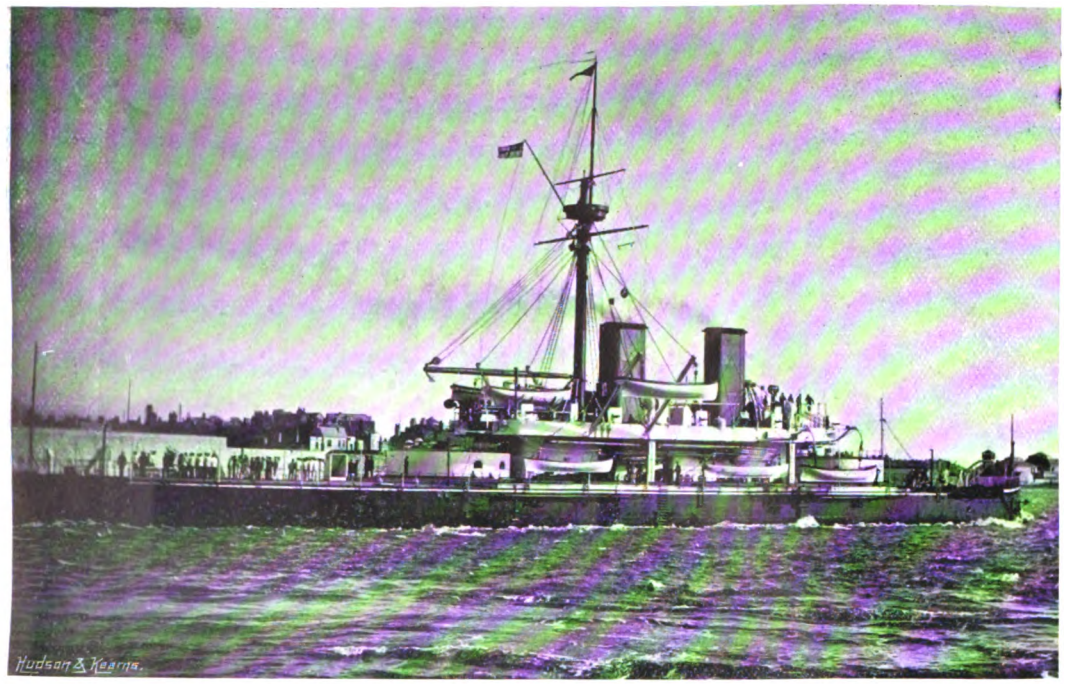

Photo. WEST & SON. *Southsea.*

H.M.S. "Dreadnought" (completed 1875).

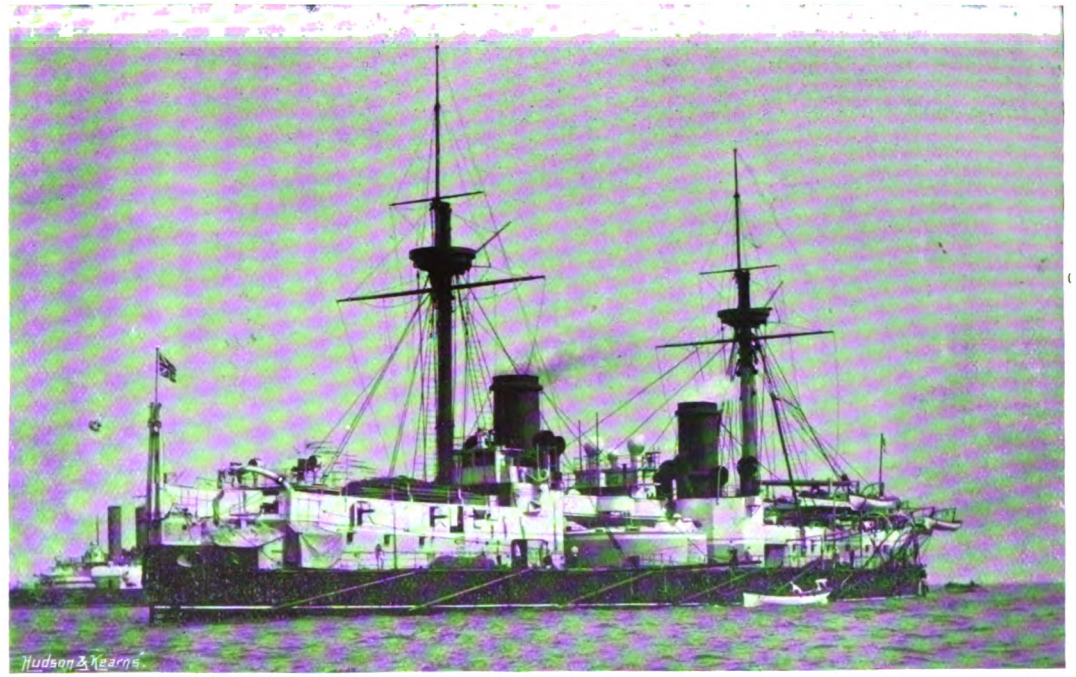

Photo. WEST & SON. *Southsea.*

H.M.S. "Inflexible" (completed 1881).

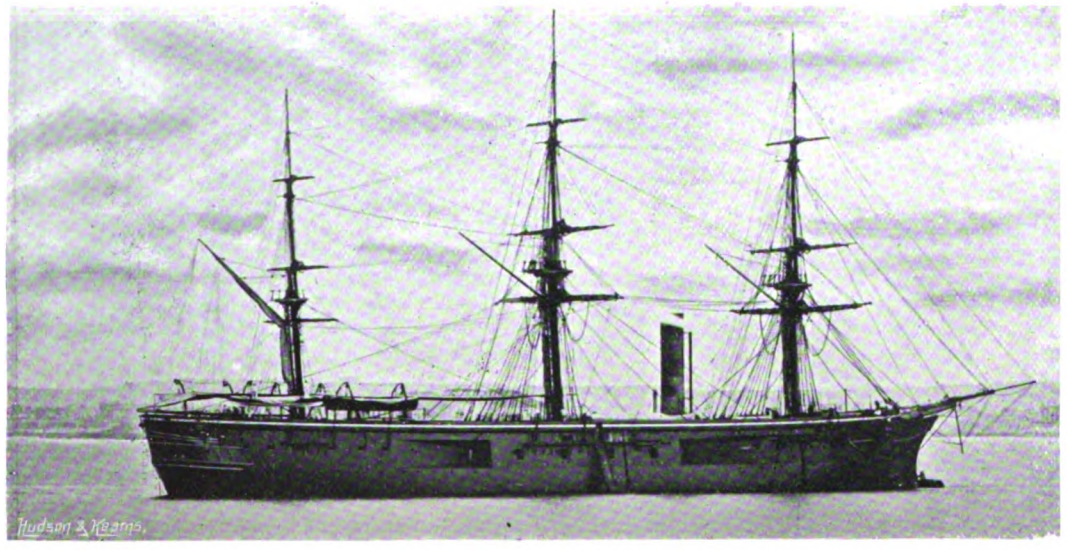

Photo. LONG. *Plymouth.*

H.M.S. "Penelope" (completed 1868).

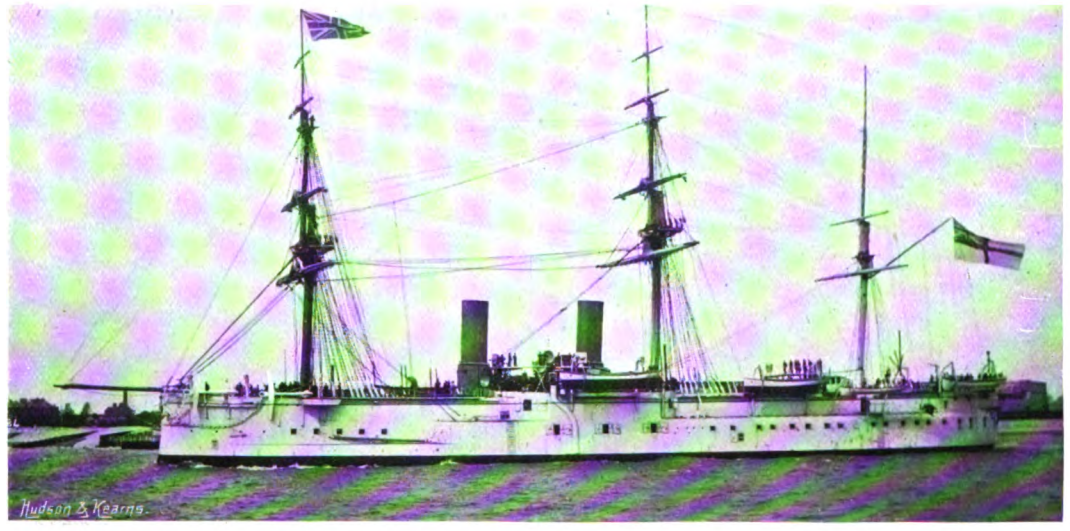

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. *Portsmouth.*

H.M.S. "Alexandra" (completed 1877).

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The Introduction of Quick-Firing Guns.—What are known as quick-firing guns were first introduced some ten years ago as a defence against torpedo-boats. The earliest of these guns were the 3 and 6 pounder quick-firing guns invented by the well-known gun manufacturers, Mr. Nordenfelt and Mr. Hotchkiss. There is not much to choose between the two systems; both are very effective for their purpose, and with trained men can be depended upon for firing some fifteen rounds per minute, with from ten to twelve hits out of the fifteen. It is to Elswick that we are indebted for the development of the system and for the larger guns of this nature, viz., the 4·7-in. and the 6-in. quick-firing guns, which now form the secondary batteries of our battle-ships and the batteries of our cruisers. The first 4·7-in. guns were introduced into the Service in 1890, and the 6-in. quick-firing guns some two years later. These natures of quick-firing guns have now completely superseded the earlier breech-loading guns in our ships.

Improvement in Gun Mountings.—Want of space prevents my doing more than alluding in the briefest manner possible to the improvements which, equally with the guns, have been made in the mountings during the last thirty years. The old wooden truck carriage, on which guns had been mounted with little or no change for some 300 years, finally disappeared about 1880. Iron carriages and slides working by rollers on racers secured to the deck, were introduced with the first heavy rifled guns in 1865. As the guns increased in size and were mounted in turrets, hydraulic power was adopted for working them; the first ship to be so fitted being the "Thunderer," in 1875. The hydraulic system has been so successful, that it is now the motive power for working all heavy guns, whether mounted in turrets or barbettes. Hydraulic power may, however, be superseded by electricity, which has been tried successfully in two or three of the newest ships for working ammunition hoists and for elevating the guns. It is, however, as yet too early to say how far its use may be carried. The mountings which superseded the truck carriages for the smaller nature of guns are the invention of Mr. Vavasseur; improvements are still being continually made in them, and it is safe to say that the English Naval gun-mountings of the present day are the best in the world, and that much of the success of the new quick-firing guns is due to the ingenuity and mechanical skill which has been displayed in perfecting their mountings.

Difference in the Weight of Projectiles thrown in One Minute by a Three-Decker in 1860 *and a First-Class Battle-ship in* 1897.—In conclusion it may be interesting to state that, whereas in 1860 the "Marlborough," a three-decker of 121 guns, could only throw a broadside of 2,732-lb. in weight in one minute, at the present day the "Majestic," the flag-ship of the Channel Squadron, could in the same time fire some 11,470-lbs. weight of projectiles.

Some of the Naval Needs of the Nation.

By Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N.

So much has been done by the authorities to make the Navy adequate and efficient to our needs, and in so many directions where little has been done there are indications that the little is but the prelude to carrying out a definite policy of defence, that it is with some reluctance I acceded to the request of the Editor to write an article for this number on the present and future needs of the Navy. The enormous progress we have made in the last ten years will be evident to all who witness the Review of 1897, and it affords no little satisfaction to those critics who, both in and out of season, have tried to give authority that assistance which public knowledge of the case and the stimulus of public opinion has provided. While it is unwise to flog the willing horse, or to continue agitating to such an extent that a reaction sets in, it is perhaps just as well that such a spectacle as that of June 26th, affording as it does evidence of past activity, should not be allowed to lull the country into false ideas of what yet remains to be done. It cannot be too clearly realised that defence which is imperfect in any important particulars is almost as useless as no defence at all.

The Personnel.—The chief need of the Navy at the present moment is officers and men for the first fighting line, and a strong and well-trained, well-disciplined Reserve behind them. At the present moment we have only 85,818 officers and men available for manning services; to these we are adding 5,695 for "active service," between now and April, 1898, but it must be remembered that a very large proportion of the 85,818 we have are boys, or lads passed in with very little knowledge of their work; and it will be a very serious matter to draft raw untrained men into ships' companies of this character. The idea of a great many people, whose definition of a good sailor is that of a person who is not sea-sick, is that, when war is declared, there are a number of ratings on board a man-of-war which can be filled by perfectly untrained men from the shore. Even authority seems to share this notion.

When, however, a Naval expert talks of seamen for manning H.M. ships, he does not mean the seamen or combatant class alone. The term covers all the Engine Room Department, stokers, etc., and while outside the berths requiring skilled men there are a great many places which are filled by a less highly-trained class, it is impossible to suppose that, with crews already composed largely of boys, ordinary seamen, and second-class stokers, you can still further leaven the whole by perfectly untrained men from the shore.

Again, "active service ratings," while it necessarily means men for manning war-ships, means also men for recruiting, store ships, depôt ships, despatch vessels, boom defence, manning the auxiliary cruisers of the mercantile marine, and a thousand and one other duties which the "active service ratings of the Fleet alone can fill." We have not enough crews for manning the Fleet alone, much less have we crews enough for all these other duties. The argument that crews will not be required for a certain proportion of the ships, which will be kept in reserve, is most feeble. It is easy to talk of transferring crews from vessels which are damaged or disabled, or which go to the bottom in a Naval action. The practical point will be how to do it, and of this those who use the argument do not appear to have the slightest idea. To man the ships which will be called upon to face the first brunt of action about 105,000 officers and men are required, and every one of these ought to be "active service ratings." To talk of filling up the first fighting line with men from the Reserve is ridiculous. We could not and would not dare at the outbreak of hostilities to break up our ships' companies and fill them up with untrained men. We should have to use, under the present system, the material we have, and fill up fresh ships commissioned almost entirely with Reserve men when we could get them.

To man all that is necessary (as enumerated) in time of war, the first fighting line requires to be about 117,300 strong, and behind them there should be a strong Reserve to replace the casualties of war. It is unlikely that the country would allow as many as 117,000 men to be maintained on a peace footing. The whole system of modern fighting in all countries is to trust to a heavy and efficient Reserve, and therefore we must have a proper system of Reserve, which, while allowing us to take the extra ten or twelve thousand required at the outbreak of war, would also allow a strong second line to be held ready for necessities.

Pay, Prospects, and Retirement.—Great reforms are needed in these directions. The Admirals' List should be increased by the selection of young and able men from the first sixty captains. Those who, from no fault of their own, have not been able to distinguish themselves, should get progressive pay for the time they have served the State. The age for retirement should be lowered. Men of 65 are very rarely physically fit to be entrusted with the fate of Fleets and Empires. There are, no doubt, brilliant exceptions, but the commands of the Navy require something more than experience and sagacity in time of war; men rarely possess at 64 or 65 that energy, dash, nerve, and quickness of decision which means the whole difference between winning and losing a campaign. Statesmen may be different, but a British admiral needs a personal vigour of body and power of action which a Cabinet Minister need not necessarily possess. Full pay in some ranks is insufficient. The lieutenants, who are the backbone of the Service, can only get £21 a month with twenty-one years' service as lieutenant, unless specialists. Commanders get, at the outside, only £36 a month, out of which they have to pay for so many things that it leaves them practically nothing. Half-pay is a standing disgrace to the country. It should be abolished, unless for punishment or at an officer's request. A captain's half-pay after thirty years' service is £23 (less income-tax) a month, and those with less service get less than this. Commanders and lieutenants get from £182 a year to £45 a year.

There are hardly any appointments open to Naval officers outside the Naval Service. Their claims and abilities are ignored. Their duty takes them away from home, and "out of sight out of mind" is a very true summary of the way they are treated.

Promotion from the Lower Deck.—In proportion, the pay of the men is better, but their rations require overhauling, their meal hours to be altered, and when they enter the Coastguard the country should keep its pledges to them, and not dock them in pay and privileges. Promotion from the lower deck should be possible. A class of men educated up to the required standard would soon be found on the lower deck if that were so. The length of this article will not allow me to go into the details of a scheme as suggested by one of the Service papers, and although I usually do not criticise without producing an alternative, I by no means

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allow that it is necessary for me to provide schemes which other and probably abler people are paid to devise.

What the Navy requires is more representation at Court and at all public functions. With better representation it would probably not have fallen into the terrible condition of 1887-88, a condition inviting events which might have lost the Empire.

A Tactical School.—The training of young officers for the Fleet is not as satisfactory as it might be. Greenwich is an expensive place to teach Naval officers mathematics and subjects which they could better learn at Oxford or Cambridge. Some of the money might be better devoted to payment of fees at the Universities, and the rest to the foundation and maintenance of a tactical school. Thorough knowledge of tactics is the acme of modern seamanship. The present system of sending lieutenants and sub-lieutenants to practise tactics in squadrons of torpedo-boats and destroyers should be largely increased. Teach them to rely on their own resources and gain necessary knowledge about our coasts and ships. All younger officers should be fitted for future commands by such exercises as manœuvring destroyers at a high rate of speed, taking them up channels, and similar work. Accidents will happen, no doubt, but these are inseparable from beginners' efforts, and unless officers are trained while they are young, and run the chance of accidents in time of peace, it is unlikely that accidents will be prevented in time of war, when they would be very much more serious.

Mobilisation and Plan of Campaign.—We need a definite plan of campaign, not for war with any one or any two Powers, but for any Power or any combination of Powers which might coalesce against us. These plans should be perfected down to the most minute details, pigeon-holed and kept up to date by the Intelligence Department. Something, no doubt, has been done in that direction, as is in evidence by the late Naval Estimates; and the fortifying of the strategic bases in the narrow seas (the money being provided in the Army vote) shows that at last the Government have adopted some of the recommendations of the Hartington Commission with regard to the necessity for some combination between the two Services in matters regarding defence. But these are only the ABC of a general plan of campaign. To have left Gibraltar, Malta, and the Naval bases so long in the state they were, is a clear proof that until lately there was no definite policy of defence. One of the first tests we ought to make of our organisation is a surprise mobilisation. We have a number of ships down in our Reserve which are supposed to be ready for sea in periods of from twenty-four hours to seven days. How many could do it? Even the Flying Squadron had weeks of notice, while for the ordinary summer mobilisation months of notice is given. When foreign Powers decide to go to war with this country they will, knowing our weakness on this point, allow for it, and the real danger to this country in an European war will lie in the first few weeks after war is declared. The enemy will get ready beforehand. We, as usual, will, "for fear of being misunderstood," neglect the elementary principles of defence in the most approved diplomatic style. We might receive two or three crushing blows which it will require all our boasted British pluck to recover from. We must take care that our trade will not be demoralised and our people starving before we have made out our plans. If fortune favours us, as it often does the most unwise, and we pull through the first brunt of battle, our resources, our wealth, and our energy will enable us to win the campaign, but anyone who knows the case at all will agree that under present conditions we shall have to face some crushing reverses and a great deal of demoralisation. Cables will be cut, and if no plan is ready beforehand avoidable loss will occur when war breaks out. Of course, some dislocation of trade and demoralisation is unavoidable, but it should be reduced to a minimum. Authority ought to be in a position if war was declared to-morrow with any one, two, or three Powers, to take down a chart showing the disposition of ships, war material, and offensive forces of both the enemy and ourselves in any part of the world. This they can do to a partial extent, but in addition they should be able to communicate with each admiral commanding, and give him his full instructions, and the latest disposition of the enemy, before the declaration of war. They should be able to mobilise their Reserve ships at once if necessary, and know exactly how to man them. They should know what British merchant ships were on the high seas, and how to warn and protect them. They should know what merchant shipping they were going to appropriate for Naval needs, and where it was, and certainly should recognise that the manning of the mercantile marine during hostilities was a vital part of Imperial Defence. They should know what food was in the country, and the amount of the supplies on the way, where it was to be landed to avoid the enemy, and how the hundreds of thousands employed in its distribution were to be shifted to the scene. These and very many other questions upon which success depends are not now considered part of Imperial Defence, and I respectfully submit that they are, and a very large part. Above all, let it be remembered that these are questions not so much of money as of system, organisation, and common-sense.

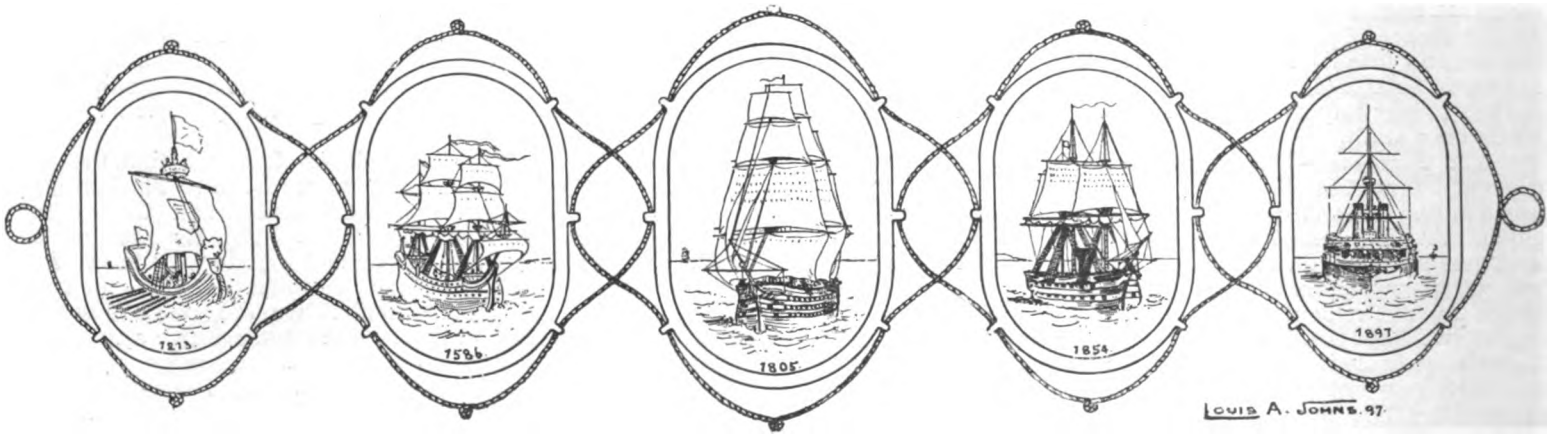
The Navy and the Nation.—The Navy needs to be brought more into touch with the people, especially in London. There should be a Naval guard on duty at the Admiralty on special occasions. There should be a Royal body-guard of Marines. London should occasionally be visited by torpedo destroyers and other small craft, and a review of bluejackets in Hyde Park would help to show people that the Navy exists. The ignorance of many people on the subject is alarming. It is entirely due to such ignorance, to the apathy that existed before the Navy League commenced its work, and to the want of representation of the Navy generally, that we ever got into the deplorable condition we were in in 1887.

Naval Intelligence.—It would be wise if the authorities could see their way to copying our cousins across the Atlantic, in the issue of a yearly book resembling that excellent volume published by the United States Navy Office, of Naval intelligence, called "Notes on the Year's Naval Progress." It consists of 250 pages of information of what is being done abroad, with good plates, maps, etc. We have nothing like it in the shape of an official book, and it is quite on a different scale to Brassey's Annual.

Every officer holding an important command should be allowed all the confidential books, reports, etc. Officers in command of sea-going ships are so allowed, but officers in command of depôts, dockyards, reserve, etc., are not so allowed, and therefore cannot keep themselves up to date in those matters which it should be imperative for them to know. All officers in command of ships should be allowed a copy of the Naval Estimates.

There are many other pressing needs of an important character which it would be impossible to go into here, and which all point to the necessity for some alteration in the system more suitable to modern requirements. With the recent large improvements it is to be hoped that these details will be taken in hand in the near future. The chief point to be remembered is that we have accomplished the most expensive part of our reforms since 1887, by bringing the Fleet up to a strength which is beginning to be equal to our requirements.

The reforms of the future will not be unattended with expenses, but they will only be the ordinary working expenses of the great company in which we are shareholders—the Empire. They need not cost much, however, if the shareholders will continue to help the responsible directors to place all matters on a thoroughly business-like footing. The Naval reformer can hold out no hopes of a diminution of Naval expenses, but he can hold out a promise that such expenses need not be very greatly increased in proportion to the growing wealth and increasing area the Navy is called upon to protect, and the tremendous responsibilities it has to assume.



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TYPES OF THE BRITISH FLEET, 1877-87.

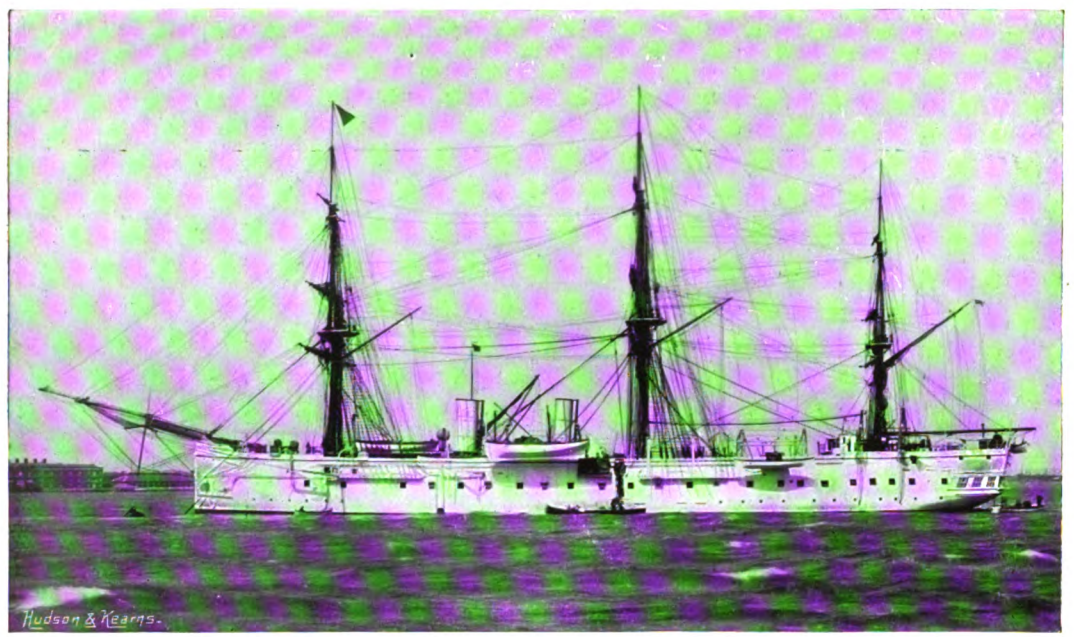


Photo. SYMONDS & CO. Portsmouth.

H.M. Iron Corvette "Bacchante."

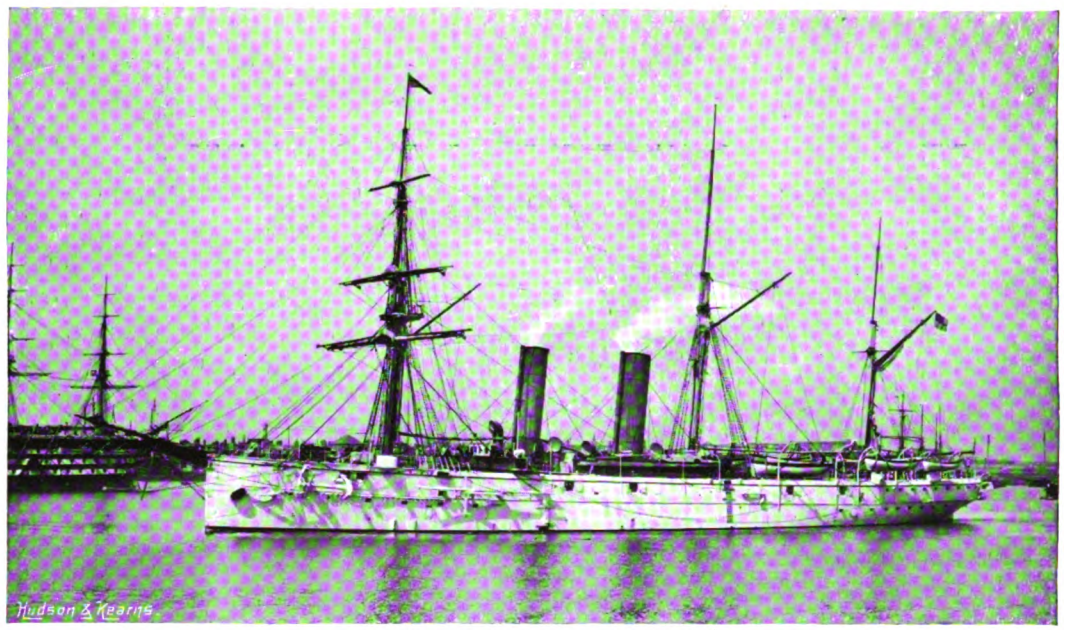
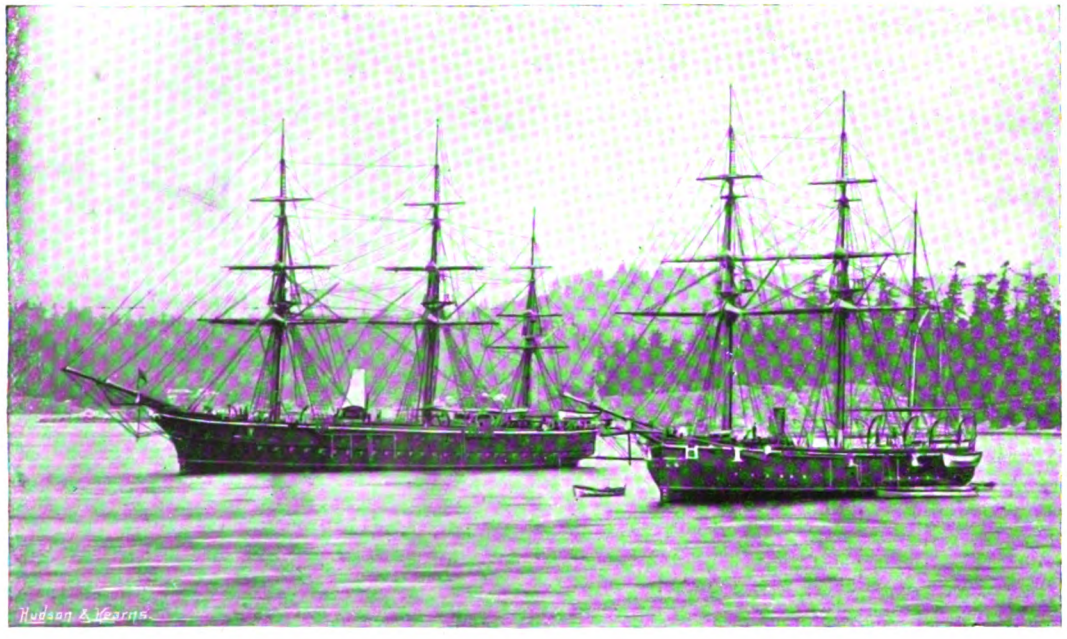


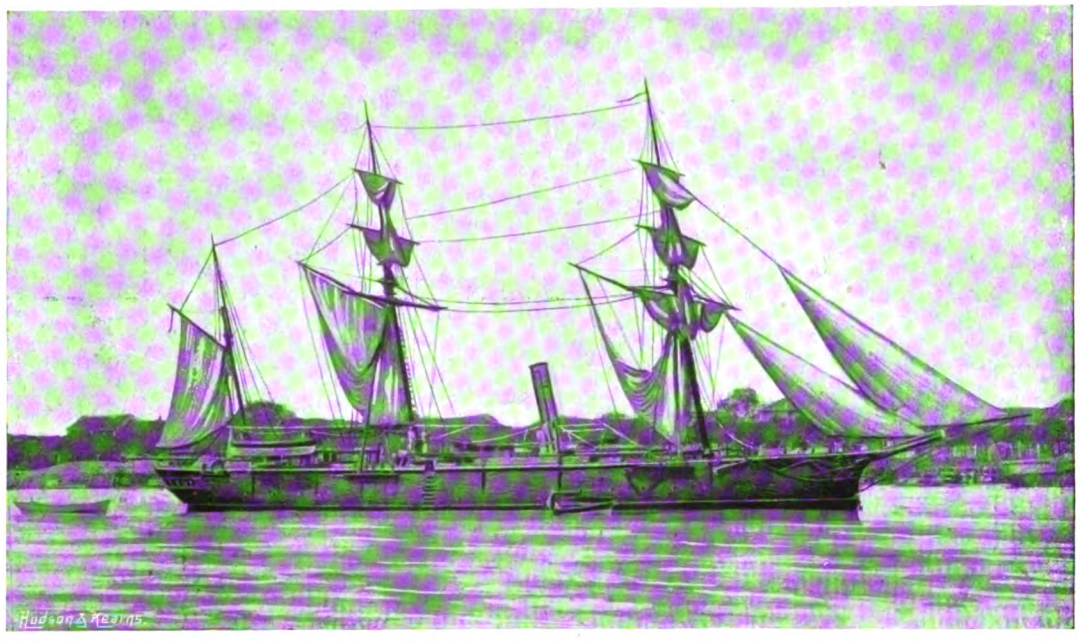
Photo. WEST & SON. Southsea.

H.M. Steel Despatch Vessel "Mercury."



Photographed at Esquimalt.

H.M. Composite Corvette "Opal," and Composite Sloop "Fantôme."



Photographed at Saigon.

H.M. Composite Gun Vessel "Teazer."

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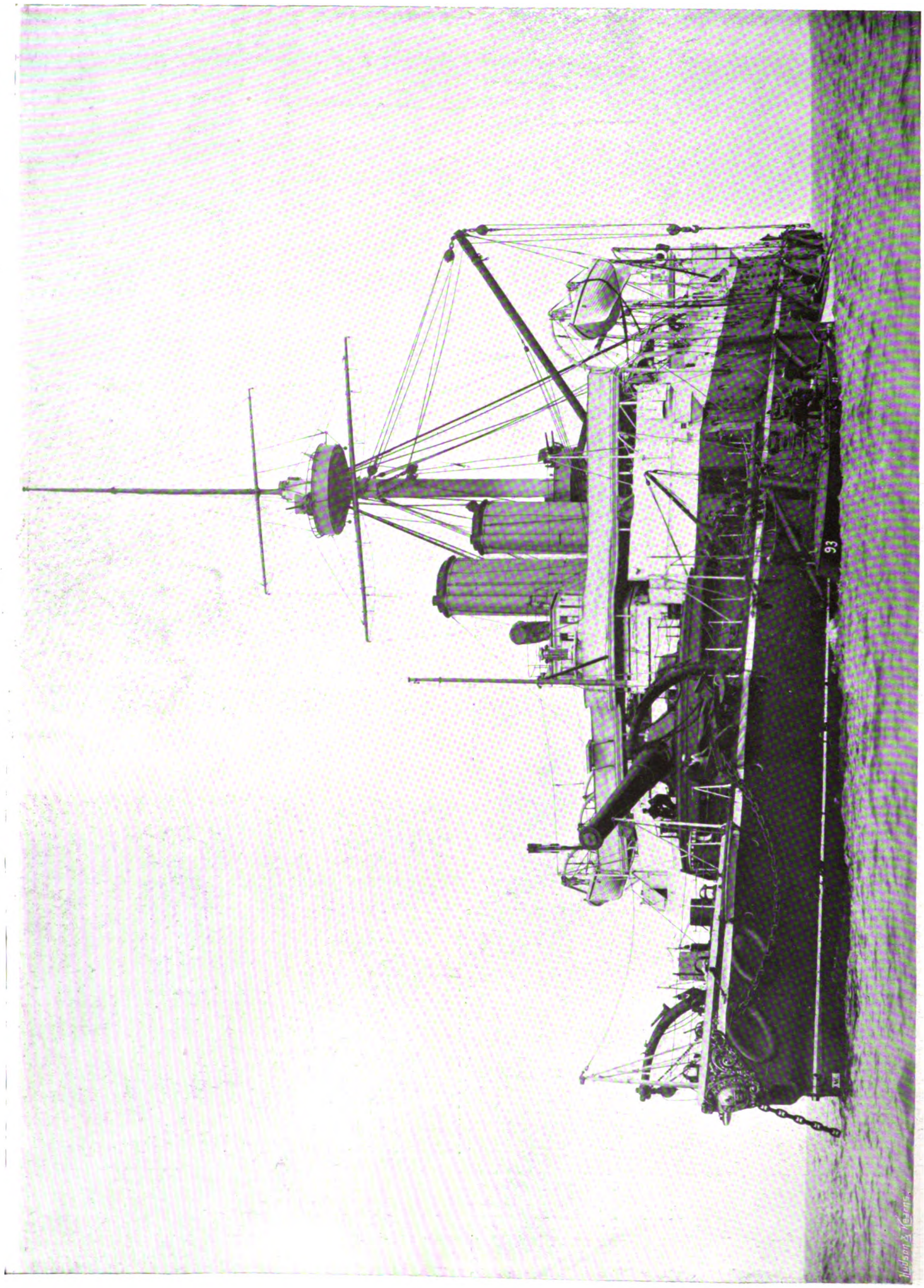

H.M. LINE OF BATTLE-SHIP "BENBOW."

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. Portsmouth.

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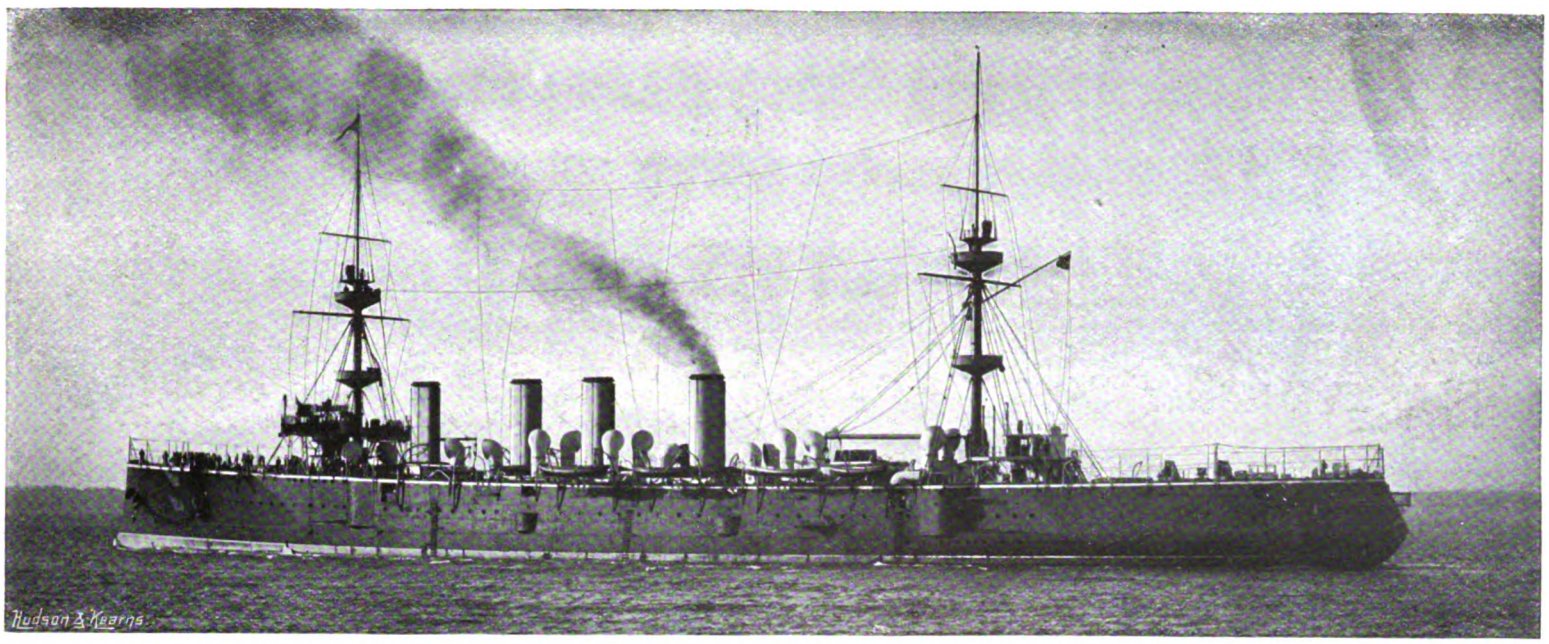

Photo. WEST & SON. *Southsea*

H.M. FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "POWERFUL."

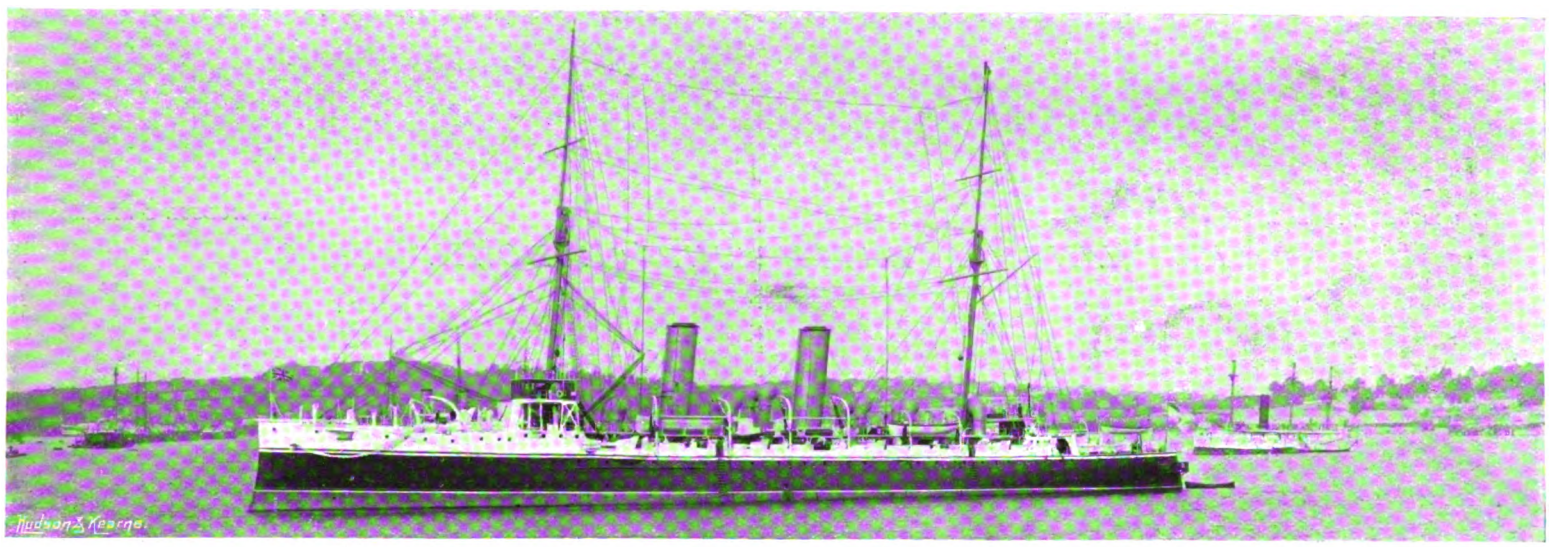

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

H.M. FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "TALBOT."

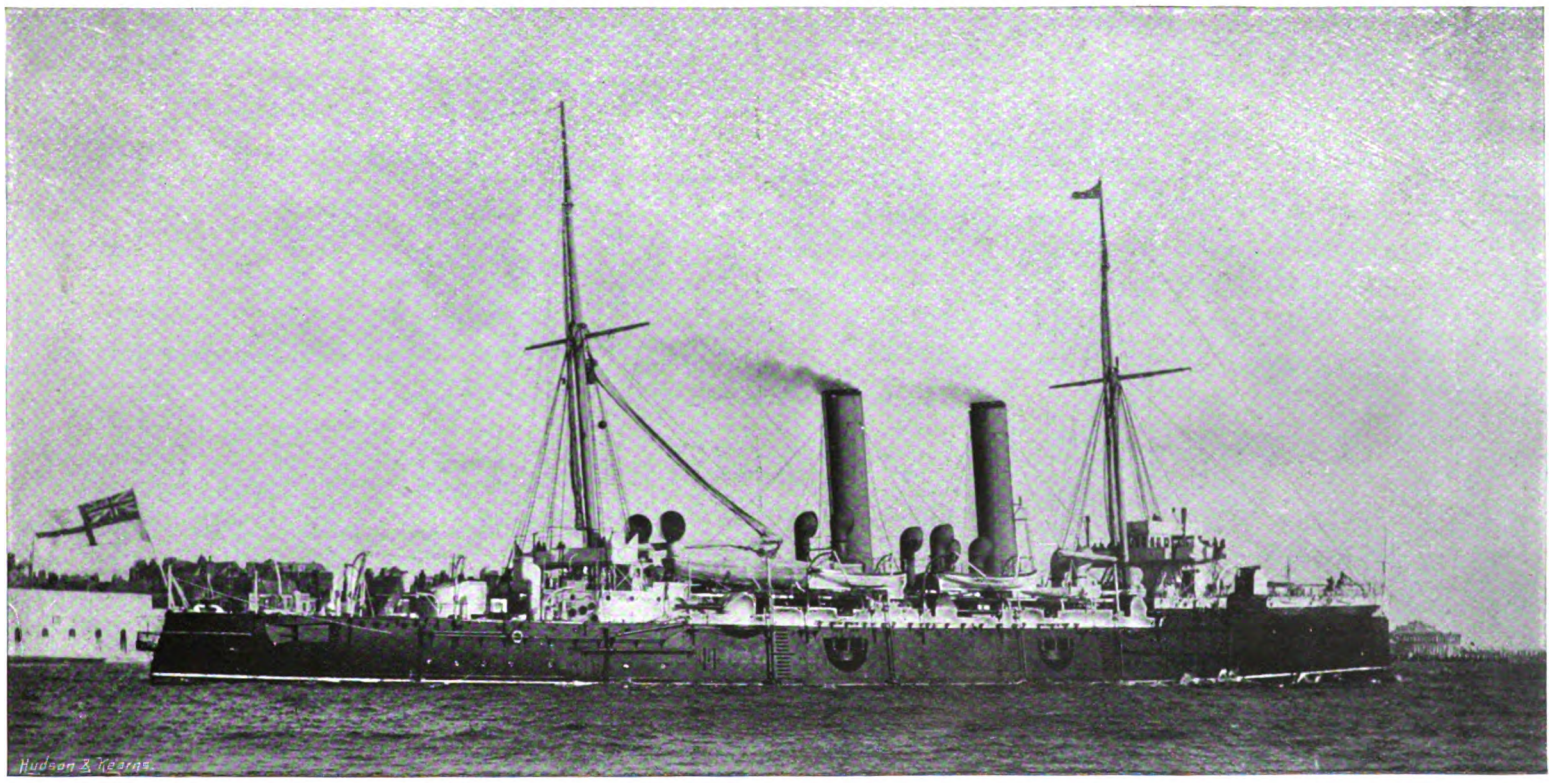

Photo SYMONDS & CO. *Portsmouth.*

H.M. FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "CRESCENT."

THE illustrations on this and pages 92 and 93 are representations of various types of cruisers. The vessels shown are the "Powerful," of 14,200 tons displacement; the "Blake," of 9,000 tons; the "Crescent," of 7,700 tons; the "Talbot," of 5,600 tons, and her sister ship the "Minerva"; the "Bonaventure," of 4,360 tons; the "Leander," of 4,300 tons; the "Brilliant," of 3,600 tons; and the "Pelorus," of 2,135 tons.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

H.M. LINE OF BATTLE-SHIP "RENOWN."

Photo. CRIBB. *Southsea.*

H.M. LINE OF BATTLE-SHIP "MARS."

THE illustrations, from photographs, on this and the page opposite give an excellent idea of the appearance presented by our latest battle-ships. The vessels shown are the "Prince George" and the "Mars"—of a class which also includes the "Majestic," "Magnificent," "Victorious," "Jupiter," "Illustrious," "Hannibal," and "Cæsar"—with the "Renown," which has no sister ship at present. Readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED will be familiar with the characteristic offensive and defensive features of these types of battle-ships. The building of the "Mars" at Messrs. Lairds' yard was described and illustrated in a recent number, while special interest attaches to the "Prince George," inasmuch as she was christened by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, and the history of the achievements of her predecessors in the fleet appeared in our Roll of Valour "The Battle Honours of the Services."

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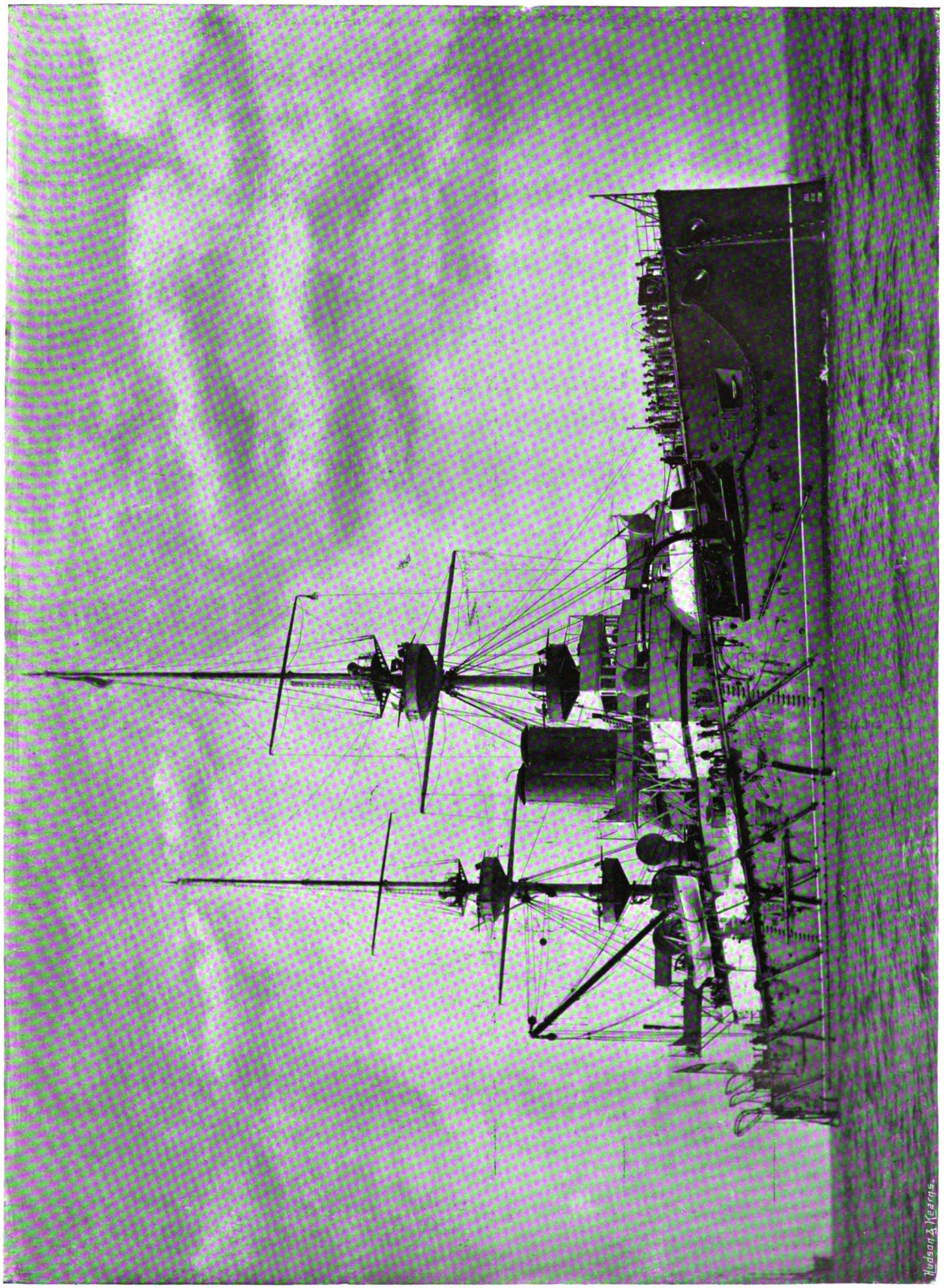

H.M. LINE OF BATTLE-SHIP "PRINCE GEORGE."

Photo. WEST & SON. *Southsea.*

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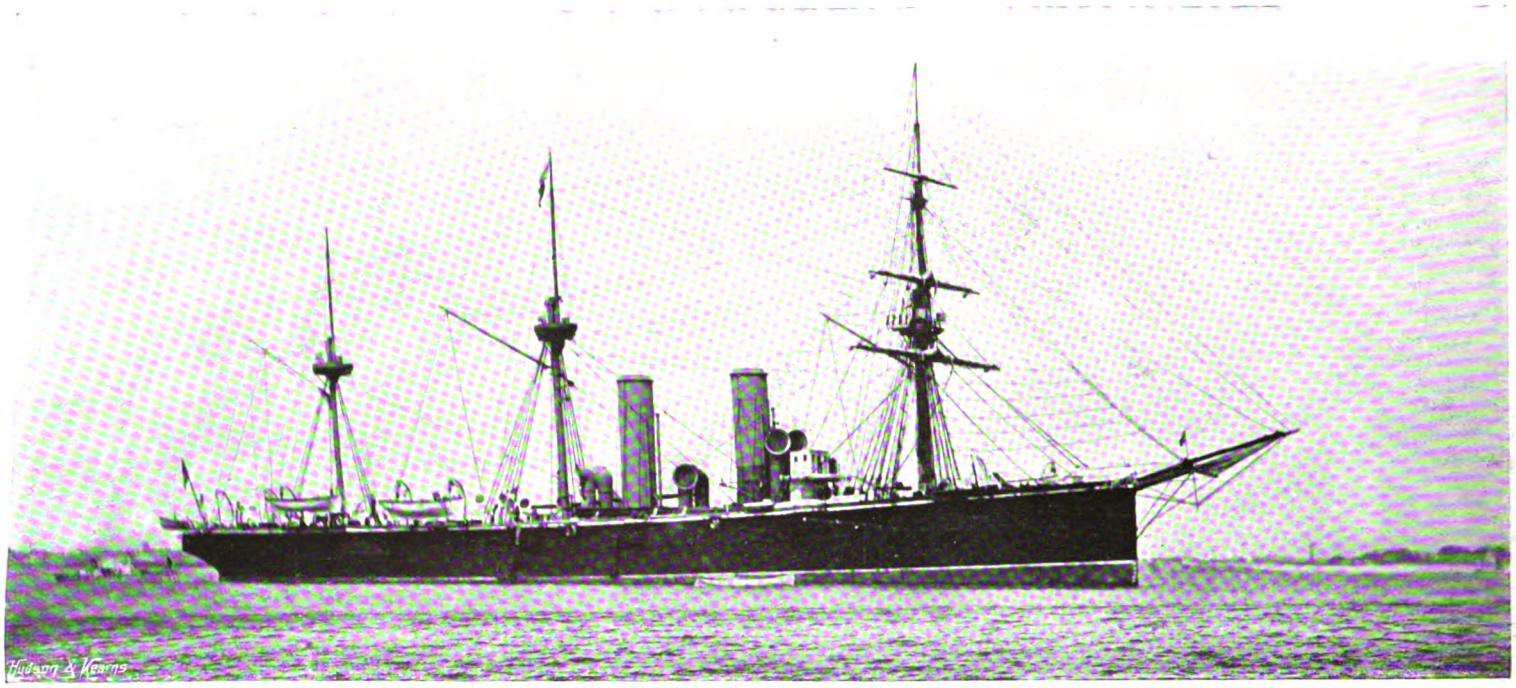

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. Portsmouth.

H.M. SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "LEANDER."

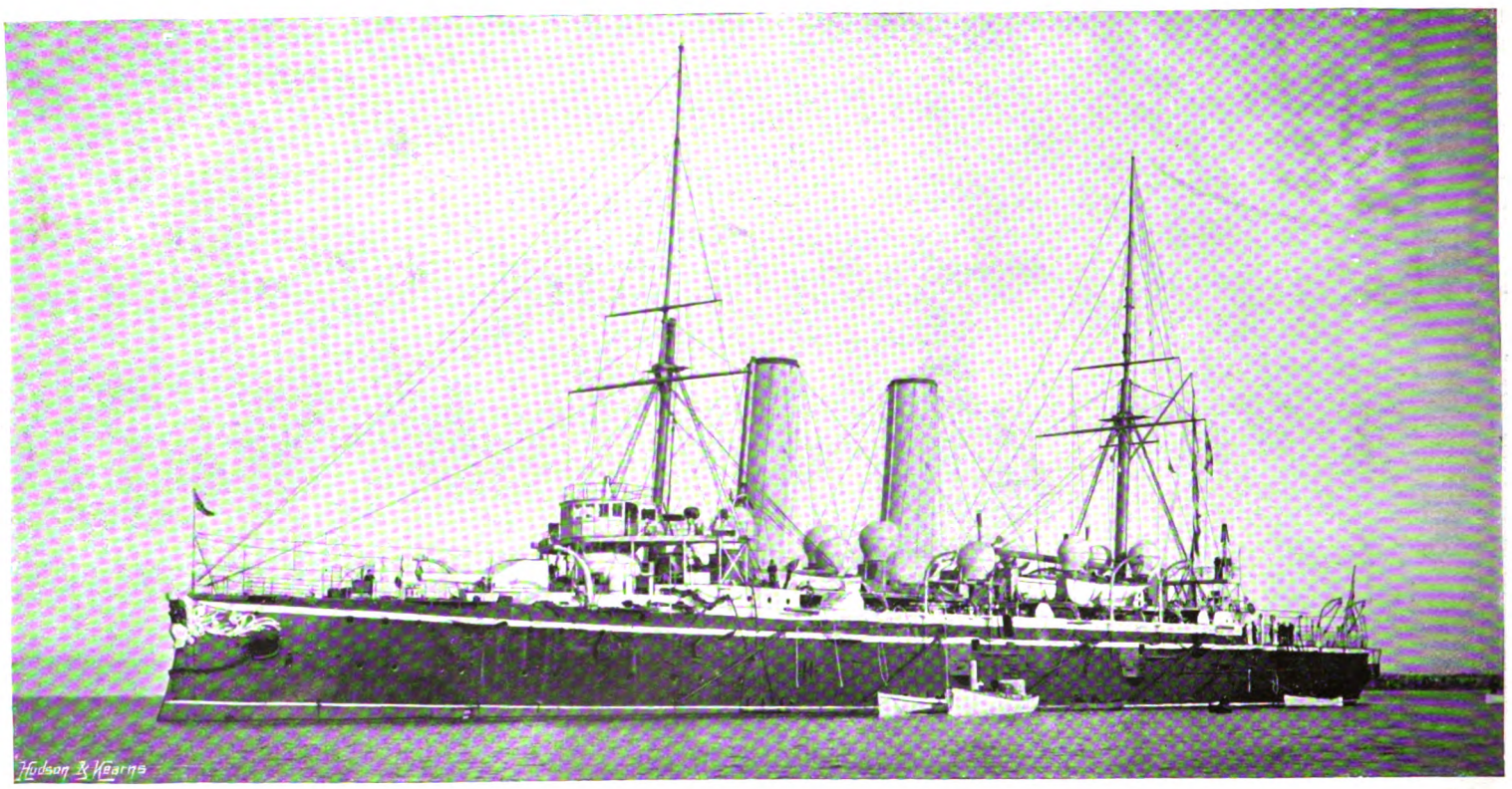

Photo. WEST & SON. Southsea.

H.M. FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "BLAKE."

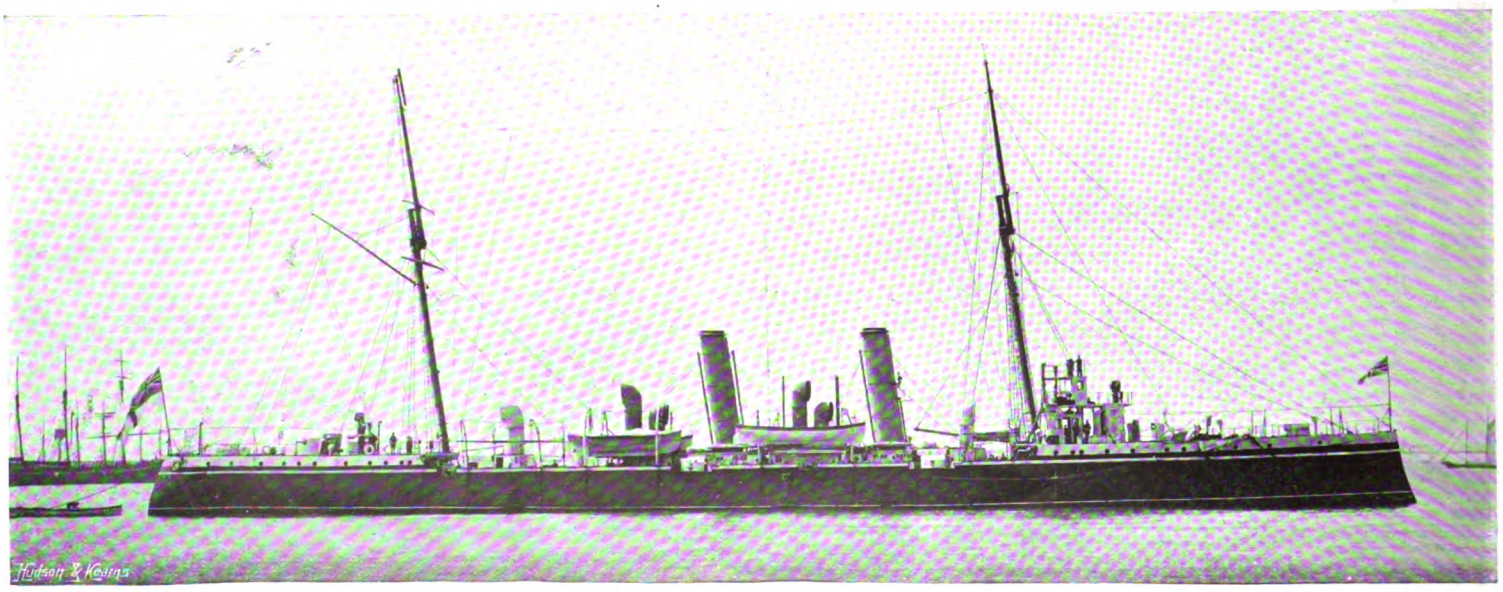

Photo. LAFAYETTE. Dublin.

H.M. THIRD-CLASS CRUISER "PELORUS."

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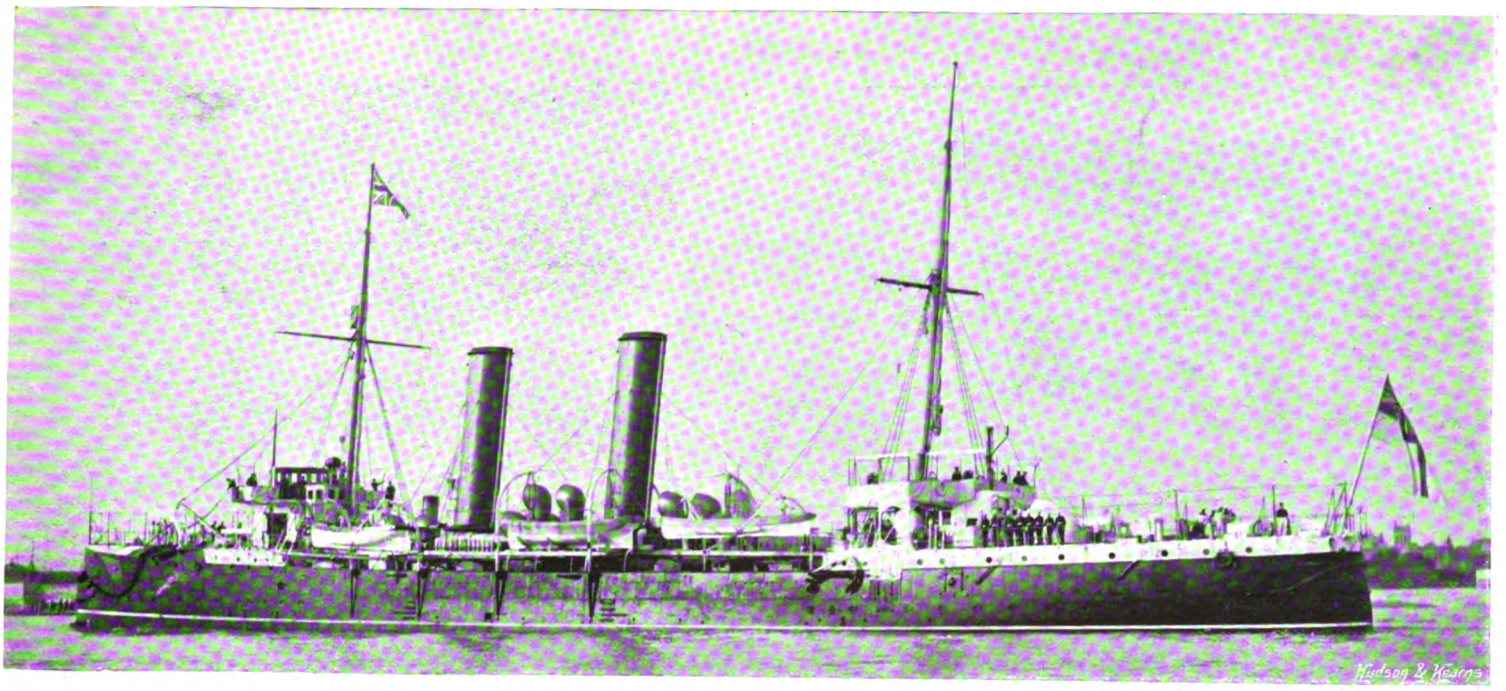

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. Portsmouth.

H.M. SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "BRILLIANT."

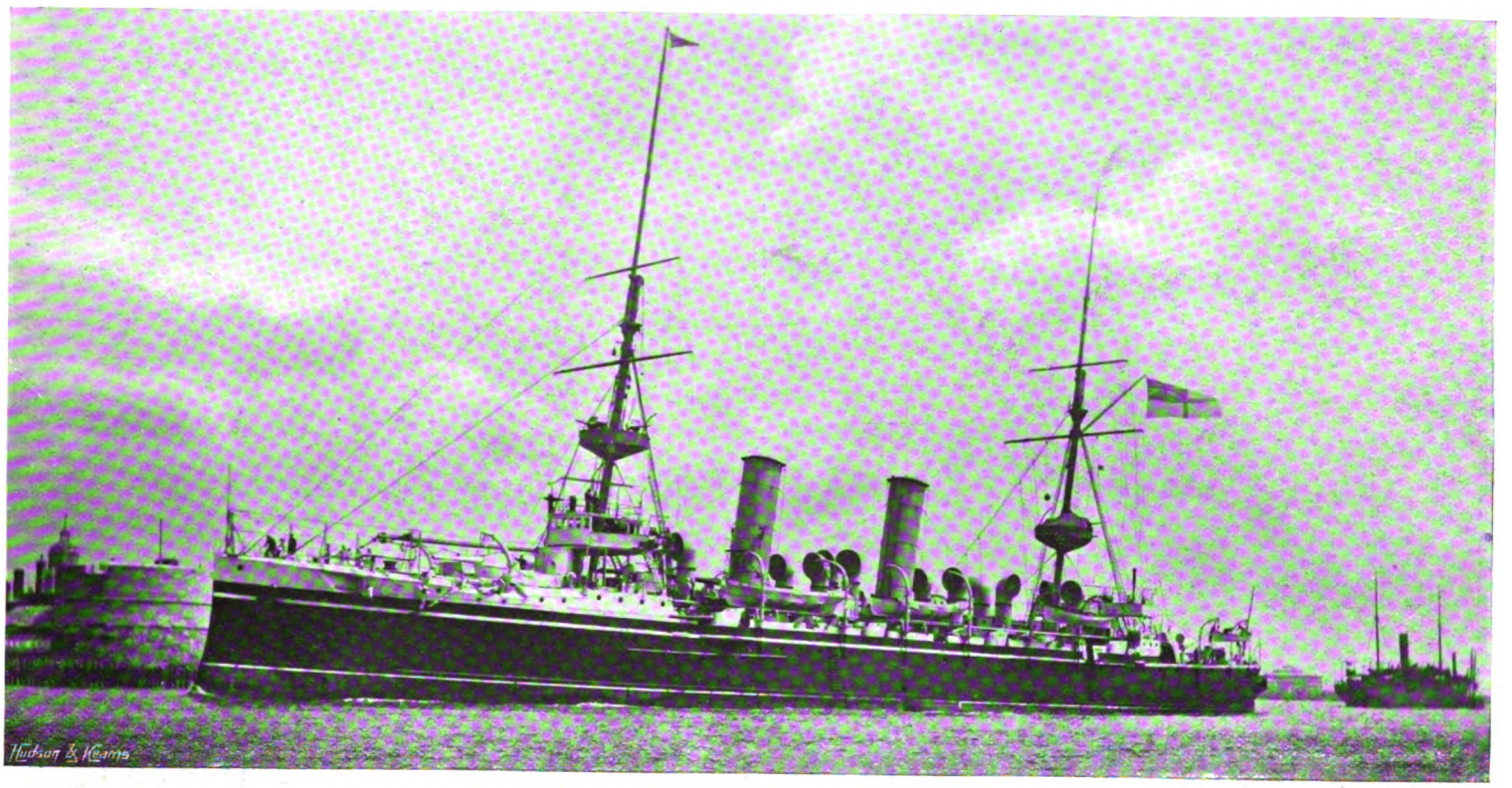

Photo. CRIBB. Southsea.

H.M. SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "MINERVA."

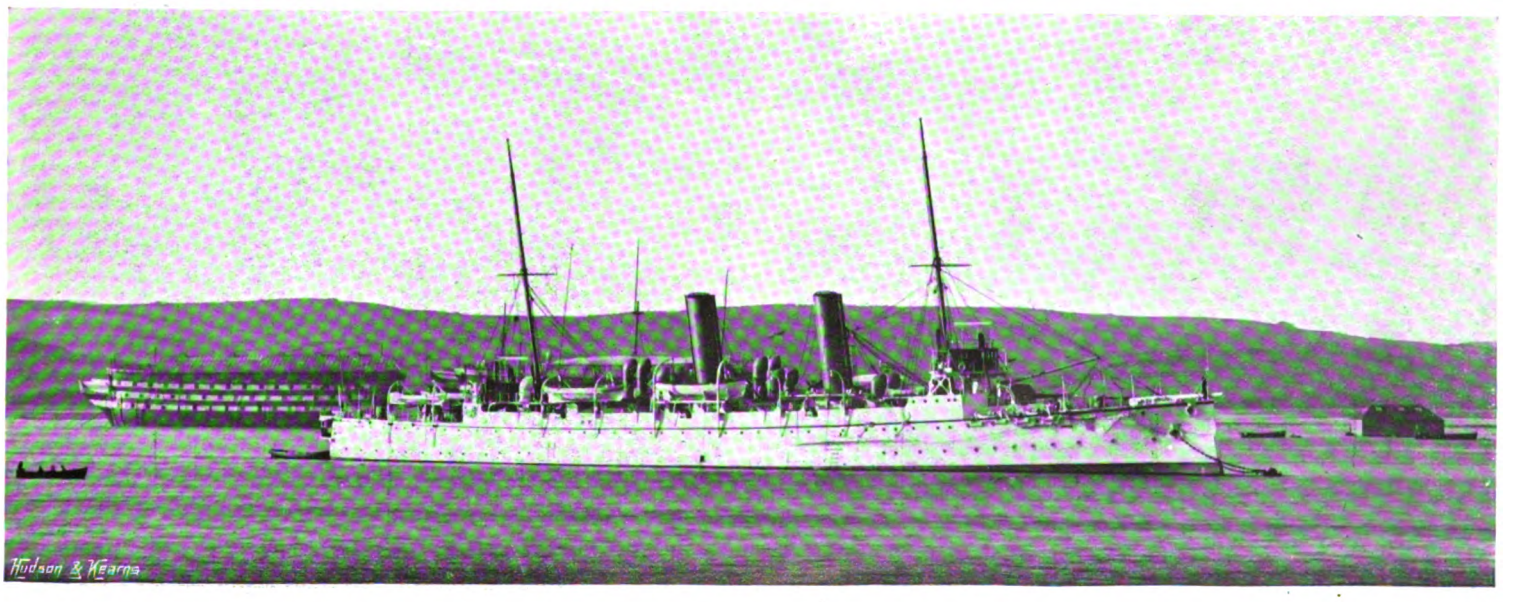

Photo. LONG. Plymouth.

H.M. SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "BONAVENTURE."

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TYPES OF TORPEDO CRAFT IN THE FLEET.

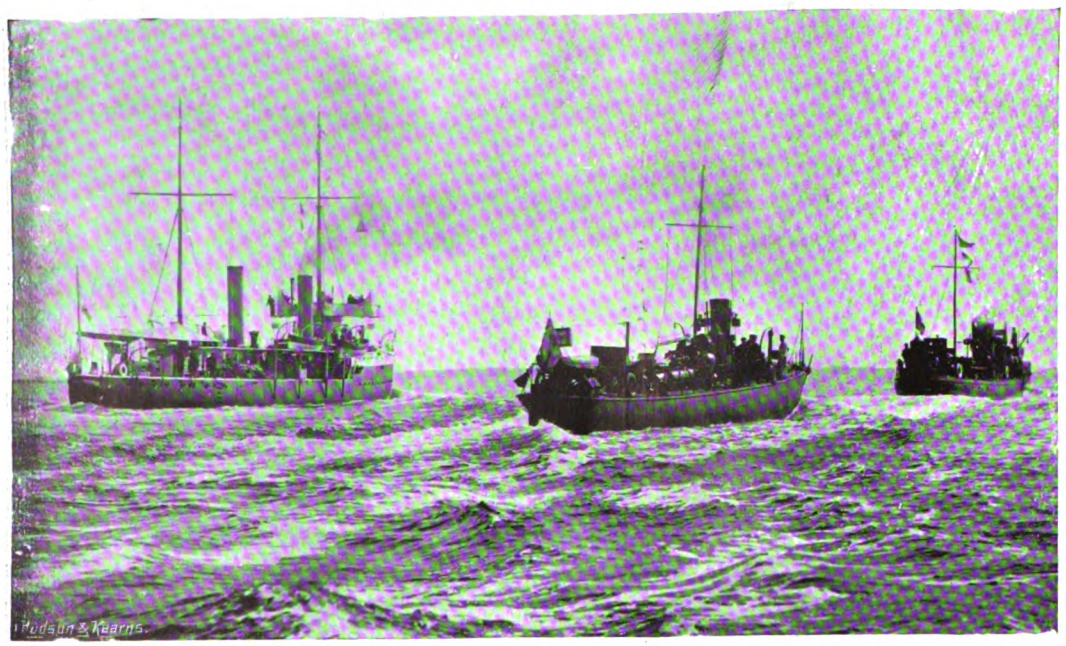

Photo. WEST & SON. Southsea.

A Torpedo Gun-Boat with Torpedo Boats.

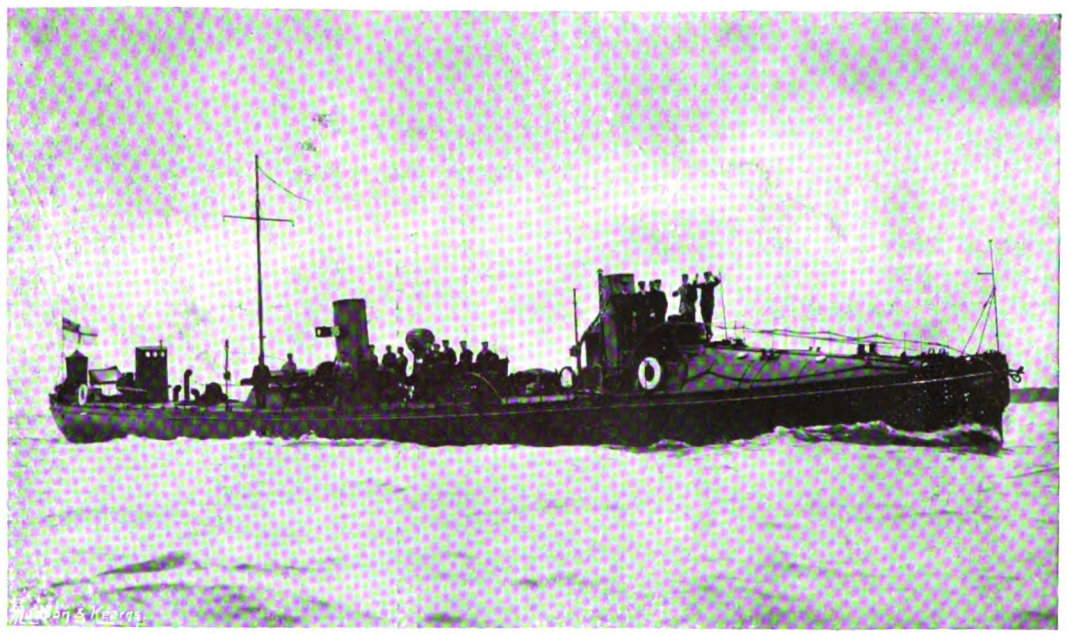

Photo. SYMONDS & Co. Portsmouth.

Torpedo Boat No. 95 (Launched at Cowes, 1894).

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. Portsmouth.

H.M. Torpedo-Boat Destroyer "Hunter."

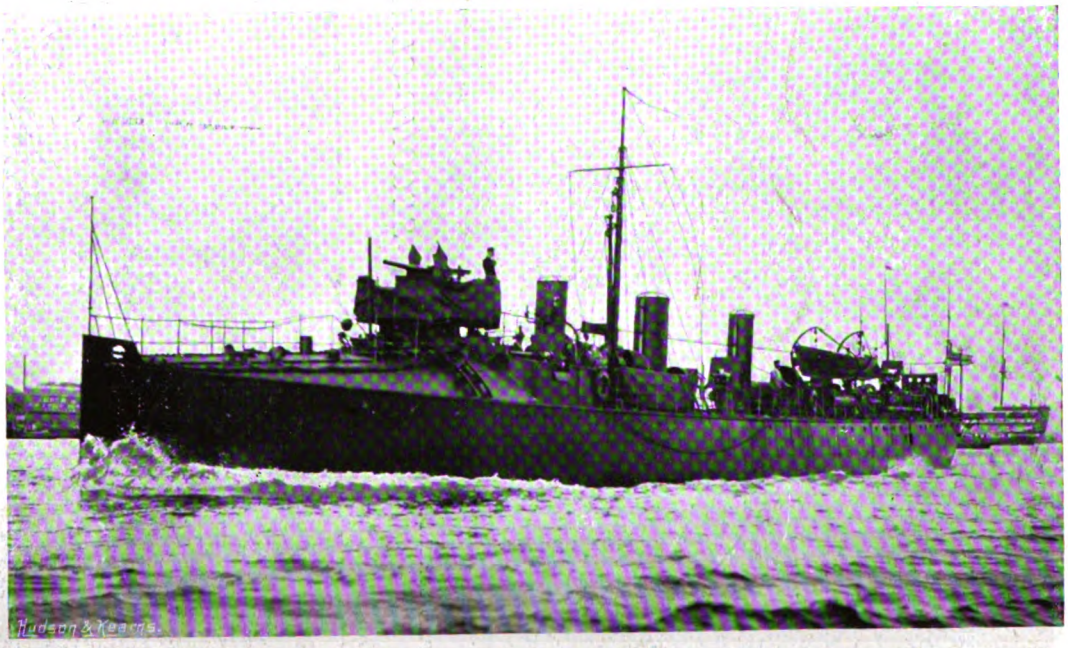

Photo. SYMONDS & CO. Portsmouth.

H.M. Torpedo-Boat Destroyer "Ranger."

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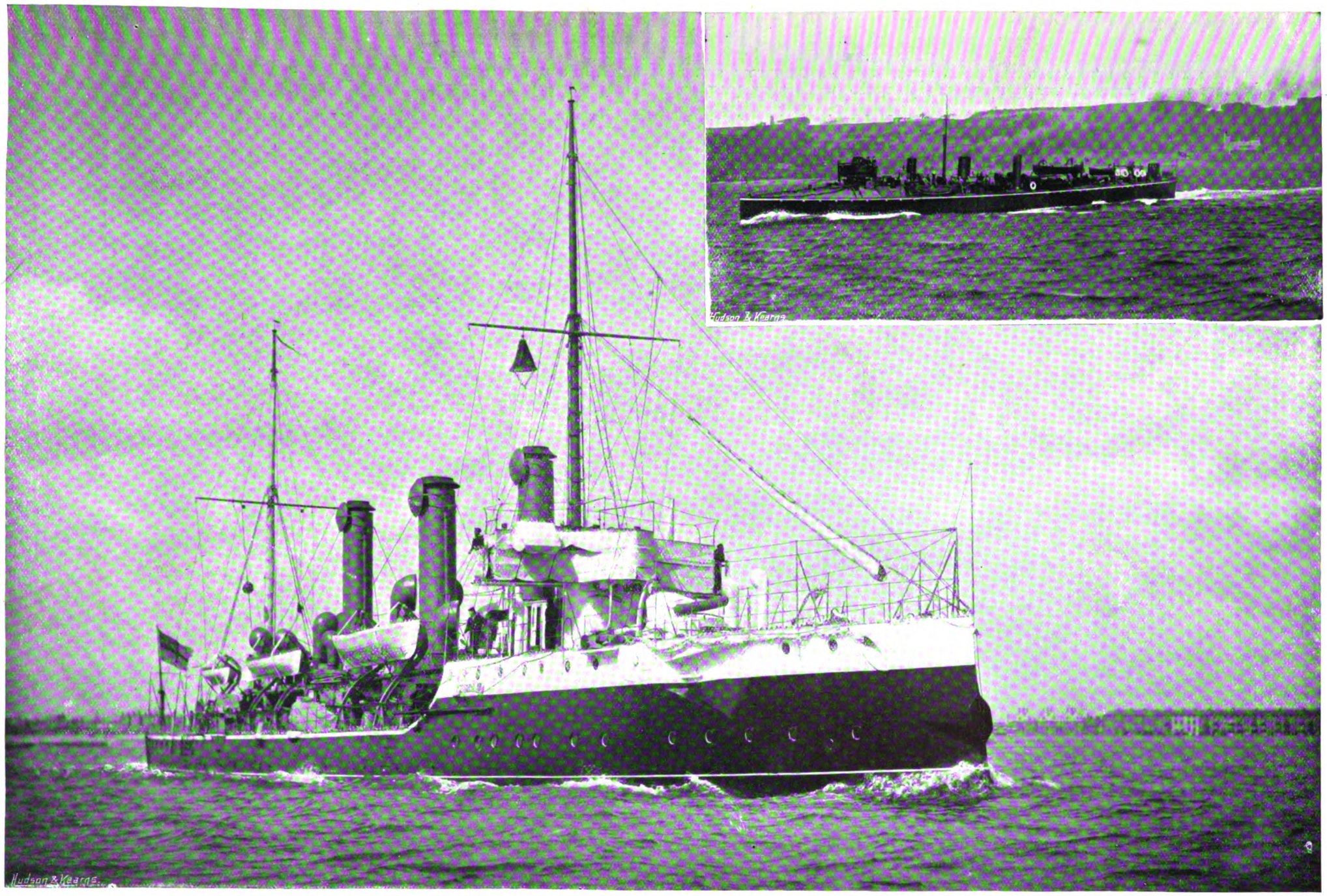

Photo. WEST & SON, Southsea. *Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.*

H.M. FIRST-CLASS GUN-BOAT "SPEEDY" AND TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "OPOSSUM."

ON this and the preceding page are representations from photographs of the various types of torpedo vessels now in Her Majesty's Fleet. The torpedo-boats seen in the upper illustrations were the forerunners of the destroyers shown below them, a type of vessel of which this country owns not only a greater number than all the other Naval Powers together, but which has been produced in a marvellously short space of time. The gun-boats, of which two illustrations are given, were originally designed as torpedo-boat hunters or destroyers. In this capacity they were not altogether a success, but they still play a very useful part either as despatch vessels, "linking ships" in the organisation of a fleet, or as escort to a flotilla of boats. The marvellous speed of which the destroyers are capable must be known to all our readers, but they may not be aware that in the opinion of several experienced Naval officers, including Admiral Colomb, the development of this type of vessel is likely to prove the death-knell of the heavy battle-ship. If this is so we may look forward in another ten years to a still greater change in the Naval war machine than that which this number shows to have taken place during the sixty years of Her Majesty's reign.

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THE NAVAL BRIGADE ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.—A Bush Fight on the Way to Brohemie.

NANNA, an African chief, presuming on the supposed inaccessibility of his stronghold at Brohemie, on a creek of the Benin River, plundered and murdered his neighbours indiscriminately, and one day fired upon the steam launch of the "Alecto" while she was steaming up the creek, wounding every man on board. However, he had not reckoned with the British tar, for Rear-Admiral Bedford determined to attack him in his lair. Two columns, consisting of bluejackets, marines, and Houssas, advanced to the attack in September, 1894, being commanded by Captain Campbell, of the "Philomel," and Captain Powell, of the "Phœbe." After cutting and wading through the swamps and undergrowth, they astonished Nanna by appearing on the flank of his batteries, and despite a strenuous opposition, carried the position. Captains Campbell and Powell were made Companions of the Bath, and Admiral Bedford, who was personally present throughout the operations, a Knight Commander of the same Order.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—No. 41.] *FRIDAY, JULY 9th, 1897.*

Photo. RUSSELL & SONS, Baker Street.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FREDERICK STEPHENSON, K.C.B.

ADMIRAL STEPHENSON was born on the 7th June, 1842, and entered the Service 14th February, 1855. He was present at the capture of Kertch and the fall of Sebastopol; subsequently, on the China Station, he assisted in the famous boat action in Fatshan Creek, and, during the Indian Mutiny, landed with the "Pearl's" Naval brigade, and served in every action in which it took part. Promoted to captain in 1875, he commanded the "Discovery" in the Arctic Expedition of 1876, and the "Carysfort" during the Egyptian War, 1882, being present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. In the Mediterranean from 1885 to 1888, with Prince George of Wales as one of his lieutenants, he commanded the "Thunderer" and "Dreadnought." He has been Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales since 1881, and has just been chosen to command the Channel Squadron. He was among those who received Jubilee honours.

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H.M.S. "CAMBRIAN" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE "Cambrian" is a second-class cruiser of 4,360 tons, stationed in the Mediterranean, and recently commanded by Captain H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, G.C.B., A.D.C., who has served nearly thirty years, and wears the Egyptian medal, 1882, and the Khedive's bronze star; he has also given evidence of his practical skill and interest in his duties by inventing a "Course Director," which has been adopted by the Admiralty, and, jointly with Captain P. M. Scott, R.N., a method of distant signalling. Prince Louis attained his present rank in 1891, after twenty-three years' service, and, no doubt, owes his somewhat rapid advancement in part to his high personal rank; but he has always wished to take his place with his brother officers on equal terms, been ready to accept his share of duty, pleasant or otherwise, and is well liked by his subordinates.

The crew of the "Cambrian," failing the excitement of actual warfare, appear to find an outlet for their superfluous energies in gaining bloodless victories at athletics, and carried off more than their share of honours at some sports recently held in the Mediterranean.

In the first picture are three of the gig's crew, with the handsome cup which they have won. Then comes a field

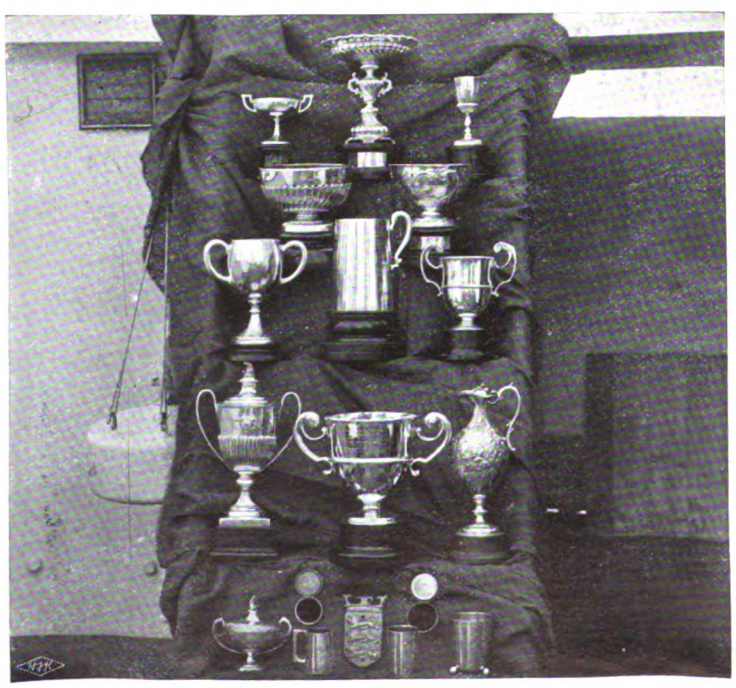
Gig's Team Cup Winners.

gun's crew, with their trophy of victory proudly perched on the gun, which is dismounted, while some of the men sit about on the wheels and limber boxes. This is, of course, a favourite evolution with a Naval field gun's crew, and no doubt to "remount and fire one round" was one of the competitions in which they distinguished themselves, and at which Jack is very bad to beat.

As a practical proof of the prowess of the "Cambrians," it is only necessary to look at the third illustration—a goodly display of prizes won at various contests. There can be no better plan for ensuring "a sound mind in a sound body" than such healthy emulation, and the *esprit de corps* which it fosters is sure to tell when it comes to fighting.

The next picture is a very good group of the captain and officers, with Princess Louis of Battenberg a prominent figure in the centre, an unusual arrangement, but pleasing, and perhaps indicative of a kindly reciprocity of feeling between the captain and his subordinates.

Gun's Team Cup Winners.



Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. Copyright.—H. & K.

The Silver Plate.

The last illustration is, perhaps, the most interesting of all. It is, indeed, at first sight merely the wheel of the "Cambrian," and probably not the actual wheel by which she is usually steered, but on looking more closely at it there is a lesson to be read there. Most of our modern men-of-war have had predecessors of the same names, which have taken a more or less distinguished part in building up our Naval supremacy, and the "Cambrians" take care to keep this fact before them by inscribing on the wheel some of the actions in which their forerunners have taken part. On the near circumference will be noted the words: "1810—13th December, Palamos convoy destroyed." At Palamos the boats of the "Kent," seventy-four guns, "Cambrian," forty, and two 18-gun sloops, under the command of Captain F. W. Fane, of the "Cambrian," went in and captured or destroyed a convoy of vessels laden with provisions for Barcelona, and dismantled the covering batteries, though greatly outnumbered by the enemy. On the further side we read: "1827—20th October, Battle of Navarino"—an action much better known than the former.

The British and French Fleets destroyed a considerably more numerous force of Turco-Egyptian vessels, and the "Cambrian"—described as a 48-gun frigate—performed her part successfully under Captain Gawen W. Hamilton.

There are lessons to be learned here, of more value than those inculcated by pedantic Latin mottoes, which many understand, but few read.

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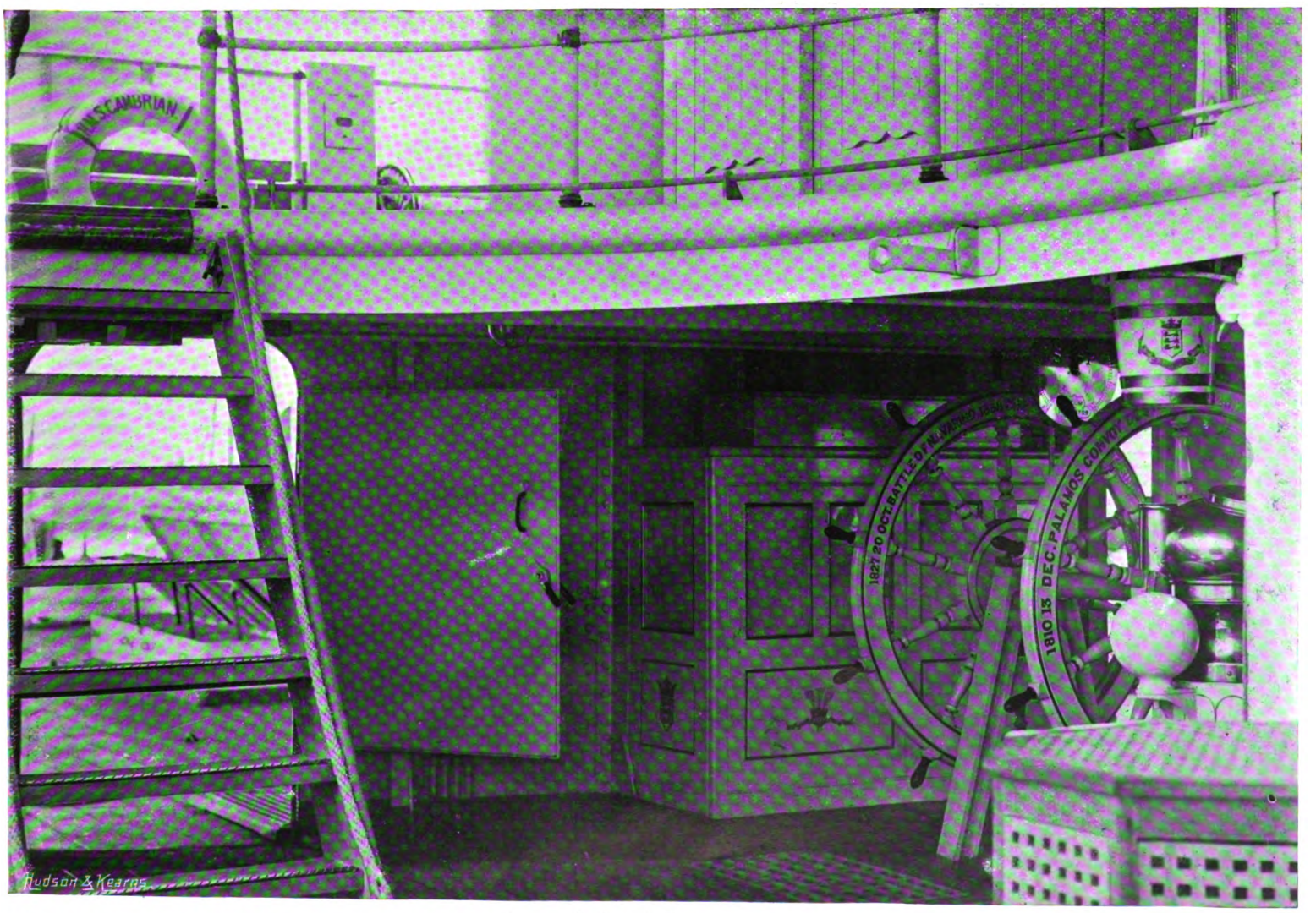
Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and Officers of H.M.S. "Cambrian."



Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE STEERING WHEEL OF THE "CAMBRIAN."

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Review at Devonport on the Queen's Birthday.

THE review held at Devonport this year in honour of Her Majesty's Birthday was of an unusually brilliant character, every exertion being made by the authorities to render it worthy of what they rightly termed a memorable occasion. The Naval battery and brigade, under the command of Captain W. M. Lang, of H.M.S. "Cambridge," took a prominent part in the proceedings, the battery, consisting of six guns, under Lieutenant the Hon. A. Boyle, being stationed in the first instance in Devonport Park, and firing a royal salute at noon.

In the first illustration they are seen taking up their position; and in the second they are in the act of firing the salute of 21 guns, which was initiated by the "Devastation" in the harbour, and supplemented at intervals of seven guns by a *feu de joie* from the troops. A salute of 21 guns from a battery of six requires careful forethought and management to ensure precision and freedom from mishaps, and a *feu de joie* is by no means easy of perfect execution; so every credit is due to those who, according to local accounts, performed so well. The third picture shows the battery after the salute awaiting the order to "limber up" and get into position for the march past.

The Naval brigade consisted of 400 seamen, 240 stokers, 400 boys, and 600 marines from ships in port, a strong contingent of marines from the barracks at Stonehouse being also present with the land forces, numbering some 2,000 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Frith. Punctually at mid-day, by which time the inspection had concluded, the Royal Standard was unfurled at the flagstaff, and simultaneously the "Devastation," port guardship, commenced firing a royal salute, which was taken up by the Naval battery in the Park. After the seventh gun the infantry brigade fired a *feu de joie* in faultless style, and the bands, massed in the rear, played the National Anthem. After the third round of firing the forces, taking time from the General, removed their headdresses and gave three hearty cheers for the Queen with all the lung power they possessed. The whole force afterwards marched past in creditable style, the Naval brigade leading to the strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave"; an advance in line of quarter columns and a royal salute concluding the programme.

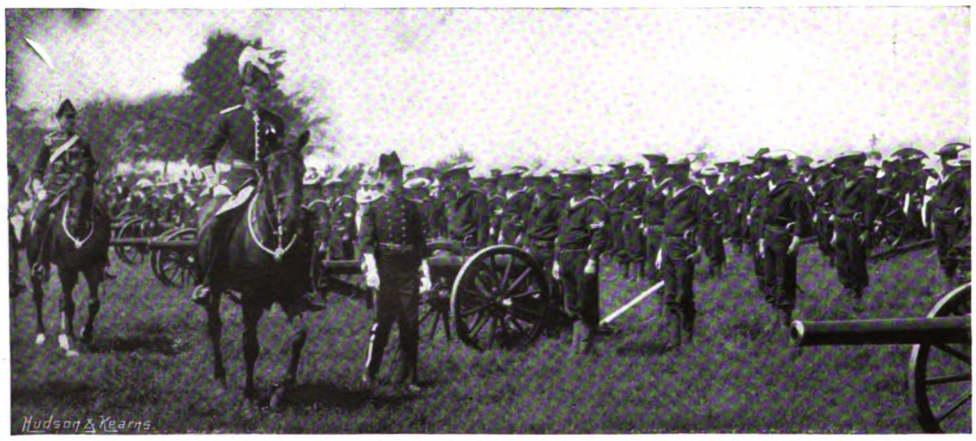
The Naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, took his stand with the General at the saluting point, and it is recorded that he handled a restive "mount" very dexterously. Why do steeds turn rusty under Naval officers of rank?

At a Naval and Military review held on the North Front at Gibraltar some years ago the assembled forces, awaiting the arrival of the General, were edified by the sight of the second in command of the Channel Squadron tearing past at record speed on a white Arab, which defied all efforts at controlling him until the Spanish Lines were reached. The Admiral, however, was tight on his perch, and returned triumphant, to the surprise, perhaps, of the General, who had lent him the horse. Plenty of Naval officers, however, ride like Centaurs.

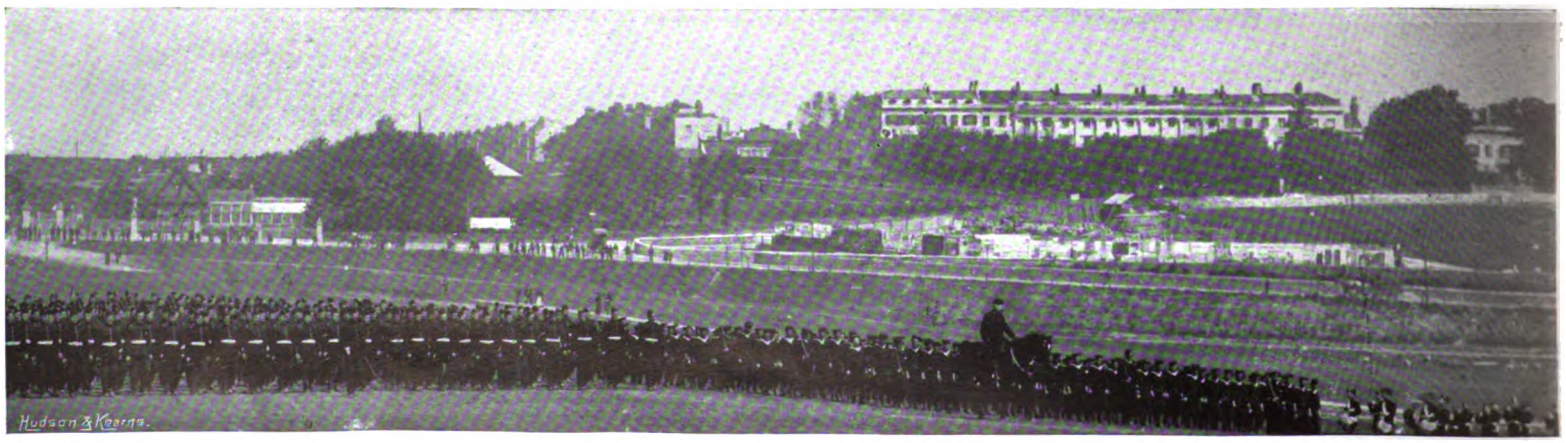
The appearance of Jack as a soldier is always immensely popular, partly, perhaps, because he is *rara avis in terrâ*, but also, no doubt, on account of the good service he has so frequently performed on shore. He cannot march past with the same wall-like precision as his brother "Tommy," it is true; but he is consoled by the reflection that, in this respect, his shipmate "Joey" is second to none.

The Arrival of Officers in Commana.

Firing the Royal Salute.



Waiting to Limber Up.



Photos. A. WILDMAN. **Plymouth.**

THE MARCH PAST.

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TYPES OF OUR BLUEJACKETS.

THE bag containing the kit of a bluejacket or stoker must always be fit for anyone to see, as he is liable at any time, without preliminary warning, to be called upon to muster it for inspection, that is, to turn it out wholesale on the upper deck and arrange each article, folded up in a regulation manner, so that the officer by a glance can see at once if it is up to the mark, clean, etc. Every man under the rank of petty officer has his kit inspected once a quarter by his own divisional officer.

It is only within the last twenty-five years that strict uniformity in dress has been enforced throughout the Service. Many little irregularities were practised before that; a smart young topman had many fancy ways of adorning himself, and some captains preferred something peculiar in dress, and made their ships' companies adopt it. Usually the admiral's and captain's boats' crews had some special distinction in their dress, and in the officers' dress there was great want of uniformity.

The "Stoker in Blues" shows the usual cold weather dress of the seaman or stoker, consisting of blue trousers of cloth, made to fit tight at the hips and worn without braces; blue frock, or jumper, with a blue collar falling over the shoulders; a black silk handkerchief under it, and white knife lanyard. The frock is of serge, tucks into the trousers at the waist and buttons at the cuffs; it is worn on Sundays, going on shore, and at mustering for inspection. The jumper, which is usually worn on all other occasions with serge trousers, is similar, but does not tuck in, being cut off at the waist so as just to hang over the top band of the trousers, the sleeves being cut off square at the wrists.

The man in "Working Rig," engaged in polishing the brass cover of the capstan, is wearing a white jumper; the cap ribbon is tied with a small bow on the left with short ends.

The "Sunday Dress in Whites" is similar to the blues except that the material is white duck for the trousers and drill for the frock, which has the cuffs of blue jean, with white braid on them; this is a hot weather dress, and the man is wearing his white straw hat.

The "Working Dress" is a jumper and trousers of white duck and cap cover. These in cold weather are worn over blues without the blue jean collar. The "rig" is of course worn by the seaman to save his other clothes when doing dirty work, and because it can be scrubbed clean. The "rig" of the day is always prescribed by signal every morning, and is worn from sunrise to sunset.

Stoker in Blues.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

Sunday Dress in Whites.

Copyright.—H. & K.

Working Rig.

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OUR NAVAL STATIONS:—DEVONPORT.

DEVONPORT DOCKYARD AND MOUNT WISE.

Photos. A. WILDMAN. *Plymouth.*

VIEW OF THE HAMOAZE FROM SALTASH.

ALL sailors from the West country have a strong affection for their great seaport of Plymouth, which is shared by almost all who have been stationed there for any time. It is so often to those in the Royal Navy the last touch of old England before leaving for a three years' commission abroad, and the first place seen on returning; and how delightful it is after three years away, perhaps in uncivilised parts, to anchor in the morning in the Sound amid the lovely well-known scenery. Numbers of our men in the Royal Navy have been born and bred at Plymouth or Devonport, from father to son for generations; and a "West country ship," that is, one commissioned at Devonport and manned principally by West countrymen, is generally a smart, though, perhaps, a noisy one. The West country, and Plymouth in particular, was one, if not the greatest, of the cradles of our Navy. Stretching inland from the Sound there are two harbours. The easternmost, into which the Plym runs, called the "Cat-water," is the mercantile port of Plymouth; the other, the Hamoaze, which

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE RUIN, MOUNT EDGECUMBE.—Showing Plymouth and Sound.

is the estuary of the Tamar, is the great Naval harbour where the dockyards, etc., are. In the accompanying illustration of the Sound from Mount Edgecumbe, Drake's Island, which is fortified, lies in the foreground and the Hoe in the centre at the back, the skyline right along being on Dartmoor. Vessels entering the Hamoaze pass between Drake's Island and the Hoe, in the channel where the three training brigs are seen lying at buoys placed there for them. Mount Edgecumbe, which lies on the western side of the Sound, is one of its great beauties; but a few years ago, when a blizzard occurred in the spring, great damage was done to the trees there. In the illustration of Devonport Dockyard, the building sheds are seen on the left and the signal staff at Mount Wise on the right; near this latter is the Commander-in-Chief's house, and also the Governor's. This signal station is connected by telephone with a fort at the breakwater, which is a great convenience for ships in the Sound, or coming in to communicate with the Admiral. Just below this is "Mutton Cove," where boats can be hired for communicating with the Sound, and which is familiar to readers of Marryat's novels. In the view of the Hamoaze from Saltash are seen the rows of vessels in reserve. A few years ago these were mostly old wooden vessels; now, of course, they are all modern ones.

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Photo. FRADELLE & YOUNG. *Regent Street.*

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE OFFICERS.

BY the efforts of Captains Crutchley and Caborne, a matter of seven years ago, a committee was got together for the purpose of attempting to safeguard the interests of the officers of the Royal Naval Reserve. They were at that time in the cold shade of neglect, and the committee was convened to see if some cohesion and voice could be given to the admitted wants of the officers as a body. They have now permanent quarters in the St. George's Club, and the annual dinner is inaugurated to endeavour to establish a feeling of *esprit de corps* amongst men who seldom have the opportunity of meeting. The last dinner took place on May 4th, when Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Bart., who is an honorary lieutenant of the corps, presided. The P. and O. service musters very strongly on these occasions, but all of our great mercantile lines were represented, and no gathering during the season is more loyal and patriotic.

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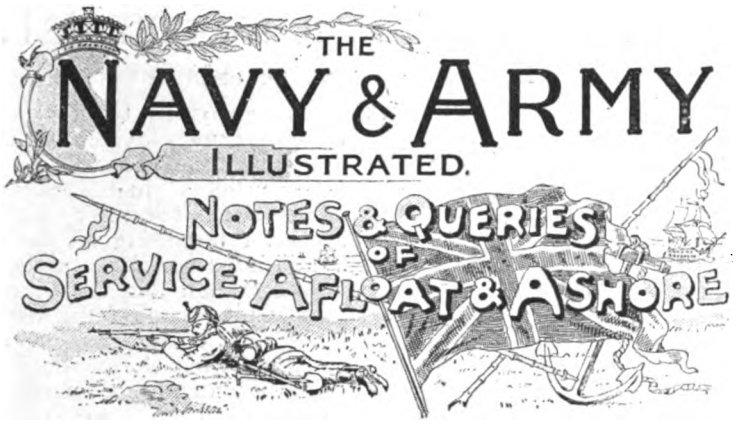

"INQUIRER" asks me for the weight of cast-steel stem and ram armour plating of the "Majestic." Much has been written about the ram bows of our battle-ships by those who are woefully ignorant. They urge that we should imitate the design of French, Russian, and United States stems—prolonging the side armour to the ram point. As a matter of fact our battle-ships have heavier plating over the bow than foreign vessels, and their cellular construction immediately behind adds enormously to their stiffness. Moreover, two 60-lb. and 40-lb. plates, forming part of the armoured deck, are worked forward into the stem, and two 40-lb. plates run forward from the platform-deck and are bedded into the ram itself. The space thus embraced, within which are breast-hooks further strengthening the stem, is covered with 2-in. steel plating. The weight of plating thus employed to reinforce the strength of the ram is 28 tons, independently of the framing, etc.; that of the stem casting is 27½ tons; thus 55½ tons of steel are distributed over the ram bow proper.

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"J. S. R."—Every regiment of cavalry and battalion of infantry is allowed a band, consisting, in the former case, of fifteen privates, and in the latter, of twenty privates, with one bandmaster, one sergeant, and one corporal. Music is acknowledged to be a valuable moral factor, in so far as it tends to make men happy while marching, and for that reason musical culture in the Army is encouraged by the War Office. In most cases bandsmen are skilled in the use of other instruments besides those played on the march. Thus, when listening to a military band performing in an exhibition or some other public place, one may notice that several instruments are included which, from their nature, could not be carried on the march. Needless to say, many of these bands reach a high pitch of excellence, and are greatly sought after, though their price for the day is very high. Noteworthy among some of the leading military bands are those of the Royal Artillery, the Grenadier Guards, and the Royal Marine Light Infantry. All bands are largely supported by the contribution of officers, who are bound by regulation to subscribe a certain amount of their pay to uphold them. (2) There are numerous regimental bands in the Volunteer force, but it would be hard to name the two most accomplished. Opinions on the subject must necessarily differ.

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"R.P.H." asks us to inform him when a nation is supposed to be definitely conquered. There is an old proverb that Englishmen never know when they are beaten, and it would be true to say that when nations arrive at that disastrous knowledge they are truly conquered. If, for example, the Greeks had not betrayed too plainly their own sense of being defeated, it would have been possible to believe that with patriotic enthusiasm and self-sacrifice the nation might have developed resources, and, in the end, have defeated the Turk. In practice, a nation is really conquered when its material and personal resources are cut off or exhausted and its national spirit is crushed by defeat. At what point this condition is reached depends upon the character of the people, their geographical situation, and the preparations they have made. Better answer we cannot give, for defeat is not determined by any absolute law.

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A CORRESPONDENT asks me to tell him which is the largest French battle-ship. France has never built ships of such dimensions as our own modern ones, but she has several of about 11,000 tons. The "Brennus" and the new ships of the "Charlemagne" class displace 300 or 400 tons more, while the "Charles Martel," "Jauréguiberry," "Carnot," and "Masséna" approach 12,000 tons. Actually the largest ship is the "Bouvet," launched at Lorient last year, which displaces 12,200 tons. My correspondent wishes to know her dimensions. She is 401-ft. long, with 70-ft. 3-in. beam, and 27-ft. 6-in. draught. Although, therefore, she is 750 tons lighter than the "Canopus" and her sisters, she is about 10-ft. longer, and has 4-ft. less in beam, these finer lines, of course, being intended to give higher speed, but it seems certain that we are, in this respect, generally more successful. The "Bouvet" has engines of 14,000 indicated horse-power, driving three screws—this being a feature not adopted in our Navy—and giving a speed of 17·5 knots. Our ships now building are intended for at least a knot more, though they will have 500 horse-power less, and they will be more powerfully armed. It does not seem likely that the French will tend to larger displacements than they have at present adopted. On the contrary, we shall not be surprised to see smaller ships laid down.

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"L. C. C." wishes to know if our Army is strong enough to fight against the French forces, by which we suppose he means to defeat them. The problem is, in a certain sense, insoluble. It is like asking which is the stronger, the lion or the whale. If our Army were pitted against the French in the fair fields of France itself, we suppose, in the presence of overwhelming numbers and a hostile population, things would go very badly with it. But, as a matter of fact, this can never occur. The British Army is not meant for such a purpose. Its sphere of action is in the Colonies, on the frontier of India, or, it may be, in the Soudan or Ashanti. There it will never encounter the French, or, if we suppose such a contingency even possible, then would come into the problem the operation of our sea power, and here we hold unmistakably that nothing but victory could await us. England and France have, happily, no cause for quarrel, but, on the contrary, are both keenly interested in the maintenance of peace, and we think, considering the friendly feelings that now prevail, the day is far distant when they will deal blows at one another.

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NAVAL aides-de-camp were first appointed in 1815, when the Prince Regent selected four flag officers and six captains as recipients of the honour. The number has since been reduced to one flag officer—always a distinguished admiral, who is styled First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp, and receives an allowance of £1 per diem for his services—and ten captains, six of whom receive an allowance of 10s. per diem, the four unpaid fleeting up by seniority to the paid list as vacancies occur. The position of first and principal aide-de-camp is vacated by retirement and the others by promotion to flag rank. T.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Duke of York hold appointments as honorary aides-de-camp, as does also Rear-Admiral Fullerton, C.B., so long as he remains in command of the Royal yacht. The duties of a Naval aide-de-camp are almost of a nominal character, being limited to occasional attendances at levées, etc.

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"T. P." asks: "What officers in the Army wear the aiguillette? Is it worn in the Navy?" In the Army a gold cord aiguillette is worn by field-marshals, equerries, and aides-de-camp to the Sovereign, and by the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Household Cavalry. In future an aiguillette of somewhat similar design, but of gold and red cord entwined, will be worn by all officers on the general or personal staff. In the Navy it is worn by admirals of the fleet and aides-de-camp to the Sovereign in plain gold cord, and by captains of the fleet, chiefs of the staff, flag-captains and flag-lieutenants, and secretaries to admirals and commodores, in gold and blue cord entwined. Admirals of the fleet and field-marshals, Naval and Military aides-de-camp to the Queen, etc., wear the aiguillette on the *right* shoulder; staff officers in both Services on the left. In the Household Cavalry it is worn on the right shoulder by officers, on the left by non-commissioned officers.

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IN a previous note in these columns, I drew attention to the abolition of figure-heads and bow ornaments in our most recent battle-ships. The reason for the abolition of these ornaments is a purely practical one—that they got in the way of the torpedo netting defence on the occasions of the hoisting out and in of the nets. Not only were the figure-heads and so forth in the way, but it was found impossible to avoid damaging them in handling the nets, and the consequent constant expenses for repairs and patchings up induced the Admiralty to decree their abolition. The last figure-head, in fact, borne by a modern sea-going battle-ship, was the one on the "Rodney," now in the Mediterranean. It was removed when the "Rodney" was last in a home dockyard, and is now set up in the Pattern Shop at Chatham.

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WHITE was formerly the distinctive colour of the Austrian troops, as red is of the British; but, except in the case of one or two regiments who still retain that colour, the soldiers of the Kaiser are clad in blue, green, or drab-brown. The Austrians were noted for the immaculate whiteness of their coats, and even at the present day, in their smartness of "turn-out" and general fondness for "spit and polish," they more nearly approach our own soldiers than do any other Continental troops. The famous Magdeburg Cuirassiers, Queen Victoria's German regiment, wear a white uniform, but it is not the brilliant white of the British or Austrian Services. This splendid regiment won undying glory at the Battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour, where, with the Altmark Uhlans, each only 400 strong, they charged an enormously superior force, and thus saving the Prussian left from being turned, compelled the French to discontinue the attack on Vionville. Only one half returned. In their splendid bravery and devoted self-sacrifice they are worthy of the honour of having, as titular chief, the head of an Army the soldiers of which have ever been distinguished for these attributes.

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A CORRESPONDENT asks: "What is the origin of the custom of saluting the quarter-deck?" Of its origin I have never heard a satisfactory explanation; but the reason for so doing is that the quarter-deck of a man-of-war is regarded as the symbol of royalty. Therefore, from the latest joined boy to the admiral of the fleet, all have to touch the cap upon setting foot on deck abaft the main-mast, or entry-port, as the case may be. The starboard side of the quarter-deck in harbour, and the weather side at sea, is particularly reserved for the captain, and anybody coming aft or ascending the hatchways keeps to the opposite side. From time immemorial these rules have been the "custom of the Service," and that being the case, it is unnecessary to say more than that, as such, they are religiously observed.

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AN interesting article might be written on the British element in the modern armies of the Continent. It is not often now that a British subject is favoured with a commission in the Army of any of the great military Powers, though there are several English-born men serving at present in Russia and Germany; but the Prussian Army List still contains a large number of names of British—or rather Scottish—origin, the German-born descendants of those soldiers of fortune who took service in Germany during the Thirty Years' and Seven Years' War. The traditional connection between France and Scotland, too, is still strongly evidenced by the Army and Navy Lists of the Republic. Last autumn, at the grand review at Châlos, in honour of the Tsar, four splendid cavalry divisions swept past the saluting point. One of these was led by General Colbert, and another by General Laurens (Lawrence) de Warn, both men of Scottish origin; and the latter was described as the "coming man" in the Cavalry arm. "And who is the coming man in your Navy?" asked a Scotsman who was present. "Brown de Colston"—another Scot by origin—was the reply.

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SIR VESEY HAMILTON not long ago described our Naval administration in a volume in the series of "Royal Navy Handbooks," and, more lately, Mr. Oppenheim has approached the subject from the historical point of view, in a surprisingly interesting book, dealing with the period from 1509 to 1660 (John Lane). In this matter Mr. Oppenheim is certainly the pioneer. He has dived into original sources and read through contemporary and voluminous manuscripts, and has produced a volume that is interesting at every page. It is a picture of the Naval administration of the past, of the condition of the Fleet, and of the life of the officers and men that will surprise many readers. The ability of the Tudors, the inefficiency of some of the Stuarts, although they had strong Naval instincts, and the regeneration under the Parliament and Commonwealth, when men of business took their place in Naval affairs, and many instances illustrating the times are passed before us. They were days in which men were often inclined, as some of them said, to vote the king's service worse than galley slavery, but they were times also in which men showed what grit and fibre Englishmen possessed. As Mr. Oppenheim remarks, the seaman, though in the mind of lady novelists he may be a dreamer and sentimentalist, is, in fact, a quite prosaic person, occupied a good deal with what he shall eat, what he shall drink, and what he shall put on. Thus it was that he appreciated so well the better conditions established under the Commonwealth, and fought so well in our long wars with the Dutch.

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IN reply to several questions on the subject, I have to say that no photograph will be considered eligible for our competition if it has already been reproduced elsewhere.

THE EDITOR.

To THOSE about to ENLIST.

BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

NO! I am *not* going to offer you *Punch's* famous advice; but at the same time you will find a few "don'ts" in the course of this attempt at a few useful hints for intending warriors. A not inconsiderable number of young men join the Army under the impression that they are embarking on a glorious life, the principal *motifs* of which are a red coat, bands of music, well-oiled hair, jingling spurs may-be, and a free kit and rations, and any amount of enthusiasm and admiration from a grateful country, and the girls in particular. You get the free kit and rations, such as they are, but you have to earn them, and there is something besides swaggering down the streets of your native town on furlough, before you have got through your recruit drill. So at the outset don't set off with the idea that your soldiering will be all beer and skittles. There is, I believe, a popular notion, fostered by song-writers and eminent novelists, that the soldier is "gay and free and full of glee," and all the rest of it, but allow something for poetic licence and "colour," and you will be wise. The recruiting sergeant talks smoothly, insinuatingly, nay, respectfully, to you, perchance he will take refreshment at your expense, but—he is a very different individual when you meet him on the parade ground. The man with a stripe on his arm is your superior officer, until you attain his rank, and you had best not forget this interesting fact. Discipline, *toujours* discipline, is the motto and the backbone of the Service, and the recruit very soon discovers so, but it is better for him if he is aware of it at the outset. And here, I may remark, Volunteers often, at the outset of their "regular" career, take to soldiering with a very bad grace. They have seen just enough of the life to fancy it, and to fancy it is what it is not—a kind of pastime and holiday. They have never been thoroughly in hand or under proper military discipline, and they imagine they can jaw a Regular non-com. as they may have done the sergeant of their company when volunteering.

"Beany" young men are soon undeceived, and they are very unhappy until they have learnt to obey the bridle. No doubt it is not very pleasant to be at the beck and call of every man who wears a stripe on his arm. It may be you have until lately occupied a far more important position in the scale of social life than this man ever has; you may be a better man yourself in the matter of birth, education, physique, and everything else; but he is your superior, and there the whole gist of the thing lies. The youngster who is civil, obliging, and properly deferential (he need not be servile) to the orders of his officer, sergeant, corporal, or senior soldier will get on. The recruit who grows too big for his boots will find they pinch, and pinch hard.

Many a lad who has seen twelve months' active service as a Volunteer joins the Army, and comes down to the regiment or depôt thinking he knows everything. He does not require to be taught anything, thank you. And he is quickly taught a vast deal, and taught it in a rather harsh manner, too. Know nothing when you first get into the barrack-room, or on the drill ground, or in the riding school. You will find men who are paid to teach you, and you can follow their instructions and learn as quickly as you like. Old soldiers are always generous to a youngster who admits his rawness and wishes to be taught, the smart know-all gets left every time. Numerous pleasantries will be played on your inexperience. There are certain stereotyped japes, sacred by long usage, that are bound to be worked off on every Johnny Raw. Don't get vexed; remember the man who is grinning at your discomfiture has been through the mill himself, and that you will be putting a wretched recruit under the same torture some day.

Can you work? Be quite sure whether you can before you enlist. The man who comes into the Service with the idea of putting in an easy existence has the hardest life imaginable. He had much better drift quietly into the workhouse and luxuriate in picking oakum or breaking stones. Fondness, or at any rate capacity, for work is a *sine quâ non* the man who intends to be a soldier must possess. One night, as the men of my troop were all busily engaged in preparing accoutrements and clothing for a big parade next day, two recruits were ushered into the room by the orderly corporal. They were welcomed in the rough but genial manner of soldiers and shown their cots, which were made down for them by an old hand. One fellow sat down, and,

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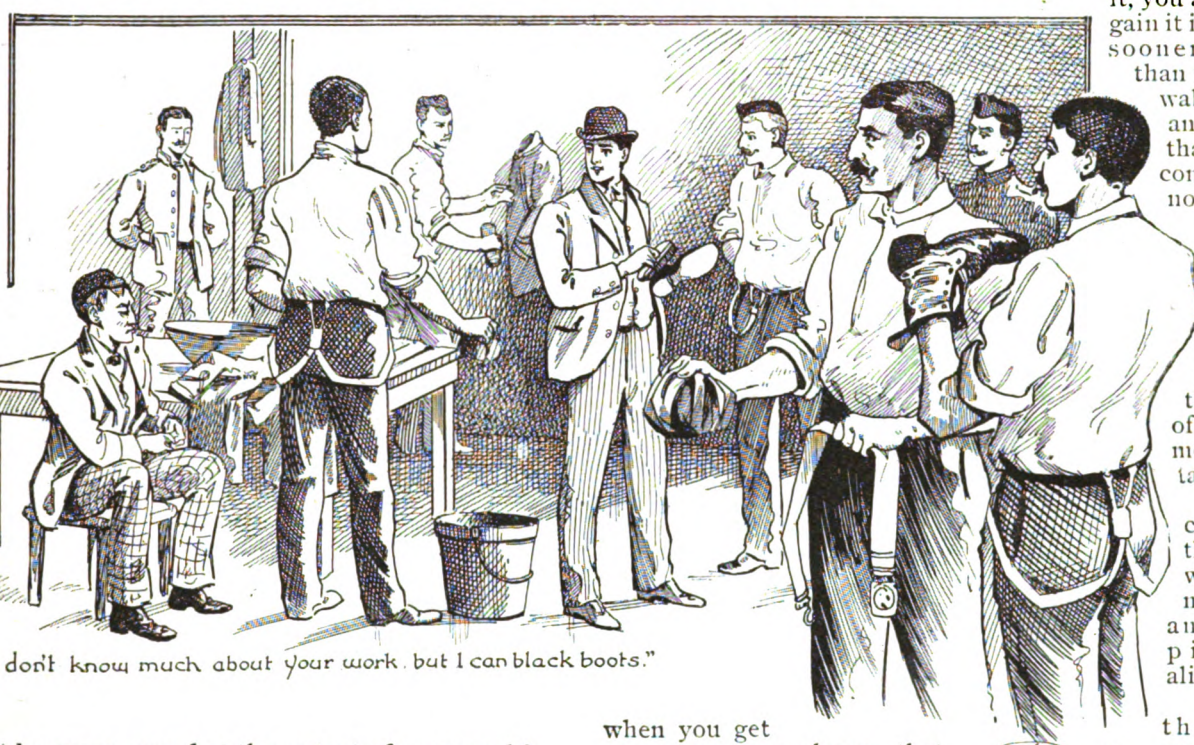
lighting his pipe, gazed placidly at us whilst we worked. The other, a smart, well-dressed lad, evidently of the better class, approached an old hand somewhat awkwardly. "I don't know much about your work," he said, "but I can black boots." And he did so, and went straight to the hearts of the room at once, whilst the other, a hulking fellow who had evidently been picked out of the gutter, was marked as a loafer and no good at the same instant. Therefore, if you are lucky enough to have got through your own work, never grudge a helping hand to a comrade.

Elbow grease is the greatest gift a soldier can possess. It *is* a gift. Some men are always working, "rifting" or "grafting" as the Army has it, and yet are not as clean as the man who finishes his work in half the time. Knack is the great thing, and can only be acquired by experience. The old hand "puts up" his saddle, burnished like a new shilling, before the recruit has sponged all his leather-work; and then the raw one is unhappy, and does one of two things. He either works steadily on, taking advice and picking up hints by eye or ear, until he can do his work properly, or he goes in for scamping the job and sooner or later is found out and has a very bad time, and, worst of all, is a marked man in future. Watch an old soldier, one who has the reputation of a "clean man," and take him as your model; and always remember the smart, clean, experienced man can do, and does do, things that are not becoming to a newly-joined rookie. Once you are in thorough trim, it is easy to keep so. Remember this, and bear it in mind in respect to your kit. Get your arms, your belts, your saddlery, and your horse—if you are a cavalry man—thoroughly clean, and you will be astonished at the ease with which you can keep them so. Don't burnish over rust—it won't bear looking at—but once get the metal-work *thoroughly* clean and a rub of oil, a suspicion of bath brick, and your bit shines like a new dollar. A reputation for "tickiness" (dirtiness)—the very worst, indeed, it is possible for a soldier to obtain—is easily earned and never got rid of.



"I don't know much about your work, but I can black boots."

You will not be overpowered at the extent of your wealth as a private soldier. Month in, month out, you will be lucky to draw five shillings a week after deductions for mess allowances, barrack damages, renovation of kit, etc. How you will invest all this great sum is a matter on which I shall not presume to offer you any advice. You can easily get rid of it at the canteen, and will find a considerable number of jolly fellows to assist at that operation. You can expend it in improving your *menu*, or can put it in the regimental savings bank. You can gamble it away, or perchance increase it at cards—I do not recommend either—or send it home to your friends. Personally I found I required all my pay, and a little more, to keep me in grub. A beneficent nation allows you three-quarters of a pound of meat and one pound of bread per diem, and anything else you require you must pay for yourself. The meat varies as to quality—occasionally it is excellent, less often it is not fit for human consumption. As a rule the bread is fairly good. Groceries and vegetables come out of the mess fund, to which you pay a certain sum from your pay, whether you wish it or not. To sum up, if you are addicted to the pleasures of the table, you must be prepared to mortify your predilection. With careful husbanding, however, you can make your pay sufficient for a few inexpensive luxuries—necessities you would call them in civil life—an occasional quart of beer now and again, and for replenishing your kit. Remember when your small kit—brushes, under-clothing, boots, etc.—are worn out or lost, you have to replace them with Government articles at your own cost, and such replacements are deducted from your pay. Government finds you in uniform and boots at stated intervals; meantime, if you lose or destroy such, you have to make them good at your own expense.

You will require some relaxation. How will you take it? You can put on your walking-out uniform, get a pass till 12.0 midnight, and go on the spree with a few particular chums. This may end up in a row with civilians, the police or provost, and mean drill, cells or prison, or, on the other hand, it may be only a swelled head next morning. You can go out and have a rational quiet evening with a comrade or civilian friends, if you prefer to, of course. You can spend the evening at the regimental recreation room or at the canteen. At the latter place, always well managed and worked on co-operative principles, you have cheap and good drink, and where is the corps without vocal talent? As a general rule it is much better, safer, and more economical to pass your evening at your own fireside—the regimental canteen—than to loaf round the low-class public-houses of your town. And here a word as to publicans' behaviour to the uniform. Some, I know, object to soldiers entering their houses; but, as a rule, "if" the soldier respects his uniform, civilians and publicans also do likewise. You will often hear soldiers of a certain class boasting how they went out without a cent and came back "skinning drunk." This feat is easily performed. Many civilians are very generous to the uniform in that respect, but I venture to hope you are not likely to prove a soldier of this kind, in other words, a drunken sponger. You can take a drink from a civilian without losing your self-respect, and the civilian should be aware that as a rule Tommy Atkins cannot always reciprocate.

Don't be in too big a hurry for promotion. If you merit it, you are bound to gain it in the Army, sooner, perhaps, than in any other walk of life; and remember that when it comes it will not be a bed of roses. Every step higher incurs certain responsibilities, and the first step of all is the most important.

A lance-corporal is the hardest worked, most abused, and unhappiest man alive. Remember when you get that stripe sewn on your sleeve, that yesterday you were plain Private Tommy, and don't fancy yourself Adjutant-General all in a moment. You will have a roughish time at first, especially with the men who were your equals yesterday, and now is the time to show what you are made of. You will require courage, tact, firmness—in a word, a strong heart—if you are to be a success as Lance Jack. The men watch you, and those above watch you, and you had better watch yourself closest of all.

If you can go through a corporal's probation successfully, you will do. After this trial, your course should be fairly smooth, and you can certainly look forward to promotion as vacancies occur and seniority entitles you. There are plenty of good billets in the Service for the right men, and if you do not remain long enough to reach the highest rank attainable to the man who enlists as private—I allude to the higher non-commissioned posts—you will at any rate leave the Service a far more useful member of society than when you entered.

I have barely touched the skirts of my subject, but my few hints may be of service to those whom they are primarily intended for. Implicit obedience, determination to work, sobriety and good humour, are the points indicated, and the qualities absolutely essential for a youngster intending to do well in the Army. Let him go in with his eyes open, and determine to exercise these qualities, which are also absolutely necessary for success in civilian life, and at the expiration of his service—be it short or long—like the writer, he will not regret the time spent as a private soldier.

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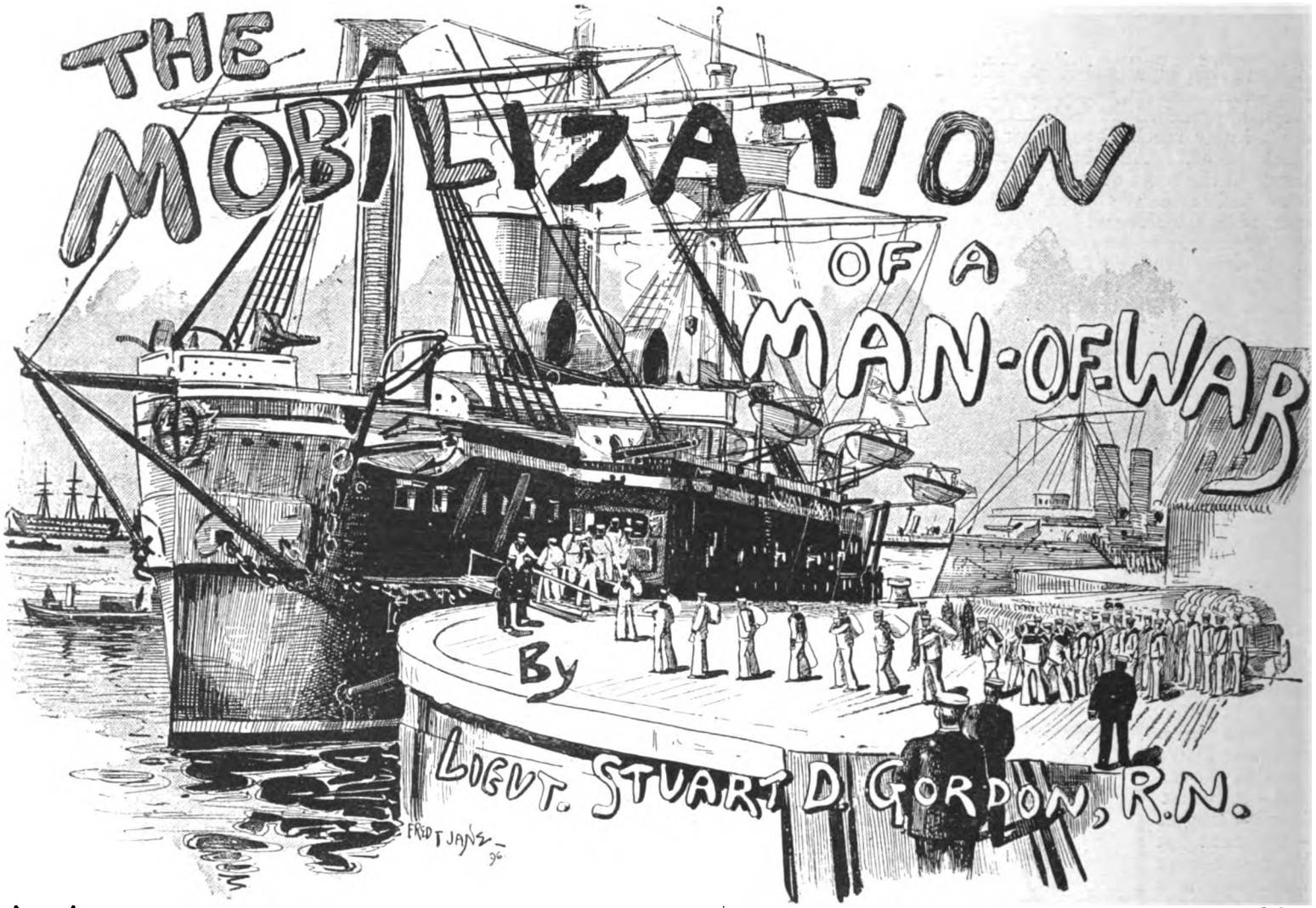

THE use of the term "mobilization," with regard to the Sea Service is of comparatively recent date. Until 1887 there were no regularly organised Naval manœuvres such as are now carried out every year, and, consequently, no mobilization—in the usually accepted sense—with a few isolated exceptions, since the days of the old wars. Nevertheless there was at least one such experiment worthy of notice, as being so pre-eminently a record.

It was in the days of sailing vessels, when two line-of-battle ships were ordered to be commissioned with all possible despatch, one out of Portsmouth Dockyard, the other from the Devonport establishment. Both had their lower-masts stepped only, yet they completed for sea, armed, provisioned, and were under plain sail in a little over the twenty-four hours; the Portsmouth ship, it is said, proving the winner by a very small margin.

Although this was indeed a notable performance, it cannot be said to bear comparison with what is done nowadays, when the fleet in reserve is partially mobilized. True, the introduction of time and labour-saving appliances, and new forces such as steam and hydraulics, are in favour of the modern ship, but this is more than counterbalanced by the circumstance that the 64 pr. muzzle-loading truck gun was the heaviest piece of ordnance mounted by the ships of that day. The projectiles, therefore, and all other parts of their armaments were proportionately light and consequently more easily handled, and lent themselves, so to speak, to the inevitable process of being stowed securely for sea.

In those days too, there did not even exist the great number of appliances which are now indispensable to every gun, torpedo, or what-not in the way of war mechanism, that goes on board a man-of-war in order to render her effective.

This idea was summed up in a remarkably concise manner by the (civilian) brother of an officer after the latter had shown him over his ship, one of the latest additions to our fleet. "It strikes me," he said, "that a sailor is a man who carries a large wardrobe in a small bag, and lives in a box of tricks."

"A box of tricks" very aptly describes the interior of a modern war-vessel. It is a fact that few Naval officers themselves *appreciate* (although they *know*) the endless variety of details attached to every piece of ordnance or mechanism on board their own ships. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is taken into account that the absence of a single one of these accessories would render useless that particular piece of machinery to which it belongs—as useless as a gun without powder, or a boat without oars or sails.

To thoroughly understand how in an astonishingly short space of time a man-of-war can be brought forward, commissioned, and sent to sea, it is necessary to know something of the system that now obtains. Included in the scheme of mobilization, there are in addition to the men and ships of the Royal Navy, the men of the Royal Naval Reserve, and certain ships of the Mercantile Marine, though of course the last-named would only be requisitioned in the event of war breaking out.

Let us first glance at the men at our disposal.

In the case of those of the Royal Navy, the Admiralty are able, at incredibly short notice, to recall to any port every officer and man who may be on leave; for it is compulsory that each shall lodge his address whenever he may be permitted to absent himself from his ship for any period exceeding twenty-four hours. The Naval Reserve men, although not under so immediately direct a discipline, nor always available, may by the constitution of their Service, be called upon to join any of Her Majesty's ships, should occasion arise.

As for those British merchant-sailors *not* of the R.N.R., they are a fine body of men, and though untrained in the art of modern warfare, would prove a useful and welcome addition in time of emergency. If necessary, their services can be enforced by the press gang, but with the country in danger, few would refuse to fight for their flag.

With regard to the ships.

The system rules here that there shall be kept ready for immediate commissioning at each of the three Naval ports a Fleet Reserve, comprising one or more of each class of war vessel. These ships are, of course, in addition to our several fleets already on active service all over the world.

Each vessel is in the charge of an executive and an engineer officer, who are responsible for her continued efficiency. Everything in the way of fittings, guns, torpedoes, engines, stores, etc., etc., that it is possible to leave on board without risk of danger or deterioration, is fixed in its proper place or stowed in the allotted store-room, Gunpowder, filled shell, and other explosives not being permitted in closed harbours, basins or docks are necessarily excepted. (These are hoisted in from lighters towed alongside on the arrival of the ship at the anchorage outside the harbour.)

To every one of these ships is told off a skeleton crew, made up of men serving at the time on board the receiving or depôt ship belonging to the port at which the particular vessel is stationed.

So, it will be seen, that in the event of mobilization, there are all ready to hand, for each ship, an executive officer, an engineer, and a certain number of bluejackets, marines, and stokers of different ratings.

The above form the nucleus of a ship's full complement, and the smartness of her mobilization largely depends upon the alacrity with which they perform the duties which constitute the initial stage of commissioning a man-of-war. Directly the telegram is received from the Admiralty, commanding the mobilization of a certain man-of-war, orders are sent to the

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depôt, when the parties of the reserve crew already detailed for that particular ship proceed immediately to the dockyard, victualling yard, and gun wharf, and draw the requisite stores, etc.,—in short, everything necessary to complete the full equipment of their vessel, some being put on board as soon as they are run down on trucks, the remainder being stacked on the jetty alongside which the ship is lying.

In the meantime the "ratings" requisite for a full complement are being filled up—if necessary, from another depôt. The captain and officers are appointed—by telegraph, if on leave or half-pay—from the Admiralty, and under the system now in vogue, this takes no longer than the selecting and telegraphing each one.

Nine o'clock the next morning sees the complete ship's company, in charge of their officers, fallen in on the jetty opposite the ship, every man with his bag containing his kit, also his bedding.

The officers make their individual arrangements to have their luggage, private cabin furniture, etc., conveyed on board as soon as possible after their arrival at the port of embarkation.

After being mustered, the men are marched on board, when, as each comes over the side he is given a card on which is filled in his number in the watch-bill (hammock number), number of mess, part of ship for which he is detailed, together with station at general quarters, fire, and man and arm boats.

At the same time every man is given a painted bag in which to stow his kit-bag, and a hammock with a set of nettles and lashing.

The bags and hammocks having been stowed in the racks and nettings, all hands are sent aft on to the quarter-deck, when the commander (or first lieutenant) addresses them with regard to their duties.

The bugle then sounds to "quarters;" thus each officer and man is enabled to individually learn one of his principal stations.

All hands now set to work stowing holds, store-rooms, etc., striking the gear below that is already on the upper deck, and hoisting in the remainder from alongside.

At the same time one watch of the stokers are busy getting up steam, the rest of the engine-room staff being employed in stowing away stores immediately connected with their own department.

The "cooks of messes" are simultaneously performing the necessary duty of cleaning and putting the messes in order and preparing the dinners. Thus every man, fore and aft the ship, is employed.

By the way, one of the first men to get to work in the mobilization of a man-of-war is the ship's cook, for it is always properly recognised in the Service that the men work the better for having their regular meal hours; in fact strict orders are in force to this effect. Consequently, at a quarter to twelve "Cooks to the galley" is sounded, and with eigl t bells (noon), comes the cheery "Pipe to dinner."

Regarding the creature comforts of the officers, one of the two originally stationed on board while the ship was yet in the reserve, has, on the first intimation that she is to be mobilized, already engaged a steward from the shore, who sees lunch provided. The captain generally joins the officers at their table on this occasion, as he is invariably made an honorary member of the ward-room.

Perhaps it is not out of place here, to ask our landsmen readers to note that Naval officers are *not* messed (fed) at the country's expense, but have to pay for their own food. Hence the early engagement of a steward (or messman) is compulsory to ensure the mid-day meal, all the more appreciated on this occasion by those who have been travelling by train perhaps the greater part of the previous day, and some of them during the night.

After the dinner hour the work proceeds as before, and when finished, the decks are cleared up and swept.

The Stokers are busy Getting up Steam

The captain now reports to the commander-in-chief that his ship is ready for sea.

The chronometers, charts, etc., having been previously put on board, on permission being granted by the Admiral, the hawsers are slipped, and the passage out of harbour is made as expeditiously as may be.

On arriving in the roadstead, should the lighters containing her powder, etc., be already waiting, these explosives are at once hoisted in and stowed in the magazines.

A trial run of an hour's duration is then made as a final test of the engines. But should the powder lighters not be in attendance, the above procedure is reversed. On the satisfactory completion of the trial run—and the signal to that effect having been approved by the Admiral, the ship proceeds full speed to the previously appointed rendezvous.

Such is the mobilization of a man-of-war, and though circumstances alter cases, giving sometimes more and occasionally less work to be done, according to the class of ship and the time she has been in the reserve, still, some idea may be gathered from the above of the perfection of the present system and the splendid discipline that exists.

For it must not be forgotten that perhaps a very small percentage only of the men, and possibly *none* of the officers, have ever before served in a vessel of the same type. Yet, notwithstanding that, when at 9 a.m. they first trod her deck, the ship was to them as an unexplored country; it is a fact that before many hours have passed, few of her men will have any difficulty in finding their way to the several holds, store-rooms, magazines, etc., etc.

Of course this is largely attributable to the innate propensity of the seafaring man to keep his "weather eye lifting," taking in as it were, unconsciously, little details that would escape a landsman. But undoubtedly what contributes most of all to the attainment of this happy result, is the systematic method of employing so many hundred men in separate companies, doing different jobs, yet all working towards the same end—the fitting out of *their own* ship.

In fact it is the stationing of each man, *before* the work is commenced, that is the secret of the whole matter. As has been said, a man no sooner passes through the entry port than a glance at the card he receives tells him where and what his duties are to be. If then, in addition to this, he is employed on the scene of his future labours in stowing the material with which he will hereafter have to work, it would be surprising if he did not very soon settle down just as if he had served half a commission in the ship.

To sum up, the system of mobilization as practised in the British Navy, it is:—

1. A powerful reserve always ready for immediate commission.
2. Sketeton crews always employed in each and every ship in the reserve.
3. A practical method of rapidly concentrating officers and men.
4. Discipline, intelligence, and system.

The results attained are every year proving more satisfactory, the mobilization of a first-class cruiser to-day being rendered possible in the space of twenty-four hours!

In addition to the mobilization last year of the most formidable fleet that has ever assembled at Spithead (if not at any other place), another example is no doubt fresh in the minds of all, I refer to the time when it was thought necessary to call out another small fleet, and the immediate formation of the "Flying Squadron" was the result, to the great surprise of many who had no idea of the progress made in this direction.

That many a long day may pass before there be mobilization for real warfare, is the hope of every intelligent citizen; but that the most certain way to assure ourselves of "peace in our day" is to be "Ready; aye, ready!" is a no less true and forcible axiom. And Britannia, with these thoughts in her heart, the finest Navy in the world in one hand, her huge commerce and vast wealth in the other, and stout and loyal "Hearts of Oak" at her back, will *still* "rule the waves."

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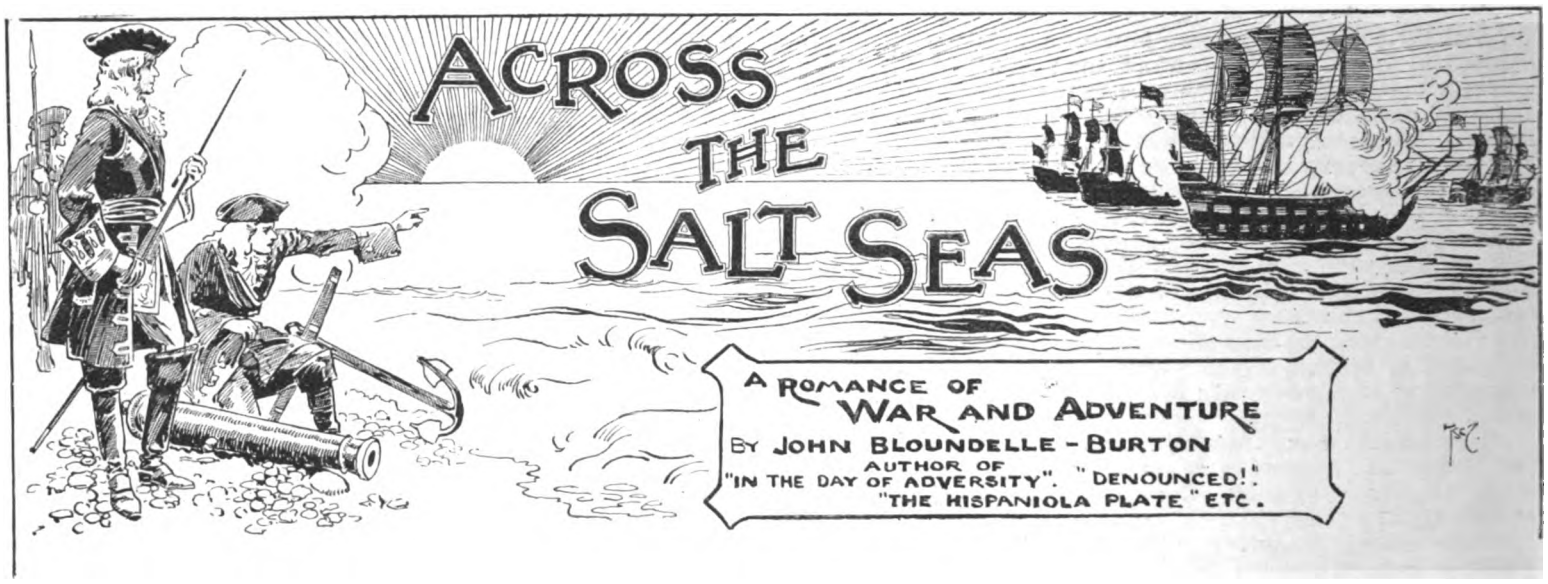

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, an officer under Marlborough, who has been sent to Portugal on secret service, is now endeavouring to make his way from Viana (near Vigo, at the siege of which he had assisted) to Flanders by land, there to rejoin his regiment, the Fourth Horse, or Cuirassiers. He is accompanied on this expedition, an extremely dangerous one and full of perils -some of which have already been described- by Señor Juan Belmonte, a handsome and wealthy young West Indian, whom he discovered in one of the galleons at Vigo, to which he was sent on board. These two have become close, firm friends, Juan's regard for the Englishman being of a characteristically emotional nature, and they are inseparable now. The man Father Jaime, who reappears on the scene to render assistance at a critical moment, was also discovered as a passenger in the galleon under the garb of a monk. Who he actually is will be shown as the romance proceeds.

CHAPTER XVIII. *(continued).*

"YOU do not think he has recognised you, too? Seen you, though unseen himself, while we have been in this house, passing through these passages and corridors?—as I doubt not either he or that negro of his saw me, if he himself did not."

He thought a moment after I said this, then suddenly emerged from his meditation, and laughed a bright, ringing laugh, such as I had learnt to love the hearing of.

"Nay," he replied, "nay," and still he laughed. "He has not, could not recognise me. No! no! no! When I present myself to him he—well!—he will be astonished."

And once more he laughed.

What a strange creature it was! I thought. As brave as a young lion, as emotional and variable as a woman.

In answer to our pulling at the bell, to also our calls, the landlord came in at last, not hurrying himself at all, as it seemed to us, to bring the bill. Indeed, we had observed him, as we looked forth from the window, engaged in a conversation with two of the townspeople shrouded in the long cloaks which Spaniards wear, their heads as close together as if they were concocting a crime, though, doubtless, talking of nothing more important than the weather.

"The bill," I said, "the bill, quick! Our horses await us, and we have far to ride."

"Ay," he replied, "ay," and, flinging down a filthy piece of paper on the table, added, "there is the bill." And he stood drumming his fingers on the table while I felt for the coins with which to pay it. Yet, even as I did so, I noticed that the fellow's manner was quite changed from what it had been hitherto; his obsequiousness of the morning had turned to morose surliness, which he took no trouble to conceal. And wondering if Juan, who was standing by fastening his spur-strap, had observed the same thing, I glanced at him and saw his eyes fixed on the man.

"There are two pistoles," I said, throwing them on the table. "They will more than pay our account; give the rest to the servants."

"Ay," he replied, "ay!" but with no added word of thanks.

"Is't not enough?" Juan asked.

"It is enough." Then he turned to me and said, "You are riding to Lugo to-night?"

"That is our road," I replied, feeling my temper mount at the man's changed manner. "What of it? Does that route displease you, pray?"

"Ho!" he grunted. "For that, it makes no matter to me." Then added, "The horses are there," in so insolent a tone that I had a difficulty in restraining myself from kicking or striking him. But I remembered that, before all else, our safety had to be consulted, and that nought should be done to cause delay to our progress. Therefore I swallowed my ire as best I might.

Yet, as we rode out of the courtyard, I saw at once that Juan's own thoughts tended exactly in the same direction as mine, since he said to me:

"That fellow has been told something by the old man. Doubtless that you are English—that we both are. *Por Dios!* Suppose he has informed him that you were in the English Fleet!"

"I have no doubt the man has been told so," I replied. "But no matter. If it were not for you I should not care a jot."

Then once more I saw the dark eyes turned on me, and wished that I had held my tongue—at least as regarded the latter part of my speech.

It seemed as if the town had gone to bed already. The great square was deserted—except that the geese and pigs were still in it huddled together around the fountain, and severally cackled and grunted as we trotted by them; down the long street as we rode we saw no signs of anyone being outside their doors.

Yet, as we neared the extremity of both the town and the street, and came to where the latter ended off into a country road stretching along a dreary-looking plain over which the moon had risen, we saw that such was not precisely the case. At the end of the street, that which was the last building was a little, low, whitewashed chapel; above its black door there was a Figure in a little niche, with, burning in front of that, a candle in a miserable red-glassed lanthorn. And, feeble as were the rays cast forth from this poor yet sacred lamp, they were sufficient to show us three men on horseback, sitting their steeds as rigidly as statues.

Judging by their long black cloaks and the tips of steel scabbards which protruded beneath them, and which were plainly enough to be seen, even in that dim, cloudy light, I imagined these men to be the town *gendarmerie*—though doubtless they had some other name to denominate them—and supposed this was a comfortable position which they probably selected nightly. Also, the position was at both an exit and an entrance to the place, therefore a natural one.

"Good night," one said, and next I heard another mutter something to Juan which he replied to; in both of their remarks the name of Lugo being quite distinct to my ears. But beyond this nothing else passed, and a few moments later we were riding at a smart trot across the dreary moor-like plain.

"They asked," Juan said in answer to my question, "if our destination was Lugo. That was all."

"So I supposed," I said, and added, "Until we were past them I felt not at all sure they might not be on the look-out for us. Might, perhaps, intend to stop us. If Carstairs, or Eaton, or whatever his name is, blew upon me to the landlord he would be as like to do it to the authorities also. However, we are in the open now, and all is well so far."

By this time the moon was up, and we could see the country along which we were riding. Could perceive that 'twas indeed a vast open plain, with, however, as it seemed to me, a forest or wood ahead of us into which the road we were on trended at last. Could see, too, the snow lying white all around as far as the moor stretched, and looking beneath the moonbeams like some dead sea across which no ship was trying to find its way.

"A mournful spot," I said to Juan as, half-an-hour later, we had almost reached the entrance to the great forest we had observed, it drawing nearer to us at every stride our beasts took; "'tis well we made a full meal ere we set out. We

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are not very like to come across another ere we reach Lugo."

I spoke as much to hearten up my companion as for any other reason, since I feared that, in spite of his bravery and firm-fixed determination to never leave my side, he must be very much alarmed at the thoughts of what might happen to us ere we had gone many more leagues.

But, remarking that he made no answer to my idle words, I glanced round at him and perceived that his head was turned half-way back towards whence we had come, and that upon his face was a look of intense eagerness—the look of one who listens attentively for some sound.

"What is it, Juan?" I asked.

"Horses' hoofs on the hard road behind us!" he said. "And coming swiftly, too. Hark! do you not hear?" And as he spoke I did hear them. Heard also something else to which my soldier's ears had made me very well accustomed—the clank of steel-scabbarded swords against horses' flanks.

"It is the men we passed by the chapel," I said. "Following us now. Yet, if 'tis us they seek, why not stop us ere we left the town. They could do as much against us there as here."

"They were but three then," the lad answered, calmly, as though he were counting guineas into his palm instead of the hoof beats of those oncoming horses, "now there are more. Half-a-dozen, I should say. If 'tis us they follow they have waited to be reinforced."

And I felt sure that he had guessed right, since the very thought which he expressed had already arisen in my own mind.

Chapter XIX.

THE SECOND FIGHT.

We had entered the forest five minutes later, and, be very sure, we wasted no more time in waiting for those behind to come up; since, if 'twas us they followed, we might as well be in its shadow as in the open. For, if we were outnumbered, the trees themselves might afford us some shelter, make a palisade, from behind which we might get a shot at them if 'twas too hot for a hand-to-hand encounter. At any rate, I had sufficient military knowledge to know that 'tis better to fight against unequal odds with a base or retreat to fall back on, than to be without one.

Yet as we rode into this forest I loosened my blade in its sheath, and felt with my thumb to see that the priming of my pistols was ready; bade also Juan do the same; likewise to keep behind me as much as might be.

"For," said I, "if they mean attack I will give them no chance of beginning it. The first hostile word and I force my horse between them, cutting right and left, and do you do the same, following behind me. Thereby you may chance to take off those whom I miss."

And I laughed, a little grimly perhaps, as I spoke, for I thought that, if there were indeed six men behind us, my journey towards Flanders was already as good as come to an end. Yet, all the same, I laughed; for—strange though it may seem to those who have never known the delights of crossed steel!—a fight against odds had ever an exhilarating effect upon me, which was perhaps as it should be with a knight of the blade. Juan, however, did not laugh at all, though he told me he would follow my orders to the utmost; indeed, was so silent that I asked him if his nerves were firm?—to which he replied that I should see when the moment came.

And, now, upon the crisp night air we heard the clang of those oncoming hoofs ringing nearer and nearer; a sough—or deadened kind of sound—told us the iron shoes were on the fallen leaves which covered all the track from where the wood began; the scabbards of the riders flapped noisily against spurs and horses' flanks; bridles jangled very near.

Then they were close upon us—five of them!—and a voice called out, "Halt, there; you are Englishmen—one a sailor or soldier and a spy—passing through the land."

"You lie!" rang out Juan's voice in answer; "we are not Englishmen."

That his reply in fluent Spanish—the Spanish of a gentleman and not of a common night-patrol—astonished them, I could see. The leader, he who had spoken, glanced round at his four comrades and, an instant after, spoke again.

"Who are you then, and why does not the big man answer?"

"He speaks French. I am Spanish. Molest us not."

"Molest! *Condenacion!* We are informed you are English. Produce your papers."

"We have none; they are lost."

"Ho! ho! ho!" the leader replied. "Very well, very well. 'Tis as I thought. That man is English; he is denounced this night. As for you—the accursed English have many possessions wherein our tongue is spoken. We understand."

And he gave, as I supposed, some order, since all advanced their animals a few paces nearer; while, as they did so, Juan whispered to me in the French, "Be ready—but do nothing yet."

"You will return to Chantada with us," the spokesman said, sitting his horse quietly enough, yet with the blade of his drawn sword glistening in the moonbeams as it lay across the creature's neck, as, I observed, did the blades of all the others. "That finishes our affair. For the rest you will answer to the Regidores."

"We shall not return. Our way lies on."

"So be it. Then we must take you;" and as he spoke I saw a movement of his knee—of all their knees—that told me they meant to seize us.

And I knew that the time had come.

"At them," cried Juan at the same moment. "Advance, Mervan."

A touch to the curb and my beast fell back—'twas a good animal that; had, I believe, been a charger in its day, so well it seemed to know its work—then a free rein and another touch of the heel and I was amongst them, my sword darting like lightning around. Also, at my rear, came the jennet's head; near me there flashed the steel of Juan's lighter weapon. And in a moment we had crashed through them—they fell away on either side of us like waves from a ship's forefoot!—fell away for a moment, though closing again in an instant.

"Return and charge," I cried to Juan, still in French, "at them again. See, one has got his quietus already," as, indeed, he had, for the great fellow was hanging over his horse's neck in a limp and listless fashion which showed that he was done for.

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But this time those four closed together as we went at them, Juan stirrup to stirrup with me in this second charge, and our tactics had to be changed—we could no longer burst through them. So that it was a hand-to-hand fight now—they had pistols in their holsters, but no chance to use them—they could not spare a hand to find those holsters, could not risk our swords through their unguarded breasts; wherefore we set to work, blade to blade.

We should have won, I do believe—already I had thrust through and through one man's arm; as luck would have it, 'twas not the sword arm—already they backed before our rain of blows and cuts and thrusts—when, by untoward fate, my horse stumbled on the frosty road and came down. Came down upon his haunches, slipping me from the saddle over the cantle and so to earth, then regained his hind legs once more and dashed out from the fray.

And now our position was mighty perilous. Above, I saw Juan on the jennet fencing well with two of the men; over me were the two others cutting down at my head, though since, by God's mercy, I had retained my weapon, their blows were, up to now, unavailing. Yet I knew this could not be for long, nor last; wherefore I cried, "Save yourself, Juan, save yourself. Disengage and flee."

Under my own blade, under those two others that beat upon it so that I wondered it shivered not in my hand, I saw the boy manfully holding his own—once, too, I saw him rip up the jerkin of one of his opponents, and heard the latter give a yell of pain. Then, "Great Heaven!" I thought. "What has happened now?"

For there was a fifth man upon the scene!

A man tall and stalwart, mounted on a great big-boned black horse, who had suddenly sprung from out a chestnut copse by the side of the track; a man in whose hands there gleamed a sword that a second later was laced and entwined with those attacking Juan; a man who hurled oaths in Spanish and French at them—I heard "*Carambas*" and "*Por Dios*" and other words, which sounded like the rolling of some great cathedral organ as they came from his deep throat! *Tonnerres*, *Ventre—Bleus* and *Carognes* I heard, too. Also once, it seemed, a deep oath in my own tongue.

Heavens! who was this man who beat back those others as a giant might push back a handful of children; whose sword—even as with one hand he grasped Juan round the waist—went through an adversary's neck so that he fell groaning upon me, his blood spurting as from a spigot? Who was he who laughed loud and long as, with one accord, all those still alive turned and fled back upon the road they had come? Fled, leaving us, thanks be to God and this new arrival, the victors of the fray.

He sat his horse calmly now, looking after their retreating figures, his great sombrero slouched across his face while he wiped his blade upon the creature's coal-black mane. Then, as their figures disappeared from our view, he said, in French:

"Warmer work this, Señor Belmonte, than twanging viols and singing of love songs. *N'est ce pas?*" And from his throat there came again that laugh.

Glancing up, I saw that which caused me to start, even as I heard Juan say, "You! You here! And in this garb!"—saw that which made me wonder if I had gone demented. For this man who had so suddenly come to our rescue, this *fine lame* whose thrusts had won the fray for us, was no other than the monk I had seen on board "La Sacra Familia," the holy man known then as Father Jaime.

And swiftly, as I gazed up at him, there came to my recollection old Admiral Hopson's suspicions as to having seen him before, also the imitation pass he had made across the table with the quill at his brother admiral, and his words:

"'Twas not always the cowl and gown that adorned his person—rather instead the belt and pistols—the long serviceable rapier handy."

What did it mean?

Ere he answered either Juan's startled enquiries or my stare of amazement, which he must very well have seen in the moon's rays as I regarded him, he cantered off after my horse, which was standing quietly in the forest side by side with that other animal on whose neck the first wounded man had fallen—he was now lying dead upon the ground!—and brought both back to where we were, leading them by their reins.

"You will want your horse, Monsieur," he said, "to continue your journey. Bon Dieu! You both made a good fight of it; though they would have beaten you had I not come up at the moment."

"Believe us, we both thank you more than words can express," I said, while Juan sat his jennet, still breathing heavily from his exertions, yet peering with all the power of those bright eyes at the man before him, "yet your appearance is so different from what it was when last we met, that—that I am lost in amazement. You were, sir, a holy monk then."

"*Cucullus non facit monachum*," he replied, in what I recognised to be very good Latin. Then added, with a laugh, "In journeying through dangerous places we are not always what we seem to be. To wit—Monsieur was either an English soldier or sailor when I saw him last, an enemy to Spain and France—hating both, as I should suppose. Yet now he is a private gentleman and, I imagine, desires nothing less than that his real position should be known."

"But you—you," Juan interposed, "you were a monk from the first moment I set eyes on you, from the hour when we left Hispaniola. Are you not one?"

"My boy," he said, and while he spoke he touched Juan on the sleeve as they both sat their horses side by side—I being also mounted again by this time—"my boy, I replied to your companion just now with a proverb. I answer you with another. Look not a gift horse in the mouth. I have saved your life, at least, if not this gentleman's. And——"

But Juan stammering forth some words of regret for the curiosity he had shown, he stopped him with still another touch on the sleeve, and said:

"Briefly, let me tell this. I had reasons to be in Spain, to quit the Indies and accompany the galleons—get a passage by some means. It suited me to come disguised as a monk; there was no other way. For, rightly or wrongly, both Spain and France are my enemies; in my own proper character I could never have reached here. Being here, I am still in danger if discovered—to avoid that discovery I have now doffed the monkish garb, so that all traces of me are lost. Enough, however—I am on my road to Lugo. Does your way lie the same road?"

We both answered that it did, whereon he said, speaking quickly and, as I noticed, in the tone of one who seemed very well used to issuing orders as well as accustomed to deciding for himself and others:

"So be it. Let us ride together. And at once. Every moment we tarry here makes our position more dangerous. Those men will no sooner have returned to Chantada than every available soldier will be sent forward to arrest us, even though it be in Lugo itself. You will be recognised without doubt if you stay an instant in the town. Your one chance is to get into it and out again as soon as may be."

"And you?" I asked, as now we put spurs to our horses and dashed along the forest track. "And you? If any of those who were in this affray return with the soldiers you speak of, it will be hard for you, too, to escape recognition. Your form cannot be disguised."

"It will be disguised again," he answered very quietly, "when I have once more assumed the monk's garb. I have it here;" and he tapped the great valise strapped on his horse's back. "It has not been worn since I got ashore at Vigo, and that's far behind this by many leagues. There are none here like to recognise me."

"You stay, then, in Lugo?"

"I must stay; I have affairs."

He said this so decisively that we neither of us ventured to ask him any more questions, though, a moment or two afterwards, he volunteered to us the statement that, if another horse he had previously bought when he landed at Vigo had not broken down, he would long ere this have been in Lugo. Only the finding of a fresh animal—the one he now bestrode—had taken him some time and thereby caused him to be late on his road, which, as we said, gratefully enough, was fortunate for us.

"Ay," he replied, "it was. And also that I was breathing my animal in the forest at the time those others overtook you. But, *nom d'un chien!* I have been a fighter in my day myself, and, since I could not see two men set upon by five, my old instincts were aroused; though," he added, with extreme *sang froid*, "had it been an even fray I might have left you to it."

And, now, it seemed to both Juan and myself as though this man's assistance to us necessitated our showing some confidence in him, wherefore, very briefly, we gave him some description of why we were travelling together, and of how, because Juan had nought else of much importance to do at the outset of his arrival in Europe, he had elected to be my companion as far as Flanders.

"Humph!" he exclaimed at this, "he is a young knight errant, as I told him oft enough in the galleon when he talked some rhodomontade about being on his way to Europe to seek out and punish a villain who had wronged him. Well, sir, even if he finds not the man, he is likely enough to meet with sufficient adventures in your company ere he reaches Flanders."

"He thinks he has found him already," I said quietly in reply.

"What!" and he turned his great eyes on both of us. "Found him? Here in Spain?" and he laughed incredulously.

(To be continued).

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Photo. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea.

GENERAL JOHN DAVIS, C.B.

GENERAL JOHN DAVIS, C.B., the popular General Officer Commanding the Southern District, entered the Army as ensign in the 35th Foot, 1852, and served with the regiment in the Shahabad district during the Indian Mutiny Campaign. He obtained his company in 1859, and reached the rank of major-general in 1883, after having served as colonel on the staff at Shorncliffe for two years. In the Soudan Expedition of 1884, under Sir Gerald Graham, he commanded the 2nd Infantry Brigade, and was present at the engagements at El Teb and Temai, being several times mentioned in despatches and receiving the Companionship of the Order of the Bath, the medal with clasp, and Khedive's bronze star for his services. He also served in the Suakin Campaign of 1885. From April, 1886, until the end of 1887 he commanded the troops at Malta, when he was transferred to the Dublin District. He succeeded H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught at Portsmouth in November, 1893, and has worthily maintained the hospitable traditions of Government House during his tenure of office.

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NEW COLOURS for the DUKE of YORK'S SCHOOL.

SALUTING THE OLD COLOURS.

ONE of the most picturesque and impressive ceremonies which our Colonial visitors have had an opportunity of witnessing, took place recently at the Duke of York's School at Chelsea. This was on the occasion of the presentation of new colours to the school by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York. A large and fashionable gathering assembled, and Chelsea pensioners, in their quaint scarlet uniforms, lined the approaches to the school, the presence of many of the Indian Princes now in London, with the Colonial troops, lending a particular brilliancy to the scene.

The colours which have at last been replaced by new ones were the oldest carried in the Army, having been granted by King George the Fourth in 1825. This school, with the Royal Military College at Sandhurst and the Royal Hibernian Military School, are the only similar institutions which are on an equality with the regiments of the Army in being allowed to carry colours presented by the Queen.

Shortly after the arrival of the Royal party, the ceremony of trooping the old colours was gone through; the tattered colours were borne slowly along the opened ranks, the boys standing at attention, while the Indian officers and Colonials also saluted, and the civilians present stood bareheaded. "Auld Lang Syne" was meanwhile played by the band, and then the drums were piled in the centre of the square formed by the boys, and the new colours placed upon them.

The consecration ceremony was then carried out, and the Duchess formally presented the colours. The Duke of York said that he noped the colours would always remind the boys of the high honour and reputation of their school, his speech bringing the ceremony to a conclusion.

Photos THOMAS, Cheapside.

THE SCHOOL AND THE VISITORS.

Photo. C. BLOOMBERY, Compton Street.

THE PRESENTATION BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

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TYPES OF OUR CAVALRY.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE 8th (KING'S OWN ROYAL IRISH) HUSSARS.

WHEN first raised in 1693 the regiment was known as Cunningham's Dragoons, after the then commanding officer. Four years later this gallant body of dragoons was disbanded, being reformed in 1715. The official title became in 1777 the 8th or King's Own Royal Irish Regiment of Light Dragoons, and as such it took part in the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, 1796, and Kaffir War. In 1822 the regiment became the 8th or King's Own Royal Irish Hussars. It served with distinction in the Crimea, and took part in the charge of Balaclava. The 8th distinguished themselves in Central India, 1858, and were engaged in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80. The uniform is blue, the busby bag scarlet, and the plume red and white. The regimental badge—the harp and crown—is worn in solid silver on the arm by warrant officers and staff or troop sergeants. The motto is "Pristinæ virtutis memores."

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THE ASSEMBLY OF A MILITIA BATTALION.

ON the day when a Militia battalion assembles for the annual training all at the depôt is in a state of bustle and activity. At an early hour the permanent staff are busily engaged making arrangements for the men of their respective companies. By and by a few stragglers in plain clothes begin to make their appearance at the barrack gates. These are the first arrivals, who are about to change their status, as well as their attire, and become for the next four weeks subject to the Army Act.

Our first illustration represents some men of a Militia battalion reporting themselves for their twenty-seven days' annual training, the adjutant of their battalion having some time previously notified by post to each man the date of training. Four non-commissioned officers are on gate duty, each with haversacks containing "cards" with the names of every man on the muster rolls of two companies. Thus with the four non-commissioned officers the eight companies forming the battalion are represented. A separate "card" is made out for each man; and, as can be seen by the photograph, the non-commissioned officers issuing cards are having a busy time of it. The Militiaman having received his card, reports himself to the medical officer for medical examination, a room being set apart for this purpose in barracks. If the man is in good health the word "fit" is written on the card, which is signed by the medical officer. He then takes his card to the "keep," the name given to the stores for arms and equipment, and hands it to his colour-sergeant. The card contains information as to number of equipment belonging to the particular individual, and with it it is quite an easy matter for the Militiaman to find his appointments. His rifle and bayonet are in a rack immediately above the clothing, and the clothing of every man in the battalion is kept in separate divisions, one for each man. The time occupied from the moment of entry at gate in civilian clothes till he leaves the "keep" as a soldier with full equipment in his possession should not be more than a quarter of an hour, and he leaves his civilian clothes in the same compartment from whence his Militia uniform was taken till the end of training. In the "keep" are to be found all sorts and sizes of clothing and equipment, and into the building the men troop one by one as they arrive. Though the cards facilitate the drawing of all the necessaries, there are to be found in every Militia battalion men to whom time is a detail. One or two such creatures are sufficient to cause a block, and may be seen carefully dressing themselves in the Government clothing as if about to assist at a levée of the Commander-in-Chief. Needless to say, this species of deportment taxes to the uttermost the patience of their various colour-sergeants engaged in issuing the clothing, as well as that of their comrades compelled to wait for admittance. The second illustration depicts men who have just left "keep" with full equipment as above described.

A Busy Time.

Trooping Out with Equipment.

Refreshing the Inner Man.

Each man on the day of reporting himself, in addition to his pay, receives 10d. in lieu of a hot meal; in addition to this the commanding officers of most battalions give to each man bread, cheese, and a pint of beer, or the equivalent of the latter in minerals to abstainers from alcohol. This is charged against the canteen funds. The Militia sergeant-major is busy with note-book in rough calculation as to the number that have arrived to time. In the next we have the men of one company paraded outside the district canteen, and the issue of bread and cheese is taking place; the quartermaster is present superintending, but is not seen in the view. In the course of the morning a number of cabs with

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luggage of every sort turn in at the barrack gate, betokening the arrival of the officers. Then there is great hand-shaking and greeting, as those who perhaps may not have seen each other since the previous training meet again. There is young Jones, who has just finished a tour of duty at the depôt with the recruits, seated on the steps leading to the officers' mess, his eyes sparkling as he smilingly regards Smith, who has just arrived in all the glory of full war paint, endeavouring to look pleasant in three inches of blue collar to which he has not been accustomed for a year.

Binks, the portly mess president, after he has greeted the depôt staff and his brother officers with his characteristic geniality, consults the assembled congregation as to whether his haversack is sufficiently low, and having obtained a general reply in the negative, requests Jones to let it out one hole. This operation at length completed, all, acting on a suggestion, assemble themselves in the ante-room, for the officers can now do little until their men have been clothed and accoutred.

The announcement of lunch is welcomed by not a few, for it must be remembered that many in reaching the place of assembly have travelled for a considerable time, and the officers of the depôt have furnished a lunch for their *confrères* of the Militia fit for a feast of the gods.

A Quiet Half-hour.

Before long the knees of the Militia officers are comfortably tucked under the mahogany, while their brethren of the Line make themselves generally useful in carving the viands and replenishing their glasses with champagne.

Lunch over and time drawing on apace, the men set about preparing for parade, and, being a fine day, grassy plots in all directions are covered with busy groups. The fourth picture represents one of these groups. Note the man in the foreground polishing his boots, another is seen putting his straps in order, another is undoing his shoulder straps, obviously to try on his valise.

A few minutes before the hour fixed for parade a knot of officers may be seen outside the ante-room, struggling with helmets, swords, and belts—and this is indeed a struggle on a hot day in June, more especially as the appearance of the colonel's and adjutant's chargers outside betoken that the time for dressing is short.

A Battalion on Parade.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

When everything is ready the battalion falls in on parade; any men not present are absentees, and when they join afterwards are brought before the Bounty Board at the end of the training, when they are mulcted of their bounty, an amount varying according to length of time absent. Bounties vary from £1 10s. to £3, and are additional to the daily pay.

After rolls have been called and each company inspected by its captain, the battalion marches off to camp. The last view shows a part of the battalion, the band and head of the column having passed through the barrack gateway.

In very few cases do Militia battalions train in barracks, and it is not usual to find a camp pitched at the place of assembly. As a rule, therefore, the corps must march through the town on its way to the railway station. This of course is a welcome scene to the townsfolk, who line the route in large numbers just to whisper a word of encouragement to some member of their family as he passes in his lately-assumed uniform. All preliminary arrangements for this are made beforehand, and every carriage is marked with chalk to denote what company is to occupy it. The battalion is first drawn up facing the train, and each company is told off into a number of sections, each section being instructed to occupy one compartment. Eight soldiers travel in a carriage seated for ten persons, and six soldiers in one seated for eight persons. When all are seated the bugle sounds "Attention," and the train passes out of the station amid a chorus of cheers from the onlookers. Sometimes the camp is passed just before entering the station at which the battalion is to alight, and is hailed with delight by the men, who recognise a number of familiar faces among the advance party busily preparing the camp for their reception. On arrival at the station the bugler is ordered to sound the "Halt" as a signal for all to detrain. Soon the battalion falls in on the platform, and in a few minutes is speeding along the road towards the camping ground where it is to pass the next four weeks.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

THE CAMP STAFF AT OKEHAMPTON.

THE conditions which govern the employment of artillery in warfare are subject to continuous change. With each succeeding year this important branch of the Service becomes more scientific. Some new discovery is made or some improvement introduced which alters, to a greater or less degree, the *rôle* which guns are to play. Continental nations are busily attempting to bring their *matériel* to a state of perfection, and in this respect the authorities at home are in no way backward. Every year a camp is held at Okehampton, where the greatest facility is afforded for long-range fire, and during this meeting a store of information is regularly accumulated with regard to the suitability of new inventions. The above photograph depicts the camp staff—officers and non-commissioned officers—and includes a camp commandant, a staff officer, a gunnery instructor, an experimental officer, a recording officer, a range officer, a medical officer, and a veterinary officer. The non-commissioned officers are a sergeant-major, a quarter-master sergeant, an assistant gunnery instructor, a range sergeant, a clerk to the commandant, and his assistant.

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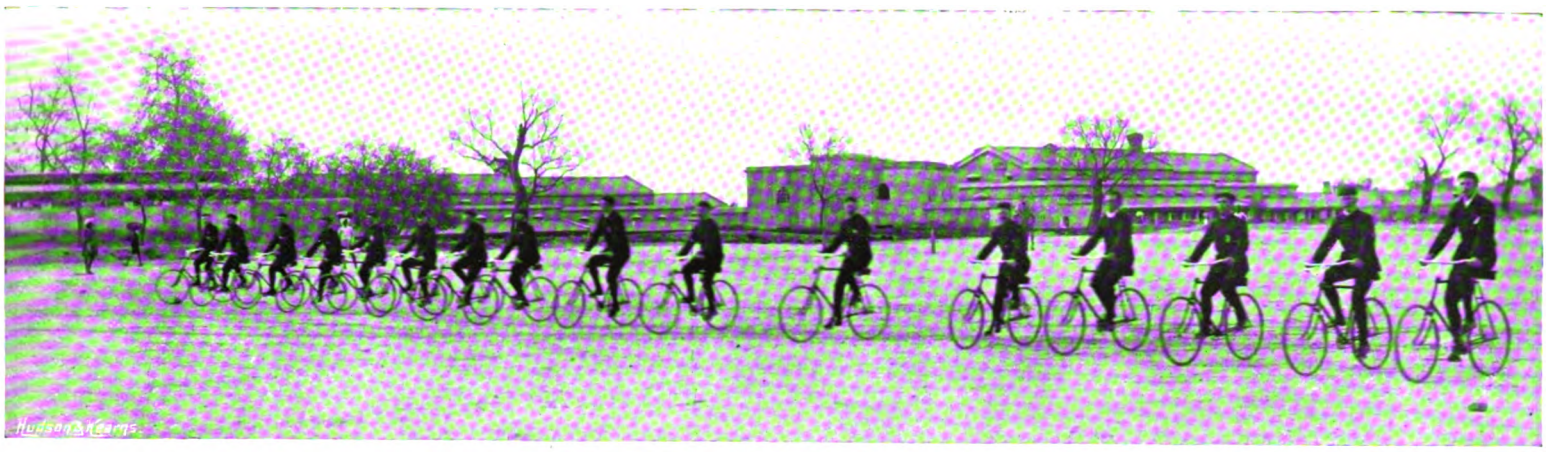
MILITARY BICYCLING IN INDIA.



THE MUSICAL RIDE.—A Pretty Figure.

THE MUSICAL RIDE.—A Difficult Turn.

Photos. HOLMES, Peshawur.

MEMBERS OF THE INVICTA CLUB.

THE above photographs were taken at the Buffs' annual sports at Peshawur, India. The regiment lately started a bicycle club, naming it the Invicta, and two of our illustrations show the members of the club taking part in a musical ride on their machines. The sports were held on the regimental cricket ground, and an audience of at least 4,000 were in attendance. Colonel Ommanney, the commanding officer, had every reason to be proud of the efficiency attained by his men, as the club had then only been in existence for some six weeks. The men taking part in the ride pedalled capitally, keeping exact distance and never making mistakes. The cycle section subsequently took part in one of the field days, and fully demonstrated the usefulness of the cycle in warfare, when properly handled. The group represents those who took part in the ride, with the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Ommanney, and the adjutant, Lieutenant R. F. Pearson.

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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT THE CURRAGH.

AS is befitting, the Queen's Birthday is marked by a special parade throughout the dominions of Her Majesty. The great feature of the day is always the firing of a *feu de joie*, which necessitates a considerable amount of practice previous to the event. This mode of salute is confined to the infantry, and is quite distinct from the artillery salute. When about to fire, the infantry, which is drawn up in two ranks, takes open order, and the successive words of command "Ready" and "Present" are given. On the word "Commence," the firing is begun by the right-hand man of the front rank, each man firing a round in his turn. When all in the front rank have fired, the firing is immediately taken up by the rear rank, and runs from left to right. This takes place three times; bayonets are then fixed, and the troops are ordered to "Present Arms" as a Royal salute, the bands at the same time playing "God Save the Queen." This ceremony concluded, all are ordered to give "Three cheers for the Queen." The headdresses are taken off and waved above the head, while the air resounds with three hearty cheers. The Birthday parade includes, among other things, marching past.

This is particularly interesting when all branches of the Service are represented, as, for instance, at the Curragh.

The General, having with his staff taken up a position at a point known as the saluting base, reviews all the troops in his command as they pass him in their order of precedence. The Royal Horse Artillery comes first, and is followed by the Cavalry, Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers. Mounted troops first pass at the "walk," afterwards at the "trot," and lastly at the "gallop." On each of the three occasions the bands play the tunes which belong particularly to each regiment. The infantry first passes in column at the "slope," as depicted in the first picture, and afterwards in quarter column at the "trail," as in the second. Each officer in command of a company salutes the General with his sword when passing on the first occasion, and gives the order "eyes right" to the men, who turn their heads and eyes to the right.

In the third picture the field companies Royal Engineers are shown as they appear when marching past.

Formerly great importance was attached to marching past, but there seems a growing tendency towards its abolition, as may be judged from the somewhat recent order decreeing that infantry should "slope" arms when marching past in column. This movement, until that time, was carried out with shouldered arms, and an inordinate amount of time was spent in practising this extremely difficult movement. Unless the General in command wishes other movements to take place, the troops, after marching past, proceed to their respective barracks, and the staff is left to discuss the morning's work.

In the fourth picture Major-General Combe, C.B., commanding the Curragh District, is shown, attended by his staff. On the right of the picture two bodies of troops, cavalry and infantry respectively, are depicted on their march homeward.

Major-General Combe has under his command the following troops stationed at the Curragh Camp, Newbridge, and Kildare: One regiment of cavalry, two batteries Royal Horse Artillery, two field companies Royal Engineers, three battalions of infantry, four companies of the Army Service Corps, a company of the Medical Staff Corps, and a detachment of the Army Ordnance Corps. These reviews are always well attended by civilian spectators.

March Past in Column.

Infantry in Quarter Column.

Field Companies, Royal Engineers.

Photos. H. J. LITTON CARY. *Major-General Combe and Staff.*

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

FRIDAY, JULY 16th, 1897.

Our Citizen Army.—II.

By CALLUM BEG.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

YEOMANRY SIGNALLERS ON OUTPOST DUTY.

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Photo. W. GREEN. Berwick.

Regimental Sgt.-Major White, Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry.

OUR yeomanry cavalry is a part of the Army which is neither as well known nor as widely appreciated as it deserves. Critics who take upon themselves to pass judgment on this ancient and, withal, loyal force are wont to lose sight of the work which would fall to the lot of the yeomanry in time of invasion. The short time spent in annual training, they contend, is insufficient to render it capable of satisfactorily performing all the duties of cavalry. It is, of course, manifestly impossible to compare the yeomanry with our regular cavalry, and the members of the force would be the last to claim equality with the cavalry of the Line, but as light cavalry they can always be relied upon to perform efficient service within the precincts of the county to which they belong. This, it would appear from the "Regulations for the Yeomanry Cavalry," is the *rôle* which the force is intended to assume, for the former distinctly state that "the training will be mainly directed to the duties of *light cavalry*."

It should be remembered that, in the country districts, at least, a large proportion of the troopers is composed of men who have from their infancy been closely associated with horses. Many are accustomed to follow the hounds, and almost all are natives of the county. It is obvious, therefore, that their local knowledge would be of the utmost importance to a general commanding, and, knowing every ford, bridge, and gate in their particular neighbourhood, they would perform the duties of reconnoitring more expeditiously than strangers, to whom a map would be absolutely necessary.

The second and third pictures of the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry purport to give the reader some idea of the manner in which the period of training is spent.

Both represent members of the corps on outpost duty reconnoitring. A patrol of four men which has been sent out to gain information as regards the country and the whereabouts of the enemy is seen cautiously proceeding along the banks of a stream. In scouting, however, the advance of a patrol is not always an uninterrupted one, for it may be assumed that the enemy is doing all in his power to gain similar information, and will

Reconnoitring a Stream.

DISMOUNTED ACTION.—Holding a Bridge.

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not be defeated in his object without a passage at arms. As in the third picture, a patrol may often, in turning a bend in the road, find itself in full view of a similar party belonging to the opposing force. If both are determined to advance, some of the party are dismounted and take up a position to stop a further advance, the horses being held by a trooper, who remains mounted under cover in rear.

The first photograph is that of the regimental sergeant-major in full dress, and the half-page illustration represents five of the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry in the same uniform. The regiment has always enjoyed a good reputation for efficiency, and is considered among the smartest in Scotland, if not in the United Kingdom.

It is commanded by Colonel Sir W. A. Baillie Hamilton, K.C.M.G., C.B.

The uniform, which is somewhat similar to that of dragoons, is scarlet, the facings blue, and the plume in the helmet white. With the Northumberland Hussars the regiment forms the 12th Yeomanry Brigade, with headquarters at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but the headquarters of the regiment are at Dunbar.

The day of assembly of a yeomanry regiment or brigade is always one of great excitement, and the townsfolk evince great interest in the military as they ride in from the outlying districts. The six accompanying photographs represent the Devon Yeomanry Brigade, composed of the Royal 1st Devon and the Royal North Devon Hussars, under various circumstances when undergoing training at Bideford. The men and horses are billeted at different houses

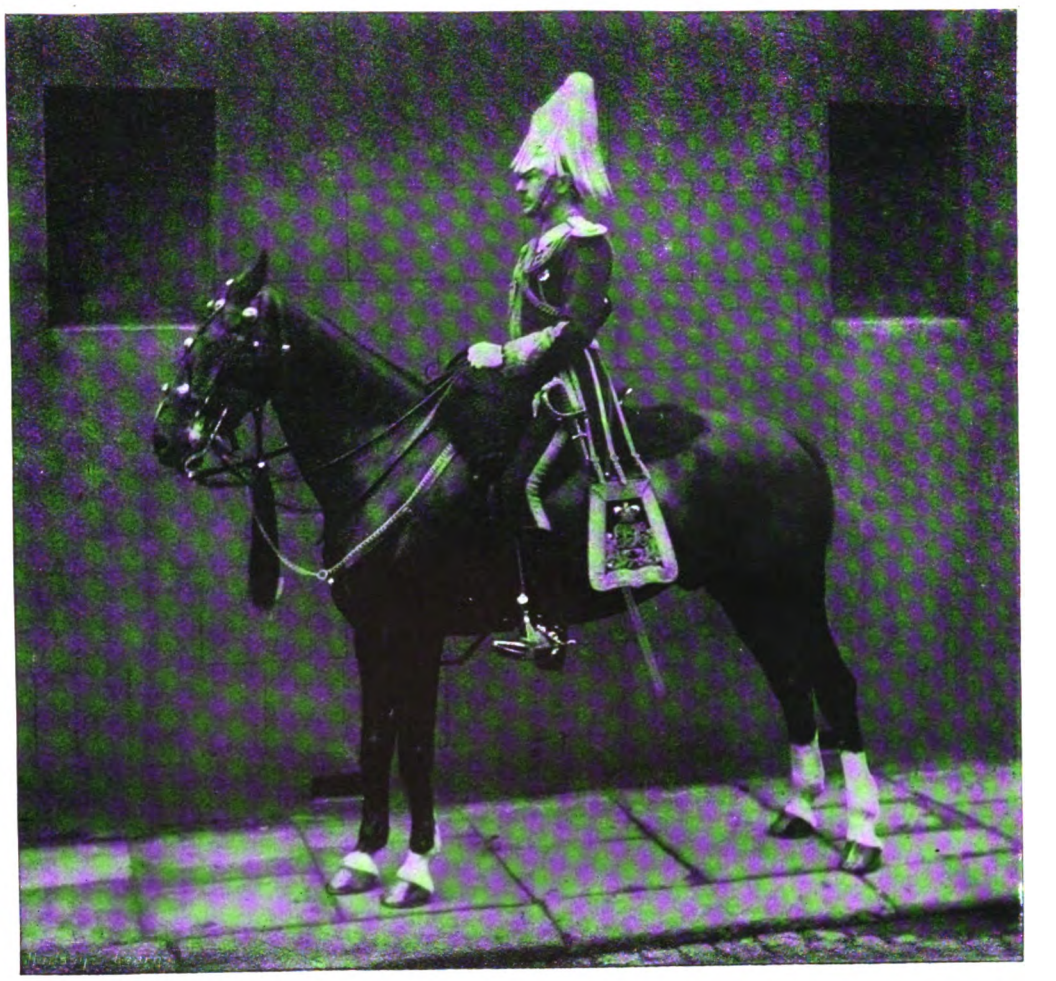

Photo. MAULL & FOX. *Piccadilly.*

Colonel Sir W. Baillie Hamilton, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Photo. A. S. WATSON, Edinburgh.

LOTHIANS AND BERWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

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throughout the town, and are seen in the first illustration "falling in" with their officers in one of the main streets.

The three centre pictures are representations of daily scenes during training. That on the left shows the troops returning from drill on Northam Burrows, a suitable and extensive area near Bideford. On the right a group of men are preparing to mount and "fall in" when required, and below this picture a trooper is struggling with a refractory

The "Fall In."

horse in the act of laving its hoofs in the running stream. This year the two regiments trained together in brigade, which, according to regulation, is compulsory every three years.

The troops were warmly welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation, who read an address of welcome and presented a silver cup for competition. It was received on behalf of the brigade by Colonel Viscount Ebrington.

On Northam Burrows.

The Royal 1st Devon is commanded by Sir J. Shelley, Bart. The uniform is scarlet, the facings blue, the busby bag scarlet, and the plume scarlet and white. The uniform of the Hussars is blue, the facings and busby bag are scarlet, and the plume scarlet and white. They are commanded by Colonel Viscount Ebrington.

As early as 1793 the nucleus of the Ayrshire Yeomanry was raised by Lord Archibald Kennedy, afterwards Earl of Cassilis, in the shape of a troop of horse entitled the Ayrshire Fencible Cavalry. There is reason to believe that this

Photos. W. B. DART, Bideford.

Colonel Viscount Ebrington.

Martial Music.

handful of patriotic Scots held a high position in the opinion of the authorities, for the commencement of 1797 found them quartered at Manchester, from which city they proceeded on duty to Newcastle-on-Tyne. After being augmented by two additional troops in 1803, the regiment was designated as the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry. A fourth troop was added some few years later, and Lieutenant-Colonel Oswald, of Auchincruive, was appointed to the command. In 1817 four

Preparing for Parade.

troops were raised in the same county, and formed a second regiment under command of Major Crawfurd, of Crawfurdland. The first regiment was distinguished by yellow facings, the second by white, and these distinctions won for them the sobriquets of "Yellow Yeldrins" and "Peesweeps" In anticipation of a threatened rising among those engaged in the leading industries in Lanarkshire and elsewhere, the Ayrshire Yeomanry was permanently embodied, in 1820, at

"Come Out."

Glasgow and Paisley. The closing month of 1827 saw the "Peesweeps" disbanded, but the "Yellow Yeldrins" were at the same time increased in strength to three squadrons, and two years later the strength of each troop was officially fixed at eighty men. Ayrshire is divided into three districts, namely, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunninghame, and by these names were the squadrons designated. In 1829 the regiment was presented with three standards by the Countess of Glasgow, on which were emblazoned, respectively, the devices of the three geographical divisions.

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When in 1838 the yeomanry force was considerably reduced, the Ayrshire Regiment, with its comrades of Lanarkshire, remained as the only two representative corps north of the River Tweed. That this was an undoubted honour cannot be gainsaid, for it was publicly stated in Parliament at the time that both regiments had shown themselves worthy of their steel whenever called upon to act.

The political clouds which lowered over the south-west of Scotland in 1848 caused serious apprehension among the peaceful inhabitants of the "Land of Burns," and as a measure of safety the Yeomanry were again requisitioned to garrison the towns of Ayr, Kilmarnock, Beith, Kilburnie, and Dalry.

The Smith O'Brien movement had reached a head when the regiment assembled for training in 1849, and the colonel, in accordance with instructions, interrogated his men as to their willingness to serve in any part of the kingdom. The answer given was three hearty Scottish cheers, and for this the regiment was complimented by the Government through the Lord Lieutenant, the popular Earl of Eglinton.

The number of troops was, in 1862, increased from six to eight, and each associated with a particular parish for the purposes of recruiting. The regiment has undergone several changes in armament since its formation. The original old-fashioned pistol gave way to the Brown Bess, which in its turn was superseded by the Westley-Richards carbine. The latter was followed by the Snider, which continued to be used until the issue of the Martini-Metford carbine in 1896. The regiment sent two squads to Wimbledon in 1880, which secured second and sixth place in order of merit. Since then representative teams have gained the first place seven times, second place seven times, and third place three times. Eight times during the last eleven years the Yeomanry Inter-Regimental Challenge Cup has fallen to the Ayrshire Yeomanry, and the regiment is in possession of the Scottish Yeomanry Cup and the Yeomanry Hythe Challenge Cup—a most creditable record in musketry. In 1793 the regiment was clothed in scarlet jackets, buckskin breeches, and jack boots. The headdress was a helmet trimmed with fur and white feathers. In 1802 a blue coatee was adopted, and in 1848 blue overalls were introduced. The Hussar busby was first used in 1893, and Hussar tunics were issued this year. The regiment is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Pollok, of Middleton, and is one of the thirteen yeomanry corps permitted to wear gold instead of silver lace.

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY. *Baker Street.*

Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Pollok, of Middleton.

Photo. BARA, *Ayr.*

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER AND TROOPERS, AYRSHIRE YEOMANRY.

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THE Cambridge University Rifles were organised in 1860, when no fewer than 500 graduates and undergraduates took the oath of allegiance in presence of the Vice-Chancellor in the Senate House. Previous to this, in 1803, the students, fired with martial ardour, had frequently taken part in military exercises, but received little support from the Government, who looked on the movement with some misgiving.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a member of Trinity College, was, in 1861, appointed honorary colonel, and in this respect the corps was placed on an equal footing with that of the sister University. Since its early days it has enrolled many distinguished men; among others, the late Duke of Clarence, the Marquis of Lorne, Archdeacon Emery, and the Rev. E. S. Roberts, President of Gonville and Caius College. The last named was gazetted to the command in 1889, and has by untiring effort and perseverance contributed largely to the efficiency of the battalion.

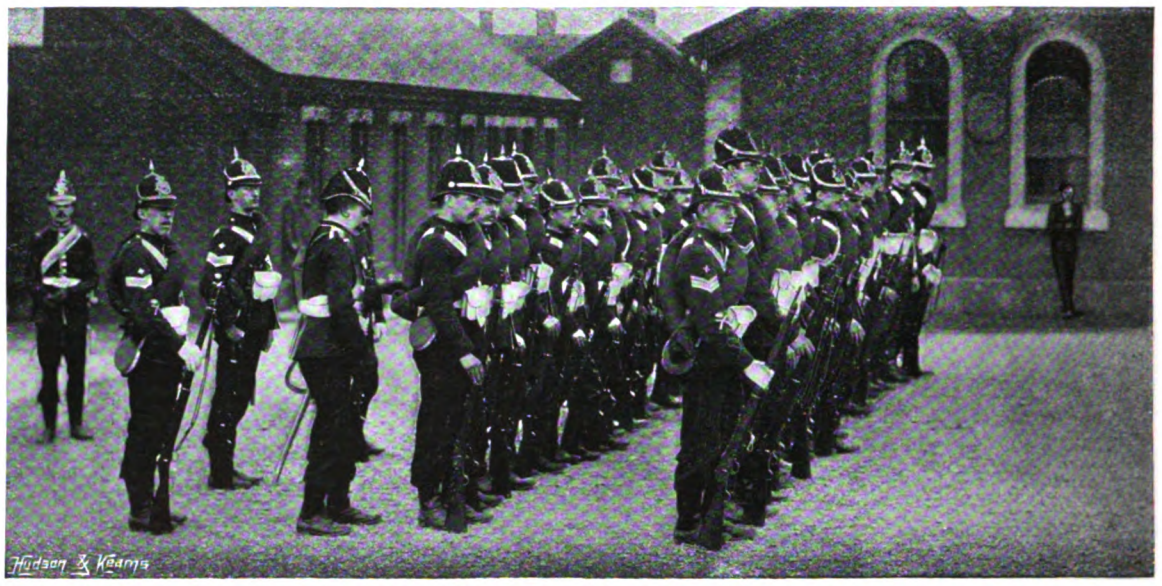


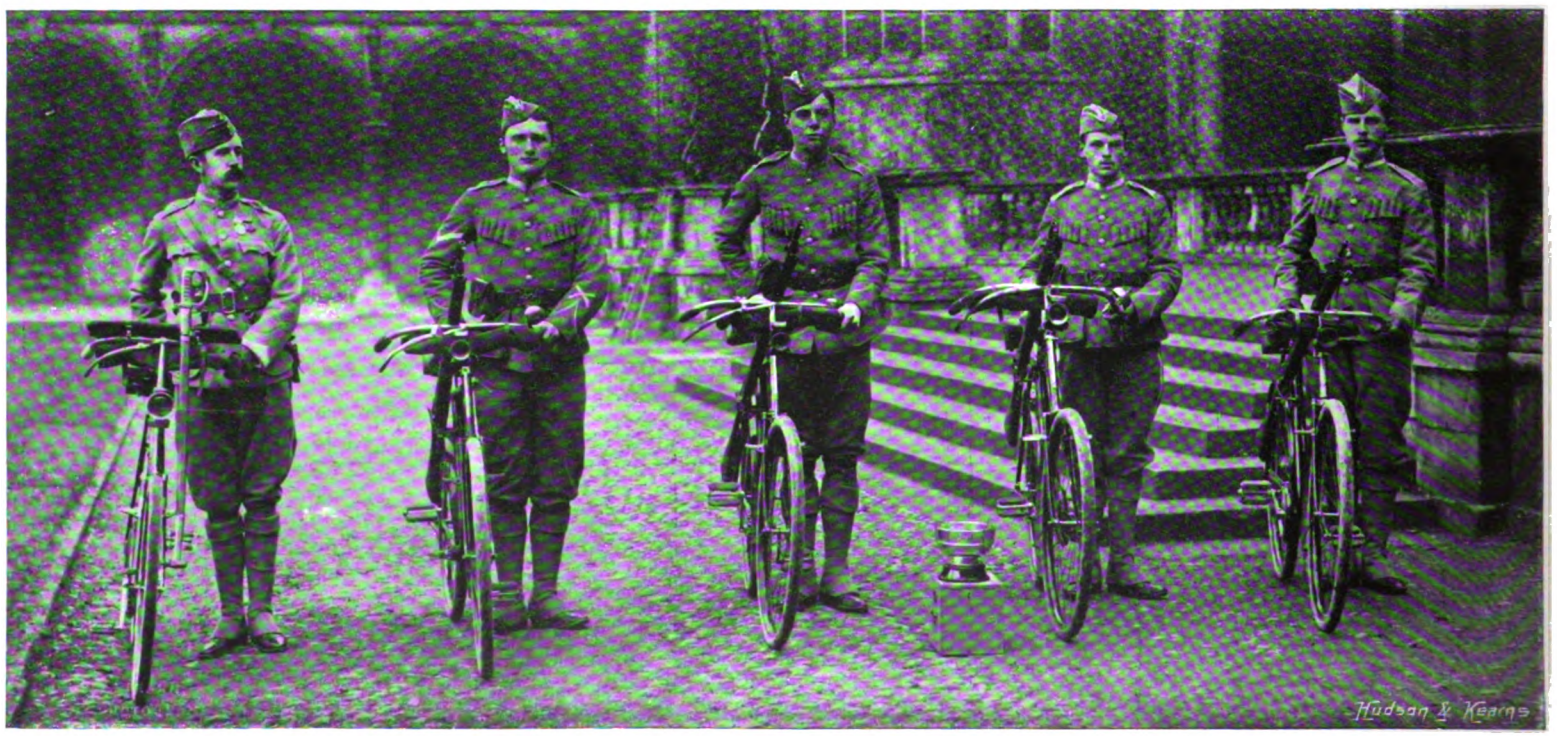
Photo. GREGORY. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

Oxford University Volunteer Corps.

Officers—Cambridge University Volunteer Corps.

For a fortnight previous to the annual inspection in May a series of parades is held every day, and field days, in the vicinity of Cambridge, take place from time to time. Both University corps are also yearly represented at Aldershot, and appear to great advantage when manœuvring.

The Cambridge battalion has a record in musketry of which it may well be proud. Mr. Humphry, then an ensign, won the Queen's Prize in 1871; in 1895 Lieut. Ferguson-Davie stood eleventh in the Queen's Hundred; the Chancellor's Plate, open to both Universities, has been won twenty-three times out of thirty-five, and the battalion can boast of many more minor achievements. Like the sister corps, it possesses a good cyclist section, a photograph of which is reproduced. The uniform is grey with light blue facings.



Photos. STEARN, Cambridge.

CYCLIST SECTION.—Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers.

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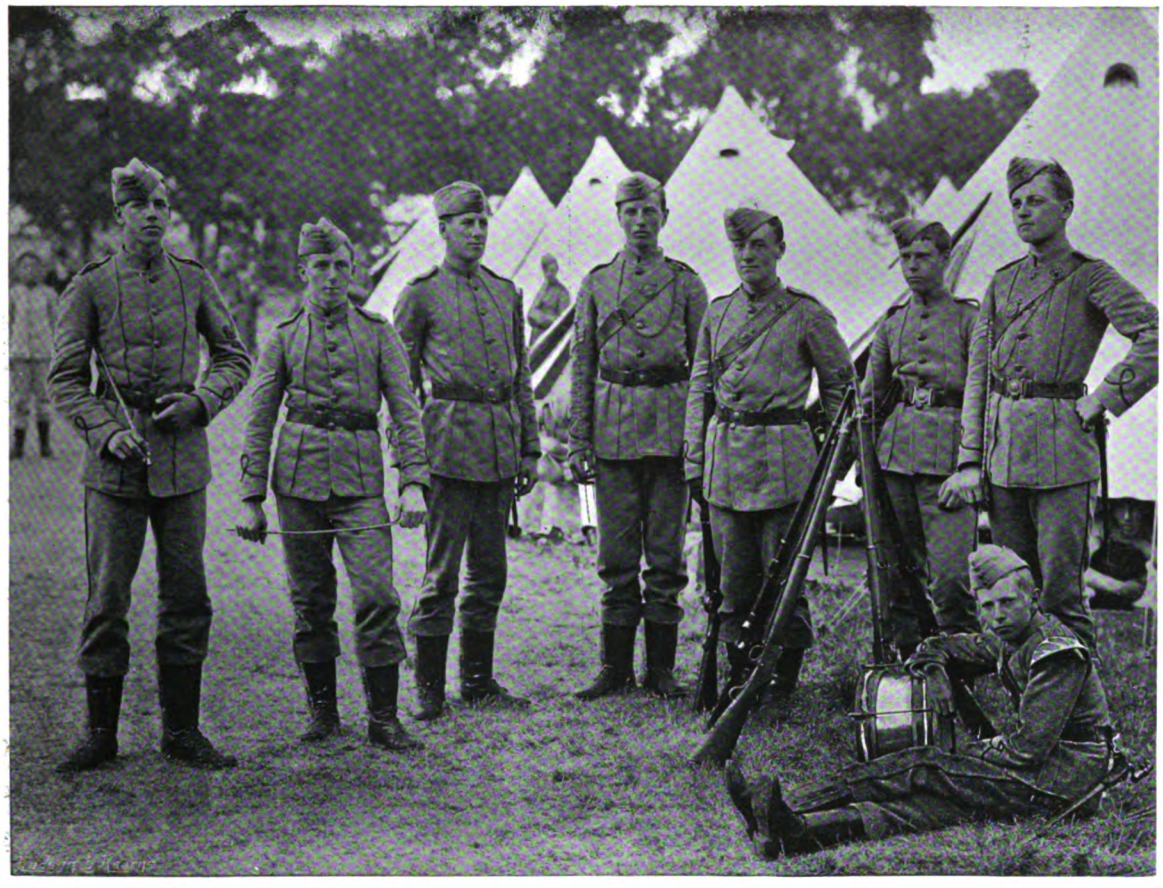
Officers—Public Schools Provisional Battalion.

The Oxford University Volunteer Battalion had its rise at a time when our island was threatened by the ambitious designs of Bonaparte. Young men in all parts of the country offered themselves for enrolment, and in this respect the students at our two great seats of learning were by no means lacking in zeal and loyalty. The Oxford corps was organised in December, 1859, and at the beginning of the following year H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, then a student at Christ Church, was gazetted as honorary colonel, and the Hon. R. Spencer as commanding officer. Nothing could have contributed more to the success of a corps at the outset. Thus it was that the battalion, having for its colonel the Heir Apparent to the Throne, and chiefly composed of men of exceptional physique and considerable private means gained a high reputation for zeal and efficiency, which it has maintained up to the present day. Mounted infantry, cyclist, and signalling sections are attached to the corps, the headquarters of which are at 8, Alfred Street, Oxford. The present commanding officer is Lieutenant-Colonel Morrell, and the uniform is scarlet with dark blue facings.



Photos. GREGORY. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

Highgate School Cadet Corps.

Among all the various branches of our citizen army none is so deserving of praise as that which is entirely composed of boys. There are numerous regiments which can claim cadet corps, many of which are formed from our great public schools. It is surprising to hear volunteers of mature age, whose capacity for fault-finding is greater than their patriotic zeal, engaging in a public and wholesale denunciation of these corps. "We do not wish," said one, writing to a leading daily paper some months ago, "to see boys swaggering (*sic*) about in our uniform."

This philosopher evidently doubted that "the child is father of the man," and it is hard to believe that he had ever seen a cadet corps either on or off parade. Had he ever enjoyed that privilege he would be thoroughly cognisant of the fact that the

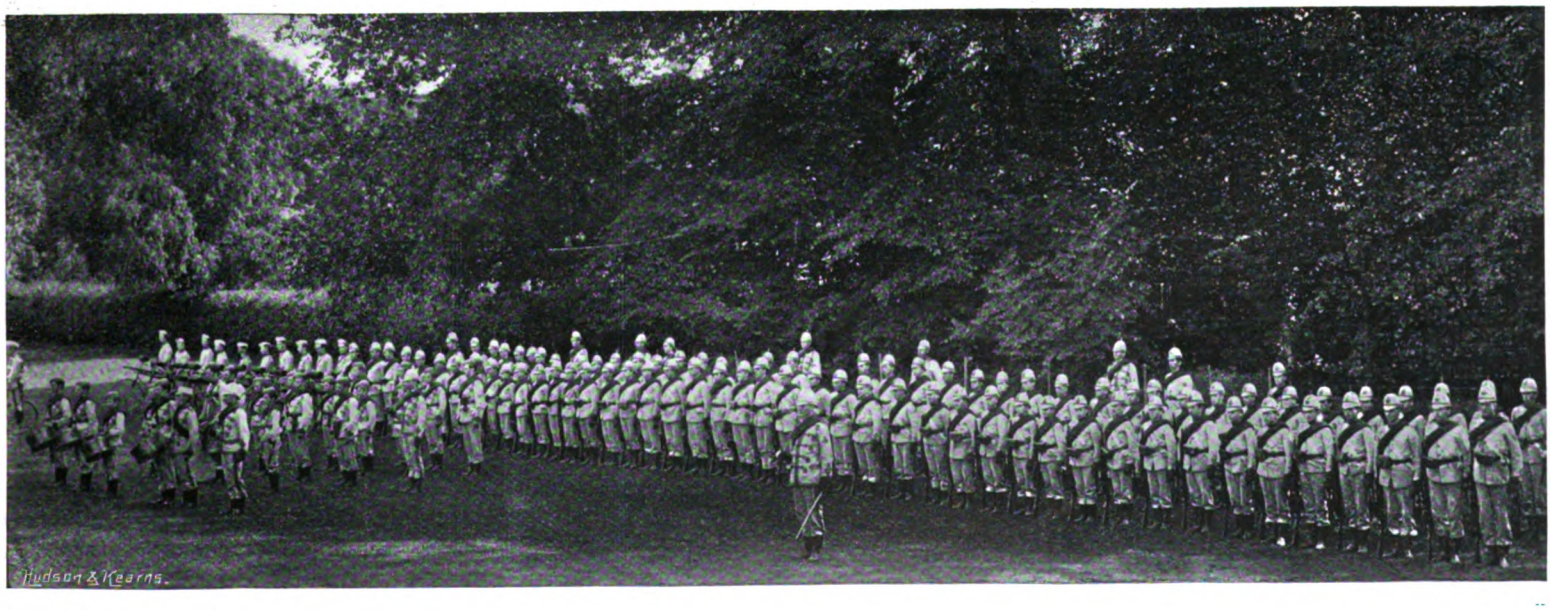


Photo. GILLMAN, Oxford.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

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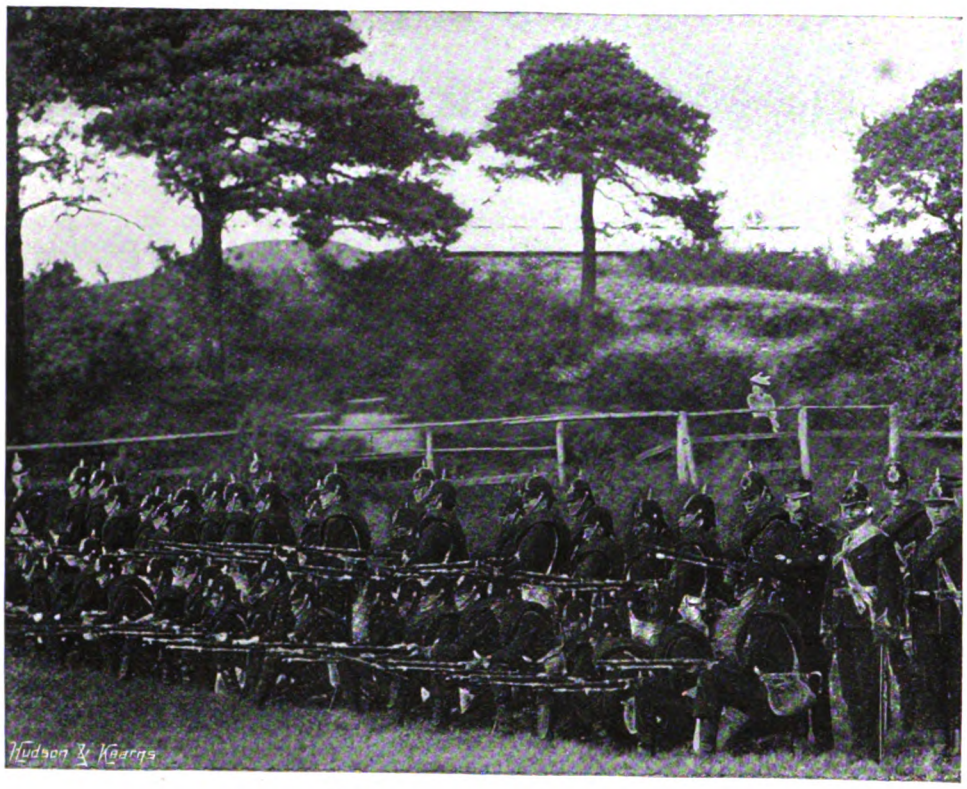
boys whom he disparaged could lay claim to more genuine smartness and military bearing than some of their elder brethren.

It is to be hoped that this type of pessimist is rare in the ranks of our best volunteer corps. Anyone who has assisted at a public school field day at Aldershot could not fail to have been struck with the way in which the boys acquitted themselves in the field, and it has doubtless been the wish of more than one commanding officer that some of the juveniles after reaching the age of manhood might forthwith join his battalion. It is apparent to all who have even a slight acquaintance with things military that such a batch of recruits joining a regiment would be more valuable as soldiers in every sense of the word than a number of men entirely unaccustomed to drill and manœuvre.

The first Public School Provisional Battalion was formed for training in camp in 1889, and consisted of four detachments from Sherborne, Bedford, Bradfield, and Haileybury, in all 200 strong. In that and the following year the camp was formed with the Home Counties Brigade at Churn, but since 1891 has taken place at Aldershot. The battalion is now composed of detachments from some twenty schools, and is about 1,000 strong.

Photo. CUMMINGS. Aldershot.

Malvern College Cadet Corps.



Sherborne School Cadet Corps.

Photos. GREGORY. Copyright.- HUDSON & KEARNS

"Come to Cook-House Door, Boys."

The Highgate School Cadet Corps was formed in 1892 and is attached to the 3rd Middlesex. The uniform is similar in most respects to that of the latter regiment, viz., grey with red piping, brown leather belts, leggings, and accoutrements. Two drills are held per week during term, and outpost duty is frequently practised. The corps supports a drum and bugle band, and its total strength is sixty of all ranks. In camp last year it won third prize for tent-pitching, and a section took part this year in the Easter Manœuvres, marching with the 20th Middlesex (Artists). On the latter occasion it received great praise from the officer commanding the Artists. The corps is commanded by Captain J. G. Lamb, of the 3rd Middlesex.

The Marlborough Cadet Corps originated as early as 1860, and is now attached to the 2nd V.B. Wiltshire Regiment. It is divided into two companies (some seventy strong), band and cyclists, each commanded by a boy, whether officer or non-commissioned officer. Two masters are officers, and five others take their places in the ranks. A drill takes place every Friday, and lectures on drill and tactics are delivered on Saturdays. Field days are held from time to time round Marlborough and Savernake Forest, and the corps goes into camp yearly at Aldershot. Like many other school corps, it is unfortunately situated as regards range firing, but a Morris tube gallery has been erected in the cricket field. The uniform is grey with blue facings, and the commanding officer is Captain Eve.

The Malvern Corps, unlike almost all schools, is an artillery corps attached to the 1st Worcester and Warwick Artillery Volunteers, under Colonel W. Ottley, and, as may be seen in the picture representing them in the first line of the attack, are armed with carbines instead of rifles. Their numbers are over 200, and they are also armed with two 9-pounder guns of the old Horse Artillery pattern. They do not attend the annual Public School Camp, as they go to the Artillery Camp of the 1st Worcester and Warwick Artillery Volunteers for gun practice.

The Sherborne Cadet Corps was raised in 1888, and is attached to the 1st V.B. Dorset Regiment. The uniform of the corps, which is commanded by Captain Wildman, is scarlet with white facings. Every year the boys take part in six or seven small tactical exercises, which are worked out by the non-commissioned officers (schoolboys) with their own sections over the Down country or among the hedgerows of North Dorset. They also attend the annual Public School Field Day at Aldershot in March, and encamp there in summer with the Public Schools Provisional Battalion. Shooting practice is carried on under difficulties, but, notwithstanding this, the corps won the Cadet Trophy at Bisley in 1896.

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FOR purposes of mobilisation the volunteer infantry has been divided into thirty-three brigades, each commanded by a brigadier In most cases, but not always, the post is conferred on an officer retired from the regular Army, but several of the brigades are commanded *ex officio* by officers commanding the regimental district from which the brigade is drawn.

The East London, the North London, and the South London Brigades are commanded respectively by the officers commanding the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, and the Scots Guards.

The brigade system is, no doubt, a suitable one, for in time of war battalions would not be called upon to act alone, but in concert with others. By this means battalions are not only brought into touch with those who are to fight by their side in the event of hostilities breaking out, but the brigadiers are rendered responsible for the several battalions under their command. Being given this responsible charge, they occupy themselves during times of peace in doing everything in their power to improve the working machinery of their troops, and to become acquainted with the capabilities of each separate battalion as a whole, as well as with those of every individual officer in their command.

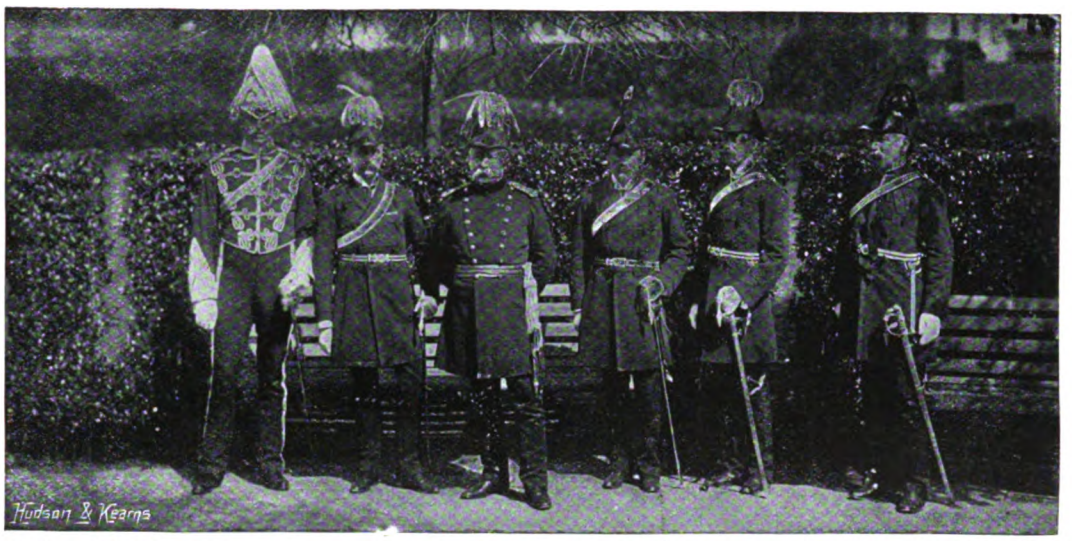

Photo. C. HUSSEY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Brigadier and Staff, Surrey Brigade.

This may be considered by the civilian reader a somewhat Herculean task, but such a knowledge is absolutely necessary if the chain of responsibility from general to drummer-boy is to be maintained intact.

It is now customary for battalions belonging to the same brigade to go into camp and take part in manœuvres; in fact, this is almost the only time when all are given an opportunity of co-operating. As may be imagined, the duties of a brigadier in camp are no sinecure, and to assist him in carrying these out he is allowed an adequate staff. This consists usually of an aide-de-camp, a brigade-major (generally a retired regular officer), a supply and transport officer, and a senior medical officer.

The first illustration on this page depicts Colonel Lord Belhaven and Stenton commanding the Surrey Brigade, with his staff.

Lord Belhaven formerly served in the Royal Engineers, passed through the Staff College, and took part in the Zulu Campaign. The headquarters of the brigade are at Barkston Gardens, S.W., and the place of assembly is Caterham.

The second photograph is that of Colonel Viscount Newark, commanding the North Midland Brigade, and the officers of his staff. The name of Viscount Newark is well known in volunteer circles. The headquarters of the brigade, as well as the place of assembly, are at Derby. It may not here be out of place to observe that though in both cases the aides-de-camp are volunteers, the appointment is also open to officers of the yeomanry and militia.

The last picture on this page shows the Supply and Transport Detachment of the North London Brigade—a most desirable addition to every brigade, for, as its name implies, the staff is responsible for the conveyance of food and other necessaries. The supply and transport officer of the brigade is Colonel Lloyd, London Irish, and the officer commanding the detachment is Captain Heath, 18th Middlesex, well known as a marksman with the rifle and revolver.

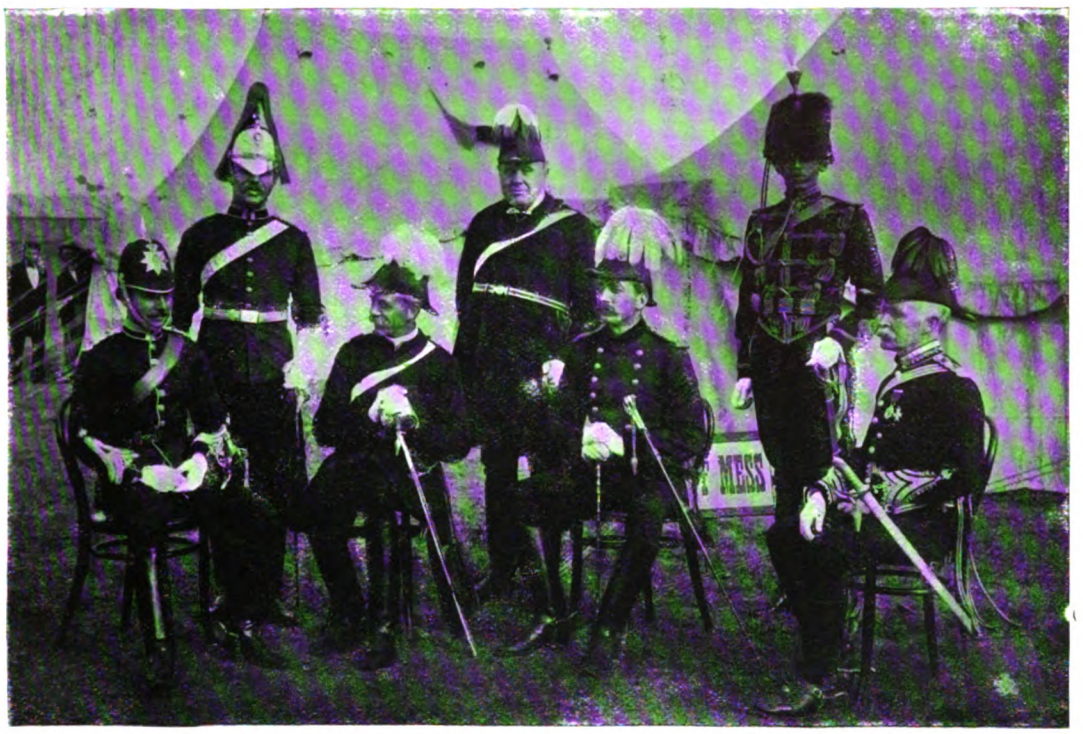

Photo. S. KIRK. Nottingham.

Brigadier and Staff, North Midland Brigade.

Photo. L. W. GREEN. Denmark Hill.

Supply and Transport Staff, North London Brigade.

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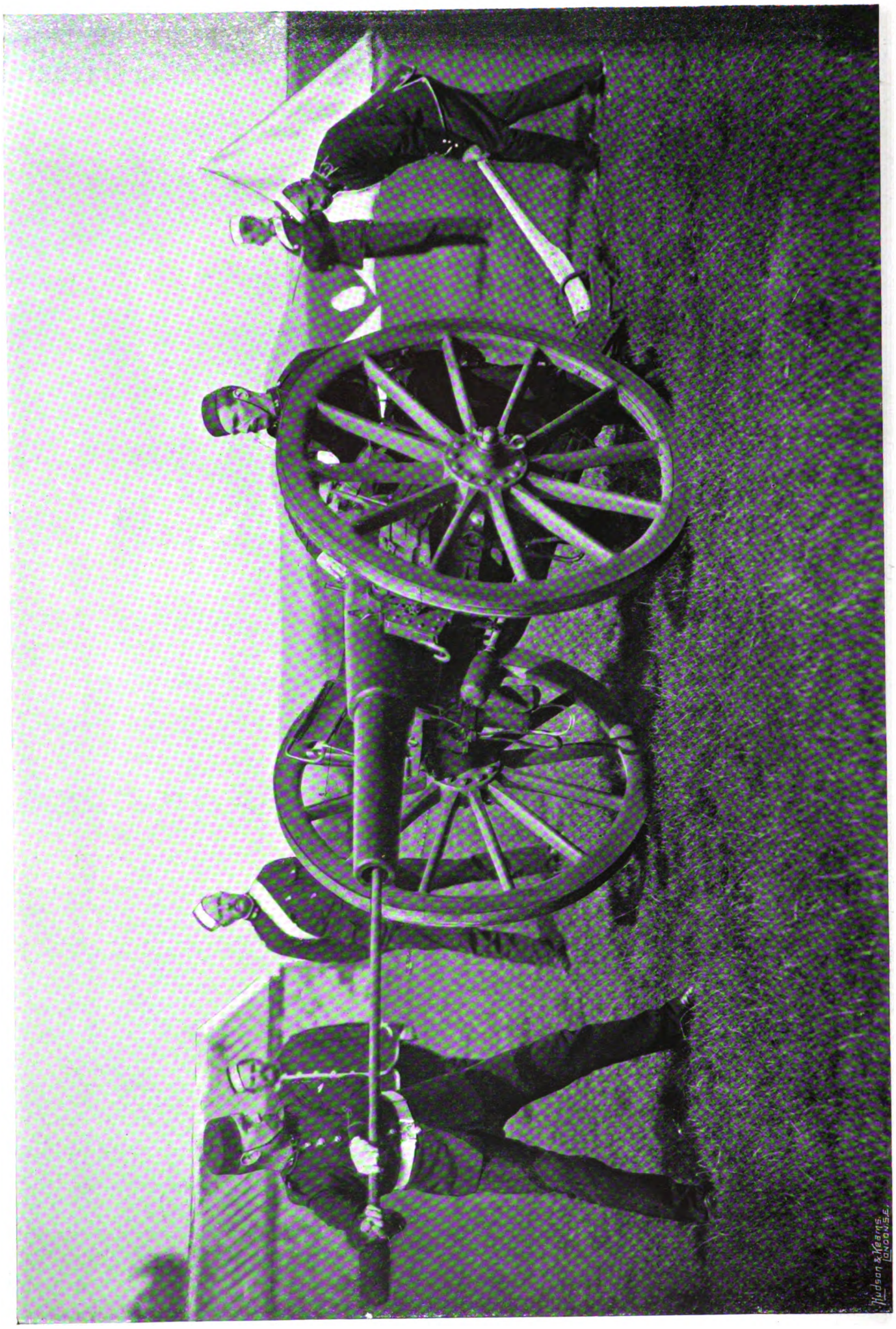

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

GUN DRILL, 1st SHROPSHIRE AND STAFFORDSHIRE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

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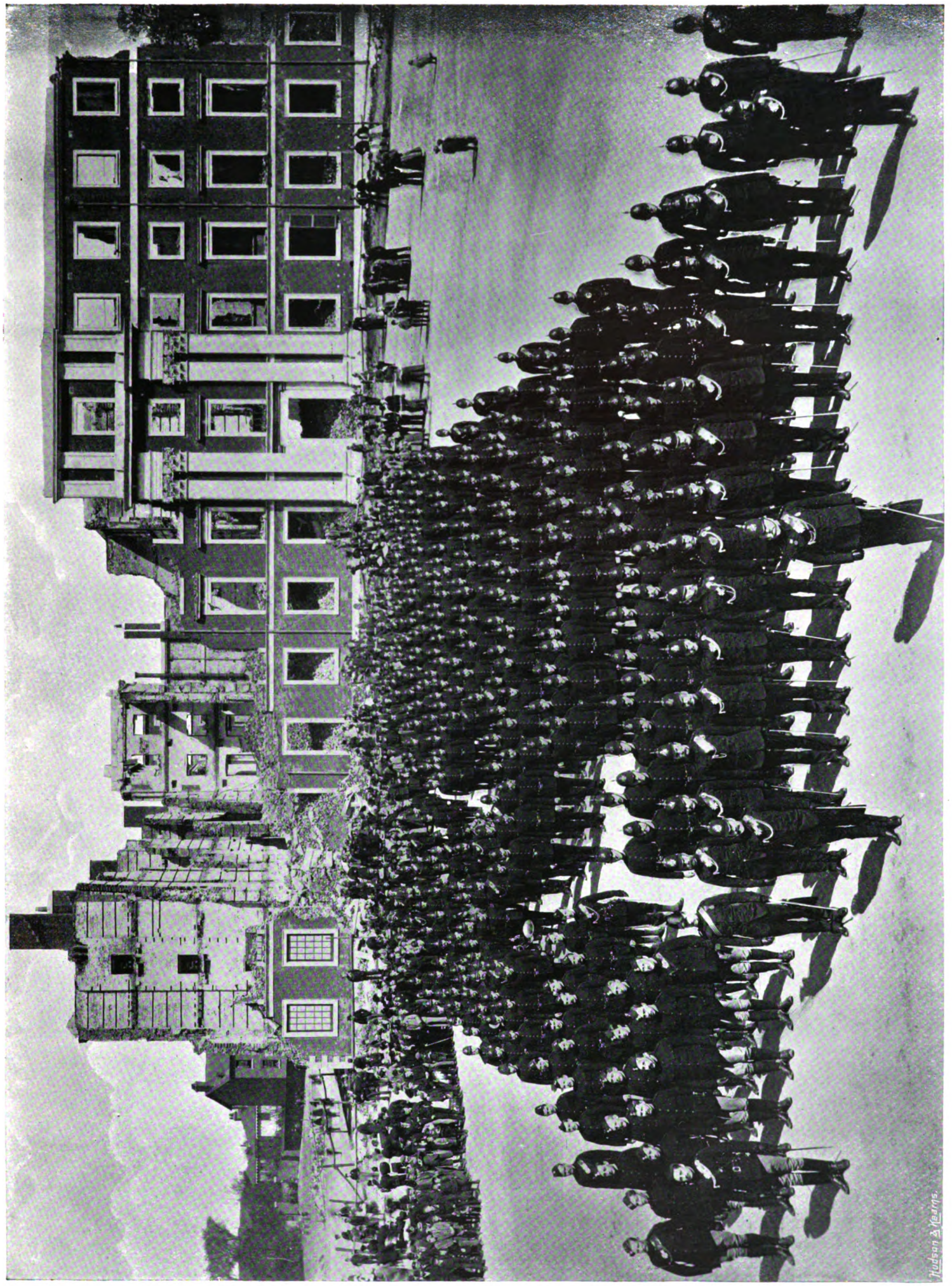

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1st MIDDLESEX (VICTORIA AND ST. GEORGE'S) ON PARADE.

Photo. L. W. GREEN.

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STABLE DUTY, 1st MIDDLESEX.

Photos. L. W. GREEN. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

Signallers, 1st Middlesex.

Photo. F. HIGGINS & SON. *Chard.*

3rd Vol. Batt. Somerset Light Infantry.

THE Victoria and St. George's claim descent from the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, organised in 1803.

Though the Sharpshooters were disbanded in 1815, the members were allowed to band themselves together as a rifle club, and assumed, in 1835, by permission of the Queen (then Princess Victoria), the title of the Royal Victoria Rifle Club. By this style they were known until 1853, when the Queen accepted their services as a volunteer rifle corps, under the name of the Victoria Rifles. Shortly after the movement of 1859 were re-enrolled the St. George's Rifles (tracing their descent from the St. George's Regiment raised in 1796). This corps was first commanded by Colonel Hon. C. H. Lindsay, to whom belongs the credit of having instituted the St. George's Vase.

In 1892 the two regiments were amalgamated, and became the 1st Middlesex Victoria and St. George's Rifles.

The mounted infantry detachment was the first to be raised by any volunteer corps some fifteen years ago.

When only in its infancy it won distinction at the Royal Military Tournament. On the right of the picture on this page seven men are depicted in the act of grooming their horses and polishing their saddlery. On the left another of the detachment is engaged in shoeing, from which we may infer that the Victoria-St. George's require little instruction in stable management.

Signalling and cyclist sections form part of the corps. For three consecutive years the former held the championship of the North London Brigade, of which the battalion forms part. The present commanding officer is Colonel Stanley G. Bird, V.D.

The 3rd V.B. Prince Albert's (Somersetshire Light Infantry) has its headquarters at Weston-super-Mare, and is commanded by Colonel Langworthy. The uniform is grey with black facings. The photograph reproduced is of the officers of the battalion when in camp, attired in mess uniform. The mess

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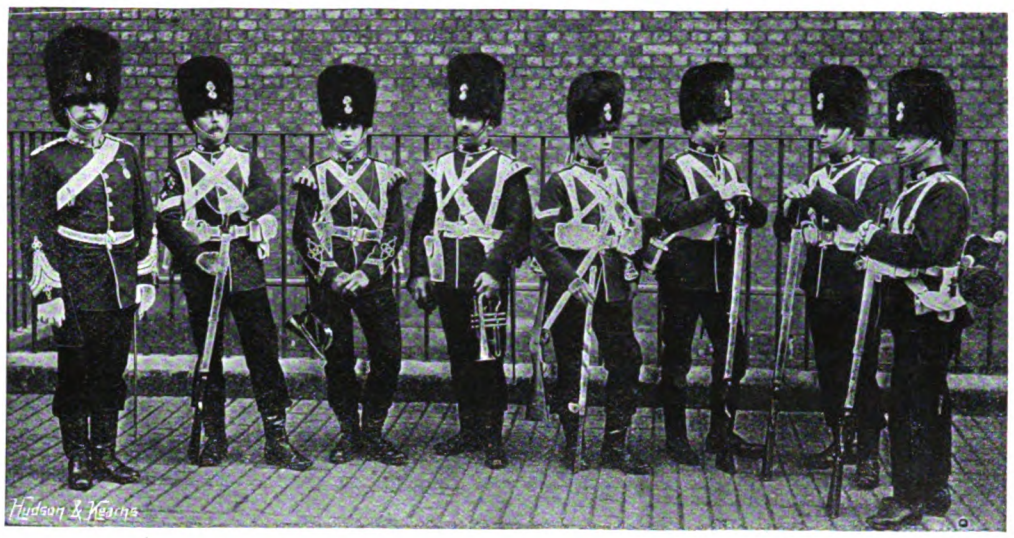
jacket is trimmed in front with braid similar to that of the Rifle Brigade.

The 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers first saw the light as the 46th Middlesex early in 1861, when Sir John V. Shelley, Bart., assumed command. In 1864 the strength was fixed at six companies, but some twelve years later the establishment was increased to eight companies, and in 1880 the corps was designated the 23rd Middlesex. It retained the title until 1883, when it became the 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers. The signalling and ambulance detachments are special features of the battalion. The former has held a good position among the detachments of the Home District for many years, and the latter has won the Brigade Cup on every occasion. The present commanding officer is Colonel Keller, V.D., and the uniform scarlet with blue facings.



Group, 2nd Vol. Batt. Royal Fusiliers.

The 22nd Middlesex (Central London Rangers) trace their descent from a body of troops raised about the year 1797, the rules of which are still to be seen in the orderly-room of the corps. The Rangers were organised in their present form as the 40th Middlesex in 1860, when two companies were placed under command of Captain Walters. In 1861 the authorised establishment became nine companies, and the present title was given to the battalion in 1880, when the establishment was fixed at eight companies.

The present commanding officer has, perhaps, done more than any of his predecessors in improving the battalion. To him belongs the distinction of having first introduced machine guns into the volunteer force. He first purchased two five-barrelled Nordenfelt guns and designed carriages for their use, but on his applying to the War Office for permission to attach them to the 22nd he met with a polite refusal. Nothing daunted, he persevered in his determination, and at last succeeded in obtaining permission to experiment with his guns at Aldershot. This was followed by authoritative sanction to form a machine detachment in the corps, which is now in excellent working order. During the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 the detachment showed their patriotism by volunteering in a body for the scene of war. The present strength of the battalion is 800 of all ranks. The uniform is green with scarlet facings.

Photos. L. W. GREEN, Denmark Hill.

Cyclists, 2nd Vol. Batt. Royal Fusiliers.

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GROUP, CENTRAL LONDON RANGERS.

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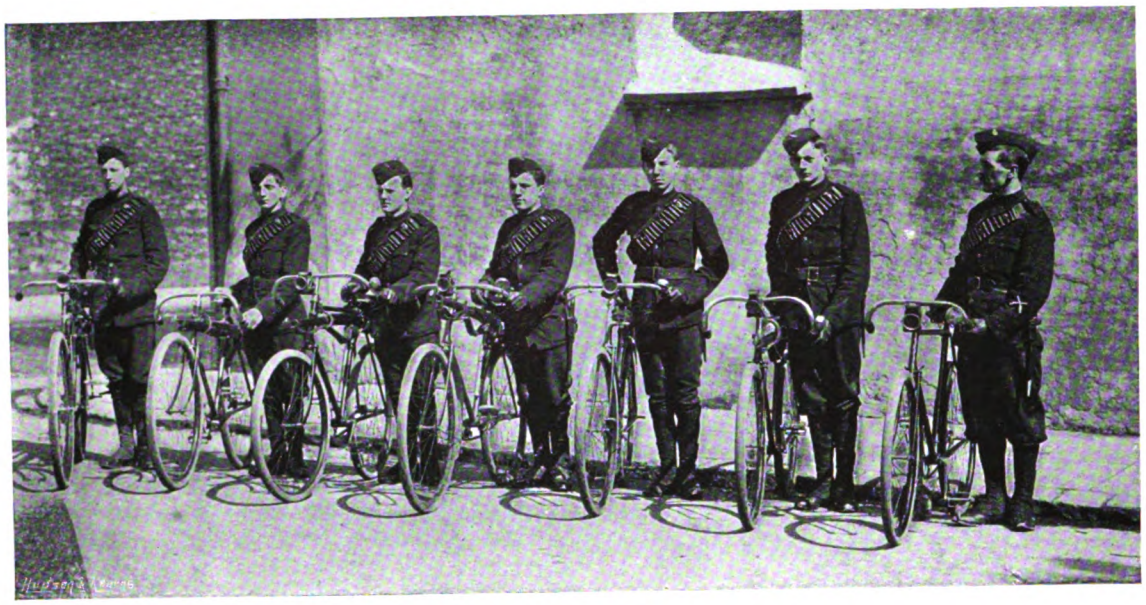
THE 1st Surrey Rifles were raised in 1803, under the title of "First Surrey Volunteer Infantry," and re-established in 1859. It was thus, it is believed, the first volunteer corps under the present system enrolled in the vicinity of London.

The headquarters are near Camberwell Station, and comprise a drill hall, gymnasium, school-of-arms, drill ground, armoury, officers' mess, canteen committee, and sergeant-major's residence.

Lawn-tennis, cricket, and football clubs are among the advantages possessed by the corps, which has at its disposal three and a-half acres of ground adjoining headquarters.

Officers, 1st Surrey (South London).

Unlike many battalions, the 1st Surrey attend the Easter Manœuvres accompanied by their own transport, a picture of which appears on this page. The detachment is made up of volunteers, and no aid from other sources is required.



Cyclists, 1st Surrey (South London).

The waggon is drawn by two horses, a driver being mounted on one. The transport sergeant is also visible, mounted in rear of the waggon. The advantage of a regular transport cannot be over-rated, for those who are charged with it are at all times under the orders of the commanding officer. This is not the case when a waggon is hired from private individuals, who have no interest in the corps beyond the price (sometimes by no means moderate) they expect to receive for its use.

A cyclist section, well up in its duties, is also a salient feature of the battalion. The commanding officer is Colonel E. Villiers, and the uniform is green with scarlet facings.

Photos. C. HUSSEY. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

TRANSPORT WAGGON, 1st SURREY (SOUTH LONDON).

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Photo. J. J. HUNT, Calne.

AMBULANCE WAGGON, 2nd VOL. BATT. WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

AMBULANCE DETACHMENT 24th MIDDLESEX (POST OFFICE).

THE care of the wounded is one of the most important duties devolving upon a commander in the field. In order that medical comforts and timely aid may be bestowed on those incapacitated for any reason whatever, a number of men is told off in each battalion and specially charged with the welfare of the sick. These men are formed into lesser companies, and are distinguished by a badge—a red Latin cross on a white field—worn on the right arm. They are instructed in stretcher drill and ambulance work, and are qualified to attend to the wants of patients in hospital, and assist the medical officer in his duties. On the line of march the sick are conveyed in an ambulance waggon, constructed with the idea of providing every comfort for those returned as "unfit for duty." The waggons are generally of a pattern similar to other Government vehicles, but that of the 2nd V.B. Wiltshire Regiment is of a somewhat novel and unique design. The interior is sub-divided. Two stretchers are suspended one above the other in one half, and the other half is occupied by a seat to accommodate six patients. The seat forms the lid to a chest in which are carried rifles, equipment, etc. The front seat is large enough to seat a waggon corporal and orderly as well as the driver. The waggon was designed by Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Carless, formerly in command of the Bearer

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Company, Western Counties Volunteer Infantry. The battalion is well to the front in musketry, and on one occasion carried off the St. George's Vase. The signallers, too, are among the best in the volunteer force. In 1896 they attained a figure of merit only ten points short of possible. The corps is commanded by Colonel Merriman. The uniform is green with black facings.

The 24th Middlesex (Post Office) were raised, in 1868, from among the special constables (*employés* of the General Post Office) sworn in during the Fenian disturbances.

The corps assisted at the Volunteer Review held at Dover in 1869, and enjoys the proud distinction of being the only corps of our citizen army which has furnished a detachment for active service.

In the Egyptian War of 1882 the Army Postal Corps was entirely formed from the ranks of the Post Office Battalion. The 24th is commanded by Colonel S. R. Thompson, V.D. The uniform is green with blue facings. Since 1584 the members of the Inns of Court have on four occasions furnished bodies of armed men for the defence of the nation. The battalion, as at present constituted, was raised in 1859-1860, and until two years ago was entirely recruited from members of the Inns of Court. Now, however, this rule has been relaxed, and members of universities or public schools have become eligible for enrolment if approved by the committee of selection. The Inns of Court Volunteers are more familiarly known as the "Devil's Own," a name said to have been bestowed upon them by King George III. The headquarters are in Lincoln's Inn, where there are a drill hall, a mess, an armoury, a Morris tube gallery, and a school-of-arms and gymnasium.

The cyclist section, only recently formed, is shown in force in the third illustration. Major Lloyd, of the Grenadier Guards, who assisted in its formation, appears on the left. The section, which is commanded by Sergeant Hole, is exceptionally smart and well mounted. The uniform is grey with scarlet facings.

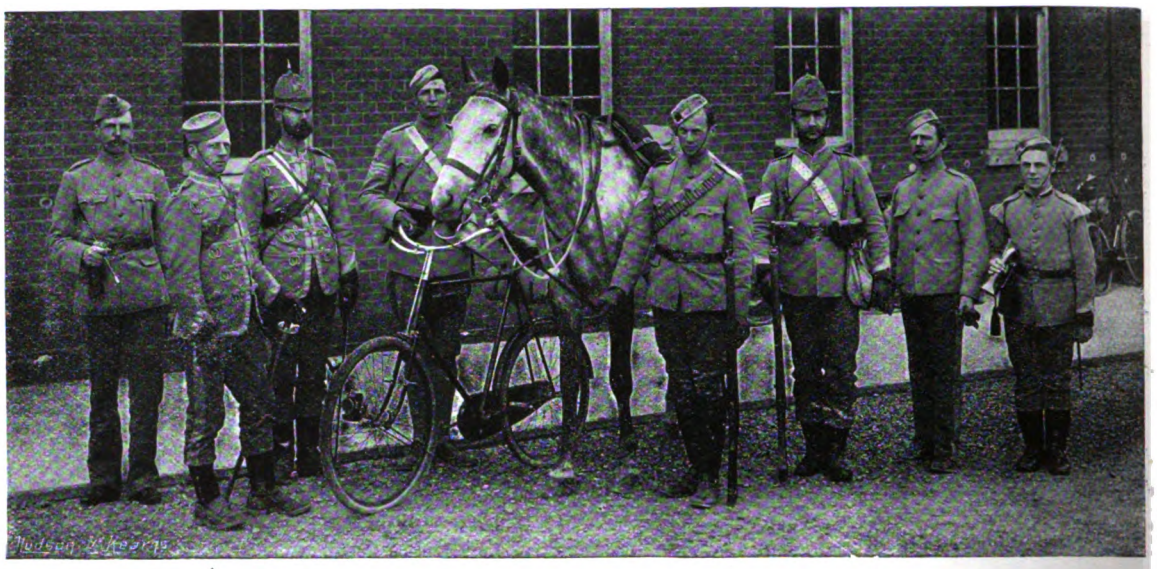

Photo. A. ARCHER. *Kensington.*

Group of All Ranks, Inns of Court.

Photo. A. ARCHER. *Kensington.*

Officers, Inns of Court.

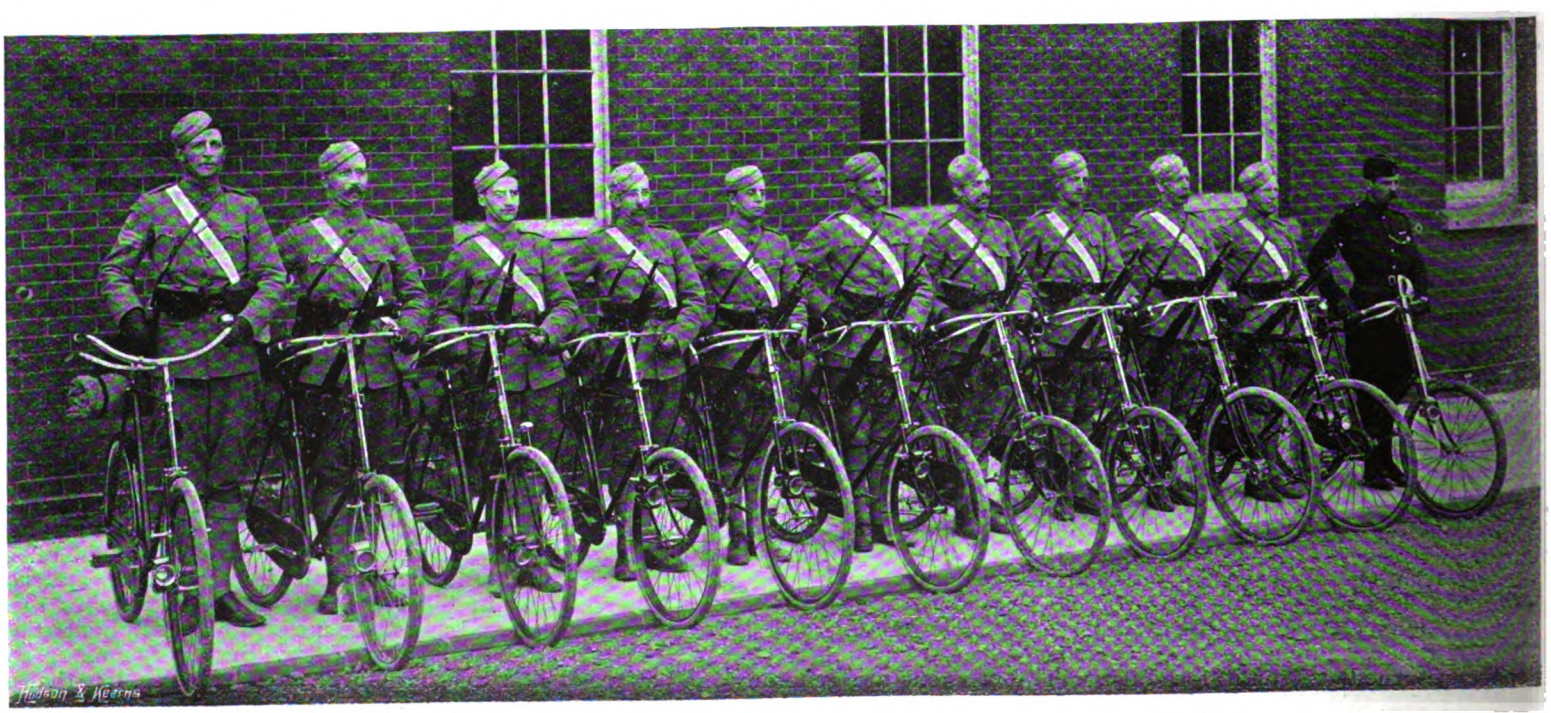

Photo. A. ARCHER, Kensington.

CYCLISTS, INNS OF COURT.

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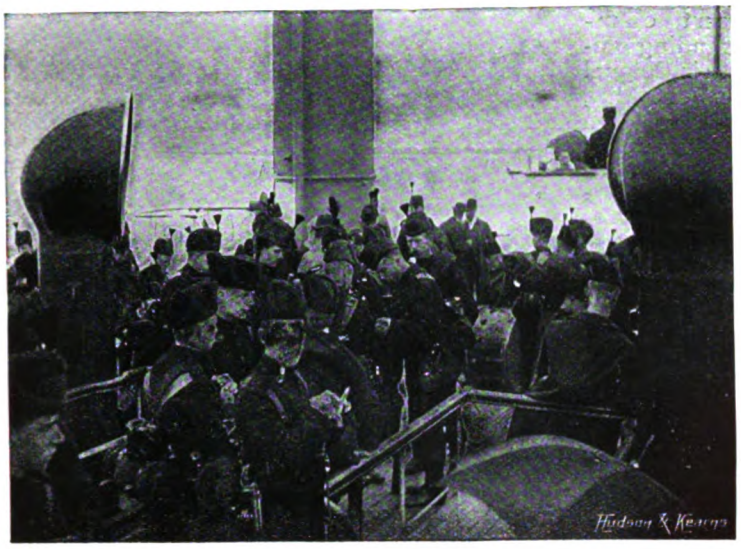
TOWARDS the end of 1859 six independent companies were raised in the Isle of Wight, at Ryde, Newport, Nunwell, Ventnor, and Sandown, and in 1860 were incorporated as the 1st Administrative Battalion Isle of Wight Volunteers. In 1880 the companies ceased to be independent, and were formed into the 1st Isle of Wight Rifle Volunteer Corps. The present title—5th (Isle of Wight Princess Beatrice's) Volunteer Battalion Hampshire Regiment—was first used in 1885, when H.R.H. the late Prince Henry of Battenberg was appointed honorary colonel.



Per Mare.

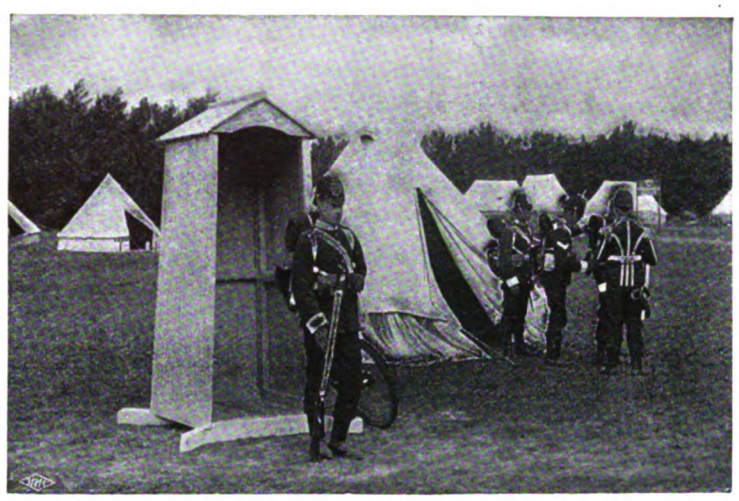
In 1892 the corps assisted at the mobilisation of the Southern District under H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, when it was quartered at the barracks, Parkhurst. It took part in the encampment of the Portsmouth Volunteer Infantry Brigade in 1893, and since then has several times gone into camp. In 1895, when a review was held at Aldershot in honour of the Shahzada, the 5th was brigaded with the 7th Battalion King's Royal Rifles and the 5th Battalion Rifle

Photos. C. KNIGHT. *Newport, I.W.*

Bread and Cheese and Beer.

Per Terram.

Brigade. On this occasion it received great praise from Major-General Bengough for showing "an intelligent appreciation of the duties of soldiers in the field." Prince Henry of Battenberg took a strong interest in the welfare of the regiment, and his death was deeply felt by all ranks of the corps, which greatly appreciated the honour conferred upon it in being detailed to form the escort and firing party at the funeral of its former honorary colonel. In February, 1896,



Photos. C. KNIGHT *Newport, I.W.*

On Sentry Go.

H.R.H. Princess Beatrice delivered her late husband's sword to the officer commanding the corps, with a desire that it should be worn by each succeeding colonel at the annual inspection.

The 5th Hampshire, which, according to the returns for 1896, was 731 strong, has a good band and cyclist detachment. The present commanding officer, Colonel E. W. Cradock, was formerly a major in the 7th Fusiliers, and was engaged in the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80, being mentioned in despatches and receiving a brevet-majority for his services.

The upper photographs of the corps represent it on the way to camp at Gosport, and it would appear that the men are equally at home whether on sea or land.

Another shows a scene witnessed on every big field day, when, after the "key to the position" has been assaulted and won, the troops are allowed to make an attack of a vigorous character on the provisions which the canteen waggon provides. The men are formed in single file and draw their authorised allowance of provisions as they pass those charged with the distribution of the refreshments. There is no need of an "appetiser," for a vigorous charge and a few rounds of independent firing are calculated to produce a desire both for liquids and solids.

The last illustration on this page depicts some men

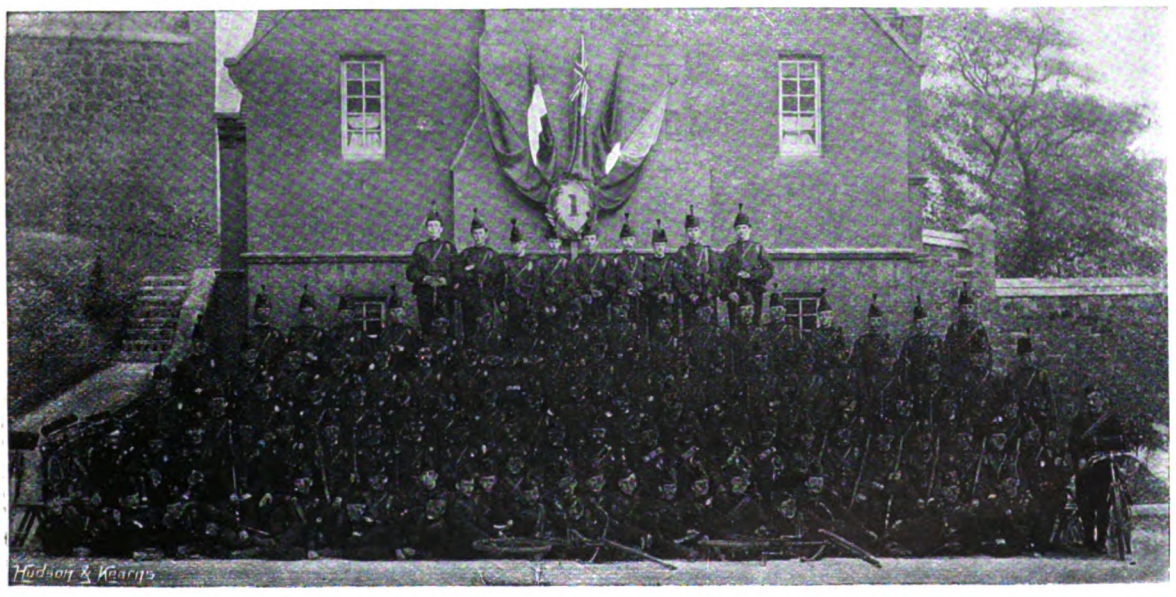


Photo. SCOTT & SONS. *Exeter.*

Group, 1st Exeter and South Devon.

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of the sister battalion—the 3rd (Duke of Connaught's Own) V.B. Hampshire Regiment—in camp.

"Sentry-go" is, perhaps, a little irksome, especially on a warm day in June, but it is necessary that guard duty—so important an item in war—should be thoroughly practised during times of peace. A recruit's first day on guard is by no means a pleasant one, for as sentry there are a thousand and one little things to remember, which, being over-anxious, he is frequently liable to forget. Many are the stories which are told of the novice on guard. The following is, perhaps, as amusing as any, and purports to show how careful a sentry should be, whether volunteer or regular. A certain general was accustomed to pay surprise visits to the guards in his command, with a view to ascertaining if the sentries were acquainted with their orders. One night a young sentry, seeing someone coming in the dark, challenged him and demanded the countersign, but the intruder, who was no less a person than the general, protested his ignorance.

"What!" said the "rookie," "another without it? Well, let me tell you it's *Wellington*."

"I am the general," shouted the visitor. "How dare you give anyone the countersign!"

"If you're the general," said the young soldier, "your orders are that I must let no one pass without the countersign, and I may tell you I am getting tired of giving it, so many don't seem to know it." History does not relate the result of the interview, but doubtless the sergeant of the guard was reminded of his duties when posting sentries.

The 3rd V.B. Hampshire Regiment was raised in 1859 as the 5th Hants, and was given its present title—the Duke of Connaught's Own—in 1893. The battalion consists of twelve companies, numbering some 1,160 of all ranks, and including transport, cyclist, signalling, and bearer detachments, a band, and a machine-gun detachment only lately formed. The uniform, like the battalions of the Line, is scarlet with white facings.

The present commanding officer is Colonel A. F. Perkins, V.D.

Photo. SACHS. Bradford.

Colonel Hoffmann.

It would be hard indeed to find a smarter body of men than the 1st Exeter and South Devon Volunteer Battalion—the premier corps of Volunteers. It was early in 1852, at a time when no other Volunteer corps existed in Great Britain, that Dr. Bucknill, of Exminster, proposed to one or two of his most intimate friends a scheme by which he hoped to raise a body of effective riflemen. Accordingly, a memorial was drawn up and forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Lord Fortescue, soliciting his influence in bringing the scheme to the notice of Government.

With this request he willingly complied, and after some preliminary correspondence and meetings the sanction of the "powers that be" was obtained. During the early days of the movement, before the formation of a regular committee, the promoters were wont to meet at the house of one Mr. Cann, a man noted for his jovial nature and hospitality. On one occasion it is recorded that, on the conclusion of

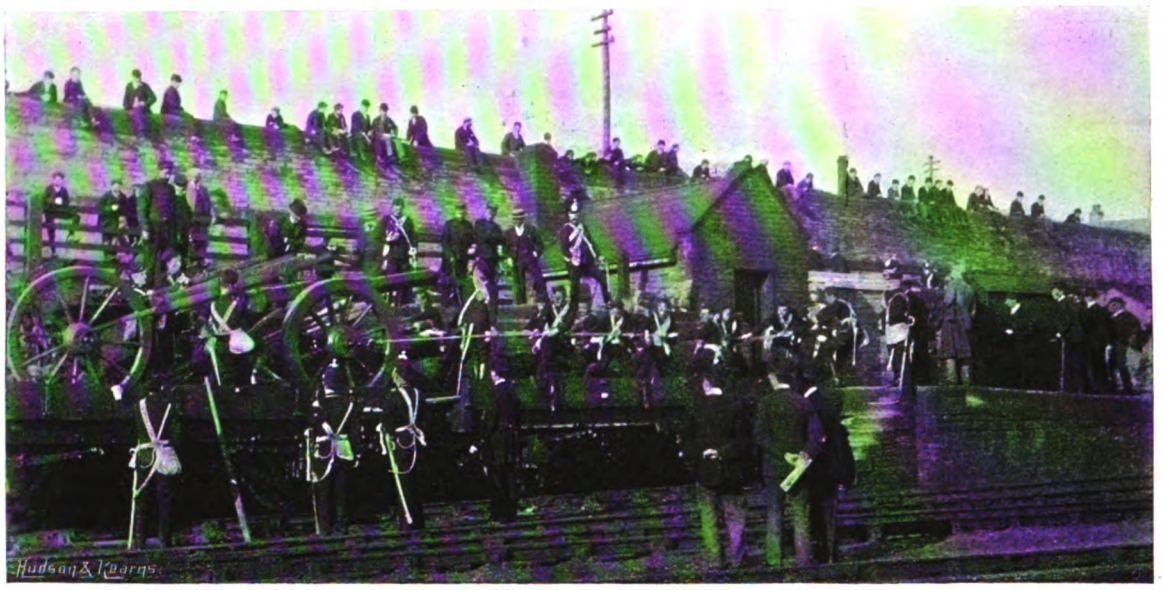

Photo. S. HILL. Bradford.

Detraining 40-pr. Guns.

2nd CHESHIRE RAILWAY ROYAL ENGINEERS (VOLUNTEERS).

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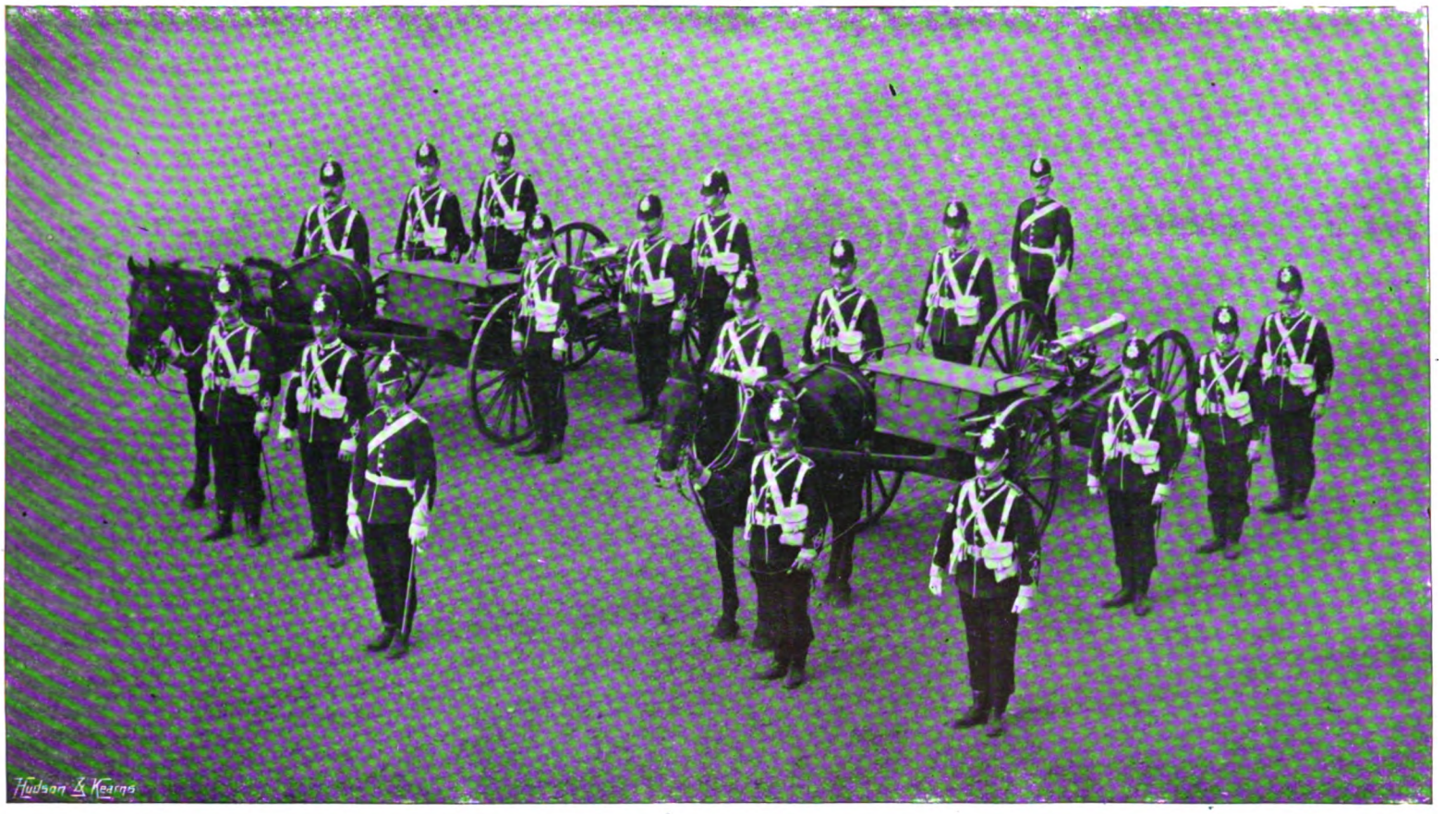

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

3rd LONDON.

business, one of the company, a wag, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Cann for his kindness, adding at the same time "the meeting does not wish to place any impediment in the way of his ordering up some sherry." The sherry forthwith appeared, and many years later, when the Volunteer movement had reached colossal proportions, the host of that evening was accustomed jocularly to remark to his friends: "I was the main promoter. I gave the *spirit* to the movement in my volunteer sherry." The oath of allegiance was taken at the first general muster in uniform, October 6th, 1852, and the regiment was inspected by Lord Fortescue early in January, 1853. The corps evinced an

20-pr. R.B.L. Guns Parked, 1st W. & W. Vol. Art.

early enthusiasm for musketry, and a temporary rifle range extending to 600 yards was found in some quarries at Exminster. Here the artist of the regiment, Mr. Hayon, painted the figure of a man, somewhat portly in stature, to serve as a target. This drawing showed a strong resemblance to the figure of a local worthy whose brother furnished the land for the first shooting ground. As may be supposed, the subject of the sketch was imbued with little love for volunteering, and did not fail to inveigh in strong terms against the target maker. "What business," he used to say, "has that there Mr. Hayon to go drawing of me and shetting at me all day long." The regiment is now commanded by Sir D. G. A. Duckworth-King, Bart. The uniform is green with black facings.

The organisation of every branch of the Volunteer Army becomes yearly more and more perfect. This is in large measure, no doubt, due to the impetus consequent on the arrangements made for camps and experimental mobilisations. Colonel Hoffmann, who commands the 2nd West Riding of Yorkshire Volunteer Artillery, lately ordered an experimental mobilisation of the batteries under his command. Though there were many obstacles in the way, they were successfully surmounted, the men, guns, and horses being mobilised at Halifax, and thence conveyed by train to Thornton. The entraining of artillery is no easy matter, and entails no small amount of consideration and forethought on the part of the staff. On arrival at a station, before commencing the journey, batteries are formed up in the goods yard or other suitable place and the men are allowed to fall out for a few minutes. On falling in again they are formed up in two ranks and take off their accoutrements, laying them on the ground. The horses are then unyoked and a certain number of them told off to each cattle truck provided for their transit. When the horses have been safely fastened in the trucks the men return to entrain the guns. If the platform forms a terminus to a line of railway the loading of the guns is greatly facilitated, especially if the ends of the trucks are made with a hinge. In the latter case the guns can be run on from one truck to another.

The operation is more difficult if the guns require to be loaded sideways from the platform. All the men assist at this operation, as combined strength is required, and there are many little precautions to be taken, such as securing the wheels with rope and scotches to prevent the gun or waggon from moving. An average truck can hold a gun or waggon and limber, and, altogether, between twenty and thirty carriages of different kinds are required for the accommodation of one battery. When the guns have been loaded and secured, the men return to their accoutrements and are told off to the carriages they are to occupy. The entrainment occupies in all a space of about forty minutes. The con-

A Professional Criticism.

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venience of being able to run the train into a siding where there is a terminus is found correspondingly convenient in reaching the station where the battery is to detrain This is illustrated in the picture representing gunners of the 2nd W.R. Yorks Volunteer Artillery unloading 40-pounder guns at Thornton, near Bradford

The 2nd Cheshire Engineer (Volunteers) is the only corps the ranks of which are entirely composed of railway *employés*, and all the officers, except those holding field rank, are on the staff of the London and North-Western Railway Company. Some months ago the 2nd Cheshire took part in a trial mobilisation at Crewe, which was in every way satisfactory.

A telegram was received at 5.50 p.m., and on the following day at about noon the works "buzzer" gave seven blasts as a signal for the corps to assemble. The battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Cotton-Jodrell, M.P., paraded 600 strong at 3.30 p.m., and marched off to camp at 3.45 p.m. When the camping ground was reached, ammunition and stores were served out, and all arrangements in connection with the encampment put into action. This was undoubtedly a very creditable performance, considering that almost all the members of the corps were hard at work at noon and had received no previous warning The illustration shows the corps as it appeared on parade.

The corps was formed in 1889 Its chief work consists in preparing the route, laying and maintaining the permanent way, constructing bridges and platforms, defending stations, making field works, destroying railways, etc.

The 3rd London Rifle Volunteers were formed in 1861, and were at the time commonly known as the "Working Man Brigade." The first commanding officer was Sir W. Plunkett de Bathe. The idea of composing a regiment of working men was then looked upon as being somewhat quixotic, and it was never expected that the new corps would prove a success.

Sounding "The Dress."

The 3rd London were the first to adopt the scarlet uniform on being raised, which they still wear, faced with buff. The corps has a signalling and cyclist section and two machine guns. These are shown in the illustration horsed and limbered up, ready to move off, and are entirely worked by the machine gun detachment without help from outside. The corps has always held its own at musketry, and yearly attends camp during the Easter Manœuvres. The physique of the men is equal to if not better than that of any body of troops in the metropolis. The present commanding officer is Colonel Mortimer Hancock, V.D.

The 1st Worcestershire and Warwickshire Volunteer Artillery consists of eight batteries, with their headquarters at Worcester.

In order that artillery may be rendered thoroughly efficient in war it must, in "the piping times of peace," be afforded ample opportunity of reaching a high state of excellence. Thus we find that artillery corps, as well as other branches of the Volunteer force, are wont to betake themselves during the summer months "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," where they are free to fire at floating targets without any danger to person or property.

At Towyn the corps holds its annual summer encampment. When not in use the guns are "parked," as shewn in the illustration.

A scene of daily occurrence in camp is witnessed in the first picture on this page, where the trumpeters of the corps are shown drawn up in line in the act of sounding "The Dress," which announces that men and guns must in half-an-hour take up their respective positions on parade. The corps is commanded by Colonel W. Ottley.

The 1st Staffordshire and Shropshire Volunteer Artillery is composed of the same number of batteries, and is attached to the Southern Division as position artillery. The *matériel* of the corps, which has its headquarters at Shelton, consists of eight 40-pr. guns, such as that shown in the centre of this number as a full-page illustration. In this picture a gunner is represented sponging out the gun after firing. The second and third photographs on this page are those of the officers and non-commissioned officers. The corps is commanded by Colonel J. Strick, V.D.

Photo. GREGORY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Officers, 1st Shropshire and Staffordshire Volunteer Artillery.

Photo. GREGORY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Non-Commissioned Officers, 1st Shropshire and Staffordshire Volunteer Artillery.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—NO. 42.] *FRIDAY, JULY 23rd, 1897.*

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

Vice-Admiral Lord CHARLES THOMAS MONTAGU DOUGLAS SCOTT, C.B.

LORD CHARLES SCOTT'S forty-four years on the Active List include three campaigns—the Russian War, both in the Baltic and the Black Sea; the China War, where, in the "Raleigh," he served under the veteran admiral of the Fleet to-day, Sir Harry Keppel; and the Indian Mutiny, where he served on shore with the "Pearl's" Naval brigade, winning by his services on two occasions the honour of Special Mention in Despatches. Ten years later, as a commander, Lord Charles Scott, in 1868, again saw fighting work, this time against the pirates of the China Seas. His selection by the Prince of Wales as the officer to receive the Prince's two sons into his ship in 1878 was in itself the highest possible mark of distinction, and a personal tribute to Lord Charles Scott's reputation in the Service. Lord Charles Scott's C.B. was granted him in commemoration of the "Bacchante's" cruise. As a rear-admiral he held the chief command on the Australian Station between 1889 and 1892, and was promoted vice-admiral in March, 1894.

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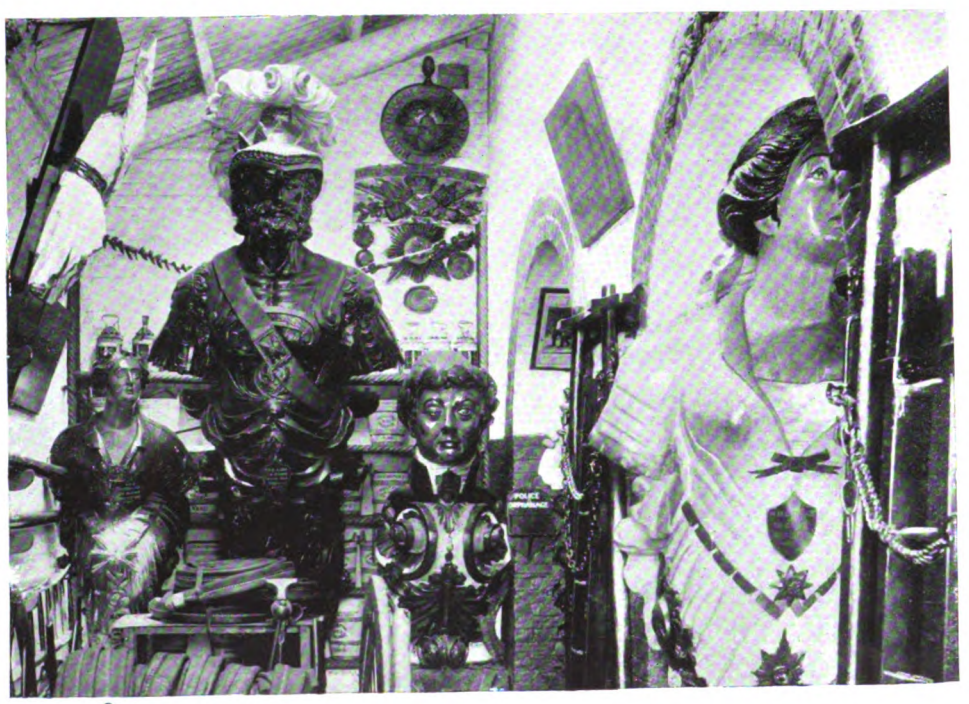
THE FIGURE-HEAD AND ITS STORY.

". . . . Her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows."

"NOW I tell you what it is, my lads—unless you are off those yards, and the sails are hoisted again before any other ship in the squadron, by the Lord Harry, I'll paint your figure-head black!"

So the captain of a frigate, which boasted a gilded figure-head that was the idol of the ship's company, once addressed his crew. The frigate was at sail drill with several other ocean high-fliers, and at a trial of smartness in reefing topsails together by signal from the commodore, had, at the outset, been beaten. Just before the exercise was repeated, the captain hailed the men aloft as described, with the result, we are told, that from that time forward the ship beat every other vessel on the station at all drills aloft. Marryat, in "Peter Simple," balances this with the story of what happened to the

Heads of "Tamar," "Raleigh," "Marlborough," and "Bienheim."



Photos. A. WILDMAN. Devonport.

Heads of the "Serpent," "Satellite," "Ajax," and "Tobaz."

A Carver's Masterpiece (Name Unknown).

"Rattlesnake's" figure-head after the cowardly Captain Hawkins had made the ship show her stern to an enemy. The crew, by way of sarcastic allusion to the event, cut off the head and fangs of the serpent, carved to represent a rattlesnake in the act of striking, that decorated the ship's prow.

There is, however, nowadays, nothing of the kind for either captain or crew to give vent to their feelings by means of, for, alas! figure-heads are, to the present generation of seafarers, relics of the past. They have been disestablished, and their services dispensed with. A square foot or so of gilded scroll filigree work—"gingerbread," Jack scornfully dubs it—laid on in a sort of brooch pattern at the bows is to be seen, it is true, on some of our earlier types, but even this has been done away with on the modern battle-ship.

The Lion of England is the original "old" figure-head of the Royal Navy—still to be seen in one ship, the "Lion" training ship at Devonport. From Henry VIII.'s reign, to the end of George II.'s, with a few special exceptions, whatever the name a man-of-war bore, she always had a heraldic lion, couchant or gardant, as her figure-head. The well-known "Great Harry," for instance, bore one, and so, according to the old tapestries, did the ships of the Elizabethan Navy, the "Victory," "Triumph," "Dreadnought," the "little 'Revenge,'" of immortal memory, and the other hearts of oak that buffeted the seas under Drake and Hawkins.

The lion couchant or gardant erected upon the beak-heads of our English sixteenth century vessels of war, by degrees became changed into the crowned lion rampant, which served as the war-ship's armorial bearings for all except first rates (which bore special devices) in the Navies of Charles II. and his brother, down to Queen Anne's time. The crown seems to have been placed first on the head of the lion by James I.—who introduced the Scottish lion rampant for the lion couchant or gardant, and at the same time the lion itself, instead of, as heretofore, projecting clear on top of the prow, was made to shrink back, as it were, and be worked into the framework timbers of the ship's head. The crown was taken off the lion's head in Commonwealth ships, but restored at the Restoration. From this time forward, for upwards of a century—except, under special circumstances, for certain first rates, as has been said—the crowned lion appears on all vessels of war—even down to fire-ships—as the hall-mark of a man-of-war of the Royal Navy.

The idea of substituting a special head

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for the lion in certain ships of the first rate came in with James I.'s notable "Royal Prince," built in 1610, which old Stow talks of as being "one of the most wonderful efforts of human genius." The lion was here replaced by a special design of elaborate workmanship of a totally different order, and designed to typify the ship's name. This is the first departure from the original type. The second we meet in Charles I.'s world-famous "Sovereign of the Seas," whose figure-head, according to a contemporary record, comprised "King Edgar trampling seven kings," with, grouped on the bows, a Cupid bestriding and bridling a lion, six statues "emblematic of fit virtues," and so on.

Evelyn, in his diary, writing under date the 9th of April, 1656, says: "I went to see the greate ship newly built by the Usurper Oliver, carrying 96 brasse guns, and 1,000 tons burthen. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six Nations under foote, a Scott, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A fame held a laurel over his insulting head, the word God with us." This was the "Naseby," which at the Restoration, when King Charles changed the objectionable names on the Navy List, such as the "Marston Moor," "Dunbar," and "Worcester," into others more to his fancy, became the "Royal Charles." Her original figure-head was knocked off and sold with those of the other ships bearing Parliamentarian or Cromwellian emblems, at the price of wood, to be, as Pepys tells us, "burnt on Coronation Night." The "Royal Charles's" second figure-head may be seen to this day in the Royal Museum at Amsterdam, a memento of the Medway raid of 1667.

Yet another of the special emblematic work of art figure-heads was that of the great flag-ship of William III.'s reign, our first "Britannia," of 100 guns, first of her mighty line—a magnificently elaborate representation of the Royal Arms

The Head of the Last "Royal William."

of England, embellished with scroll work and heraldic devices. Down to the middle of the last century there were in this way two classes of figure-heads in vogue—the lion heads borne on second and third and lower rates, and the emblematic and special types of figure-heads in time given to crack first rates. The lion heads then suddenly went out of fashion, and were replaced by full length figures, suggestive of, and having a bearing on, the names given to the ships they belonged to, while the emblematic figure-heads became more simple in pattern and less restricted to special men-of-war. This was a little before the time of the American War. These lasted down to the period of our earlier ironclads.

Besides full lengths and busts, we meet with what were called "fiddle" and "scroll" heads, but the old Jacks do not seem to have taken kindly to them. "I never knew a vessel do anything without a 'fiddle head,'" says the old gunner of the "Rattlesnake" to Peter Simple, and in deference to the old salt's prejudices, Marryat tells us, the "fiddle" head, with the help of a coil of rope and cleft block of wood, was altered to a design more in keeping with the ship's name. These "fiddle" and "scroll" heads were usually makeshifts. We find them mostly used in ships built to bear the names of originals captured from the French. The French Navy affected an abstract-virtue style of nomenclature, and when a "Téméraire," or "Entreprenante," or "Espiègle," or "Modeste" fell into our hands, on our wanting to commemorate these names in new ships, the figure-head carvers were often puzzled, and had to take refuge in "fiddle" and "scroll" heads.

Our photographs show some of the figure-heads at Plymouth Dockyard, where, more than at any other Yard, care has ever been taken to preserve historic Naval relics. Of the figure-heads, the most notable are the figure-head of the "Guillaume Tell," captured from the French off Malta, under dramatic circumstances, just ninety seven years ago, shown with the figure-head of our last wooden "St. George" of the Russian War—a fine old three-decker—and the remains of the Indian snake charmer figure-head of the ill-fated "Serpent," wrecked off the Spanish Coast in November, 1890. Of the others, the figure-head of the "Royal William," launched in William IV.'s reign, the figure-heads of the old "Ajax" of 1809, the "Marlborough" of 1812, the "Blenheim 74" of 1813, and the first figure-head worn by the "Black Prince," ironclad, sister ship to the "Warrior," are also of interest.

Heads of the "St. George" and "Guillaume Tell."

Photos. A. WILDMAN. *Devonport.*

Heads of the "Black Prince" and an Unknown Ship.

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SHIP'S COMPANY, H.M. BATTLE-SHIP "ANSON."

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SHIP'S COMPANY, H.M. TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "BOXER."

ON this page are groups of two ships' companies which present a great contrast, the "Anson's" numbering some 700 men, and the "Boxer's" something under 100. The "Anson's" make a brave show round the two big 67-ton guns, which look as though a moderate-sized man could crawl inside, and are capable, too, when deftly handled, of doing a good deal of execution, even against an opponent as heavily armoured as the "Anson" herself. The little "Boxer" might, however, have something to say to the "Anson," were they on opposite sides. Though only armed with light, quick-firing guns, she presents but a small target, and being fully ten knots faster, might discharge a torpedo and be off before she was hit, and then, good-bye "Anson"!

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THE WORK OF MEN-OF-WAR'S MEN ASHORE.

SMALL ARM COMPANIES. H.M.S. "HAWKE."—"Square, Ready!"

SMALL ARM COMPANIES, H.M.S. "CAMBRIAN."—Review Order, Quarter Column.

Photos R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SMALL ARM COMPANIES, H.M.S. "HAWKE."—Review Order, Quarter Column.

HERE we have three pictures of Jack "soldiering"—a performance at which he has become increasingly expert of late years. He is got up in a very workmanlike rig for landing, and is instructed in all kinds of work which formerly pertained entirely to the soldier, such as making shelter trenches, temporary bridges, etc. The "Hawke's" men, in the first of the illustrations, taken on the historical parade ground at Malta, have formed the familiar "Square to resist cavalry," which is very effective as a spectacle; but any modern cavalry officer who set his squadron going against such a square awaiting him with repeating rifles would certainly find himself "told off" in uncomplimentary terms, if he survived. In the other two pictures the men are formed in quarter column, with the officers in front—the formation in which the advance in review order is usually made, as the final movement on a field day.

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THE NAVY AS AN AID TO SCIENCE.

ALTHOUGH the total Solar Eclipse of 1896 was fruitless as regards the scientific work of the observers who took up their stations on the Varanger Fjord in Norway, yet one important lesson was learnt, which should have a bearing on all future eclipse expeditions. One can quite understand that there are enormous difficulties to be contended with when one takes out heavy and valuable in truments, and erects them great distances from home when substantial help is not near at hand. By the employment of a man-of-war as a base the case is quite the reverse, and eclipsing is made easy, for not only is the observer freed from the great amount of manual labour, but the scope of the observations can be considerably increased. Experience has shown that with a few days' training the officers and men may be formed into a staff of skilled observers, who can thus render valuable aid to science.

Such was the case with the expedition under the direction of Mr. Norman Lockyer, which was destined for the southern shore of the Varanger Fjord, with one of the ships of the Training Squadron, H.M.S. "Volage," as a base. Needless to remark, the captain, officers, and men of this ship entered into the work heart and soul, and the magnificent help that was rendered was such that, had the day proved fine, astronomical science would have been richly rewarded, and a record would have been broken for the amount and thoroughness of the work undertaken at any one station.

H.M.S. "Volage" in Bras Havn.

Photo. W. J. S. LOCKYER.

The Camping Ground.

Photo. Mr. FOWLER.

The Naval Contingent at Work.

Several weeks previous to departure, the "Volage" had taken the instruments on board, and it was arranged that she should pick up some of the scientists at the small town of Hammerfest, on the north-west coast of Norway. The "Volage" made her appearance, two days after their arrival in Hammerfest, one fine morning, and the next was steaming slowly out of the harbour, and began to make her way without much loss of time to her destination.

Steaming into Bras Havn, the proposed bay in which the "Volage" would lie at anchor on her return, a suitable camping ground was chosen for the time being, and the party commenced to make themselves comfortable, as will be seen in our second illustration. As the evening was far advanced, it was decided to commence operations the following day, so the remaining time was spent in becoming acquainted with the surroundings. A surveying party had just before this been landed, consisting of two officers and the Marquis of Graham, Messrs. Fowler, and Lockyer, jun., accompanying them to select the observing station. The party steamed ashore in the steam cutter towing the galley and dinghy full of bluejackets and camping necessaries and provisions. Captain King Hall, in the meantime, took his ship over to Vadsö, on the other side of the fjord, to make inquiries, among other things, of the weather condition on the southern shore.

Next morning was squally with plenty of rain, so it was impossible to tramp around to search for a site. Lieutenant Martin and his staff, however, commenced operations early, and spent the greater part of the day in the steam cutter surveying the bay. That evening a change set in, and the following morning the sun rose bright and warm, and sailors and scientists were up early and doing. Lieutenant Martin, before continuing his survey, transported them to the island of Kiö close by, and here an excellent observing station was found. When the "Volage" returned their respective tasks had been accomplished, and the ship

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Fixing the Ship's Position.

took up her quarters in a snug little bay. Now work began in earnest. A shore party was told off, and a commencement was made to set up the concrete pillars on which the instruments were to rest, and to erect the huts which had been brought out. The peat on the station area was for the most part cleared away, and a double line of blue-jackets, extending from the beach to the station, passed shingle up in buckets, so that, finally, the floor of the camp might literally have been called a "raised beach."

When the weather permitted outdoor occupations were carried forward, while on other occasions the instruments were erected inside the huts. On the arrival of the chief of the expedition, Mr. Norman Lockyer, all the instruments were in position and adjustment, but as he had brought a further instalment with him, there was still much to be done. No less than seventy-six, officers and men included, volunteered to take part in the observation of the eclipse, and each man who had a task allotted to him and was well drilled in it, was eager for the occasion when he could perform his share in the undertaking. The third illustration shows an instrument which was entirely worked by Lieutenant Martin and his Naval staff, and another, the fifth picture, shows the great help Mr. Fowler received when working the 6-in. prismatic camera.

Our fourth picture is a snap-shot of the navigating officer (Lieutenant Martin) and Lieutenant Beal fixing the position of the ship by cross bearings of the points of land now just become visible.

The morning of the eclipse was anything but promising. Heavy rain had fallen, and great dense clouds were sweeping across the heavens. As everybody now knows, the eclipse was, therefore, invisible, but all remained at their respective posts during the 106 seconds which elapsed during totality looking at the clouds, which never before seemed so thick and opaque. The scene, however, was a grand one, the shadow of the moon suddenly sweeping down, and more suddenly vanishing. What those on the look-out did see was practically only clouds, and these are depicted very beautifully in the excellent photograph, the sixth, taken by the Marquis of Graham during totality.

When the eclipse was over, silence among the observers was still maintained, due, no doubt, to the awe-inspiring scene just terminated, or intense disappointment at the mean behaviour of Dame Nature. There was nothing for it, however, but to pocket all feelings of disappointment and to be consoled with the thought that every man had done his best. Down instruments was now the order of the day, and the camp soon lost its neat appearance. By four o'clock in the afternoon all instruments were snug in packing cases, the huts being left for the use of the friendly Laps, whose interest in the doings of the little band had been uninterrupted.

The time of departure now drew near. The parting between the ship's company and the scientists was by far the saddest part of the whole proceedings, after the great kindness that had been shown to these gentlemen by all on board. But a great lesson has been learnt, and at the next eclipse, for which preparations are already being made, it is to be hoped that, under the sunny skies of India, an attempt will be made to utilise those few precious moments with a British man-of-war as a base.

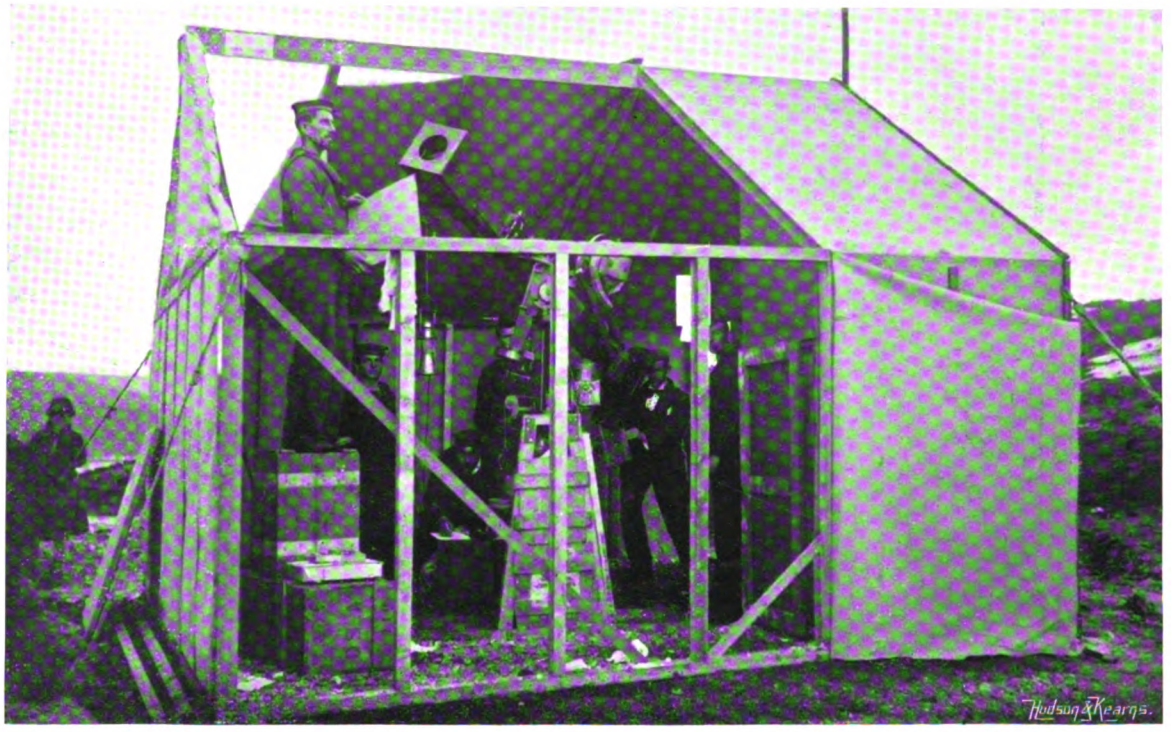

Photo. W. J. S LOCKYER.

Working the 6-in. Prismatic Camera.

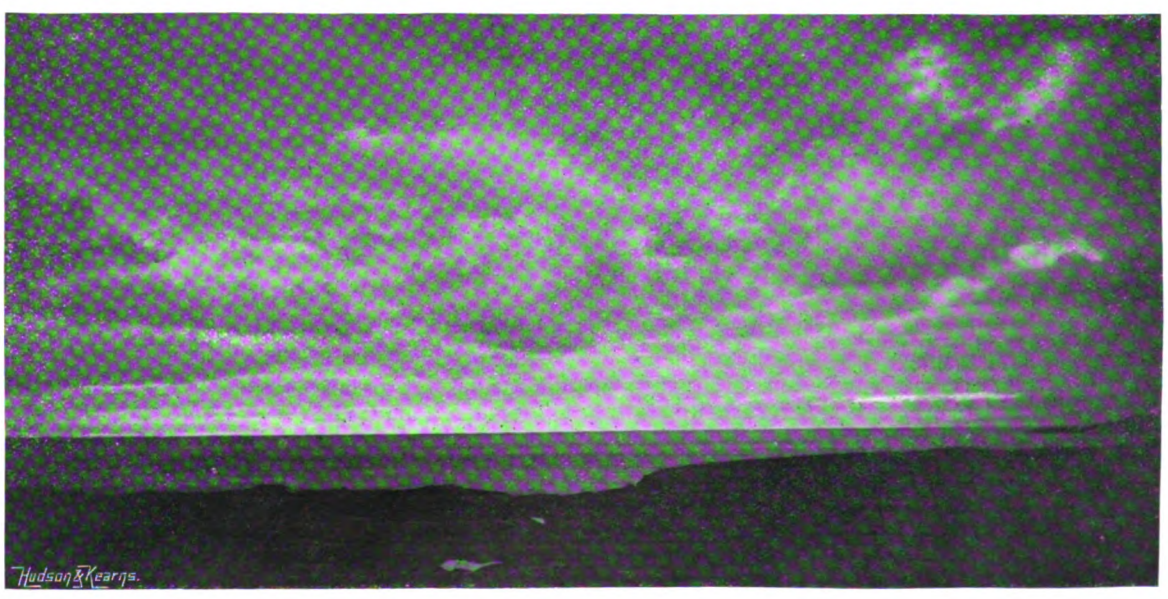

Photo. Marquis of GRAHAM.

All that was Seen of the Eclipse.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

JACK AND HIS TOBACCO.

ON board Her Majesty's ships tobacco is served out to the lower deck once a month, when the men are allowed to purchase or "take up" 2-lb. of duty-free tobacco. The treatment of the issue is peculiar to the sailor, who has a way of dealing with it of his own, somewhat different to the methods of the shore-going tobacconist or tobacco manufacturer. The tobacco, which is served out to Jack in the leaf, first of all undergoes a preliminary process by which the stems are removed; after this it is soaked with a little water, or sometimes—a system adopted by the bluejacket connoisseur—with a little rum, and then it is wrapped in canvas and bound very tightly—the technical term is "served"—with spun yarn or soft small twine into the shape of a huge cigar of tobacco. From this plug Jack cuts off what he wants, as he wants it. In our illustration we see a stoker in the act of serving his canvas-wrapped allowance of tobacco. Note the screw-propeller, which every stoker wears as a badge, on his right arm. He is sitting astride the spun yarn as he winds it on, in order that each turn should be hove "taut." By a curious custom in the Navy, tobacco and soap are served out together, men being allowed to "take up" the latter to a practically unlimited extent. Regrets are sometimes heard on board that the authorities do not allow the quantities of each article to be reversed.

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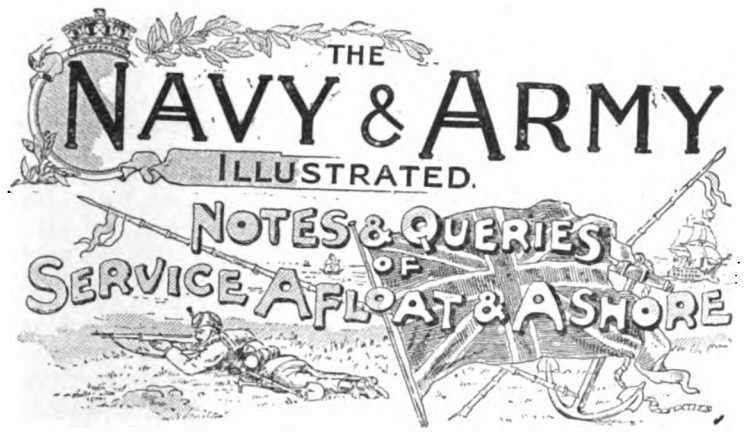

I HAVE been asked by many of my readers whether it is my intention to produce a Military Double Number on the lines of the Naval one, which was such a success at the time of the Diamond Jubilee Review. I may say that this is my purpose, but before I issue this number, which will be devoted to the history and recent development of the Army, I intend to produce, in October, a Double Number devoted entirely to those military forces of the Empire which are outside the regular Army. This number will be of equal interest to the Naval one, and will be illustrated by representative pictures of those troops which appeared in England at the time of the Jubilee celebrations, as well as of others which did not participate.

* * * *

PERHAPS the oldest flag in existence, of which the pedigree can be traced with certainty, is the Commonwealth Naval Flag preserved at Chatham Dockyard in the Admiral Superintendent's house. It is exactly of the pattern that Blake flew at his mast-head, and is thus of special historic interest. The flag itself is of red bunting, 21-ft. by 15-ft., and bears in the centre two shields side by side—one, that nearest the staff, white, charged with a red St. George's Cross, the second, nearest the fly of the flag, blue, charged with a yellow Irish harp. Encircling both shields is a wreath, half of palm and half of laurel. The palm branch on the side of the English shield is meant to denote (according to an old Chatham tradition) peace, achieved by the Commonwealth after the Civil War; the laurel branch on the side of the Irish shield is meant to denote victory, achieved by the Commonwealth over rebellious Ireland. The flag at Chatham is said to have been the one hoisted over the dockyard in front of the Commissioner's house. It has been carefully preserved there ever since, and its authenticity is undoubted.

* * * *

"E. R. H.," who is a clerk in a bank, but finds the work little to his taste, wishes to know what chances of promotion he will have in event of his joining the Army. He has had a good education, and possesses a knowledge of French, Portuguese, and Spanish. Provided he is healthy and of the required standard (5-ft. 4-in. in height and 33-in. round the chest) he may enlist in any regiment of the Line (infantry). It is of course difficult, but not impossible, to obtain a commission through the ranks. When *recommended* he must not be below the rank of corporal, have not less than two years' service, and be under 24 years of age. When *selected* he must have attained the rank of sergeant, be under 26 years of age, hold a first-class certificate or its equivalent, have a clear regimental defaulter sheet, and be unmarried. If he has plenty of grit there is no reason why he should not succeed, but unless possessed of a private income he would be wiser if he were to aspire first to the rank of sergeant-major. After filling that position for some years he may be promoted quartermaster with the honorary rank of lieutenant, but the time occupied in gaining the latter position would be considerably longer than that passed in obtaining a combatant commission. The standard height for a man under twenty years of age is 5-ft. 3½-in.

* * * *

IT is proverbial of seamen that on almost every occasion will they call things out of their name. In fact, a common saying amongst those who know them is that they will not "call a spade a spade," but "an adjectival shovel." The bluejacket does not even hold his superior too sacred but that he must be dubbed with a nickname. Here are a few which, if not all new to some of our readers, will serve to illustrate this proclivity on the part of the British seaman. The Admiral in command of the Fleet he calls "the Ral." The Captain—"Skipper," or "the Old Man." The First Lieutenant—"Number One." The Gunnery Lieutenant—"Gunnery Jack." The Navigating Lieutenant—"the Master" (the obsolete title). The Chaplain—"Sky-pilot," "Devil-dodger," "Fire escape." The Paymaster—"Pusser" (from the obsolete title "Purser"). The Assistant Paymaster, Clerks, etc.—"Inkslingers," "Quill-drivers." The Chief Engineer—"The Chief." The Surgeon—"Sawbones," "Dock," "Pills." The Gunner—"Wads." The Boatswain—"Pipes." The Carpenter—"Chips," "Wood-spoiler," "Gate-maker." The Master-at-Arms—"Jaundy" (? gendarme). Ships' Corporals—"Crushers." Sailmaker—"Sails." Mizzen Top-men—"Lambies." Marines—"Jollies." The generic term for bluejackets themselves is also "flat-foot," or, if an elderly man, "shell-back." "Jack Tar" is a creation of the landsman, and is never used in the Naval Service.

* * * *

WHENCE came the red uniform of the British soldier? In his "History of the Coldstream Guards," Colonel Mackinnon ascribes it to Dutch William III.; but there is ample evidence of its having been common to England and to Scotland long before the Revolution of 1688. Nor is it likely that red was adopted as the colour of our soldiers' coats for the reason that it was the most warlike of colours. This is the predominating hue, for example, in the uniform of our "Beefeaters," and these henchmen simply assumed the livery of their royal masters, as did all fighting men that of their feudal lords. Red and blue has almost always been the royal livery of England, as red and yellow the royal livery of Scotland; and after the Union of the Crowns, especially after the Restoration, our troops, particularly our Guardsmen, were clad in what is still called in Prussia the "King's coat," the equivalent of our "red coat." But the days of the "red coat," on active service at least, now seem to be drawing to a close.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Paris sends me the following:—"I spent an hour or two the other afternoon wandering in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise, and it may be of interest to your readers to send you a note of some things I saw there. One thing that particularly struck me was the tomb of the old Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre in 1799, and who, just a hundred years ago, made his wonderful escape from a French prison in Paris. Sir Sidney, after Waterloo, went to Paris and took up his permanent residence there, eventually dying on French soil in the year 1840. Friends and admirers in France and at home of the fine old hero erected a small monument over his grave. This is still in existence and in a state of good repair, and from it I copied the following lines of poetical inscription. They are in English, and run as follows:—

> "'Peace to the hero who undaunted stood,
> When Acre's streets were red with Turkish blood;
> In warlike France, when great Napoleon rose,
> The man who checked his conquests finds repose;
> England, who claims his triumphs as her own,
> Has raised for him a mouumental stone;
> The tomb which marks his grave is now supplied
> By friends with whom he lived, with whom he died,
> A tribute to his memory.—Here beneath
> Lies the bold heart of England's Sidney Smith.'
> "'1764—1840.'

As a memento of the last resting place of one of the bravest of the brave of the heroes of the Nelson time, this communication of mine may be of interest to your readers."

* * * *

PREVIOUS to the year 1873 the bands of the British Army wore white coats, piped, or with a narrow trimming let into the seams, of the colour of the regimental facings, except in the case of royal regiments wearing blue facings, whose bands wore scarlet facings and trimming. The white uniform looked very bright and attractive, but was abolished in consequence of the supposed deleterious effect of the dry pipeclay, with which they were cleaned, on the health of the men. Strangely enough, this objection did not extend to the Foot Guards and Highlanders, who still clean their undress white jackets with dry pipeclay, without any apparent injurious results. A shed or spare barrack-room is used for this purpose, and as the jackets have to be thoroughly cleaned at least once a day, the pipeclay shed is seldom without occupants. The *modus operandi* are as follows:—The jacket, which is of thick woollen cloth, is laid flat on a table and rubbed thoroughly all over with a ball of dry pipeclay. The pipeclay is then energetically rubbed in with a piece of rolled up cloth, and finally the loose pipeclay is dusted out of the garment. With twenty or thirty men all raising clouds of white powder the result may be imagined. It may be thought that washing the jackets would meet the case, but the difficulty of drying a garment so constantly in use is an objection, and no washing would produce the silvery whiteness of the pipeclay.

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COALING a man-of-war quickly would be of such vast importance in wartime now, that for some years it has been treated as an evolution that a smart ship should perform in a shorter time than her neighbours, and thus, by competition, the number of tons taken in per hour has been wonderfully increased. Steam colliers have improved apparatus, and also the men-of-war have more conveniences for doing it quickly. In times of piping peace, perhaps the cleaning up afterwards is the worst part of it. The Naval Manœuvres of late years have shown this necessity for rapid coaling very much. To give some idea of what a battle-ship can do in this way, the average rates of coaling of the Channel Fleet are as follows:—Ordinary rate, about sixty tons an hour; when competing with other ships, about eighty tons: this for large amounts, such as 600 tons, or more. Taking in small quantities, the rates would be higher. Some of the ships lately have averaged over 100 tons per hour, and this rate is not unusual when coaling alongside the Mole at Gibraltar. The "Royal Sovereign" averaged, when coaling there, about 105 tons per hour on one occasion. As instances of the coal stowage of our large battle-ships, the "Royal Sovereign" class carry 1,400 tons, "Majestic" class 1,800 tons.

* * * *

IN discussing the great events of history we can only treat of externals, for the inward springs of action remain hidden from the most discerning of men. Hence it may possibly be found, even in the case of individual achievements which excite the admiration of mankind, that if the secrets of the heart be laid bare, the real springs of action would be found trivial or sordid. Similarly, when, in accounting for the issue of battles, we attribute victory to the superior genius of a General, we forget that the most dazzling results in war are often brought about by quite insignificant causes. Physical debility has, on more occasions than we care to allow, been the cause of the defeat of a fine Army. For example, the habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon's powers on two critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic—on both of which occasions he suffered from indigestion. Moreover, another writer has affirmed that his energies were greatly impaired during the battle of Dresden from the effects of over-indulgence in a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions. A famous war correspondent also gives it as his opinion that the battle of Bull-Run may have been lost through the effects of over-indulgence in water-melons on the part of General McDowall, who stuffed himself, not wisely, but too well, with that fruit on the morning of the battle. And yet, so far as we are aware, the stomach has never been honoured by mention in despatches.

* * * *

I MAY say, in answer to a question that is often asked, that times have, indeed, changed for Army candidates since money would buy them a commission. These are the days of scientific officers, and some, unacquainted with the severity of the examinations, would open wide their eyes to see the questions propounded. The result has been the rise of a race of "crammers." But the word "cramming" does not express the work carried on. Experience of examinations is certainly necessary, but the Army tutor must train the student's mind to the solution of the difficulties proposed. It is education specialised, not cramming, and the grinding is sometimes necessarily very hard. Yet the best "crammers" take every pains to promote the health and relaxation of their subjects. Look, for example, at the famous establishment of Messrs. Gibson and Loly, of Chancery Lane, through whose hands have gone many officers who have rendered distinguished service in Burma, Waziristan, Manipur, and elsewhere. To bring their pupils into pleasant surroundings, and within reach of country life, this firm has just taken, and opened with a gay garden party, the fine place of Quernmore School, Plaistow Lodge, Bromley, in a lovely district of Kent. I cite this to show how the work of preparing for the Army has developed. Not many years ago for such an extensive place to be devoted to the work would have been impossible. But the tutor has become necessary to candidates for both the Army and the Navy.

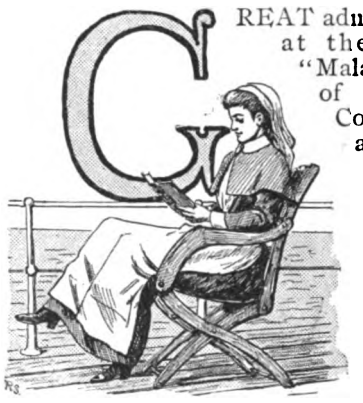
* * * *

I REGRET that, owing to the length of time in advance of publication at which it is necessary to send the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED from my hands, in order to ensure excellence of printing, the footnote to Admiral Stephenson's picture on the front page of a few of the copies of the last issue was incorrect, owing to his having been made a K.C.B. after the number had been sent to press. He should have been described as Vice-Admiral *Sir* Henry F. Stephenson, *K.C.B.* The correction was made in the copies subsequently printed. Reference should also have been made in the description to the circumstance that he is in rear-admiral's uniform.

THE EDITOR.

HIRED TRANSPORTS.

By COMMANDER E. P. STATHAM, R.N.



GREAT admiration was recently expressed at the rapidity with which the "Malacca," an ordinary mail steamer of the well-known P. and O. Company, was chartered, fitted as a hospital transport, and despatched when it was determined to send an expedition to Benin. This vessel was intercepted by her owners at Gravesend, having already started on her voyage, and turned over to the Admiralty Transport Department. In ten days she sailed, fully equipped as a hospital ship, the operations including the laying of an entire supplementary deck and the installation of an additional ventilating apparatus and condenser, besides the removal of cargo, the shipping of forty water tanks, and 1,200 tons of coal, in addition to the innumerable details and stores required to adapt her for the desired purpose.

Such results are not achieved without hard work and late hours, besides efficient organisation; and it may be interesting to enquire into the system which is in force to meet such emergencies.

The Transport Department has its headquarters, of course, at the Admiralty, the present Director of Transports being Captain Bouverie F. Clarke, and his chief assistant in executive work, Captain F. J. Pitt, the latter, with Mr. E. G. Farrell, being mainly responsible for the actual hire and fitting out of transports. Since the abolition of the Indian troopships a great access of work has devolved upon the department, the necessity of hiring vessels recurring, of course, with far greater frequency than formerly. To this end a list is kept of some of the vessels best suited for the purpose, with full particulars as to their capacity, speed, coal stowage and expenditure, condensers, tanks, disposition of decks and watertight compartments, and every possible detail which can in any way affect the adaptation of the vessel for transport duty.

The Transport Department, then, may receive an intimation that accommodation is required for so many men and officers and so many horses, for conveyance to such a place; and they are to embark on a given date. The first move is, of course, to consult the list of vessels, and obtain the best one available from the owners, who, as is obvious from the case of the "Malacca," are very ready to provide a ship if possible.

Complete lists are prepared of every article and fitting required, down to the smallest detail, and a careful inspection of the vessel is made by the Admiralty officials, who measure and allot spaces for every conceivable purpose, and direct such structural alterations to be made as are necessary. To do this promptly and efficiently requires no little acumen and a considerable amount of experience. Frequently there is but little time available, and all must be ready without fail before the time appointed for embarkation, when the troops will appear with great punctuality, band playing and colours flying, and expect to find all ready for them to march on board; otherwise it is pretty certain that someone will hear about it, for military authorities are not slow to find fault if any opening presents itself. As a rule there is but little cause of complaint, thanks to the zeal and experience of the transport officials, who can lay their finger on any weak spot at a moment's notice, and speedily devise some remedy.

Occasionally a deck has to be extensively adapted, or a new one laid for some special purpose; fittings for horses have to be put up, and "ramps" or sloping gangways provided from deck to deck, if the size and construction of the vessel admit of it, tanks to be stowed, extra condensers and ventilating apparatus put in, and so on.

It is time to enquire, however, where these extra decks, condensers, tanks, horse fittings, etc., are to come from, for it is obvious that they could not with advantage be kept at Whitehall.

There is on the Thames, just above Greenwich, a very undesirable locality known by the name of Deptford—so exceedingly undesirable, in fact, that it is fortunate in possessing one redeeming point, one oasis, so to speak, in the wilderness of monotonous unattractiveness, and that is the Royal Victualling Yard, formerly also a naval shipbuilding yard, and famous as one of the scenes of the labours of Peter the Great, who, like a good many other people, came to England when he wanted to pick up a wrinkle in shipbuilding. The Superintendent of the yard—a post at present

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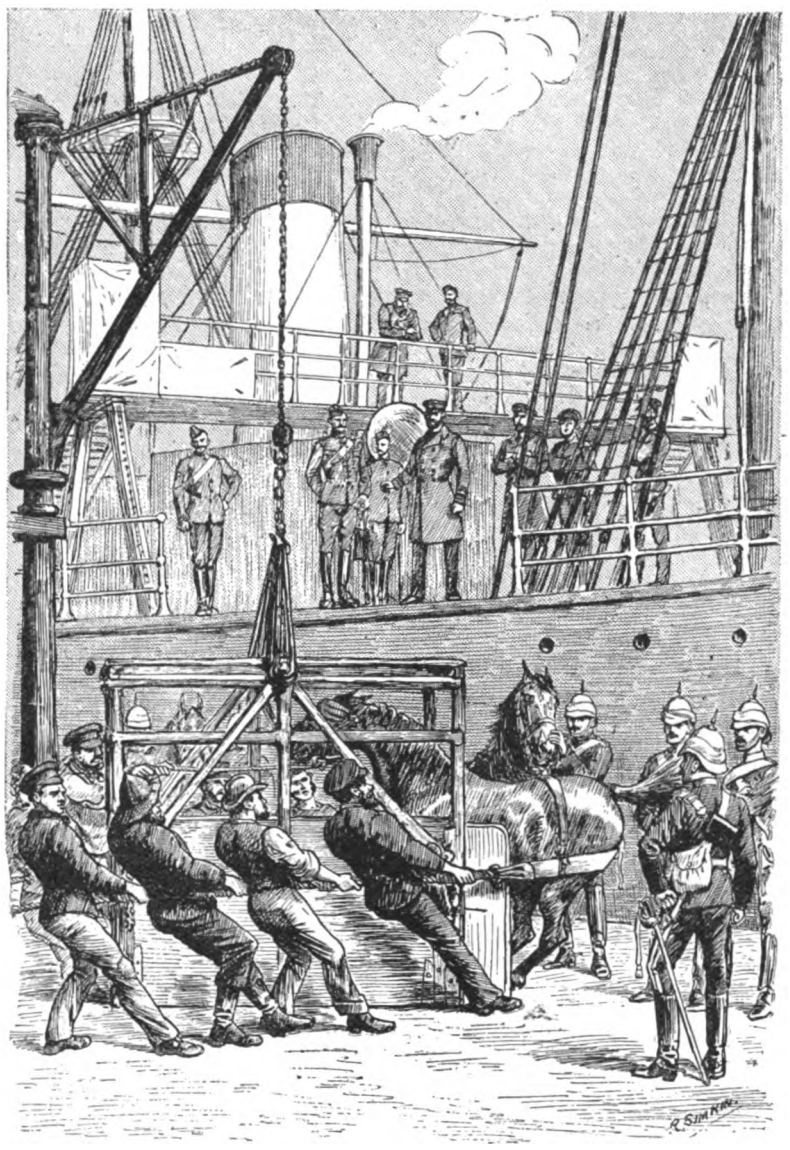
filled by Mr. F. H. Miller—has a very snug and delightful residence appropriated to him by the river-side, his front windows overlooking an ever-varying and fascinating scene which would delight the artistic and aquatic eye of Mr. W. H. Overend.

The stores in the yard contain, in addition to tens of thousands of gallons of rum, casks of beef and pork, and cases of cocoa, etc., for use in the Navy, a vast number of somewhat strange-looking objects, built up for the most part in huge stacks of extreme neatness and solidity. Upon enquiry, you will learn that these comprise horse-stalls, horse-pads, horse-troughs, horse-blankets, horse-mats, horse-slings, and so on. The stalls are formed by a double row of stout wooden uprights, which can be readily adapted for any vessel, one row being close to the ship's side, and the other a horse's length from it. They are joined by short horizontal bars, breast-high, to which are attached the stuffed leather pads. The ends of the respective stalls being thus formed, the horses are taken along in rotation between the rows of uprights, and, commencing at the far end, each stall is in turn completed, after the horse is in, by the placing of a strong wooden bar, a flat oval in section, resting on brackets nailed to the uprights, and keyed in position. The horses' heads point inboard, and the double halter is hitched to ring-bolts on the uprights on either side. Each horse has under its body a broad sling, which is drawn up sufficiently close to support the animal when the ship has motion, and a galvanised iron trough hooks over the breast-piece under its head. Battens are nailed to the deck under foot, and every requisite arrangement is made to ensure facility in cleansing the temporary stables.

The ease and rapidity with which a number of horses can be embarked is remarkable, especially if they can be walked into the ship and down an inclined plane to their stalls, thus avoiding the use of horse-boxes, which terrify the horses, so that when they are landed on the deck after their aërial flight, they are often ready for any exhibition of eccentricity.

It is amusing to see a party of seamen engaged in shipping horses. Each trooper leads his horse, with an air of great confidence, to the gangway or horse-box; but then as likely as not he finds himself brought to a standstill, for the animal, already excited by the unusual surroundings — the escape of steam, the rattle of the winches, etc.—absolutely refuses to trust himself to the narrow, unstable box or the sloping planks, albeit the latter are thickly spread with horse-mats. Then Jack, utterly ignorant as he is of equine manners and customs, steps in with a little seamanship. The horse, having been led away a little distance, is once more faced round towards the object of his aversion, and taken up to it at a brisk walk, while a dozen sailors gently place a breeching with ropes attached across his "stern," and range themselves quietly on either side. Just as the frightened brute has made up his mind to plant his fore-legs again, he is astonished by a shout of "Now, lads!" and finds himself rushed into the horse-box, or on to the slope, before he has time to think about it; and he is frequently so completely surprised by the occurrence that he submits quietly to the remainder of the programme, and is soon safe in his stall.

In one of the vessels chartered for the Egyptian expedition in 1882, the horses were berthed on two decks, with "ramps" connecting them, the lower one being filled up first; and a large number were shipped and stalled at the rate of one or more per minute. The average was spoilt on one deck, however, by an officer's charger, a black mare with a fiendish temper. She fought every inch of the ground, and was dragged by sheer force to her stall, where she declined to "slue," as Jack said, and stood lashing out at everyone, until some bluejackets got along on her "broadside," clear of her heels, and with a "one, two, three, heave!" they absolutely hoisted her into her berth, and shipped the bar in a twinkling, leaving her a sadder and a wiser mare!



"Now, Lads, Altogether."

Fittings for 10,000 horses are kept at Deptford, and about 800 tanks of 400 gallons capacity; every transport carries some thirty or forty of these, and they are now fitted with easily-accessible plugs, so that they can be readily emptied into the bilge. Boxes of games—draughts, backgammon, etc.—are kept in store, and issued in proportion to the numbers to be embarked. Mess utensils and fittings are supplied either by the owners or by private contract; and the victualling is also carried out by the owners, on a fixed scale, under Admiralty supervision.

All structural alterations and installation of ventilating apparatus and extra condensers, etc., are carried out by contract, the same firm being usually employed, to ensure expedition and an intimate knowledge of requirements.

A system of ventilation which may be readily fitted is that devised by Dr. Edmonds. The foul air is abstracted from between decks by means of a blast of steam through a main vertical shaft, fitted with a movable cowl, in connection with horizontal shafts, perforated at intervals, running along below.

A transport is always commanded by her own captain, and retains her crew, whether Lascars or otherwise, but the engines, compasses, and watertight doors are overhauled by Naval officials, and a Naval commander is usually carried as transport officer. He is a sort of mediator between the captain, who, of course, retains supreme command, and the military officers—and their ladies. It may well be imagined that this gentleman and the captain have frequently to exercise considerable tact and patience.

During the embarkation of a force for a foreign expedition a transport officer is usually employed, with a large party of bluejackets, to put everything on board, from a horse to a bandbox, and sometimes his lot, like that of the policeman, is "not a happy one." He is expected to be everywhere, and do everything, at once, and when he has planned out his work and told off his men, down will come an unexpected consignment of heterogeneous articles, with peremptory orders from the Admiral to get them shipped at once. On one occasion, when a large transport was on the point of casting off at Portsmouth, for Egypt, two huge spars were wheeled down with a polite intimation that they must be got on board at once, or the vessel would lose the tide. The only means of hoisting them in was the ordinary derrick for cargo, and there ensued much strong language, flying of iron sheaves and chains, etc., before they were finally dumped down on the deck and the steamer moved off, without waiting to secure them, leaving the transport officer with a consoling conviction of duty well performed, but not without misgivings as to broken legs, etc., should there be any swell on outside the Isle of Wight.

Some conception may be formed from this short description of the work which devolves upon the Transport Department in any emergency, and the amount of forethought and technical skill which is necessary in order that all may go smoothly; but space does not admit of going into the countless details which have to be considered, and which keep the director and his assistants constantly busy, that they may not be caught napping when the occasion arises. The "Malacca" forms a good example of what can be done on a small scale; but the day may arrive when far more extensive operations will be necessary, and there is every reason for believing that the Transport Department will give a good account of itself.

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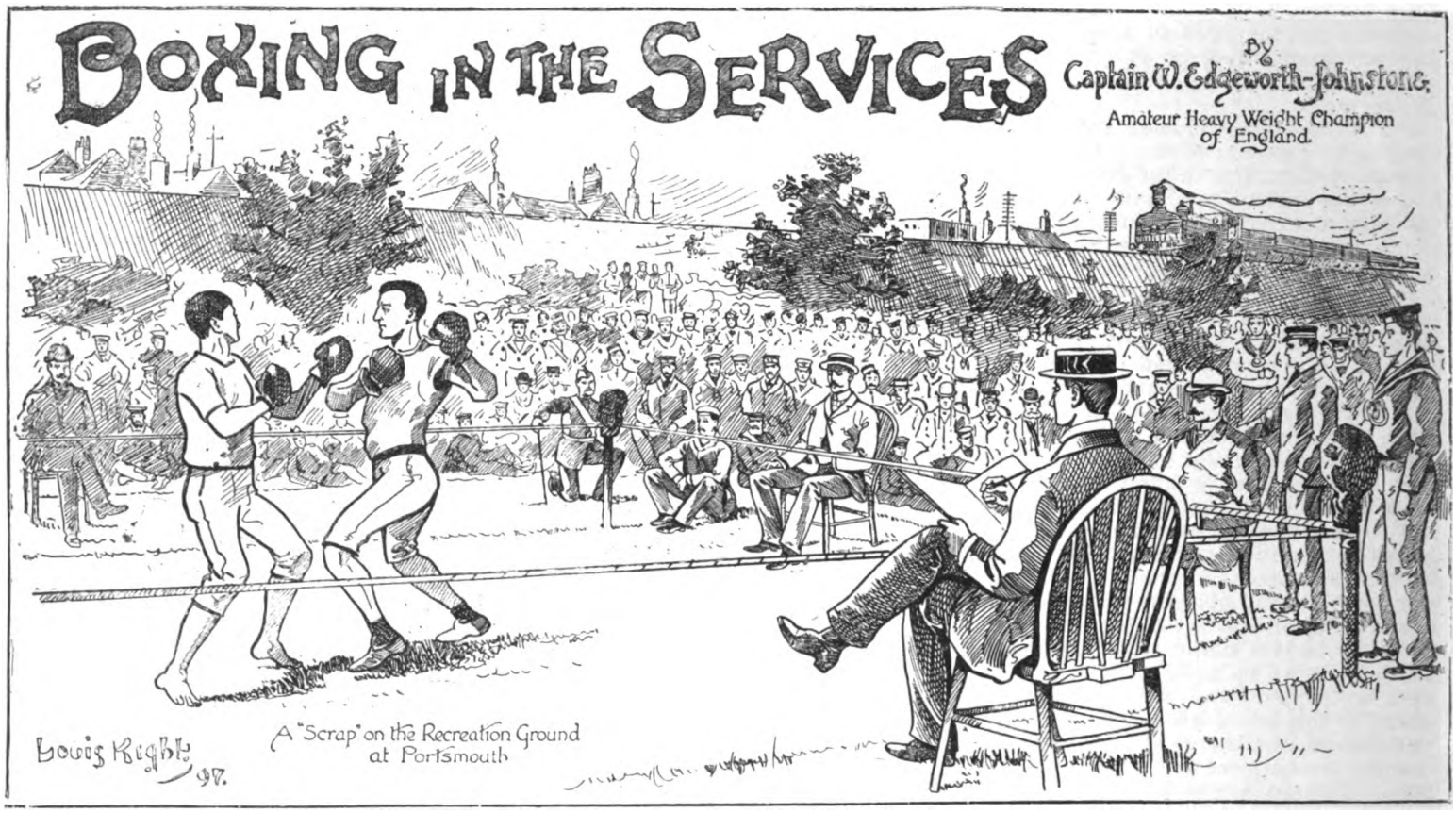
BOXING IN THE SERVICES

By Captain W. Edgeworth-Johnstone,
Amateur Heavy Weight Champion of England.



A "Scrap" on the Recreation Ground at Portsmouth

I PROPOSE in this article to give an account of Boxing in the Army and Navy, with a short description of some of the most interesting bouts I have seen. In addition to this, I will add a few remarks upon the importance of this form of exercise in a soldier's training.

The bluejackets went in for "the noble art" when it was almost unknown in the sister Service, and I dare say this was only natural. Cooped up on board ship, without the many and undesirable attractions of a garrison town, the sailor requires some form of amusement and exercise which does not make much demand upon space—what more natural, then, than that he should turn towards "the gloves," a form of exercise which provides plenty of fun and excitement?

The Navy has produced many fistic stars at different times. Lieutenant Montgomerie won the Amateur Heavy-weight Championship of England somewhere about 1880. This officer afterwards served with distinction in Egypt, and at this present moment I doubt if many athletes could "strip" as well as the gallant commander.

The two best known Naval bruisers of late are probably Jerry Driscoll and Stoker Phillips. "Jerry," the most genial fighter that ever entered a "ring," turned professional, and won a very severe fight against Crisp at the National Sporting Club. At the termination of the contest his face was like the Frenchman's in "Killaloo;" but though his features were a bit mixed up, the cheery smile was still there. He has since married a wife and grown a moustache.

Stoker Phillips has won many competitions and matches in or about Portsmouth. He is a born fighter, and shapes much better in a ten-round "go" with four-ounce gloves than in an ordinary competition. This "glutton" is at present "wintering" in the stoke-hole of H.M.S. "Tartar" at Port Royal, Jamaica.

My friend kept St. Patrick's Day in good old Donnybrook style. He observed the sacred occasion by knocking out a private in the Liverpool Regiment in the fifth round. The stake involved, viz., £10, probably assisted his jolly mates and himself to complete the orthodox rites in honour of Ireland's Patron. Can any white man imagine a more blissful ceremony than "drowning the shamrock" in a stoke-hole with a *bonâ-fide* Jamaica thirst?

During the annual sports at Portsmouth, the Naval "pug" was in his glory. The entries for each weight were enormous. The combatants turned out in the most extra-ordinary kits, and in all sorts of condition. They went into the ring to fight, and not, as is too often the case, to spar. I have frequently seen a couple of untrained bluejackets, after one round, so absolutely done, that they couldn't raise their hands to hit one another. The ring itself used to be pitched in the open, on the recreation ground, near the railway.

Most of the men preferred to fight in their bare feet on the slippery grass. The scene was both interesting and exciting, and one might well have imagined oneself at a by-gone prize-fight, but for the presence of the "merciful gloves."

Boxing was for many years tabooed in the Army. The authorities, and, indeed, most of the officers, were against it, as likely to breed bad blood and ill-feeling. One heard, now and again, of small local and regimental affairs, but no really important meeting took place until 1892, at Aldershot, this being held in the open in connection with the Army Athletic Meeting, and merely forming a side show.

Colonel G. M. Fox was then Inspector of Gymnasia, and it was entirely owing to his exertions, in the face of a very strong Service prejudice, that an annual championship was inaugurated.

The strict discipline and perfect arrangements at the first meeting went a long way towards disabusing the minds of those who believed that boxing and rowdyism must necessarily go hand in hand. But still the authorities held aloof, and I feel sure that any slip at this critical period would have for ever doomed what has since become an annual display of the most absorbing interest to the whole Army.

The wonderfully rapid progress which boxing has made in the Army, and the phenomenal success of the Army and Navy Championship Meetings, are in a great measure due to the fact that the judging has always been in the hands of the most reliable experts in the fistic world. The names of Mr. J. B. Angle, Mr. John Fleming, Mr. Corrie, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Dunning are in themselves a guarantee of fair play that nobody can possibly question.

In 1894 H.I.M. The Emperor of Germany and his staff were present for a short time at the championship meeting, on that occasion held for the first time in the New Gymnasium at Aldershot.

I think it a pity that our Royal visitor was only treated to a couple of exhibition spars (good though they were) instead of a bit of the "real thing." The warlike German would have appreciated a little "blood-letting," and would have gone away more impressed with the reality of the show; although they certainly examined a pair of "mittens" handed round for their inspection with every sign of curiosity and interest.

The seal of official approval was most decidedly and for ever set upon boxing in the Army by our present Commander-in-Chief's remarks after the Guards' boxing competition at Chelsea Barracks, in 1895. Lord Wolseley not only complimented the promoters of that entertainment on the perfect discipline and order maintained throughout, and the combatants upon their pluck and endurance, but gave it as his decided opinion that boxing developed the right sort of qualities in the soldier, adding that he himself personally would like to see every man in the Army a boxer.

Might I venture to suggest that if the Army who so gallantly, year by year, defend the road to London *viâ* the Fox Hills, and the ruthless invaders who successfully disembark on Cove Common, were to "don the mittens" and have it out with Nature's weapons, they would afford an admirable opportunity for selecting the "good 'uns" from the "faint hearts." If, in addition, a sixpenny gate were charged, "Army Estimates" would become annoyances of the past.

At the present time, Boxing Competitions are held in almost every military district in the United Kingdom, the local winners, as a rule, being sent up to compete for the

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Championship. Regimental competitions are of daily occurrence, and many private matches are arranged between the champions of different corps. There is also an annual tournament between the Sandhurst and Woolwich cadets.

Thus it will be seen that boxing is responsible for the presence of a large number of hardy, well-trained athletes in the Army, men trained on the very best lines for their own peculiar trade, viz.: fighting.

In 1892 the First Army Championship Meeting was held at Aldershot, in connection with the Army Athletic Meeting. The most interesting item was the victory of Phillip, by a very narrow margin, in the light weights. He is now one of the smartest Drum-Majors in the Brigade of Guards, and comes of a fighting family. His father was in the Scots Guards, and his three brothers are Guardsmen, each of them being a bit more than useful in the "magic circle." His youngest brother is the present feather-weight champion.

In 1893 the Boxing Championship was first held as a separate show from the Army Athletic Meeting. It took place in the Old Gymnasium, Aldershot, and produced one very fine fight in particular, viz.: that between Sergeant Warren (Gymnastic Staff) and Private (now Sergeant) Collins, 1st Grenadier Guards. Warren had won the heavy-weights, after a gruelling bout with Private McKeone, 1st Grenadier Guards, but in attempting to win the middles as well, condition failed him, and his wiry opponent wore him down. Warren was a very heavy hitter, but not clever.

The 1894 Meeting brought out Private Ham (9th Lancers), known in the prize-ring before enlistment as the "Bermondsey Boy." He gave a taste of his quality by knocking out six opponents at the Aldershot Fire Brigade Sports, but was just beaten in the middle-weight final at the Army Meeting by that clever boxer, Sergeant Collins, 1st Grenadier Guards. He shortly afterwards wiped out this defeat by beating Collins in a magnificent bout of 10 rounds at the National Sporting Club. The first competition for officers took place this year

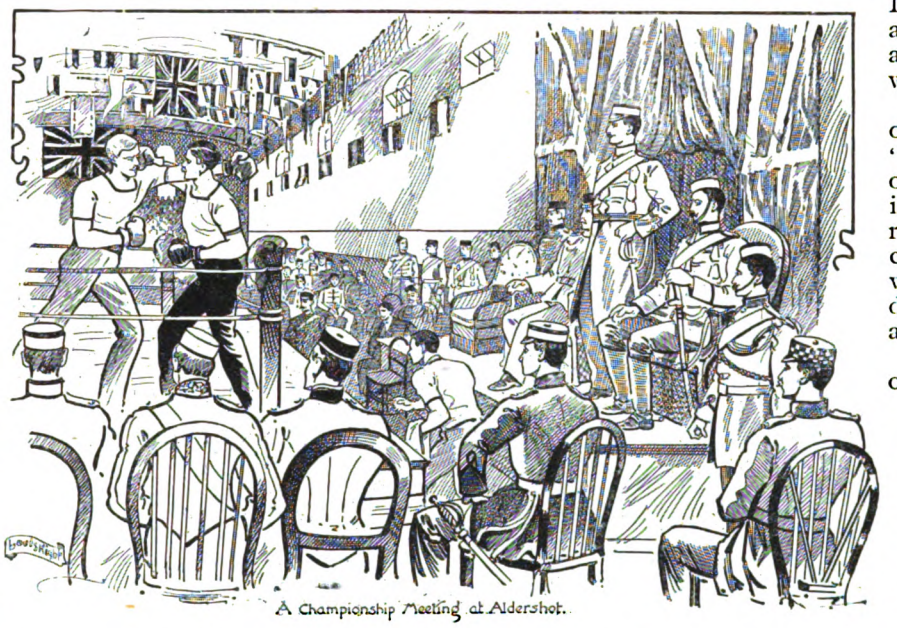
1895. At this meeting there was an unusually large entry of officers in the middle and light weights. The majority of them were only half-trained: their pluck, however, was undeniable; their want of condition and earnestness of purpose producing a prolific crop of black eyes. Captain Hulton (K.D.G.'s) just managed to beat Lieutenant Simpson (Gordon Highlanders), after a very scientific "go" in the officers' middles; while Capt. Graham (R.M.L.I.) proved himself one of the hardest hitters for a light-weight ever seen in an Amateur competition.

1896. This year proved quite the best up to date, both as regards entries and quality. The 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards accomplished a wonderful performance. They supplied the winner in each weight. Private Leahy won the heavies, Sergeant Collins the middles, Drummer Collins the lights, and Drummer Phillip the feathers. They thoroughly deserved their success, for this particular battalion have taken up the "noble art" in the most enthusiastic way. They have a boxing club of their own, which boasts of nearly 200 members. Their officers, backed up by the well-known and popular Sergeant-Major Fowles, take the keenest interest in the sport, and their men are trained by one of the best professional coaches in London—Alec Roberts. Quite the best fight ever seen at an Army Championship Meeting was that between Sergeant Collins and Driver Pinchin (R.H.A.) The judges disagreed, and the referee (Mr. John Fleming) ordered an extra round, Collins being awarded the verdict. Collins was a bit the more "tricky," and was quicker on his feet, but Pinchin was much the harder hitter of the two. Indeed, if he doesn't run to flesh, I expect to see Driver Pinchin develop into the best fighter the Army has as yet produced. Captain Graham (R.M.L.I.) won both the officers' light and middle weights, a notable performance. His sanguinary battle with Lieutenant Simpson worked the audience up to an extraordinary state of excitement.

Amongst the audience at this meeting there was one man who, had it not been for accident, would, I am certain, have broken the extraordinary sequence of wins scored by the 1st Grenadier Guards. This was Bombardier Merkell, Royal Marine Artillery. This man, putting professionals aside, I look upon as quite the best heavy-weight fighter I have ever seen. Standing 5-ft. 11-in. in his socks, and weighing close on 13-st., he combines strength with activity to no ordinary degree. He is both cool and clever, and is gifted with a terrific right-hand punch. I saw him fight twice at Portsmouth—the cleanness and rapidity with which he knocked out his opponents was astonishing. He has, unfortunately, seriously injured one of his hands, and a vivid personal recollection of his favours assures me that this is not to be wondered at. Merkell is now Gymnastic Instructor to the Naval College, Greenwich. Before leaving the 1896 meeting I must mention the desperate set-to in the semi-finals of the heavy-weights between Private Leahy, 1st Grenadier Guards, and Staff-Sergeant Singleton, Gymnastic Staff. Singleton was beaten, but chiefly owing to lack of condition. He, however, established his reputation as a fighter a few weeks later, at the National Sporting Club, where, after a magnificent contest, he gave Private McKeone, 1st Grenadier Guards, his *quietus* in the eighth round.

The Army possesses two first-class light-weights in Sergeant Kempster (Northampton Regiment) and Corporal Cooper (7th Hussars). Those who were lucky enough to witness their 10-round battle at Aldershot, in 1894, are not likely ever to see a gamer contest. Cooper, who was winning on points, was knocked out within fifteen seconds of "time" in the last round. It would be unfair to leave the subject of Army Boxing without mentioning Professor Tom Burroughs, to whose able instruction so many of our best performers owe their proficiency. This athletic marvel is now managing an important business concern in Cairo.

And now to review boxing as a factor in the physical education of the soldier. To commence with: What is, or ought to be, the aim and object of a soldier's training? It is, I take it, to make him a good fighting machine, a machine with a brain as well as substance. This can only be done by a very careful system of physical training, with the final object of that training always in view. Good runners and good weight-lifters are each, in their way, perfectly-trained athletes, yet their methods of training are totally different. Why? Because each of them has a different object in view. It would never do to train a soldier as a runner pure and simple, nor yet as a weight-lifter.



A Championship Meeting at Aldershot.

Above all things, he ought to be a good "mover," well set up, full of nerve and dash, brisk in all his movements, and resourceful under difficulties. These qualities, with a "spice of the devil" thrown in, make a useful man in the field.

Now a large majority of the recruits in the British Army come from the labouring classes. Whether they have been field hands, or miners, etc., matters not, as regards the point I wish to establish, viz., that all the training of the recruit previous to enlistment tends towards slowness of movement and slowness of thought. Slow, monotonous forms of bodily exertion, such as ploughing, digging, carrying loads, etc., although they develop the muscles of the body, tend to round the back and contract the chest, giving no scope whatever for quickness of movement, especially as regards the lower limbs. Thus a man engaged in these pursuits soon finds his activity seriously impaired.

This can be seen and tested at any time with a newly-joined squad of recruits. The movements of their ankle, knee, and hip joints are stiff and restricted, and an utter want of elasticity and "vim" is most noticeable. The training of the young soldier ought, therefore, to be carried out in such a manner as to counteract, as much as possible, the results of his life before enlistment. There is no particular form of sport that, in my opinion, so largely helps to develop the essential qualities of a soldier, both physical and mental, as boxing

The whole preparation necessary for an aspirant to honours in the "ring" tends towards rapidity of movement and rapidity of thought. Inside the ropes, pluck, stamina, and coolness all tell their tale. Indeed, the man who loses his head or his temper is soon somewhat painfully reminded of the fact, and the man who shows any signs of flinching receives little mercy at the hands of his audience. The power of at once seizing a favourable opportunity and making the most of it is as necessary on the battle field as it is in the boxing ring.

The stupid (?) British characteristic of being unable to recognise defeat has won many an engagement for an English Army, and many a fight for an English pugilist.

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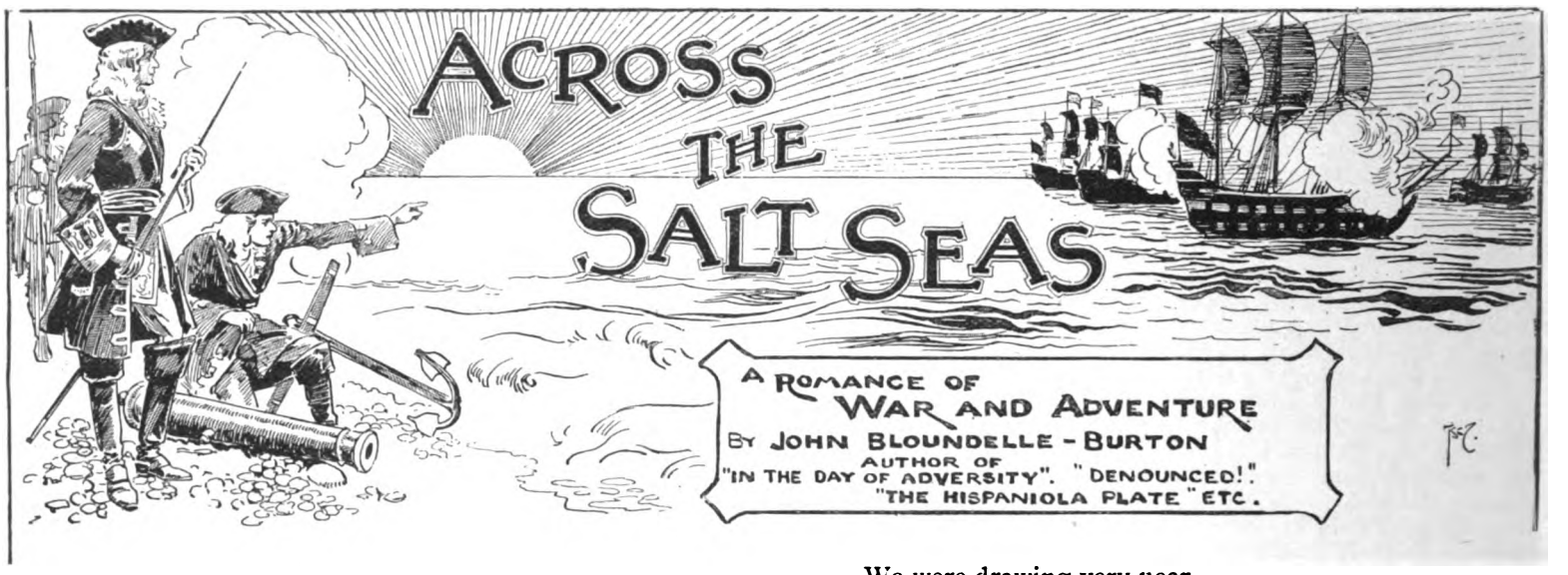

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, an officer under Marlborough, and his friend Señor Juan Belmonte, in pursuit of their determination to travel by land from Portugal to Flanders after the siege of Vigo (where they have met), are now drawing near to Lugo, a place which is full of danger to them. This is so because many French and Spaniards have fled there after the victory of the English Fleet at Vigo, and there is grave reason to fear that Crespin, at least, may be recognised as belonging to the forces of the victors, and also may be regarded as a spy. They have already been denounced as such at a village which they recently halted at—the denouncer being a man who originally travelled to Spain with Crespin in a passenger ship—and have had more than one encounter with persons hostile to England and Englishmen, as well as having been in deadly peril of arrest. The last adventure is described in the two preceding chapters, as well as how the man, now to be described as Señor Jaime, has rendered them great service at a critical moment.

CHAPTER XIX. *(continued).*

"HE thinks nothing of the kind," Juan cried hotly, roused more, I thought, by that scornful laugh than by my doubting words. "He is sure of it!"

And then he told the whole story of our having seen the old man's coach in the inn, of the black's insolent reply, of his departure at night, and of the little doubt there could be that he it was who had betrayed us to the people of Chantada. Also he added:

"But I have him. Have him fast. He is but a league or so ahead of us. Must stop some hours, at least, in Lugo. And then—then, James Eaton, look to yourself."

As he uttered those words the black horse which the other bestrode plunged forward, pricked, as I thought, by some unintentional movement of the rider's spur, while that rider turned round in his saddle and gazed at Juan—his face, as it seemed to me, livid beneath the moonlight.

"Who! What name is that on your lips?"

"The name of a devilish villain. The name of James Eaton."

"James Eaton! James Eaton! What is he to you then? What evil has he done to you?"

"What evil!" Juan replied, with a bitter laugh. "What evil, and what is he to me? Only this. He was left guardian to me by my dead father, and—and—he ill-treated and robbed me. No more than that."

"You!—you!—you!" this mysterious man said, his hand raised to his eyebrows, his dark, piercing eyes gleaming beneath that hand—upon his face a look I could not fathom. "You!"

CHAPTER XX.

"THE COWL DOES NOT ALWAYS MAKE THE MONK."

We were drawing very near to Lugo now as the wintry morning gave signs of breaking; already the great spurs and cañons of the mountains that flanked the east side of the river Minho began to shape themselves into something tangible and distinct from the dull clouds at their summits, and their peaks and crags to stand out clearly. Also, we noticed that villages were scattered about at the base of these mountains, observed lights twinkling in the windows of cottages, and passed a bridge which spanned the river and carried on a road that led from that east side to the western one A road with, on it, a great pedestal of rock, serving, as others which we had passed had served, as milestones and finger-posts, a road leading, as we learnt, from another Viana different from the one in Portugal at which Juan and I had landed from the English Fleet

We were drawing very near.

For the last two or three hours we had ridden almost in silence—knee to knee, all wrapped in our long cloaks—and with nothing breaking in upon that silence but, sometimes, the hoot of an owl from out the beeches and tamarisks which fringed the road. Sometimes, too, the scream of an eagle far up in the mountains, roused, perhaps, from his eyrie by the clang of our animals' hoofs upon the hard-bound frosty earth.

Yet some words had been spoken ere we lapsed into this silence, for as our friend and deliverer had exclaimed "You! you!" on hearing that James Eaton had robbed Juan of whatever might have been left in his care by the lad's dead father, Juan himself had quickly exclaimed:

"Is he known also to you, then?"

"He was once, long ago. Ay, long ago!" Whereupon he paused as though unwilling to tell more, though a moment later he said:

"And now you think he is ahead of us? That we shall find him in Lugo?"

"Without doubt," Juan and I answered, both speaking together, while the former went on:

"He must halt for some time in Lugo, if only to get a change of horses."

"'Tis my belief," I struck in, "he will do more than that. Judging by what I learnt of him in the ship which brought us both from Holland, Lugo is his destination, the end of his journey."

"Wherefore?" the man who had been Father Jaime asked.

"Because," I replied, "he was on his way to Cadiz, where he thought, as all did, that the galleons were going in. And he told me in a frenzy, when he learnt that the English Fleet was about in those waters, that he had a fortune on board two of the galleons. Be sure, therefore, he would follow them up to Vigo as soon as he could after being put ashore at Lagos, and after learning that much of the treasure had been sent ashore and then forwarded on to Lugo———"

"Would follow them here," the other said. "Ha! well then we shall surely meet," and he laughed a little, very quietly, to himself. "Must meet. And I—I shall have something to say to James Eaton—shall recall myself to him. He will be astonished to see me!" and again he laughed—though this time the laughter sounded grimly.

"I also shall have something to say to him," exclaimed Juan, "to———"

"Recall yourself to him also," the other broke in.

"Perhaps," the boy replied—"perhaps. We shall see. Though it may not be just at first.'

"At first," said the other, taking him up, "let me present myself to him. I assure you 'twill be best. Let me put in my claim to his attention, then you can follow suit."

"And I," I exclaimed, speaking now, "I, too, have something to settle with Mr. James Eaton—if that be his name. I owe it to him that my journey to Flanders has been interrupted by that scene upon the road; owe it to him that I ran a very fair chance of never continuing that journey further than a couple of leagues this side of Chantada. I believe, too, that it was he who drew the attention of a French ship-of-war to the vessel which was carrying me and my intelligence to Cadiz, as then supposed."

"How?" asked the ex-monk, "and why?"

"The reason wherefore," I replied, "might be because he suspected my mission in some way. The manner in which he let the French ship know of our whereabouts was by probably leaving open the dead light of his cabin where he lay drinking, when all the others were closed, so as to avoid

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her knowledge. Be sure," I continued, "when you two have done with him I shall have an account also to make."

"We are three Avengers," the other replied, with still that grim laugh of his. "James Eaton will have many things to think of, besides getting back his treasure at Lugo—if it is there—for when Señor Belmonte and myself and you have finished with him——— Sir," he said, breaking off and regarding me, "I do not know your name—how to designate you. What may it be?"

"My name," I replied, "is Mervyn Crespin. May I ask by what we are to address you? At present, at least, you do not style yourself 'Father Jaime,' I apprehend."

"Nay," he said—"nay, not until I don the cowl again. But, see, none of us, I should suppose, are desirous of travelling through this hostile country, entering this town of Lugo—which may bristle with danger to all of us—under our right names. Therefore—though even thus 'tis not desirous that these names should be spoken more often than needs—I will be Señor Jaime. There are Jaimes for second names as well as first."

"And," exclaimed Juan, entering at once into the spirit of the matter, "there are Juans for second names as well as first also, therefore I will be Señor Juan."

"And I," I said, "since I can speak only poor enough Spanish, and am supposed to be a Frenchman, will be Monsieur Crespin. That is a French name as well as English. There are scores of Crespins in Maine and Anjou. 'Tis from there we came originally. 'Twill do very well."

So, this understanding arrived at, we rode on afterwards in that silence of which I have told.

But now it was full day, cold, crisp, and bright, with the sun topping the mountains to our left and sending down fair warm beams athwart the river, which served to put some life into us as well as a little extra heat, besides that which the motion of our horses and the glow of their bodies had hitherto afforded us.

Also, we had left the forest now and had entered a great plain, which rolled away to the west of those mountains and of the river that brawled and splashed at their base. A plain which in summer was, doubtless, covered with all the rich vegetation for which the north of Spain is famed, but that now lay bare as the palm of a hand, and recalled to my mind the fair Weald of Kent when winter's icy grip is on it. Yet 'twas well covered with villages, some close together, some a league or two leagues apart, and under where the last spurs of the Cantabrian Mountains swept round directly to the west, we saw rise before us the high walls of a town with, above them, an incredible amount of towers, we making out between twenty and thirty of these as each stride of our animals brought us nearer to them.

"That," said Señor Jaime, as he was now to be called—though Heaven knew what his right name was!—while our eyes regarded it from still afar, "must be Lugo. Now let us decide for our plan of action. And, first, as to getting into it."

"Do you make your entry," I asked, "as a gentleman travelling through the land or as priest-monk?"

"As monk," he replied. "So best! I have other affairs here beside the new desire of meeting my old friend, Eaton. Now, observe, this is what I propose. You shall go first, together—you will have no difficulty in getting in, seeing that there is no frontier to cross. Nor will you be asked for papers, since, once in, you will not get out again unless you appear satisfactory to those who are there."

"We must get out again after a short rest, after a few hours," I replied. "I have no doubt that by now we are followed from Chantada—if those who are behind us reach Lugo ere we have quitted it, we shall be stopped beyond all doubt."

Señor Jaime paused a moment ere he answered; pondering doubtless on this being the case, then—speaking slowly—he said:

"Their drawn swords in their hands."

"If—if—'twere possible that you," looking at me, "and you," regarding Juan, "could also enter the town disguised; could appear as something vastly different from what you are—you would be safe—we could remain together. And—and—that would please me. We must not part, having met as we have done," and his eyes rested particularly upon Juan as he spoke, so that I felt sure he would far less willingly part from him than from me; that it was of this bright, handsome boy he was thinking most.

"I," exclaimed Juan, "would, above all other things but one—that one the not parting company with Mervan—my friend"—how softly he murmured those words! "my friend"—"stay here. For I am resolved to bring to bay that villain, James Eaton. But how—how to do it? How to enter the town disguised? We do not travel with masks and vizards, nor could we assume them an' we did. Also, how to change our appearance sufficiently to be unrecognised by any of those behind?"

"For him," said Señor Jaime, addressing Juan, but looking at me, "'tis easy enough. I can help him to change himself in a moment. I have here," and he tapped the great valise strapped on to his horse's back, "a second monk's gown. Of another order than the one I wore—that was a Carmelite's, and, as you know, brown; the second is a Dominican's, and white. The object which brings me to Europe—later you shall know it—if it prospers!—forced me to provide myself with more than one disguise."

Then, after pausing a moment, perhaps to judge of the effect of this announcement on us, he went on: "Well, Monsieur Crespin! What do you say? Will you be a monk and stay with Juan till he has seen his beloved friend, James Eaton, or will you insist on his abandoning his interview with that personage and riding post-haste to Flanders? Only, remember, if he and you do so—or if you do this alone—the chance is also missed of your likewise having a reckoning with that old man."

Now, I was sorely posed by this suggestion of his—sorely. For, firstly, there was something bitterly distasteful to me—a soldier and, I hoped, a brave one—in masquerading in any such guise as this suggested. Also, I knew that it ill became me to tarry on my journey back for any cause whatever, let alone a new-formed friendship for Juan Belmonte. My place was with the cuirassiers, and with them I ought to be—both the Earls having hinted that there would be some hard fighting ere long—while, as for revenging myself on the villain whose name now seemed for a certainty to be Eaton, well! that might easily be left to Señor Jaime and Juan. If they did not between them very effectually confound that hoary-headed scoundrel, I should be much astonished.

On the other hand, there were many things which made for my disguising myself ere I entered Lugo, and, rapidly enough, as I sat my horse deliberating, those things ran through my mind. To begin with, the city would be full of Spanish and French soldiers and sailors, the runaways from Vigo, who, undoubtedly, would have followed the bulk of the treasure which had been removed from the galleons and transported here, and it was possible that there might be some who would recognise me, since I had played a pretty prominent part in the attack. It might, therefore, be best that—little as this disguising of myself was to my taste—I should do as Señor Jaime suggested.

Yet, all the same—and in the next moment—I decided that I would not do this thing. For, besides that it was too repugnant to me, I felt that with my appearance it would be useless. And, knowing this, I said so, in spite of the pleading, pitiful glances which Juan cast at me—glances which plainly enough implored me to adopt the monk's dress and, thereby, be enabled to stay in Lugo until vengeance was wrought upon James Eaton.

"No," I said, turning to Señor Jaime, who sat on his horse awaiting my answer, while I studiously Juan's gaze. "No, I will not do it. I am a soldier

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soldier—at least as one, and not a priest—I will get through Spain and France. Besides, the disguise would be useless."

"Wherefore?"

"In reply to that," I said, "let me ask you a question. What do you intend to do with your horse? Monks do not ride as a rule—in Flanders I never saw one on horseback—also your boots and great steel spurs beneath the gown would betray you."

Now he seemed very fairly posed at this, and for a moment bent his head over his animal's mane as though lost in thought. Then, suddenly, he burst out into one of his deep sonorous laughs, and exclaimed:

"Body of St. Jago! I never thought of that. Though for the boots it matters not. I have the monkish sandals with me. And—and—perhaps the horse can be smuggled into the town somehow, and with it the boots. Ha! I must think."

And again he became buried in thought. Yet a moment later he spoke once more.

"If you enter Lugo as you are," he said, "you will be taken for a certainty. There are—there must be—many coming after us from behind, from Chantada—they will describe you. Remember, you were not only seen under the moon's rays during the fight in the wood, but in the town previously. And—if you are taken—there is no hope for you! Eaton has told that you are English—fought against the galleons at Vigo. God! it means the Garrotte for both of you. You understand what that is? An upright post, a hasp of iron round your neck and it, a wheel to screw that hasp tight to the post—with your neck between them!—and—and—your eyeballs out of your head—your tongue half-a-foot long. That is what awaits you if taken."

"I will never be taken," I said between my teeth, "to suffer that. Bah! If I cannot, if we cannot, get out of the town again on the other side, have I not this, and this?" and I touched my pistol holsters. "They will be in my belt there."

After saying which I turned to Juan to ask him if he agreed with me, and saw that Señor Jaime's ghastly description of the Garrotte had made him as pale as death.

"What think you, comrade?" I asked. "Is it not best that you and I forego our vengeance on this man, Eaton, and push on as fast as may be, leaving him to our friend here, who also seems to have a reckoning to make. Who appears, also, one who can extort it! Or will you disguise yourself and stay behind?"

"Nay, nay," he answered. "Where you go, I go. And—God knows I am no poltroon—yet—yet—I could not suffer *that*. I have seen it in the Indies——— Oh!" and he put his hands to his eyes, letting his reins fall. "Not that. Not that."

"Will you push on with me then, foregoing your vengeance?"

"Yes. Yes, since our vengeance risks such deaths as that. But," turning to the other, "you proposed a disguise for me. Was I to be a monk, too?"

"Nay," he said. "Nay. But you are a brave, handsome lad—I thought that in some way we might have transformed you into a woman. You would make a presentable one."

"A woman!" he echoed, looking mighty hot and raging at the suggestion. "A woman! I—who have fought by Mervan's side! Never! Also," he added, after somewhat of a pause, "it is not as a woman that I intend to meet James Eaton, if at all. But as a man demanding swift justice. A woman would be like to get none of that from him."

Chapter XXI.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

That evening—or rather afternoon, when already the wintry night was at hand—Juan and I were in Lugo and once more making preparations to continue our journey—to go on west now, through the Asturias, Santander, and Biscay—as our chart showed us—towards St. Sebastian and Bayonne, which would bring us into France. But also we hoped that, after we had passed by the former of these places, on reaching the sea, which we should then do, our journey by land might be at end. That we might find, by great good fortune, at some seaside town, a vessel, either English or Dutch, which would take us north to where we desired to go.

But, alas! 'tis useless to write down all the plans we concocted in the filthy parlour of the inn we had rested in—an inn dignified by the name of the "Pósada El Gran Grifon," since 'twas not to be our lot to make that journey nor to set out upon it.

Let me not, however, anticipate, but write down all that now befel us. Also let me now begin to tell of the strange marvels that I was destined to behold the unravelling of, as also the dangers which from this period encompassed us.

We were alone, had entered Lugo alone, Señor Jaime having bidden us ride ahead of him and leave him to find his way into the town by himself.

"And," he said, "be very sure I shall do it. Fear not for me. Only, if I come not by the time four o'clock has struck, believe that either I have fallen into the hands of the enemy or that, for some reason, I have not been able to get face to face with Eaton. Therefore, ride on without me. Remember, my disguise will save *me*—you have both refused to be disguised. In consequence, look to yourselves. We shall meet again. I know your road."

And now four o'clock had struck from the cathedral hard by and he had not come. Yet, why not? we asked each other. A peasant whom we had met on the road when but a league between us and Lugo, had mentioned this inn as one where good accommodation for man and beast could be obtained, and ere we parted from Jaime we had determined that that should be our meeting place.

And still he had not come. And it was four o'clock and past.

"We must go," I said to Juan. "We must go. 'Tis courting frightful danger to remain here. Already I have observed half-a-dozen French and Spanish sailors pass this window whom I saw on board some of the ships and galleons. Also some officers. If I meet them face to face, and they remember me as I do them, there will be———"

"What?" asked Juan, his face full of terror.

"Well—no Mervyn Crespin a few hours hence. That's all."

"Oh! come, come, come," he exclaimed, catching at my arm. "For God's sake come. Why! why did we ever enter this town! 'Twas madness. We should have remembered they had fled hither."

"There is no other high road to France and Flanders," I said. "That justifies the risk. Yet, Juan, remember, even now it is not too late for you to part from me if you choose. Your coming on here means nothing—*you* did not fight against the galleons—therefore, you are in no danger———"

"Silence," he said again, as he had said once before. "Silence. I will hear no word about leaving you."

Then, suddenly, he came away from the window at which he had been standing, and crossed the room to me.

"Look," he said—"look from out that window into the street, then say if it is not too late for us to part, if my danger is not as great as yours. Look, I say."

Glancing first at him, in wonderment at his exclamation and what the meaning of it might be, yet with some sort of understanding mounting to my brain also, I stepped across to the dirty, unwashed window and looked out into the street.

And then I comprehended.

Through the dim light cast on the now darkened street by oil lamps swung across it at intervals, and also by the candles burning in *relicários* set into the walls—as well as by the feeble glare which emerged from curtainless and unshuttered windows—I saw a band of men slowly passing, their drawn swords in their hands or musketoons upon their shoulders.

And ahead of all this body, which was composed of, perhaps, a dozen men, there marched two of those with whom we had fought on the road between Chantada and this place—the leader who had addressed us, and another. As they passed along they gazed at each man whom they encountered, when, halting opposite our window, they looked at an inn which faced ours directly, a little place on which was painted the name "Pósada Ventura."

"Open the window a crack," I said to Juan—doing so myself, however, as I spoke—"and let us listen. Hear what they say. Softly." And following my suggestion, we placed our ears to the inch-wide orifice.

And then we heard every word as it fell from their lips.

"That house opposite," the leader said, "is the last to be examined except this and another," while Juan whispered, "I cannot catch its name. It sounds like the 'San Cristobal.' Yes—yes, 'tis that. Ha! and see! they enter the house opposite. Yet some remain in the street." And we both peered from behind the side of the window at them as they stood there in the road, a crowd of urchins gathered round.

"We are trapped," I said—"trapped. We can never get out. The horses are in the stables behind, also the gates are shut."

"God!" exclaimed Juan, suddenly, even as I spoke, "they have finished there already. Are coming here! Another five minutes and they will be in this room."

"What shall we do?" he wailed a moment later.

"Escape while there is time—from this room, at least. Loosen your sword in its sheath—follow me," and I drew him back from the window.

"But where? Where to go to?"

(To be continued).

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Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GENERAL SIR HENRY W. NORMAN, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E.

SIR HENRY NORMAN entered Her Majesty's Service over half a century ago, and during the time he was on the active list saw as much fighting, probably, as any soldier serving under the Queen's colours.

He practically commenced his fighting career with the Punjaub Campaign of 1848-49. Later he assisted in the pursuit of the Sikhs and Afghans, and for his efforts received a medal with two clasps. He also saw much other fighting in India, and was engaged in nearly all the operations of the Indian Mutiny, from the first of the outbreak in May, 1857, until the termination of the war. He served at the siege of Delhi, at the relief of Lucknow and of Cawnpore, and subsequently performed much other work in India. He also made the campaign in Oude during the cold season of 1858-59. He afterwards received the medal with three clasps, was made a C.B., and was twenty-five times thanked in general orders and mentioned in despatches for his services in the field.

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TYPES OF OUR CAVALRY.

10th HUSSARS.

THE 10th Hussars were raised in Herefordshire in 1715, and given a scarlet uniform with yellow facings. The regiment was present at the battle of Culloden, and later fought at Minden, Warburg, and Groebenstein. In 1783 the 10th became light cavalry, with the title of "The Prince of Wales's Own," and the uniform was shortly afterwards changed to blue. In 1806 the regiment became Hussars, and two years later saw active service, at Sahagun, Benavente, and Corunna. It again went on service to the Peninsula, and subsequently fought at Waterloo and in the Crimea. All the regimental warrant officers and sergeants wear as an arm badge the Prince of Wales's plume in silver. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is the colonel of the regiment. The busby bag is scarlet, and the plume black and white.

The 13th Hussars were formed during the same year as the 10th, and in 1783 were converted into light dragoons, when the uniform was changed from scarlet to blue. The regiment went to Barbados with Sir Ralph Abercromby, and afterwards to Jamaica, where it served during the Maroon War. It set out for the Peninsula in 1810, and won distinction there from 1810 to 1814. A year later saw the 13th at Waterloo, from whence it marched with the army to Paris. It formed part of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and fought at Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. The 13th served in India from 1874 to 1884, when the regiment proceeded to Natal and assisted Sir Charles Warren in the Bechuanaland Expedition. The busby bag and collar are buff, and the plume white.

In common with the two other regiments described on this page, the 14th Hussars were raised in 1715, and then wore a scarlet uniform. They were made light dragoons in 1784, and adopted a blue uniform. Two troops served under the Duke of York in Flanders in 1794, and the regiment as a whole served in the West Indies in 1796, and was engaged at San Domingo and Mirebalois. In 1797 the title of the regiment became the "Duchess of York's Own" Regiment of Light Dragoons, in honour of the Princess Royal of Prussia, who, in 1791, married the Duke of York. About this time, too, the Prussian Eagle was assumed as a regimental badge, and is still worn by sergeants and corporals. Under Sir Hugh Rose it did much execution in Central India in 1858-59. The busby bag is yellow, and the plume white.

Photos. GREGORY.

13th HUSSARS.

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14th HUSSARS.

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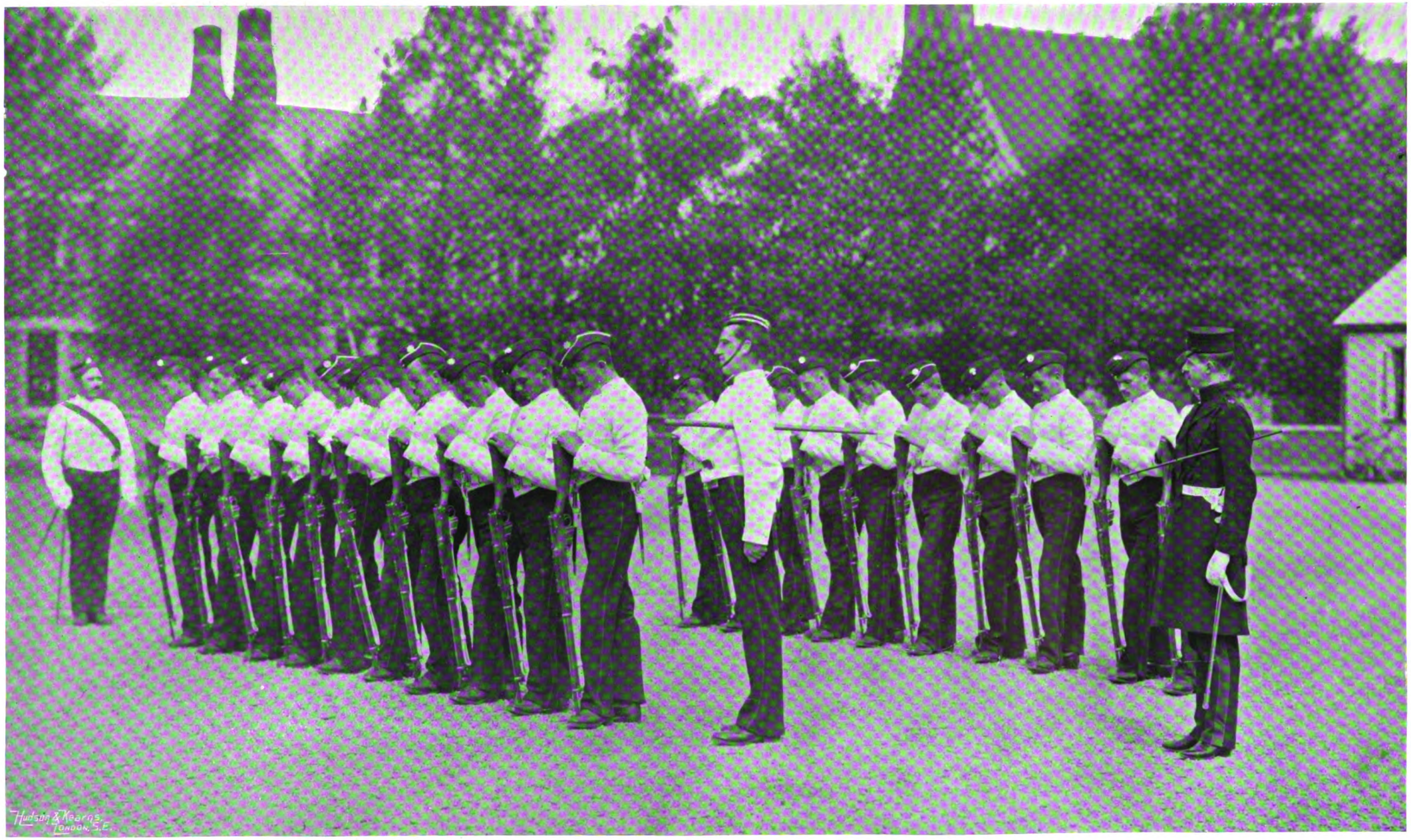

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

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"REST ON YOUR ARMS REVERSED."

THOSE of us who have witnessed military funeral must have been struck with the deeply impressive character of the ceremony. The sad notes of the "Dead March" (or it may be of the pipes wailing out the "Flowers of the Forest"), the slow measured step of the troops taking part, the Union Jack spread over the coffin, on which the headdress and belt repose, all remind the onlooker that he must in his turn be laid to rest, with or without the honours given to a soldier as he is borne to his last resting place. The escort march with reversed arms, and while the service proceeds they are ordered to "Rest on your arms reversed." The position is intended to signify an attitude of grief. The muzzle of the rifle rests on the left toe, and the hands are crossed over the butt. To perform the movement requires some previous practice, which invariably takes place prior to a military funeral under the sergeant-major or a drill instructor. The above picture represents a party of men being drilled previous to taking part in a funeral.

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The Submarine Mining Defences of Victoria.

SUBMARINE MINERS AT DRILL AT SWAN ISLAND:—"Connecting-Up Mines."

THE protection of their great trading capitals and ports by means of submarine defences has for a long time past occupied the attention of the various Australian Governments, and a very elaborate system is everywhere in force. Particularly is this the case with the defences of Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, with the submarine defences of which we have specially to do here. The only approach from the sea to the magnificent land-locked harbour of Port Phillip lies through the narrow entrance between Points Lonsdale and Nepean, both of which headlands are guarded by forts and batteries—more than capable, apparently, of stopping any enemy attempting to force a passage—with, in addition, a very complete system of submarine defences, designed to take advantage of the narrowness of the waterway between the fortified headlands. The submarine mining defences are, indeed, protected by the batteries so as to be practically beyond reach of interference from an enemy, the channel in which they would be employed being commanded on both sides for several miles by heavy guns. The forts and batteries, it may be noted, are at all times in the charge of men of the Victorian Permanent Artillery, a remarkably fine body of men who belong to the small "Regular Army" of the Colony of Victoria. In wartime they would be supplemented by the men of the Garrison Artillery Militia, so that the Submarine Mining Section of the Port Phillip defences would, in an emergency, receive the support requisite to enable them to carry out betimes the necessary preliminaries for blocking the channel.

TYPES OF MEN:—Sappers Baxter and Edward.

There is also, of course, the local Naval Defence Force of the Colony, which, in time of war, would work hand in hand with the Submarine Mining Section. This consists of the turret-ship "Cerberus," a sister to the Bombay guard-ships "Magdala" and "Abyssinia"; two first-class torpedo-boats, the "Childers" and the "Countess of Hopetoun"; and two small second-class torpedo-boats; the whole being manned by the men of the Victorian Permanent Naval Defence Force and the Victorian Naval Reserve.

Special care is at all times exercised to keep the Torpedo and the Submarine Mining Depôt in efficient order, and constant exercise goes on both in connection with the Submarine Mining Department work, and in practising the torpedo-boats at steam tactics, and in running torpedoes.

The headquarters of the Victorian Permanent Engineers who comprise the Submarine Mining Establishment are at Swan Island, at the mouth of the little bay at the back of Queenscliff, close to the entrance to Port Phillip on the Point Lonsdale side, whence it directly commands the fairway at the point where the various subsidiary channels inside the main approach to Port Phillip unite—Cole Channel, West Channel, Lœlia Channel, Symonds' Channel, Pinnace Channel, and South Channel.

In time of war the Permanent Engineer Force would have the assistance of the Militia Engineer Company, ordinarily stationed at Melbourne, who are all partially trained to take part in the special submarine work. This partial training is on the lines of our own Militia system in England, and

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comprises a regular annual course of submarine drill and operations together with the Permanent Engineers at the establishment on Swan Island, and weekly instruction at Melbourne all the year round, one night and one afternoon each week.

The Victorian Permanent Engineers, for their part, are under the command of a captain, assisted by a lieutenant, both of which officers are specially qualified, the requirements for their commissions including the passing through a complete course in submarine mining under the Royal Engineers in England, either at Chatham or at Portsmouth. For the rank and file, only qualified artificers and men of certain suitable trades are enlisted as recruits. They are taken from men between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five, who enlist for a term of service extending over five years, with the option of re-enlisting, if considered suitable, for a further term. At the same time attention is paid to the physical qualifications of the recruits, the minimum height being 5-ft. 8-in., with proportionate chest measurement.

The ordinary peace-time establishment of the Victorian Permanent Engineers is not more than thirty-one, all told, but a working force of sufficient strength would probably be readily available on emergency from the affiliated Militia, who number—the Victorian Engineers Submarine Mining Company, eighty-four men; the Victorian Engineers, Queenscliff Section, twelve men; the Victorian Engineers Field Company, seventy-five men.

Our first illustration shows a squad of the Victorian Engineers at drill in the Submarine Depôt establishment, practising "connecting-up mines." The mines in question are contained in the large globular cases (shown in the photograph), to which electric cables are being attached, as would be done on service just before the mines are moored in position under water. They would be dotted about the channel and exploded either from shore or on contact by a hostile vessel passing over the mine-field.

Our second and third photographs show types of the men of the Victorian Engineers—in the second, a sapper in review order, with white helmet, rolled overcoat, and pouches, and a sapper in undress drill order; in the third, the regimental sergeant-major (Sergeant-Major Dadson) in undress, and a corporal in review order, wearing the white helmet.

Our last photograph shows the submarine mining steamer "Vulcan," alongside the pier at Swan Island, with a squad of the Victorian Engineers landing stores after a day's exercise. The photographs were specially taken by Surgeon-Captain Macdougall, of the Victorian Permanent Artillery.

TYPES OF MEN:—Sergt.-Major Dadson and Corporal Drinkwater.

Disembarking Stores from the Submarine Steamer "Vulcan" at Swan Island.

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THE MILITARY POLICE.

THE Corps of Military Foot Police was formed in 1885, with a strength of one warrant officer and eighty-nine N.C.O.'s. As the value of the corps became more known, it was increased in 1886 by fifty N.C.O.'s, in 1888 by forty, in 1896 by eighteen, and recently by ten. Each man has to undergo six months' probation at Aldershot before being transferred to the corps. At the present time the Foot Police average over twelve years' service.

The Corps of Military Mounted Police is composed of non-commissioned officers, specially selected from the various cavalry regiments. Like the Foot Police, the headquarters are at Aldershot, but besides supplying detachments in Dublin, the Curragh, and the other most important military centres in the United Kingdom, a very strong force is maintained in Egypt.

The Commandant of both branches of the corps is the Provost Marshal, Major John Lindas Emerson, who has a distinguished and honourable military career. He has been several times publicly thanked for his services, and at the end of August, 1894, was appointed Provost Marshal at Aldershot, a year later receiving the honorary rank of major.

The work of the corps generally is of a most responsible character, and requires the exercise of great tact and discretion; but with such an experienced chief and two excellent sergeant-majors crime in the Army has considerably decreased instead of having increased, and the N.C.O.'s are regarded by the troops much more as friends than as their foes, as was the case until a few years ago.

At the last official inspection the corps was highly complimented on its general smartness and efficiency.

Foot Police, Aldershot Division.

Mounted Police, Aldershot Division.

Photos. E. EVELYN & CO

THE NEW POLICE BARRACKS.

Aldershot

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Photo. HERZOG & HIGGINS, Mhow.

COLONEL SIR PERTAB SINGH, K.C.S.I., AND THE OFFICERS OF THE JODHPUR LANCERS.

AMONG the Indian Imperial Service Troops—indeed, even in the Indian Army itself—it would be hard to match the two regiments of Lancers quartered at Jodhpur, the capital of the MAHARAJAH OF MARWAR'S dominions. They are composed entirely of those Rahtor Rajput horsemen whose splendid heroism in the wars with the Marattas in the last century have been immortalised in the glowing pages of Tod's "Annals of Rajistan." The Rahtor Rajputs of to-day have lost nothing of their old-time martial enthusiasm. They are brilliant horsemen, and the finest swordsmen in India, and the material of the two lancer regiments is an ideal one for light cavalry, while they have, further, the great good fortune of being led by a very exceptional man, Colonel Sir PERTAB SINGH, K.C.S.I., brother of the late, and uncle of the present, MAHARAJAH OF MARWAR—"a nobleman of more than ordinary enlightenment, a keen soldier, and an accomplished gentleman, whose greatest and most genuine ambition is to bare his sword in the service of the QUEEN." Our photograph shows Sir PERTAB SINGH and his officers at the Durbar held after the inspection at Jodhpur by the VICEROY OF INDIA during his last cold weather tour. As a proof of the sterling military value of the Rahtor horsemen, the Indian military authorities are now endeavouring to introduce a proportion of Rahtor Rajputs into certain regiments of the Indian Regular Cavalry, and it is confidently expected that the development of the enterprise will greatly increase the value of our Indian Cavalry, just as the fighting value of the Indian Infantry has been increased of late years by an infusion of Sikhs and Goorkhas.

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THE ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

THE DEPARTURE FOR A SNOW-SHOE TRAMP.

TAKING OFF SNOW-SHOES BEFORE ENTERING BARRACKS.

Photos. J. E. LIVERNOIS. *Quebec.*

MARCHING INTO BARRACKS.

THE illustrations given here of the "B" Field Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery show the sort of work the men of the Canadian Army have to take part in. Owing to the deep snows in Canada, especially in the province of Quebec, it is almost impossible for the men to get about when wearing ordinary boots, and, consequently, when marching they are obliged to don snow-shoes. Even "bob" sleighs are substituted for the wheels of their gun carriages in the winter, this change being effected in the short space of one minute. The men are regularly drilled in snow-shoe exercise, and our first illustration shows them leaving Quebec Citadel for a snow-shoe tramp in their winter outfit. The next depicts their return, the men taking off their shoes preparatory to going back to barracks. The last shows them undergoing marching exercise before returning to barracks.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—NO. 43.] *FRIDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1897.*

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

REAR-ADMIRAL CLAUDE EDWARD BUCKLE.

REAR-ADMIRAL CLAUDE EDWARD BUCKLE occupies at present the position of senior officer on the coast of Ireland, to which he was appointed in January, 1895, his flag-ship being H.M.S. "Howe," at Queenstown. He entered the Service in 1852, and it was not long before he was sent on active service. He served as cadet and midshipman in the Russian War, being present at the capture of Kertch and Kinburn and other actions. He was subsequently engaged in the Chinese War, at the destruction of the Chinese Fleet in Escape Creek, and the famous boat action in Fatshan Creek; was with two field guns at Canton, in 1857, when the guns were dragged up a high wall. As an acting lieutenant he was engaged in the boats of the "Magicienne" at the Peiho Forts, in 1859, being severely wounded, and mentioned in despatches. He wears the Crimean and Turkish medals, with Sebastopol clasp; China medal, with Canton, Fatshan, and Taku clasps; and has also received the Royal Humane Society's medal for gallantly rescuing a man from drowning at Queenstown, in 1879.

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THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, DEVONPORT.

THE Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport consist of a fine and substantially built group of stone buildings, and as viewed from the higher ground on the right of the road by which they are approached—as in the illustration—present a pleasing picture. Anyone not acquainted with the locality would search in vain for the barracks in Devonport; as a matter of fact, they lie at the present extremity of Keyham Dockyard, which, however, is in process of being considerably extended, the ground between the barracks and the harbour being just now—and likely to be for a few years to come—a wilderness given over to the tender mercies of the inexorable contractor, whose plant and crazy-looking little waggons are much in evidence. These works have already encroached considerably on the barrack premises, the old cricket ground and golf links having been swallowed up, and further confiscations being possibly in prospect.

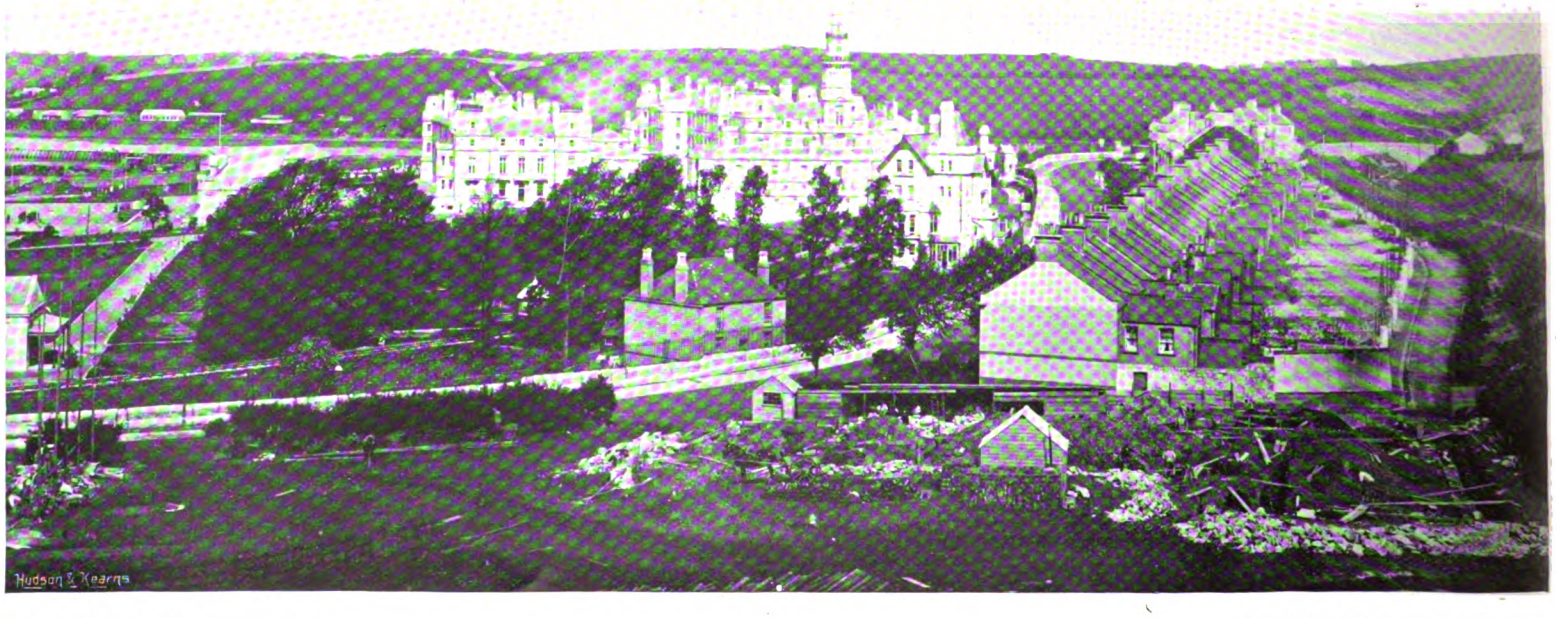
The barracks were built, of course, to supersede the old depôt-ship, and they perform a precisely similar function, being the centre to which all seamen belonging to the port return at the expiration of their leave, and from which they are drafted, in strict rotation, as crews are required for ships being commissioned.

The barracks were first occupied in 1889, but they were completed a considerable time before this actual consummation of the scheme took place, the delay being possibly attributable to the scruples existing in the conservative minds of some of the authorities, who were loath to see bluejackets berthed on shore and the time-honoured depôt-ships relegated to the past; indeed, it was rumoured, though perhaps without foundation, that the buildings were after all to be handed over to the War Office, and utilised as cavalry barracks. Finally, however, the plunge was taken, and, so far from its being attended with any disastrous consequences, there appears to be good cause for believing that a depôt on shore is on the whole decidedly preferable to a depôt afloat.

The Clock Tower and Guard House.

It was not until 1891, however, that the function of the barracks was extended to its present scope, the steam reserve depôt—hitherto maintained in the "Indus"—being in that year amalgamated with the seamen's depôt, and all the rooms in the barracks occupied for the first time. Additions and improvements, both ornate and practical, have since been gradually brought about, and more are in contemplation. At present the establishment consists of two main blocks, containing four barrack-rooms in each; detached blocks with officers' quarters, wash-house, cook-house, canteens, drill shed, offices, etc.; a substantial and commodious residence for the captain; and a guard-house and clock tower near the main gate, the tower being surmounted by the inevitable semaphore, not ornamental, and less useful than in former days, before the invention of telephones.

The eight barrack-rooms have each accommodation for 125 men, that is to say, for hanging that number of hammocks; as a matter of fact, a good many more men can be messed, and as a large number always sleep out, it is found possible to accommodate 1,200 or 1,500 as a rule. Another block is shortly to be added, which will enable some 600 more men to be received. The barrack-rooms, as will be gathered from the illustration, are arranged, as far as possible, like a ship's mess deck, and are kept in a similar state of cleanliness and order. Even the iron beams running across overhead are suggestive of the modern successor to the "hearts of oak," but the lofty



Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BARRACKS.

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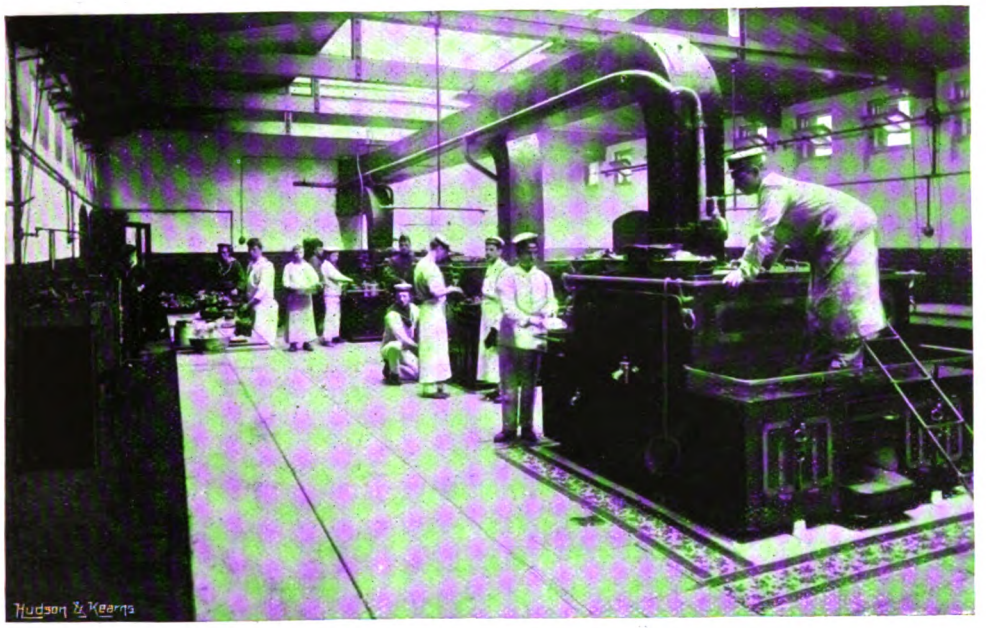
rooms convey a more favourable impression from a sanitary point of view, and certainly tend to emphasise the conviction that, when Jack is not wanted at sea, he is better off in a building of this nature than in some obsolete hulk where space and light are reduced to a minimum. Each block has a lofty and spacious basement, utilised for lavatories, stowage of hammocks and bags, examination of clothing, etc., and occasionally for drill classes, should there not be room at the moment for them in the drill shed. This latter is a very fine building, with solid asphalte floor, and a flight of steps on one side leading on to a good large parade, which, however, might be extended with advantage.

The warrant and chief petty officers have comfortable mess-rooms provided for them, and there is a room for one warrant officer adjoining each barrack-room, of which he has charge.

The canteen has adjoining it a large room with small round tables and stools, where the men may sit in friendly groups and discuss their beer and the affairs of the nation, if it so please them, or indulge in a smoking concert or "sing-song," as in the illustration, where the schoolmaster accompanies a quartette on the harmonium. The regular canteen is, of course, only accessible at certain hours. It is, like a military canteen, an emporium where almost any article may be obtained, from a bootlace to a glass of beer. An innovation has been started recently in the shape of a coffee canteen, the skittle alley, which was not much in request for its legitimate purpose, being utilised to this end. This step has been very highly appreciated, and has proved a remarkable success, and a new and more roomy outbuilding is now being constructed for the purpose. Money devoted to such an object is well spent, as it tends to increased good-fellowship and facilitates the maintenance of discipline and the avoidance of offences and consequent punishments.

The Canteen.



The Cook House.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

A Barrack Room.

There are recreation-rooms, with billiard tables, for seamen and petty officers, and an American bowling alley. Not many years ago there would have been considerable opposition to setting Jack to play billiards, some mysterious demoralising influence being attributed to the green cloth, and not without cause, perhaps, as regards a second-rate public billiard-room, but to afford the men the opportunity of a game in their own home, as it were, can only tend to do good; and it is a pleasing sight to watch a game in progress, with a little company of good-humoured critics standing round.

Another detached building which must not escape notice is the battery, in which are mounted one 9·2-in. 22-ton breech-loading gun; two 6-in., one 5-in., and one 4-in. breech-loading guns, on different mountings; one 4-in. quick-firing gun, a 9-in. muzzle-loading gun, a 9-pr. field gun, a 6-pr. Hotchkiss, and two Nordenfelt guns. This battery has had a somewhat remarkable experience lately, having been transported bodily on railway iron to its present position, to make room for the dockyard extension.

The wash-house contains boilers, washing troughs, a mangle, and a centrifugal wringer. The men are allowed access to it at all hours during their spare time, so as to avoid the overcrowding incidental to its use only at stated periods.

There are tennis lawns for the officers and fives courts for the men, and a new cricket piece has been laid, but is not yet fit for play. It was, however, utilised recently, with happy results, as a temporary playground for some 500 youngsters, the children of petty officers and others in the barracks, who were entertained by the captain and his wife, swings, etc., being erected for the occasion.

It is time, however, to turn our attention to the staff of the barracks. The officer at present in command is Captain Charles Johnstone, who was appointed in May, 1896. He was, as a commander, in command of H.M.S. "Dryad," at Tamatave, in Madagascar, during the French attack in 1883, and was specially promoted for the tact and ability he displayed on that occasion in upholding British interests and the honour of the flag under very difficult circumstances. He has under him Commanders Charles W. Winnington-Ingram and R. B. Colmore—the former for executive duties, and the latter for superintendence of drafting—five lieutenants, a staff-commander,

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and other officers in proportion, except that there are three paymasters, the work in this branch being exceptionally onerous, and one being appointed for special charge of the victualling and clothing department. The barrack master is a chief boatswain, and there are five other warrant officers for various duties, besides a sufficient staff of instructors. All seamen who are not required to requalify in the gunnery ship are here requalified as trained men before going to sea again, and every Wednesday they are exercised as a rifle battalion on the parade.

The stokers have also to learn a smattering of gunnery nowadays, and these comprise two detachments—those requalifying on their return from sea, and the second-class stokers newly entered. These latter undergo a three months' course, comprising the management of their kits, routine, and saluting, physical and gymnastic exercises, field exercise and cutlass drill, concluding with rifle practice at the range.

The illustrations of the sick bay and cook-house speak for themselves. The former is not as large as it might be, but on the occasion of our visit was happily almost empty. In the cook-house the chief cook may be seen contemplating some delicacies with a critical eye.

The buildings have no circulating heating apparatus, stoves and fireplaces alone being provided. The arrangements for extinguishing fire consist of four large tanks on each block of buildings, and water at a high pressure can be laid on with hoses from the main, on telephoning to the Water Company.

A "Sing-Song" Room off the Canteen.

The Wash House.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

The Sick Bay.

In the small stables are two horses, one being Tom, the charger of Colonel Ducat, relegated to a dignified obscurity in the Naval barracks, on condition that he is used for light work, though he looks as if he had plenty in him yet.

There are a few interesting trophies of war—a gun and carriage captured at Suakin, two small guns from Tel-el-Kebir, and a handsome brass gun with dragon mouth taken in the last Burmah War, all presented by the Duke of Edinburgh, who has been on more than one occasion the guest of the officers. Captain Winsloe, R.N., has also presented a gun taken in the Opobo River Expedition in 1889, which, however, has not yet arrived. Two figure-heads, of doubtful origin, gaze with blank and dispassionate aspect from among the groups of the stokers and chief petty officers.

The training of homing pigeons was started by the last commander of the barracks, but they have been transferred to Mount Wise. The cotes, however, remain, and some of the birds testify to the efficiency of their training by persistently returning to their old quarters, in spite of the discouraging circumstance that no food is provided for them.

Among recent additions to the buildings are eleven new cells; new officers' quarters are also in contemplation, and, doubtless, the whole establishment will eventually be considerably extended, as the inevitable increase in the personnel of the Navy progresses.

The barracks are rather out of the way, but the "dockyard train" runs at stated hours from a small platform at the captain's

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house—when the track is not monopolised by the tyrannical contractor.

There are three steam launches also attached to the barracks, for which plenty of work is found in communicating with the ships of the Fleet Reserve. They are of early Victorian origin, however, and there is a growing feeling that they might with propriety be replaced by others of Jubilee build, and relegated to some museum of Naval antiquities.

A visit to the Naval Barracks leaves a very pleasing impression. Their construction and appearance are pleasing to the eye and creditable to the architect—whose name, unfortunately, cannot be given at the moment—and there is abundant evidence of good management and discipline throughout, all the more creditable in view of the wider licence which is inevitable in an establishment of this kind as compared with the circumscribed limits of a ship.

Some considerations of this nature may, perhaps, have occasioned the opposition which existed to the substitution of barracks for depôt-ships at our Naval ports. Naval officers are often prone to jump at the conclusion that any innovation probably involves the introduction of some hitherto unknown evils, and it is, of course, always possible that this may be the case; but if these views were permitted to militate against progress in the present day, we should certainly not have had such a splendid display at Spithead the other day.

The Captain and Officers.

The duties connected with drafting the men as required are now considered of sufficient importance, as has been before mentioned, to demand the exclusive attention of an officer of experience, who is specially appointed for the purpose. The senior executive officer formerly carried out this duty, in addition to his other multifarious occupations, and it was sometimes left practically to the masters-at-arms, who, though usually excellent and trustworthy men, were not always strict enough in maintaining the inviolability of the roster, causing discontent and consequent deterioration of discipline in the migratory ship's company.

The Chief Petty Officers.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE STOKERS

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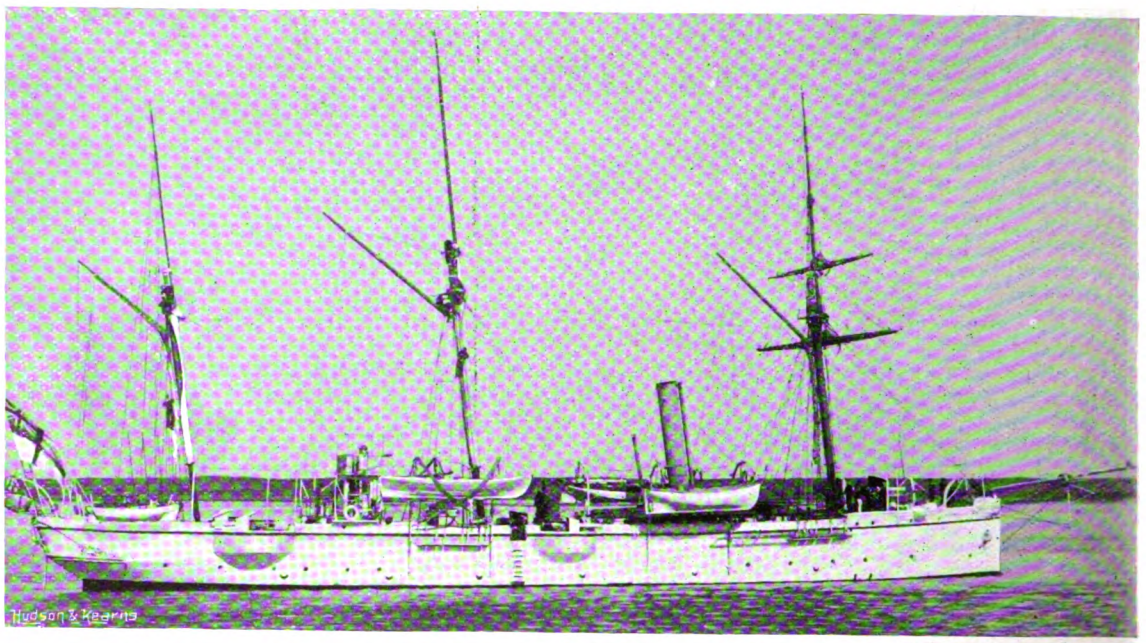
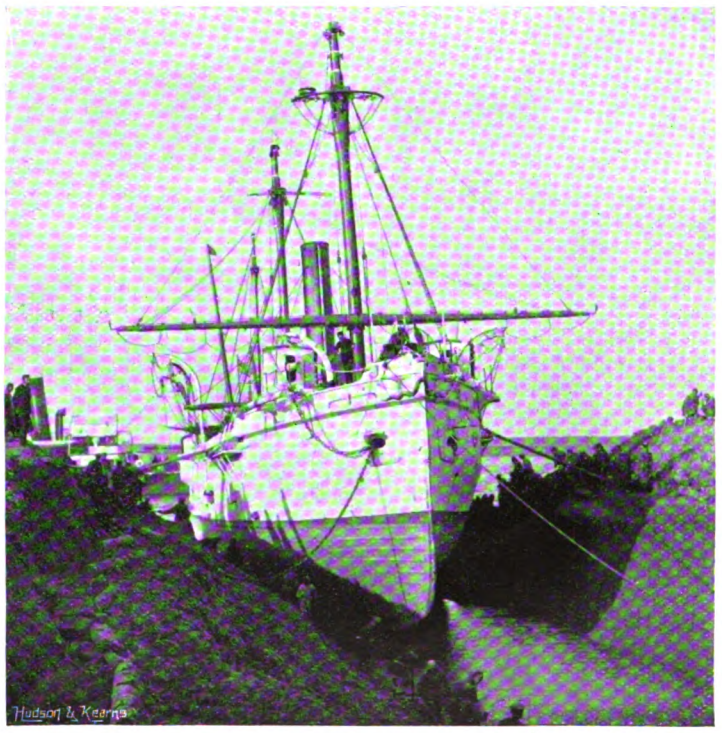
NAVAL WINTER QUARTERS ABROAD.

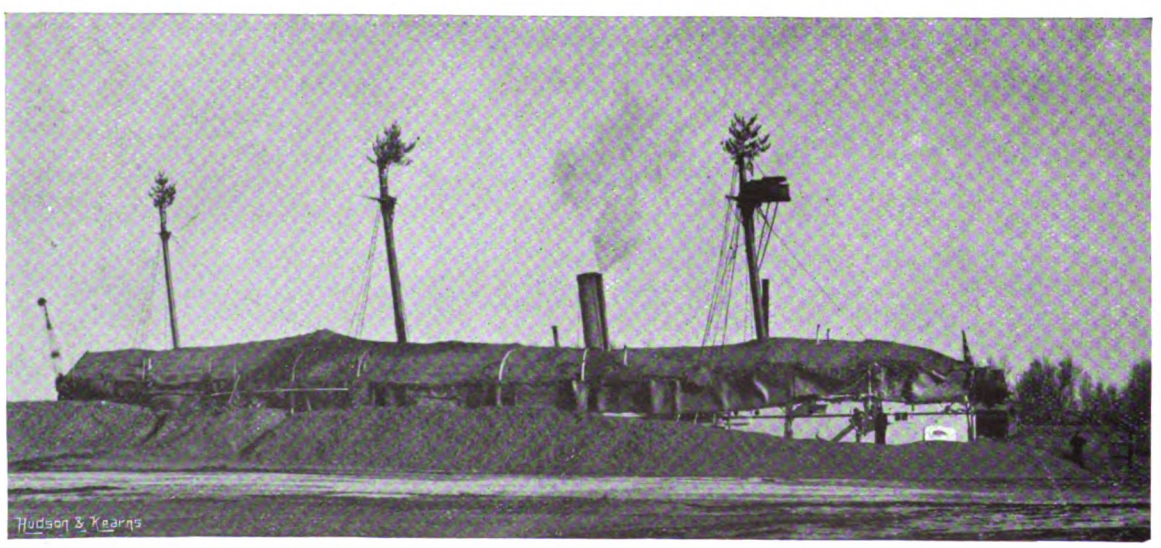
THE conditions under which the British tar may be required to pass the festive season of Christmas are, from the very nature of his calling, of almost infinite variety, and in many instances present an immense contrast to those with which we are accustomed to associate the idea. He may be sweltering and gasping for breath in the Antipodes, and anathematising the rule of "topsy-turvy," which ordains that one portion of the habitable globe shall be upside down as regards the other; or he may be muffled up to the tip of his nose in furs, and have to keep a sharp look-out on that valuable feature, lest it may part company from frost-bite; and every intermediate stage between these two extremes may be his lot—sometimes a very pleasant one, and at others very much the reverse. Wherever he may be, the man-of-war's man does his best to keep up old traditions and have as good a time as



Commencing to Dismantle the "Rattler."



Entering the Dock.



Housed In for the Winter.

is practicable under the circumstances; and there is probably no class of men who display a more truly Mark Tapleian spirit under difficulties, whether at Christmas time or otherwise.

Among the vicissitudes of foreign service, a ship may at times be ordered to pass the winter in some spot where Jack Frost reigns supreme for some months, and the ordinary routine of lying quietly at anchor, or moored alongside some friendly wharf, may be rendered impracticable by the accumulation of ice, carried down and piled up, perhaps, by a strong current. The captain, however, is ordered to winter there, and as the word "can't" is inadmissible in the interpretation of orders, he has to devise some plan by which to reconcile his instructions with apparent impossibilities.

Such a port is Newchwang—or Nin-chwang—where H.M.S. "Rattler" is represented in our illustrations as passing the winter months. Some of our readers may not have been aware of the existence of this spot, with its fantastic name, and for their benefit it may be stated that it lies in the north-east corner of the Gulf of Liantung, in Northern China, and is one of the five Treaty Ports added to the list in 1858; and although its latitude is not as high as that of the English Channel, through the absence of the gentle influence of the Gulf Stream, or other such heating apparatus of nature, it is delivered over in winter to the tender mercies of the aforesaid Jack Frost, who makes the most of his opportunities, for during the summer months it is hot enough to please anyone, with a few degrees to spare.

The "Rattler" is a gun-boat of about 700 tons, and is commanded by Lieutenant the Hon. G. A. Hardinge, with a total complement of seventy-three officers and men. The problem of wintering in this inclement spot, with the maximum of comfort and the minimum of risk, is solved in this instance by placing the ship in a mud dock, of extremely moderate dimensions, her small size admitting of this arrangement. In the first picture the early stages of dismantling are in progress; the men are aloft preparing to strike the topmasts and get everything down and snugly stowed away. There is not much result apparent to the landsman's eye, but the next view we have of the ship shows that her crew have not been idle. Not only is all the "top-hamper" sent down and safely disposed of, but the vessel has evidently been considerably lightened by landing a quantity of coal and stores, to enable her to enter her confined winter quarters, where both depth of water and lateral space are arranged decidedly on economical principles. Her fore-yard extends over the bank on either side, as she is slowly

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hauled into the dock, which appears, indeed, to be too small for her after all. When the ship is finally secured, the process of preparation for the winter is speedily completed by housing her in with canvas fore and aft, all the available awnings and sails being utilised for the purpose. In this guise she next appears, her mastheads dressed with evergreens in honour of Christmas; and, no doubt, her officers and ship's company had a merry time, for the Treaty Ports in China have usually a goodly number of English residents, who would be sure to see that the interests of Jack and his officers were not forgotten.

A temporary platform, level with the foretop, and armed with a machine gun, would appear to indicate that the "Rattler" is prepared, if necessary, to maintain British interests by other than diplomatic means; and her presence during the winter at Newchwang is due to the determination of the Naval authorities to keep the flag *en évidence*, in the event of any difficulties arising in this somewhat stormy quarter of the globe.

Some idea of the severity of the weather may be gained from the group of marines in their quaint winter "rig." They would certainly not be recognised as members of their distinguished corps but for the familiar globe and laurel badge which appears on their snug but ungainly fur caps.

Marines in Winter Rig.

The last picture shows a group of the officers and ship's company, taken ahead of the ship, when the river is once more becoming open for traffic, and they are about to take their departure, no doubt with many regrets, for if Jack has not, literally, "a wife in every port," he manages, at any rate, to make a good many friends abroad; and this is one of the compensations of foreign service.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF H.M.S. "RATTLER."

THE AUSTRIAN NAVY.

SEAMEN are the same all the world over. They are always jovial, hearty, handy, sociable fellows. Englishmen may take a little credit to themselves, perhaps, that the British Navy is the pattern upon which others are formed. But in regard to the special character of the "bluejacket" type, a good deal must be allowed to the influence of the sea and sea life. Things have greatly changed afloat, and changed vastly for the better, within the last fifty years. The time has gone by when rancid bacon, stock-fish fouled by bilge water, maggoty biscuit, and sour beer stored in oil or fish casks, spread discontent, and sometimes pestilence, through the Fleet. On the next page we see an officer of the Austrian Navy, on the "Kronprinz Rudolf," tasting the food of which the men are about to partake. It is a custom in both naval and military services for the officers, who are responsible for the comfort and health of their men, thus to satisfy themselves of the

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quality and condition of the food supplied. Indeed, very precise procedure is enjoined in this matter. Perhaps in no Navy in Europe, not even in our own, is there greater efficiency in the internal management of war-ships than in the Austrian Fleet. When the "Wien" was at Spithead, on the occasion of the Naval Review, her condition and the quality of her men were much remarked upon, and the men showed an excellent spirit of comradeship with our own bluejackets.

The officer shown in the first picture, who is a lieutenant, is a genuine type of the Navy to which he belongs. The manner of trimming the whiskers will be noticed. This style is, indeed, tending somewhat to disappear in the Austrian Service, but it was almost universal in the comrades of Tegetthoff, who fought the famous battle of Lissa. The great admiral himself, and nearly all his captains, wore the hair on their faces in precisely this fashion.

In the second picture are seen the men engaged in discussing their midday meal, which the officer has tasted before them. It appears to be a savoury soup, which they are eating out of little pannikins. Here, indeed, the custom differs from that which prevails in our own Service, for British seamen are not usually seen squatting in a circle upon the deck at their meals. The men, we can see, are telling yarns to one another, but the Austrian seaman will sometimes remember that, on the great day of Lissa, July 20th, 1866, there was little time to eat. When the approach of Persano's Italian squadron was intimated to Tegetthoff, he gave orders that the signal "Schaffen" should be hoisted. It implied that the men should hastily finish their meal, and in most of the ships they messed on bread with wine. The fathers of the men we see in the picture eating so cheerfully fought not less well because of their frugal meal. They fought and won the first great battle between modern ironclads, and we may be sure their successors are not less brave and excellent seamen. The Austrians are among our best friends on the continent of Europe, and the feeling of comradeship between the Navies of the two countries is strong and durable. Baron Hermann von Spaun, now a vice-admiral, then a lieutenant, who represented Austria on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, was one of the officers wounded at Lissa. The "Kronprinz Rudolf," in which the men depicted are serving, is a small but powerful modern armour-clad.

Tasting Provisions.

Photos. ALOIS BEER, Klagenfurt.

SEAMEN AT DINNER ON BOARD THE "KRONPRINZ RUDOLF."

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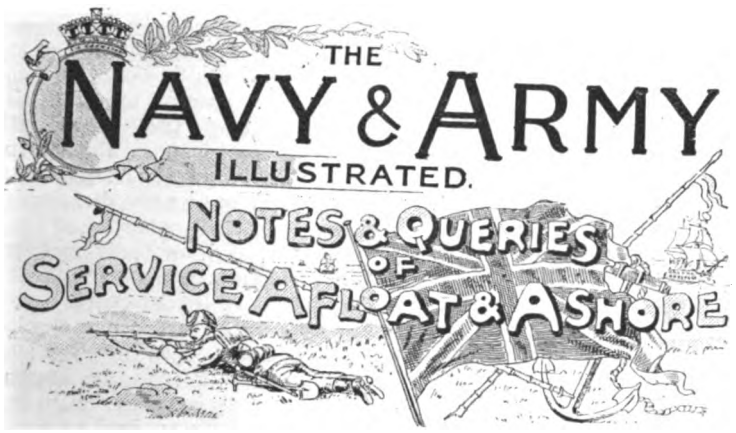

SEVERAL of my correspondents have asked for information about the photographic competition, and I have therefore repeated the rules at the foot of these notes. Others wish to know if "The Queen's Navy" can still be obtained. A third edition has already been issued, and I have no doubt they will obtain what they want by applying to the publishers, or, indeed, to any newsagent. The second number of the "Citizen Army" is also being reprinted; and we shall shortly issue another Double Number, entirely devoted to illustrating our Indian and Colonial forces from all parts of the Empire.

* * * *

INDIA boasts two Orders of Knighthood, of which the older, the Star of India, dates from 1861, and was founded alike as a means of rewarding purely Indian service to the Crown in either a military or civil capacity, and also as a memorial of the taking over of the government of India by the Queen. It is invariably conferred on the Commander-in-Chief in India when he vacates that office. The Order of the Indian Empire was founded originally in 1878, in commemoration of the proclamation of Her Majesty as Empress of India.

* * * *

IN our anxiety to ensure Naval officers being what is called "scientific"—whatever this may precisely mean—we are apt to forget that for the successful conduct of great operations of war there are equally essential, if somewhat less resplendent, qualifications to be sought after. In fighting, the *corpore sano* is quite as important as the *mens sana*. The weakling with inordinate brain development would soon collapse under the stress and strain of modern warfare. It is as important as ever that our leaders should be men of robust health, restless activity, and iron nerve. Lord St. Vincent, speaking with the experience of fifty-nine years' service, declared that "there is such a deficiency of nerve under responsibility that I see officers of the greatest promise and acquired character sink beneath its weight."

* * * *

THE etiquette which obtains among officers of the Army is little understood by those outside the profession of arms. An officer addressing a senior on duty must under all circumstances salute him with the right hand, or with the sword, if drawn. Every officer salutes the colonel (or officer acting for him) on meeting him the first time each morning, whether within the precincts of the mess or not. He also salutes him on entering and leaving the orderly room. In private life all officers address their colonel as "sir" or "colonel." When speaking to a major a subaltern officer makes use of the word "major," but captains are addressed by their surnames (*e.g.*, Jones), or sometimes even by their nicknames. Officers of all junior ranks, when in mufti, raise their hats on meeting the general or colonel out of barracks. A subaltern is addressed on parade as "Mr. Smith," never as "Lieutenant Smith," but is given the latter rank when mentioned in regimental, brigade, or divisional orders. In private life, too, he is known as Mr. Smith. Official letters are addressed to him as Lieutenant So-and-So, private communications as Smith, Esq. When several officers walking together are saluted by a warrant officer, non-commissioned or private, the salute is returned by the senior only.

* * * *

MASSOOLAH BOATS.—These boats, which everybody knows by name, are the famous Madras surf boats. The construction of these craft is very peculiar. The planks, instead of being nailed together, are simply sewed together with coir rope, by cross stitches, which, being alternately on one side and on the other of the planks, secure the sort of wadding of coir or straw which is placed between the planks, and which allows it to be pressed tightly. These boats are very elastic, and, though somewhat leaky, are not unduly so. Besides, elasticity is the chief requisite of such boats, which have to struggle with a surf which I have seen occasionally rise to a height of 17-ft. or 18-ft., and which on beaching get some very hard knocks. These Massoolah boats are about 35-ft. long, by 10-ft. wide, and 7-ft. deep. They are guided by one man, who steers the boat with a steer oar, and who excites his men to pull faster, when a big roller is coming astern, by yelling and stamping in a most frantic, and, at first, alarming manner.

* * * *

"A. J. K."—The Royal Marine Artillery, or Blue Marines, are of much more recent origin than the Light Infantry or Red Marines. The force was established during the war with France, to work the ordnance mounted in the gun and mortar boats employed on the French coast, and to replace the Royal Artillery, owing to the frequent bickerings that took place between the Naval and Military officers on points of discipline. The first land operations in which this fine force was employed were in the American War, and it was on the occasion of the attack on Hampton, when under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier (the conqueror of Scinde), that they won from him the splendid eulogium which concludes with these words: "Never in my life have I met soldiers like the marine artillery. We suffered much fatigue and hardship, but never was seen anything not admirable in these glorious soldiers."

* * * *

IT is not usual—nor is it commendable—for civilians to attend fancy dress balls in Naval officers' uniform. The "free and enlightened citizen" of Malta was wont to so masquerade during Carnival Week. Measures have, however, been taken to stop the degradation of the Queen's uniform in the open streets in broad daylight. For Naval officers themselves it is *en règle* to attend fancy dress balls in the uniform of their rank. Perhaps the most successful appearance in this character was that of the navigating lieutenant of one of Her Majesty's ships. One evening, when the rain was descending in blinding sheets, he had just brought his ship alongside the New Mole, at Gibraltar. Going below, he found that the Governor had sent off to say that one of these functions was then in progress at the "Convent." "I'll go," said the navigator, and he went, just as he was, in a dripping oilskin and sou'-wester. "Who may you be?" queried Lord Napier, as he entered the ballroom, leaving a small river in his wake. "Channel pilot, sir." And the Governor declared him the most suitably attired man in the room.

* * * *

ENQUIRER asks: "What is the Queen's Guard?" The Queen's Guard is that which is mounted at St. James's Palace. It consists of three officers, four non-commissioned officers, three drummers, and about forty-five men with the regimental colour. On the occasion of a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace the rank and file are made up to about a hundred strong when marched thither. On Royal birthdays and when the Queen is in town the Queen's colour is carried. The Queen's Guard turns out and *presents arms* to Her Majesty *only*, though it turns out and *shoulders arms* to the Major-General Commanding the Brigade of Guards and to the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, if visited by him on duty. The Cavalry Guard at Whitehall (consisting of two officers—three if Her Majesty is in town—four non-commissioned officers, and thirty-three men with a standard during the Parliamentary session, or of twelve men and two non-commissioned officers only at other times) is known officially as the Queen's *Life* Guard. The term Brigade of Guards does not include the Household Cavalry, but means the three regiments (Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots) of Foot Guards only, and is commanded by a major-general, promoted to that rank after having served as a field officer in one of these regiments.

* * * *

THE first appearance of the letters R.N. after the names of Naval officers dates back to just about a hundred years ago, when this form of designation was first officially ordered for officers of the Sea Service. The older and original designation had been simply the officer's name with the affix "Esquire," and the words, "of His Majesty's Navy." When the title R.N. was first introduced there was great opposition to it in the Navy, particularly among the older officers, who condemned it as being curt and undignified in form. Nelson himself, it is on record, was one of the most strenuous objectors to the new form of title, as also was the great Admiral Lord St. Vincent, who, we are told, down to the end of his life, in 1823, invariably used the older form of address in his correspondence with Naval officers.

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"How does the 'Magnificent' compare in dimensions with Westminster Abbey and the Monument?" asks "K."—Let him imagine the tiny church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, removed from its place beside the Abbey and replaced by the "Magnificent." The dimensions of the battle-ship would equal if not dwarf those of the venerable pile. The Abbey is 416-ft. long, the vessel 420-ft., measuring from ram-point to taffrail. In bulk the Abbey has the best of it, being 102-ft. against 75-ft. Depths fairly approximate, as the loftiest portion of the ship's superstructure rises to an altitude of 75-ft.—rather less than the Abbey's roof. Masts and fighting-tops, however, surpass towers and pinnacles; the semaphore of the "Magnificent" is 196-ft. in height—about that of the Monument—whilst the search-light upon its "top" might cast its beams right over the Abbey's roof. Were the Monument of solid granite it would weigh 1,800 tons—one-eighth of the displacement of the battle-ship.

* * * *

It is not often that a subject apparently dry is made so readable and sometimes amusing as in the "Naval Administrations, 1827 to 1892" (Sampson Low) of the late Sir John Henry Briggs, who had forty-four years' experience in the Admiralty, of which he spent not less than thirty-five in the Board Room itself as Assistant Reader and Reader to My Lords. He served through all the period of change from the days of hemp and canvas to those of steam and steel. It goes without saying that a book like this must be full of interest for recent Naval history. The writer knew well many men of the old school, the companions in arms of Nelson and St. Vincent, and of these he gives very lively pen pictures. There is Sir George Cockburn, the highly educated gentleman who had been captain of the famous "Agamemnon," flying the broad pennant of Commodore Horatio Nelson. Very haughty he was, determined in his own will, a resolute opponent of steam, and of all the "gimcracks" of these days.

* * * *

Then there is Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy—Nelson's Hardy—the man who was with the hero to the last, and yet who foresaw all the developments of modern times. Next we have Sir Charles Rowley, a very gallant gentleman, who asked Briggs what was the meaning of "impact" and "initial velocity." Sir John Beresford, who was standing by, said, "I'll be hanged if I know, but I suppose it is some of Tom Hastings' scientific bosh." Sir John tells another story about the three vessels, "Styx," "Charon," and "Rhadamanthus." "Sir John Beresford said, 'Briggs, who was Styx?' I replied, 'Styx is a river in hell, sir.' Sir John then said, 'And pray who is Charon?' 'He is the ferryman who rows the company across.' 'And who is the other chap with that confoundedly hard name?' 'He is the unjust judge, sir.' Sir John then said to the First Lord, 'Lord de Grey, I cannot help thinking that our friend Briggs has been to hell, or I don't see how he could know so much about it.'" But I might go on making quotations like this, and I commend the book to my readers for their enjoyment.

The Editor.

Prizes for Photographs.

Two of £10 10s. Each. Six of £2 2s. Each.

Thirty Consolation Prizes.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

One half of the above number of Prizes will be awarded for Naval subjects, and the other half for Military.

On the cover of this and future issues will be found a coupon, which must be cut out and sent in by those wishing to compete. Every coupon will give one chance for a Prize.

The points in each case which will be taken into consideration are, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; second, excellence of photography; and, third, suitability for reproduction; the final decision in every case resting with the Editor.

Amateurs only can compete.

Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the subject. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be packed carefully, and the package should be marked on the outside "Photographic Prize Competition." Bromide or platinotype prints are unsuitable.

The competition will close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume. For fuller details see "Notes and Queries" Nos. 38 and 39 of the present volume.

PIRACY.

By E. G. Esting.

That piracy should exist in the latter half of the nineteenth century would seem almost incredible. Most, if not all, of us have read in our youth stirring tales and adventures of the pirates of old, of their making the unfortunate prisoners walk the plank, of throat cutting and ear cropping, and other atrocities too horrible to mention; of the buccaneers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Englishmen had no hesitation in waylaying Spanish galleons richly laden with the treasures of Peru and Mexico, though both countries were at peace at the time; and, later, of the pirates of the West Indies and Bahamas, and the Riffs of the coast of Morocco, who, even now, occasionally attack some unfortunate merchant vessel that happens to keep too near their region.

"The Corsair" of Byron tells of the Greek pirates of the Ægean Sea, who infested the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and who, up to twenty years ago, still practised their nefarious trade.

Now and then one reads of some isolated case in some far off sea that washes the extremities of the British Empire, but it seldom attracts much attention. Nevertheless, piracy still exists in various portions of the globe, and clings, in parts, to its ancient haunts. The coasts of Malay and Burma have always been more or less notorious. About thirty years ago we were lying at Madras, in the "Spiteful," a paddler of six guns, waiting for the "Octavia," commodore's ship. On her arrival we received orders to proceed to the coast of Burma to suppress piracy in the Mergui Archipelago, which lies scattered along the Tenasserim coast as far as Siam. An English merchant vessel, some time before, had been boarded and taken, and the crew barbarously murdered. We were to inquire about it, and, if possible, find out the culprits and punish them.

We took a Malay on board who was supposed to know something about it and the place, and to act as interpreter: but as he could hardly speak English he wasn't of much use.

After nine days we arrived at Rangoon, where we coaled, and then proceeded south to Moulmein and other places, making inquiries at each place; but nowhere did we get anything reliable, and our Malay seemed to know as little about it as we did.

We stopped a few days at Mergui, which is a pretty little place on the coast opposite the north end of the Archipelago, and is completely land-locked by the islands which stud the seas in that part, and very lovely and picturesque it was cruising among the islands, and it reminded me of the Lipari group off the Sicilian coast.

We next arrived at a place called Acopa. We were trying to find one called Acompa by the interpreter, which, he said, was where the vessel had been seized, but he didn't seem quite sure about it. We sent him ashore to make inquiries, and when he came off he said it was the place all right, so our captain determined to examine the coast.

At eight that night I was sent away in a twelve-oared cutter, with the navigating lieutenant in the gig. Both boats were fully manned and armed, and with four marines in the cutter and two in the gig, besides the crew. We pulled quietly along the coast to the northward, with muffled oars, till about midnight, when the Malay called our attention to a deep inlet some distance ahead, with a small rocky island some three miles off the entrance, forming two approaches. I proceeded to the northern one, while the gig took the southern. After rounding the island in the cutter the gig and ourselves joined, and made straight for the shore. The day was just breaking when we were close in, but there were no signs of life, nor a sound of any kind. Just as we landed we saw a large group of Malays squatting round a fire, evidently having their breakfast. We made for them. On seeing us, they bolted into the bush, now and again shaking their spears at us.

We followed them quickly, but they disappeared completely, as if by enchantment, so, as the jungle was almost impenetrable, and seeing no one, we returned and searched along the beach, when we came across eleven large row-boats, or proas, hauled up in a small cove. We overhauled them, and found two or three sleepy natives stowed away, some spears and clubs, and from twenty to thirty long oars in each. The boats were from thirty to fifty feet in length, long and narrow, raised at the stern and bow, and tapering both

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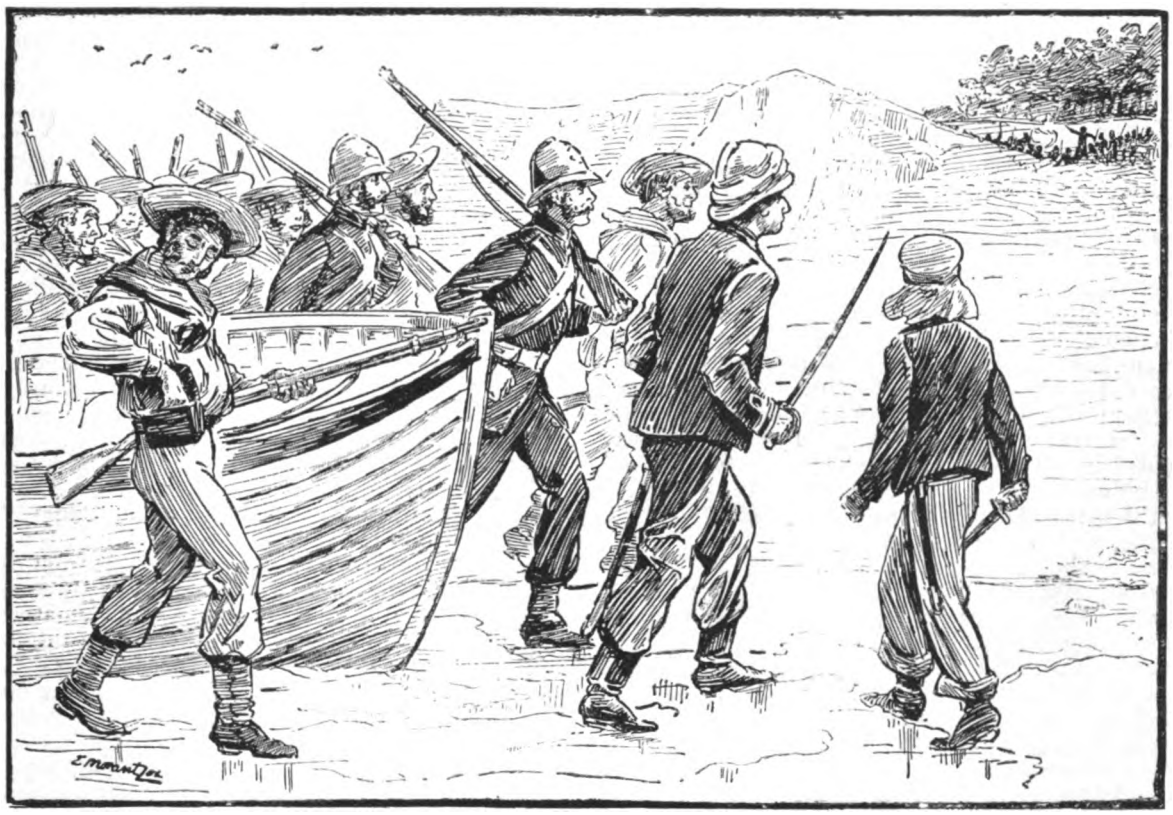
ends, with a high prow, similar to the war canoes of the South Seas. As there was nothing more to be done, we sat round the fire and had our breakfast of sardines and biscuits, and some rice we found boiling on the fire.

Shortly afterwards, as the sun was rising, we were scared by a shell from a heavy gun bursting just over our heads, and on looking through some bush that hid us from the sea, we saw the "Spiteful" steaming close up inshore and preparing to give us another shot. We hailed them as loudly as we could, and waved our arms most energetically, whereupon she dropped her anchor and we jumped into our boats and went on board and made our report. It appears the captain had been cruising slowly all night after us, and at daylight had seen our boats on the beach, the smoke of a fire through the bushes, and some natives dancing about defiantly on the skirts of the bush; and not seeing anything of us, imagined we had been captured or massacred, so opened fire. The natives bolted on seeing the ship fire. No damage was done, but it might have been worse for us. Everyone was much amused at the whole affair.

We intended destroying the proas, but the captain changed his mind, so we left them as we found them; and as nothing more could be done and no natives were found to give any information, we up anchor and proceeded to a place called Milwaan, some fifty miles up the Pakchan River, the last settlement belonging to the British Empire and on the frontier of Siam, but we saw nothing more of any pirates, nor could we get any further information from the people. They were very reticent, and seemed afraid to say anything connected with the affair. As our time was up on the coast, we left for Trincomalee, somewhat disgusted with our failure to find out anything certain; but that they were piratical proas and the Malays pirates, we felt firmly convinced. In 1877, during the Russo-Turkish War, there was an undoubted case of piracy at Stamphalia, one of the Turkish islands in the Grecian Archipelago. Some Greek brigands, with two chiefs from the Morea, fitted out a felucca, and attacked a village, murdering and pillaging all the inhabitants, including women and children, and setting the place on fire; they were in their turn captured by some Turkish troops, who arrived in a small steamer after having taken the felucca, and after a stubborn resistance, the two chiefs cutting their own throats rather than be taken alive. They were all imprisoned at Rhodes, together with the felucca's crew, the captain of which was hung, and the remainder loaded with heavy chains, and left to linger and rot in an old castle of the time of the Knights. The Grecian islands are a favourable spot for piracy, which has lingered longer there than in most places so near civilisation, and had its origin principally, I believe, at the time of Barbarossa, the celebrated Turkish Admiral, in the reign of Soliman the Magnificent, in the sixteenth century.



On Seeing Us, They Bolted into the Bush.

Turkey was then in the zenith of its power, and Naval warfare was mainly carried on on piratical lines.

The States of North Africa from Morocco to Tunis were noted for their skilful and daring corsairs, and were a terror, under Barbarossa, to all the Christian nations whose territories bordered on the Mediterranean.

Barbarossa was born in Mitylene; he and three of his brothers began life as pirates before the African States were part of the Turkish Empire. They committed many acts of piracy on the Knights of Rhodes. Two of his brothers were killed while fighting against them. Barbarossa and the other then joined the Tunisian pirates. Finding their life not exciting enough under such effete rulers on the African Coast, and knowing the power of Turkey, they threw in their lot with the Sublime Porte, gained the Sultan's favour by presenting him with a rich prize they had captured, and received rewards and presents from him in return. From that time they faithfully served the Turks, and having increased their fleet of swift row-boats or galleys, attacked and took possession of Algiers, of which place Barbarossa was made Beyler Bey. He defeated the Spaniards and Genoese under Doria, and devastated the Genoese Coast. He was a true pirate in every sense of the word. Though true to the Porte, he and his crews were very independent, waging war and making raids as it suited their purpose, and so much terror did they inspire that none dared dispute their methods, and were only too glad of their help. Like "The Corsair," they could say—

> "These are our realms, no limit to their sway,
> Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey,
> Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,
> From toil to rest, and joy in every change."

Algiers was the last stronghold, and met its fate in 1816, when bombarded by the British Fleet under Lord Exmouth. The war-ships of those days were like those of the Spanish Armada, and too well known to need description here, but the piratical craft were row-galleys, of great length in comparison with their beam. They were very low and very sharp built, and had a straight run. The prow was armed with a long sharp beak; in the after part was a long poop and quarter-deck, which the officers occupied, and was defended by galleries and boarding-nettings; a few steps led to a narrow platform that reached the forecastle, called by the French coursier, from which presumably the word corsair is derived. They generally carried one long heavy gun near the bow, and from two to four smaller ones; they were rowed by either slaves or prisoners captured from anywhere and chained by one foot, and they pulled twenty-six oars each side, that being nearly always the number, whatever the size of the vessel, and a whip was used to stimulate their exertions. Two or three men manned each oar, sometimes five or six, especially in those under Barbarossa; the larger kind of craft were called by the Turks *Maona*.

I remember, many years ago, hearing a connection of mine relate an incident that occurred to her in her early days, of a piratical kind. Some seventy years ago she, with her parents, left the West Indies in an armed transport—carrying some soldiers with their wives and families and a few passengers—for Malta. They had only a couple of signal guns. All went well for the first few days. One morning, however, just as the breeze sprung up, a sail was sighted, with a cloud of snowy-white canvas set, and steering towards them. The captain of the transport did not know what to make of the strange craft, as she showed no colours; that in itself was suspicious, so all sail was crowded on the transport, and everyone sent for on deck. The soldiers under arms were placed along the deck in the most conspicuous positions, and all the women, dressed up in soldiers' clothes and armed with brooms and anything they could get, filled up the gaps, helping to make a good show; and the signal guns were loaded with nails, scrap iron, etc. On came the stranger, tossing the surging foam in haughty scorn from her sharp rakish prow. Suddenly she fired a shot at the transport, and as the smoke cleared away, the black flag was seen defiantly flying.

Just as everyone was feeling desperate, an Indiaman hove in sight, and bore down on the pirate, which, being favoured by a stiffish breeze, soon showed her heels to the other vessels.

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The School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness

by John Leyland

THE School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness is the headquarters of scientific and practical gunnery in the British Army. Its purpose is the instruction of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Royal Artillery in all matters pertaining to gunnery; and, with the vastly extended range and power of modern guns, and the increased value of the artillery arm which results, it has grown from small beginnings to a position of very great importance. The Commandant of the School—who is always a colonel of the Royal Artillery on the staff—is also Superintendent of Experiments, and, in this capacity, carries out experiments for the Inspector-General of Ordnance with guns and ammunition of all kinds, and with all range-finding and other instruments used by the Artillery. There are thus two distinct sides to the work of the School of Gunnery. On one hand every scientific and technical development is examined, tested, and reported on, while, on the other, there is conducted throughout the year a series of long and short gunnery instructional courses, and about twenty horse and field batteries visit the school yearly for gun practice. The influence of Shoeburyness upon the efficiency of the Royal Artillery is widespread, for the schools at Woolwich, Golden Hill, Isle of Wight, Devonport, and Sheerness, are branches of the School of Gunnery, and, with the Range-Finding School at Aldershot, are under the orders of its Commandant, who inspects the practice camps at Okehampton, and at Lydd, near Dungeness.

The practice camp at Okehampton, on Dartmoor, where is a great range of well accentuated land used for gunnery instruction, and the tactical training of the Royal Artillery, brigade divisions of which relieve one another there in succession during the season, is under a colonel of the R.A., who is a chief instructor at Shoeburyness. Another chief instructor of the school, who is in command of the Royal Military Repository at Woolwich, also takes charge of the practice with siege guns at Lydd.

Although the activity of the School of Gunnery is thus extended, Shoeburyness had a modest beginning. The first troops to arrive on that south-eastern point of Essex, where the long stretches of the Maplin sands afford unrivalled ranges for gunnery practice, with fixed and moving targets, were a detachment of Royal Engineers in 1849. Experimental and practical gunnery was instituted three years later, and detachments of Artillery began to visit the place regularly. Barracks were built in 1856, and the School of Gunnery itself was established in 1859. The eyes of the War Office were open to the great need of such an establishment, and forthwith buildings suitable for the accommodation of the necessary staff began to spring up, and batteries and ranges were formed, with the most satisfactory results. Success led to further extension. The War Office procured new land north-eastward round the point, and between 1888 and 1892 various new ranges were established. The longest ranges are measured from the Gun Pier Battery (15,000 yards), whence there are also ranges of 10,000 yards. To these, more than a mile away, but connected by rail with the old ranges and the magazines, other ranges, of 10,000 yards and 6,000 yards, have been added, and there are ranges of 4,000 and 2,000 yards at the Old and Sea Wall Batteries. Within the boundaries of the Government grounds are rifle ranges and a siege battery. The barracks surround a horseshoe area. There is a pleasant house for the Commandant, as well as excellent quarters for the staff officers of the school, an officers' mess, and a chapel. Sufficient lecture rooms, a capital canteen, a large drill shed, a theatre, and a cricket ground, with resources for tennis and other outdoor enjoyments, add to the efficiency, comfort, and healthfulness of the school.

All through the spring, summer, and autumn, and, indeed, largely through the winter, Shoeburyness is busy with the coming and going of batteries and courses and the routine work of training. Most of the young officers on joining the Royal Artillery now receive practical instruction at Shoeburyness, and those of other arms of the Service also attend some of the courses. In organising the details of a business of such importance it will be understood that a great amount of work necessarily falls upon the brigade-major of the school, that the instructors are constantly busy, and that the duties of the commandant in directing the operations of the school, supervising its efficiency, and controlling its discipline, are highly important, and, combined with the duties he undertakes as Superintendent of Experiments, constitute a very weighty charge.

What is known as the "Long Course" for officers and non-commissioned officers is conducted at Woolwich from January to April, and at Shoeburyness from April to December. Four short garrison courses, each of three months, are given in succession through the year, and as many short (six weeks) field courses. In these last there is an interval from April to August, when the practice of batteries is proceeding at Okehampton and elsewhere. Last year considerably more than 300 officers passed through the courses and attended battery practice at Shoeburyness.

All the arrangements for carrying on the duties of the instructional branch are made by the chief instructors under the approval of the commandant of the school. In the excellent lecture rooms there is theoretical instruction, and at the various batteries, ranges, and exercise grounds, appliances necessary for the practical training of gunners, both officers and men, are found. Admirably complete arrangements are made for the provision of moving targets, both towed at sea, and by way of dummies on land, advancing across the sands to represent the approach of galloping ranks of attacking cavalry and infantry, and otherwise to simulate the incidents of actual warfare. The magazines are on the best principle, and every precaution is taken to avoid danger to life and limb.

Once a year, in August, the National Artillery Association, which was founded in 1861 for the advancement and promotion of the service and practice of artillery, primarily among Artillery Volunteers, by the formation of an annual camp of instruction and the offering of prizes, holds its meeting at Shoeburyness. It is a time when there is a lull in the work of the School of Gunnery, and when the whole energies of the establishment are devoted to promoting the efficiency of the Volunteers. In 1895 not less than 81 officers and 1,456 men attended the camp, but last year the numbers were fewer, owing to the prevalence of small-pox in the Western District. The annual meeting is looked forward to with keen interest, showing that the Volunteers of the United Kingdom fully appreciate the advantages that are offered at Shoeburyness. The meeting is a popular event, at which prizes of the value of over £1,000 are offered annually, including one to be competed for between detachments of the Royal Artillery. The

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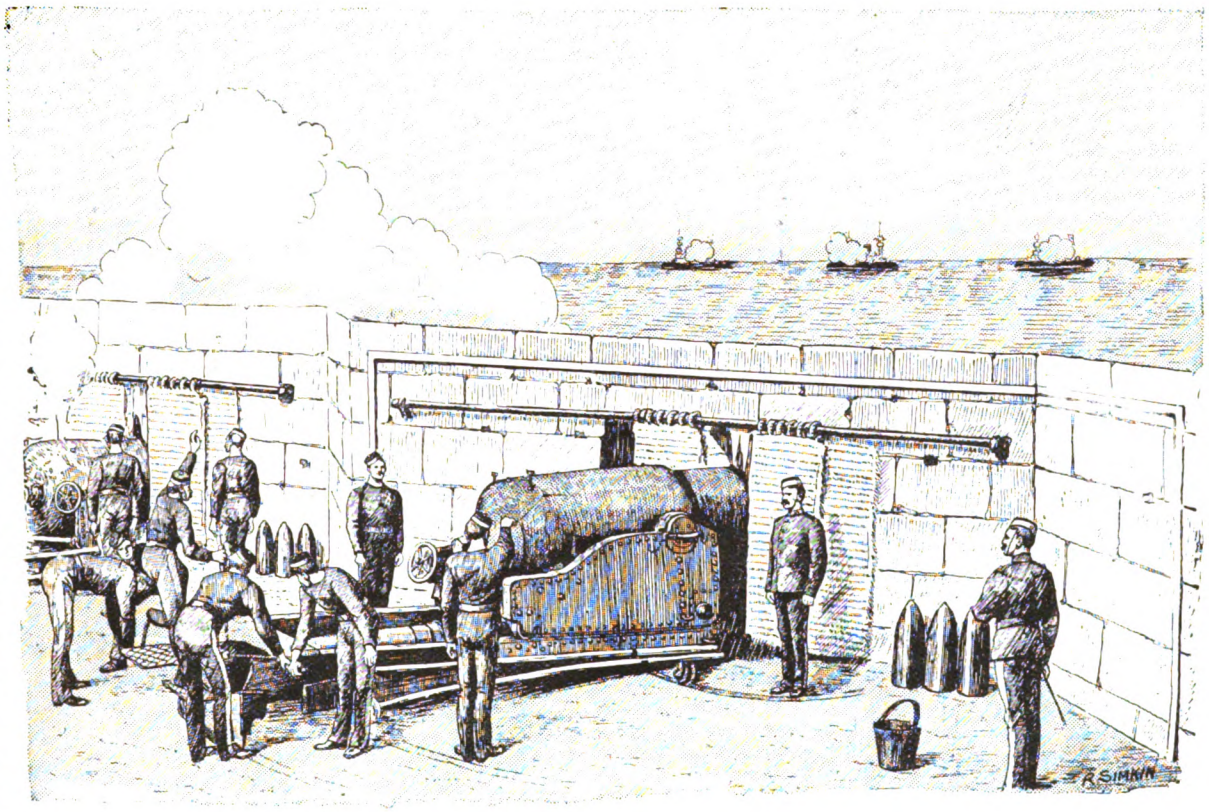
Government provides the ammunition used, and from early morning until dusk of the week of the meeting, the various competitions go forward, the friendly emulation and lively interest evinced being undoubtedly of the highest value. Here, certainly, the School of Gunnery and the National Artillery Association co-operate in an important success.

The influence of Shoeburyness upon the development of gunnery and the tactical employment of artillery is highly important. Associated, as its chief instructors are, with the practical work of the school, and the training at Okehampton, Lydd, and other practice grounds, and being closely in touch with the experimental work at Shoeburyness, which has yet to be alluded to, they are naturally well qualified to advise upon artillery questions. It is therefore the custom for them to meet annually in the autumn at the school, when the principal gunnery work of the year is over, for a conference, presided over by the Commandant, which usually lasts ten days, in the course of which the questions that have arisen are discussed and reported on. The school, therefore, with its various branches, exercises a highly beneficial influence over the whole range of military gunnery.

In no department of the Army has progress been so great and rapid as in the matter of gunnery. New field-pieces, various types of limbers, recoil-absorbing and disappearing mountings, armoured cupolas for fortress guns, the introduction of new propellants, and the constant discussion of the tactical employment of artillery, have given a great stimulus to gunnery. There is yet no finality, for wherever we look on the Continent we find the great military Powers devoting unceasing attention to the question of the rearmament of the field artillery with quick-firing guns. Shoeburyness, of course, is aware of this, and is not likely to be behind the times.



Garrison Artillery and 10-*in. Muzzle-Loading Gun.*

Very important, indeed, are the duties the Commandant carries on as Superintendent of Experiments, a branch of work in which only specially qualified officers are engaged; and here the highest scientific skill is brought to bear. It has been under the supervision of Shoeburyness that extraordinary strides have been made in all matters concerning gunnery, and since the advance proceeds rapidly in every branch of the gunner's art, the school is constantly employed in this department of its duties. Its experimental branch, for example, has been concerned in such matters as reporting upon the first Zalinski dynamite gun, and the value of cordite as an explosive. The change from the muzzle-loading to the breech-loading principle, the development of built-up guns and of the wire-winding system, new fuses, the various modifications of breech-closing mechanisms, the increase of range and penetration due to the introduction of fresh propellants and the addition of new power to the gun itself, the many ingenious methods of mounting guns for field, position, and fortress work, disappearing mountings, recoil-absorbing carriages, sights and range and position finders—all these and many other matters of artillery evolution have gone forward under the sanction of practical experiment at Shoeburyness. But it is altogether beyond the scope of this article to deal with the extremely varied experimental and testing work carried on at the School of Gunnery.

Not only for the British Service, but, under certain conditions, for foreign Governments, are trials conducted of armour plates manufactured in this country. Thus the officers of the school have exceptional opportunities for becoming conversant with everything that concerns the development of gunnery.

This experimental work with new fuses and other gunnery *matériel* is not unattended by danger, but it is surprising how few mishaps have occurred at Shoeburyness. There lingers, however, the memory of a terrible disaster which visited the school on February 26th, 1885. At the Brick Battery—which is seen in the picture of practice with 64-pounder guns—a newly-invented sensitive-base percussion fuse was being screwed into a 6-in. common shell, under the supervision of Colonel W. A. Fox-Strangways, R.A., commandant of the school, and other officers, when it prematurely exploded the powder charge, with disastrous and lamentable effect. Colonel Fox-Strangways, a well-known Crimean officer, and nephew of General Fox-Strangways, who was killed by the bursting of a shell at Inkerman; Colonel F. Lyon, Superintendent of the Laboratory Department of the Royal Arsenal; and Captain J. M. Goold-Adams, a well-known scientific gunner; as well as a warrant officer of the experimental branch, two gunners, and a civilian officer of the Arsenal, were killed on the spot, or died shortly afterwards, while another officer and three men were more or less seriously injured. Happily, since that time, experimental work has been carried on at Shoeburyness with no serious mishap.

The work of the school goes on, indeed, with ample safeguards. Most precise directions are issued to provide for the safety of all concerned, both at the batteries and ranges. Provision is also made to prevent unauthorised persons from picking up shell or other material on the ranges—a very necessary precaution in view of the danger of handling blind shell—and the range-sergeants have most particular instructions in relation to this matter. The experimental work of the school is carefully protected from observation, and strangers are wholly forbidden access to the ground or batteries.

The illustrations which accompany this article exhibit the general character of the work that goes on at Shoeburyness. In them are seen the various types of guns in use, and the method of handling these. One or two, moreover, possess special interest by illustrating the employment of high-angle fire. It will be seen, therefore, that the School of Gunnery is a highly efficient establishment, fully worthy of the Army and of the branch of the Service to which it is devoted. It stands high, indeed, among the admirable and efficient professional educational establishments provided for the Military Service.

But Shoeburyness, though given up to this most serious and important work, finds time for sufficient amusement and recreation. Boating and bathing are favourite diversions of the school, and the recreation workshops give pleasant employment to many. Cricket, tennis, golf, and other outdoor games provide healthful exercise and relaxation. The men's gardens are a picture in the summer time, and ample opportunities are given them for reading and indoor amusements.

When the winter comes round, the theatre is often a source of attraction, and concerts and plays do much to brighten the life of the place. The surroundings of the British soldier are far different from what they used to be, his moral and personal welfare being cared for, with excellent results for himself and the Army. Officers everywhere take a lively interest in their men, and the School of Gunnery, which is so efficient in all professional respects, has shared fully in this general and healthful advance.

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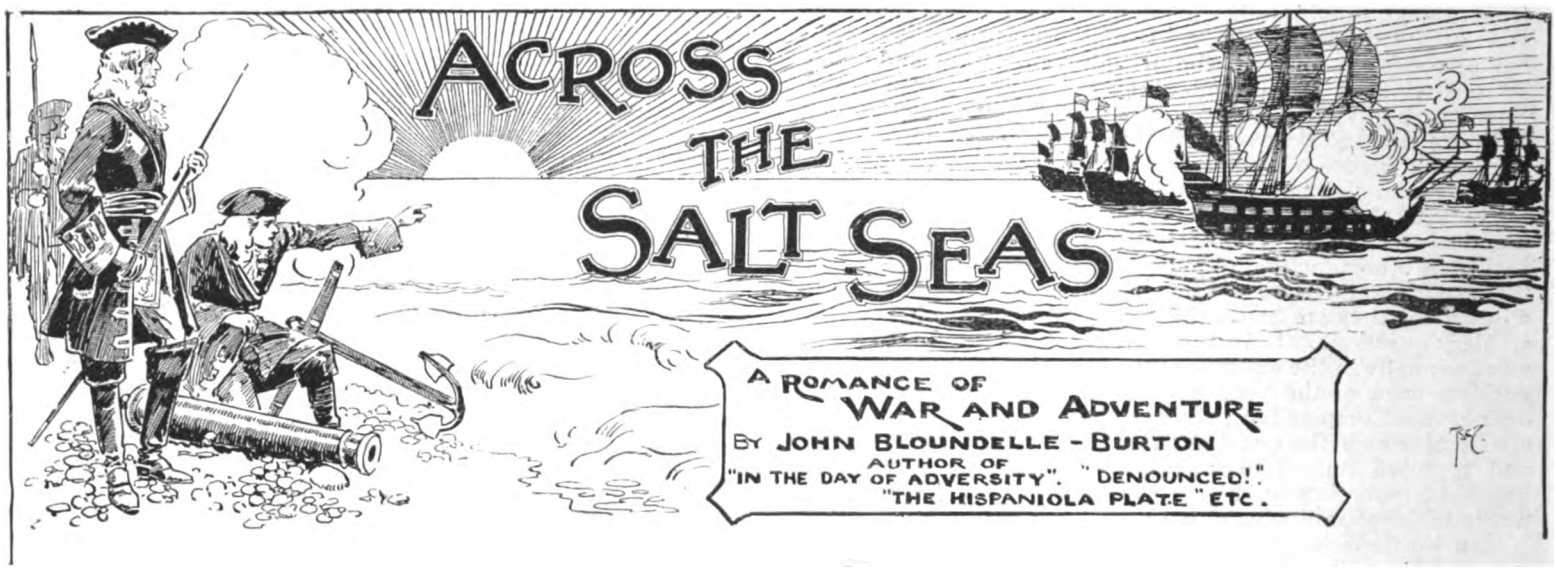

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mervyn Crespin, a cavalry soldier under Marlborough, and his friend, a handsome young West Indian, called Señor Juan Belmonte, have been endeavouring to proceed from Vigo—at the siege of which the first assisted, and the latter was found as a passenger in a galleon—but have been now caught by the Spaniards at Lugo. They have, previously, met with many adventures in thus forcing their way through a country hostile to England, in which the man known as "Father," or Señor, Jaime—who was also a passenger from the Indies—has assisted them. The man Eaton, who denounces Jaime as Gramont, one of the worst of pirates of his day, has also met Crespin before, when travelling from Rotterdam to Cadiz, each having considered the other as a spy. One dénouement is now reached by the denunciation of Gramont—this denunciation causing great misery and excitement to the young West Indian. Later on it will be shown who that person is, and what further adventures befall all the leading characters.

CHAPTER XXI. *(continued).*

"OUT of the house, at least. Come. The stairs lead down to the back part of the place. There are the yard and the stables, also a garden. I observed it when the horses were put up. Come. There is a wall at the end of the garden which separates it from another. If we can get over that we may, possibly, escape into the town. By God's grace there may be some way out of it besides the gates, and we have the dark of night to help us."

All the time I was speaking I had been drawing Juan towards the door, also I had seen that my papers and money were bestowed about me safely, though I doubted if we should ever see our valises again, or, for the matter of that, our horses. It would be Heaven's Providence now if we got out of this town alive; and even that I deemed unlikely. Yet at this crisis it was all we had to hope for, if so much.

"Lift your *porte épée* by the hand," I whispered. "If the scabbard clanks on the stairs we are undone. Follow me."

In another instant we were outside the door of the room. For precaution, and as a possible means of gaining time, I drew the key from the inside of the lock, then placed it in the keyhole outside, made a turn and, again withdrawing it, dropped it into my pocket. This would take up some moments while they clamoured without, bidding us open; it would take some few more to break down the door, which they would very probably do.

They might be precious moments to us!

It was quite dark outside in the corridor—yet, at the further end, there glimmered a faint light from an oil lamp set upon a bracket, though its rays scarcely reached here, namely, to the head of the deep oak stairs opposite which the door of the room we had just quitted was. But from below—which was a stone-flagged passage running from the front of the house to the back, there was another light—thank God 'twas nearer the street than the exit to the yard by which we must steal out.

We descended seven steps, then the stairs turned sharply from a small landing. We ourselves did not dare, however, to turn them.

For, below, in that cold stone corridor, we heard and recognised the voice of the man who had challenged us in the forest ere the fight began.

"Here, are they?" we heard him exclaim. "Here—so the birds are caught. The one, big, stalwart, brown—that is the English *demonio;* the other younger, dark, handsome; might play the lover in one of Vega's spectacles. Ha! And the third who joined in the murder—an elder one, swart and grimy, black as the devil himself—is he here too?"

"Nay," said the woman, whose voice told us she was the landlady, "there are but two, the bronzed one, and the youth. You will not hurt him! Nay. Nay. *Dios!* he is young and beautiful."

"Have no fear. *We* will not hurt either, if they do not resist—if they do, we shall cut them down. But—otherwise—no. No!" and he laughed a fierce hard laugh. "Oh, no. There are others to hurt them. The governor, the regidores, the judges. Ho! They will hurt them through the garrotte—or—or—the flames. The brasero! The wheel! Now lead us to them. Where is the room they harbour in?"

"I will fetch another lamp," the woman said. "This one is fixed. Wait," and we heard her clatter down the corridor on her Spanish pattens. Yet she paused, too, a moment and turned back, saying:

"Spare him—the young one. Heavens! his lips and eyes are enough to enthral an older woman than I am."

"Quick then, quick," the other answered. "They sleep in the prison to-night, and our supper waits at the gate-house. Quick."

"Shall we dash through them?" Juan whispered; and now I noticed that, as before, in the hour of danger, his voice was firm and steady. "One might escape even though the other is taken." And I heard him mutter in even lower tones, "Pray God it is you."

"No," I said. "No. We go together. Together escape or ——die."

Then, as I spoke, I saw what I had not observed before, owing to the dim light in which all was surrounded; saw that opposite to us on the landing—where the stairs turned—there was a door. Closed tight into its frame, 'twas true, yet leading, doubtless, into some room opening off the stairs which led up to the one we had quitted. I was near enough to put my foot out quietly and touch it with my toe, and—God be praised!—it yielded, opened inwards.

"Into it," I said in Juan's ear, "into it. They will pass it as they go up to where we have come from. When they have done so we may creep down. In!"

A moment later we had entered that room, had quitted the stairs—and the woman had gone back and rejoined the men, was leading them up those very stairs, across the very spot where a few instants before we had been standing.

Yet our hearts leapt to our mouths—mine did, I know!—when we, who were standing on the other side of the door, heard the leader stop outside it and, striking the panel with his finger—the rap of his nail upon it was clearly perceptible to our eager ears—say to the woman:

"Is this the room—are they here?"

The woman gave a low laugh in answer, then she said:

"Nay, nay. 'Tis mine. By the Saints! what should they do there! That handsome *Ingles*—fiend though he be!—or that lovely boy? Heavens. No!" and again she laughed, and added, "Come. They are here. Up these stairs."

Even as we heard their heavy spurred feet clatter on those stairs we were looking wildly for some mode of escape, and that mode at once.

Alas! 'twas not to be out of the door again and down into the stone passage, as we had thought. For one glance through a crack, and we saw by peering down below that the Spanish alguazils had some method in their proceedings. They had left two of their number behind, who stood in the passage waiting for what might happen above, waiting perhaps to hew down the two fugitives whom those others were seeking for, should they rush forth. Waiting for us. There was no way there!

Then, for the room—what did that offer?

It was as dark as a vault—we could distinguish nothing—not even where the bed was—at first. Yet, later, in a few

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moments—while we heard above the rapping of sword hilts upon the door of the chamber we had just quitted—while we heard, too, the leader shouting, "Open. Open. *Bandidos! Asesinos! Espias!* or we blow the lock off"—we saw at the end of the room a dull murky glimmer, a light that was a light simply in contrast to the denser gloom around—knew there was a window at that end.

Was that our way out?

Swiftly we went towards it—tore aside a curtain drawn across a bar—the noise the rings made as they ran seemed enough to alarm those men above, must have done so but for the infernal din they themselves were making—opened the lattice window and—Heaven help us!—found outside an iron, interlaced grate that would have effectually barred the exit of aught bigger than a cat!

We were trapped! Caught! It seemed as if naught could save us now!

"Lock the door," I whispered to Juan, "they will come here next. The moment they find we are not in the other room——— Ha! they know it now, or will directly." For as I spoke there rang the report of a musketoon through the cold, empty passages of the house. They were blowing the lock off.

Desperately, madly exerting a force that even I had never yet realised as myself possessing, I seized the crossbars of that iron grating; I pushed them outwards, praying to heaven for one moment—only one moment!—of Samson's strength. And—could do nothing! Nothing at first. Yet—as still I strained and pushed, as I drew back my arms to thrust more strongly than before—it seemed as if the framework, as if the whole thing, yielded, as if it were becoming loosened in its stone, or brick, setting. Inspired by this I pushed still more, threw the whole weight of my big body into one last despairing effort — and succeeded! The grate was loosened, torn out of that frame. With a clatter of falling chips and small *débris*, it fell into the yard ten feet below.

My prayer was heard!

"Quick, Juan," I said, "quick; come. Out of the window—give me your hands. I will lower you. 'Tis nothing."

From Juan there came in answer a cry, almost a scream, of terror.

"Help! help!" he shrieked, "there is another man in the room!" and as he so cried, I heard a thump upon the floor—a thump such as one makes who leaps swiftly from a bed—a rush across that floor. Also a muttered curse in Spanish, a tempest of words, a huge form hurled against mine, two great muscular hands at my throat.

"I will never yield to them, I said."

In a moment, however, my own hands were out, too, my thumbs pressing through a coarse beard upon a windpipe.

"Curse you," I said in Spanish, as I felt that grasp on me tighten. "Curse you, you have sought it," and, drawing back, I struck out with my full force to the front of me.

Struck out to feel my clenched fist stopped by a hairy face—the thud was terrible even to my ears—to hear a bitter moan and, a moment later, a fall—dull and like a dead weight!—upon the floor.

"Come, Juan, come," I cried. "Come."

CHAPTER XXII.

WHO! GRAMONT!

As Juan scrambled through the window—as I let him down by his hands, so that, with the length of his arms and mine together, his feet were not more than a yard from the ground—I heard those others outside the door.

Heard, also, the woman shriek.

"There is none in here, I tell you—pigs, idiots. If they have escaped, 'tis to the street or to the roof. Search those rooms first. This is my chamber. *Dios!* are you men, to enter thus a woman's apartment!"

"So be it," the leader said. "We will do so. But, remember, if we find them not, we search this room. Remember," and we heard him and the others striding off to some other part of the house.

By this time I was myself half out of the window—from the creature I had felled to the floor there came no sound. But outside the door I heard the woman whisper.

"Renato. Come forth, quick. Quick, I say. If they find you here you are lost. You will be taken, sent to the colonies. Come forth."

Then I waited to hear no more—understanding clearly enough that the woman had herself been sheltering in her own room some malefactor—probably some lover. And, doubtless, he had thought we were seeking for him, had found him in that darkened room, that we were the alguazils. His presence was explained.

Taking Juan by the hand, we passed rapidly by the stables as we went away from the street, and up into the garden beyond—a small place, neglected and dirty, in which I had noticed when we arrived numbers of enormous turnips growing—vegetables much used in the country.

Then, a moment later, we were close by a low white-washed wall—'twas not so high as my head—over which I helped Juan, following instantly myself.

"Heaven knows," I said, "where we are now, except that we have left the inn behind. This may be the garden of some great *residencia*, or of another inn. Well, we must get through somehow into the street beyond."

"And afterwards?" Juan asked, his face close to mine, as though trying to see me in the dark of the night. "Afterwards?"

"God knows what—afterwards! We shall never get out of the gates, 'tis certain. There are five—all are, doubtless, warned by now. Pity 'tis we did not follow our friend's suggestion and disguise ourselves. That way we might have been safe. I as a monk, you as a woman; we should never have been recognised."

"'Tis too late," said Juan. "Too late now. We must go on. On to the end. Yet, I wonder where that friend, Jaime, is. Perhaps taken, his disguise seen through."

We had reached the house to which this garden belonged by now—a different one from the neglected thing we had

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lately left, well cared for and with great tubs of oleanders and orange trees placed about it at regular intervals, as we could now see by the rising moon, which was peeping over the chimney tops and casting its rays along a broad path we had followed. Were close up to the house, a great white one, with this, its garden side, full of windows covered with *persianas*, or jalousies, and from some of them lights streaming.

"'Tis an inn for sure," I said, "and full of——Hark! whose voice is that?" Yet there was no need to ask—'twas a voice not easily forgotten which was speaking.

The voice of the man, Señor, or "Father," Jaime.

"Ay," we heard in those rich, sonorous tones now, "alive and here to call you to account."

And, following this, we heard another voice, supplicating, wailing, screaming almost, "No, no, no. Mercy. Pardon."

Beneath the moon's increasing rays we gazed into each others eyes, then quickly, together—as if reading each others thoughts, also—we moved towards where those voices proceeded from.

Towards a room in the angle of the great white house having a door opening on to the garden in which we stood—'twas open now, though half across it hung a heavy curtain of some thick material. It was easy enough to guess how 'twas that curtain was thrown half back and why the door stood open.

That way Jaime had come upon his prey.

Standing behind that door, behind that heavy half-fallen curtain, this was what we saw. The man, Jaime, with in his hand a drawn sword—doubtless he had hidden it beneath his monk's gown, after he returned to the assumption of the latter.

And, in front of Jaime, upon his knees, his hands clasped, his white hair streaming behind him, was the man whose name I had deemed to be Carstairs, or Cuddiford, but which Juan had averred was, in truth, James Eaton.

"Alive!" Jaime went on. "Alive, villain. Answer for your treachery ere I slay you. Where is my wealth—my child's wealth? Where is my daughter?"

As he spoke I heard a gasp, a moan beside me, felt a trembling, and, looking down, I saw Juan staring into the room, his eyes distended as though he was fascinated.

"My child!" Jaime went on. "My child! Where is she?"

"I—I—do not know," the old man muttered—hissed in a whisper. "I do—not—know. She left me—years ago. Yet—I loved her."

"Liar! I have heard of you in the Indies. You stole the wealth I left in your hands for her—you drove her forth. Answer. Is she dead?"

"I lost all in trade," Eaton moaned again, "all, all. I thought to double it—you were dead—they said so—would never come back. I—I——"

"Look," whispered Juan in my ear. "Look behind you."

At his words I turned, and then I knew that we were lost indeed. Lost for ever.

The men from Chantada, accompanied by those of Lugo, were in this garden—had followed us over the wall—had found out our way of escape.

We were doomed. The garrotte, the stake, were very near now!

They saw us at once, in an instant—doubtless our forms stood out clearly enough in the rays of the lamp as they poured forth into the garden—and made straight for us, their swords drawn, the unbrowned barrels of their musketoons and pistols gleaming in the moonlight. And the leader shouted, as he ran slightly ahead of the others, "You cannot escape again. Move, and we fire on you!"

Yet we heeded him not, but with a bound leapt into the room where those two were—leapt in while I cried, "Jaime, we are undone. Assist us again." Then, swift as lightning, I shut the door to, let fall the curtain, and drew my sword.

"I will never yield to them," I said. "Juan and I escape or die here together."

"Together," Juan echoed, drawing also his weapon forth.

There was but time to see a still more frightened glance on Eaton's face than before. If added horror could come into a man's eyes more than had been when those eyes had glinted up at Jaime as he stood over him, it came now as Juan sprang to my side, his hat fallen off and his hair dishevelled—while those men were at the door giving on to the garden; then in an instant it was burst open by them—'twas but a poor frail thing—they were in the room.

"Yield," the leader cried, "yield, or you die here, at once."

But now Jaime was by our side, three blades were flashing in their faces; we were driving them back, assisted also by a fourth—the negro servant of Eaton, who had rushed into the room from another door. Yet that assistance lasted but a second—doubtless the unhappy wretch proffered it thinking it was his master who was in danger!—a pistol was fired by someone, and I saw him reel back, falling heavily on the floor—dead, with a bullet between his eyes. And, as he did so, from Eaton there came a scream, while he flung himself over the creature's body.

With those others, pistols were now the order of the day, fired ineffectually at first, while still I and the leader fought hand to hand around the room. And I had him safe; I knew if I was not cut down from behind that he was mine. My blade was under and over his guard. I prepared for the last lunge, when—curses on my luck!—a bullet took me in the right forearm—there shot through it up to my shoulder a feeling of numbness—a burning twinge—and my sword fell with a clang to the floor.

And in another moment two of them had sprung on and secured me; two others had grasped Juan and disarmed him too.

And now there was none on our side to oppose himself to them but Jaime.

"Shoot him down, kill him," the leader cried. Then added, "You fool, there is naught against you—yet, if you court fate, receive it."

But great fighter as the man was, what could he do against all those? One hung upon his sword arm, another clasped a leg, a third was dragging at his neck from behind, a fourth holding his monkish gown.

In another moment he, too, was disarmed. We were beaten—prisoners! The lives of all of us were at an end. None could doubt that.

The leader drew a long breath, then turned to where, at the open door of the passage, were gathered the landlord, as I supposed, several *facchinos*, and some trembling women servants, white to the lips, and said:

"Observe, all you. I take these men, these *ascsinos*, within your house. I denounce these two," and he indicated Juan and me, "the one as an English spy and a man who fought against us at Vigo; this other one, this boy, as his comrade and accomplice. Bear witness to my words, also to their deeds of blood."

From that crowd in the passage there came murmurs and revilings in reply.

"You should have slain them here," some said.

"Better the garrotte or the flames in the *plaza de mescado*," said others.

"As for this monk, this false monk—for such I know him now to be—easy enough to recognise him as one of the brigands we fought with the other night—had he not joined in this fray he had been safe," the leader went on. "We sought him not. Now, also, the flames or the garrotte for him." Then, breaking off, he exclaimed, "Who is this—and that black slave lying dead there?" and he pointed to Eaton and the other. "Who are they?"

"A gentleman and his servant staying in this my house," the landlord said, speaking for the first time, "doubtless assaulted by the *vagamundos*. Oh! 'tis terrible."

"Off with these three," the leader said. "To the prison in the ramparts to-night—the judge to-morrow."

And as he gave his orders, his men, and the men of Lugo with him, formed round us, prepared to obey them.

But now, for the first time, Eaton spoke, approaching the leader fawningly, speaking in a soft voice.

"Señor," he said, "ere you take them away, a word. This one," looking at me, "you knew already, at Chantada; I have told you who and what he is. For the boy, it matters not—he is but a follower."

Yet, as he spoke, I noticed he carefully avoided Juan's eyes, fixed full blaze on him as they flamed from out of his now white marble face.

"These, I say, you know," he went on. "But for this other one, this pretended monk, this brigand of the night, you do not know him, nor who he is, and what has been. Let me tell you."

"Viper!" Jaime murmured. "Villain! Thief! Yet," he continued, "I stoop not to ask your silence. Speak. Tell all. But, James Eaton, beware. Caged tigers break sometimes their bars and get free."

"Yours will never be broken," the leader said, looking at the same time with a wondering glance from one to the other.

"'Tis true. 'Tis very true," Eaton went on, his voice oily, treacherous, as before. "Yet, since you might break them, I give this gallant gentleman a double reason for binding you faster. Sir," turning to him whom he so addressed, "this monk, this brigand as he appears, would be an innocent man were he the latter alone in comparison with what he really is."

"Who in the name of all the fiends is he then? Answer, quick."

(To be continued).

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Photo. MAYALL & CO. *Piccadilly.*

COLONEL ROBERT MACGREGOR STEWART, C.B., A.D.C.

COLONEL STEWART, Commandant of the School of Gunnery and Superintendent of Experiments at Shoeburyness, is an officer of long and distinguished service in the Royal Artillery. He gained his lieutenancy in 1860, and in 1868 took part, with distinction, as adjutant of the Royal Artillery in the Hazara campaign, against the Black Mountain tribes, and was mentioned in despatches. He won a brevet majority, and was again mentioned in despatches, for his services during the Afghan War of 1878-79 as assistant quartermaster-general of the 2nd Division of the Candahar Field Force. In the Soudan Expedition of 1885 he was assistant adjutant and quartermaster-general to the Indian contingent, and took part in the engagement of Hasheen, the affair of the Tofrek zereba, and the destruction of Tamai, by which service won a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy, received the medal with two clasps and the Khedive's Star, and was again mentioned in despatches. Colonel Stewart is an aide-de-camp to the Queen, and was appointed Commandant of the School of Gunnery in March, 1894.

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THE SCHOOL OF GUNNERY, SHOEBURYNESS.

Colonel G. H. Marshall, R.A.,
Chief Instructor, Horse and Field Artillery.

Photo. WRIGHT. Forest Gate.

Colonel J. F. Bally, R.A.,
Chief Instructor, Garrison and Siege Artillery.

THE portraits shown on this page are those of the Chief Instructors and the Brigade-Major at the School of Gunnery. Colonel George Henry Marshall, R.A., who gained his lieutenancy in 1861, and was promoted a brevet colonel in July, 1894, was appointed Chief Instructor of Horse and Field Artillery at Shoeburyness in the previous September. His colleague, Colonel John Ford Bally, R.A., who became a lieutenant in 1864, was appointed Chief Instructor of Garrison and Siege Artillery in December, 1893, and became a brevet colonel in October, 1895. Colonel Bally served through the Zulu War of 1879. These officers are responsible, under the Commandant, for the instructional work of the School of Gunnery. They arrange the various details of the courses, and it is through them and the staff of instructors that the gunnery training in the various courses is carried on.

Colonel Marshall proceeds annually to Okehampton, where, during the summer, as Camp Commandant, he superintends the drill gun-practice of the Horse and Field Artillery batteries sent to that camp.

Major Norman Bruce Inglefield, R.A., was appointed Brigade-Major of the School in January, 1894. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1875, and served with it through the Afghan War of 1878-79. The duties of the brigade-major at Shoeburyness are many and various. He is the officer through whose hands go all the arrangements for the batteries and courses that successively visit the school, with much other business concerned with the actual working of the establishment. Upon him, too, devolve many of the complex and pressing details that attend the visit of the National Artillery Association to Shoeburyness each year.

The three officers whose portraits we give are thus, under the Commandant, responsible for the working of the school on its instructional side. The two chief instructors, as heads of departments, have assistant-instructors in gunnery under them. The other principal heads of departments are the Officer Commanding Royal Artillery, the Medical Officer of the Station Hospital, and the Commanding Royal Engineer. To these must be added the Assistant-Superintendent of Experiments to complete the list of chief officers at Shoeburyness.

Photo. MAULL & FOX. Piccadilly.

Major N. B. Inglefield, R.A.,
Brigade - Major, School of Gunnery.

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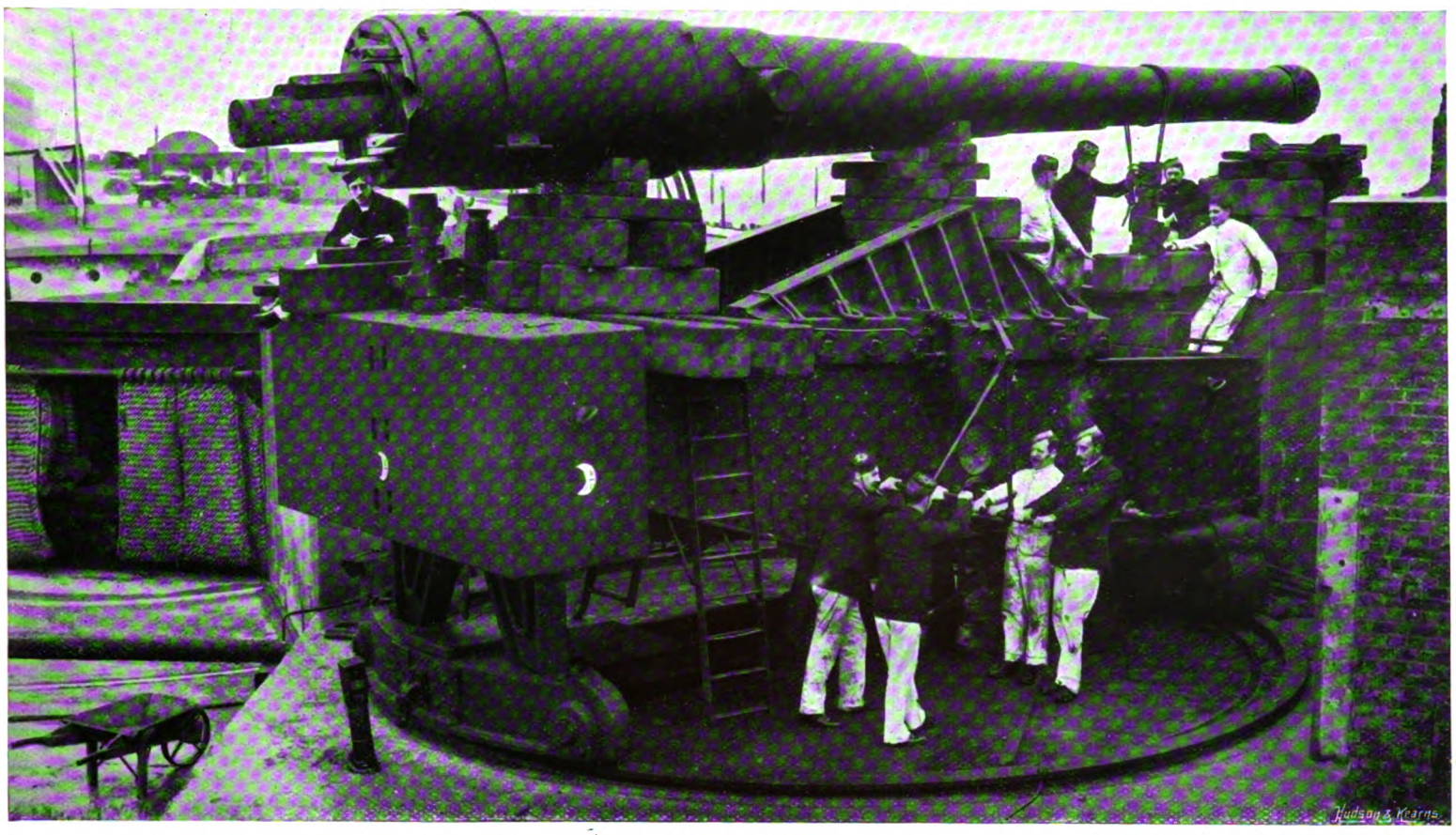
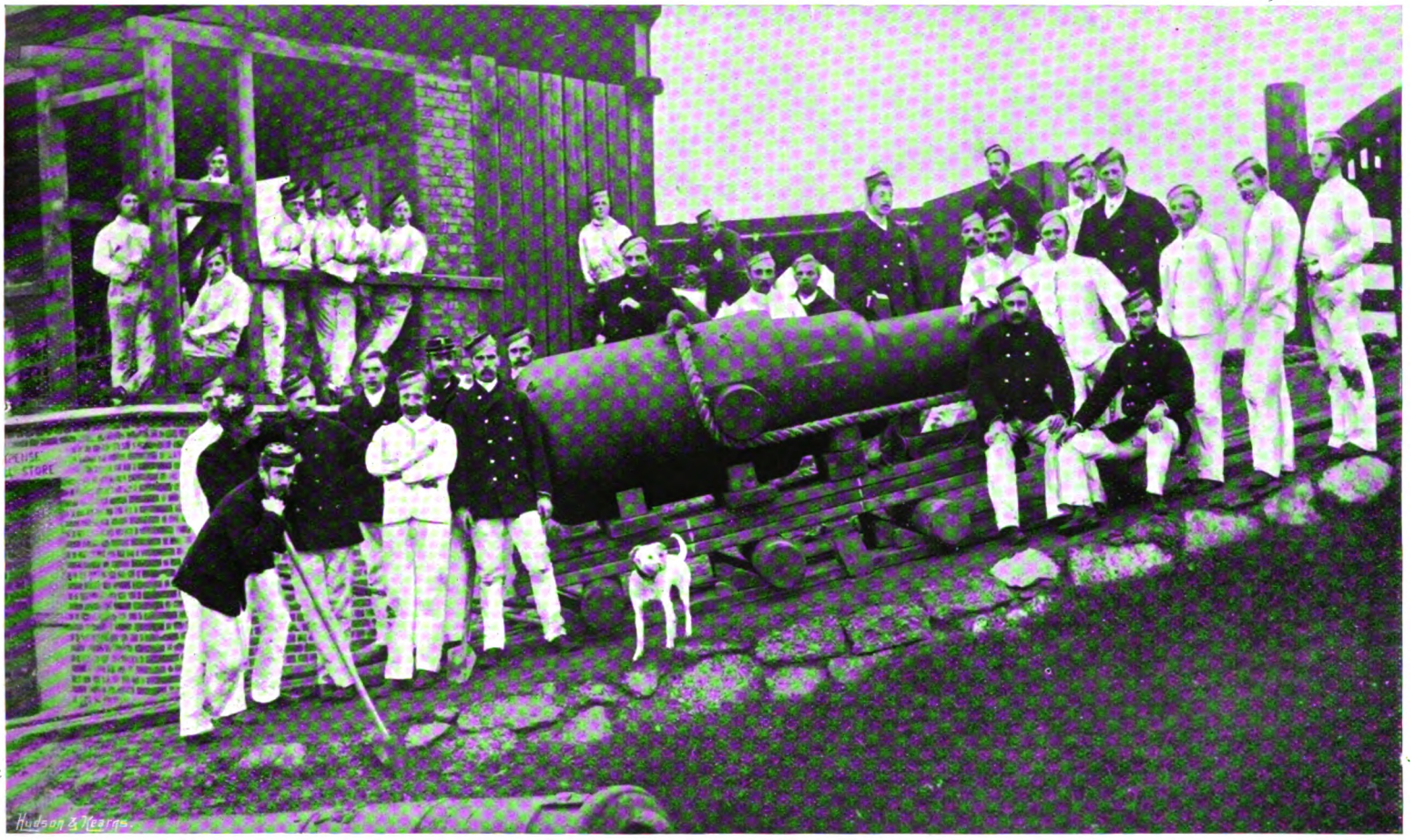


DISMOUNTING 10-in. BREECH-LOADER.



HAULING 10-in. MUZZLE-LOADER UP AN INCLINE.

AN important part of the training carried on at Shoeburyness is in the work of mounting, dismounting, and moving heavy guns. This kind of work is carried out chiefly by the courses under instruction. In the first picture we see a 10-in. breech-loader of 29 tons being lifted from its barbette mounting, chiefly by means of jacks, preparatory to being moved down an inclined platform. A subsequent picture shows the operation in its later stage. It will be observed that, according to the instructions in the drill book, all the breech fittings of the gun were removed before the work of shifting began. The second picture shows very clearly a somewhat similar operation, but here the gun, which is of earlier type—a 10-in. muzzle-loader, weighing 18 tons—is being hauled up an incline by means of ropes and pulleys. In all siege and fortress work the ability to mount, dismount, and transport heavy ordnance from place to place is highly important. It enables the most rapid and complete use to be made of the means available, and for this reason the courses under instruction at Shoeburyness are constantly being put through such work as is here depicted.

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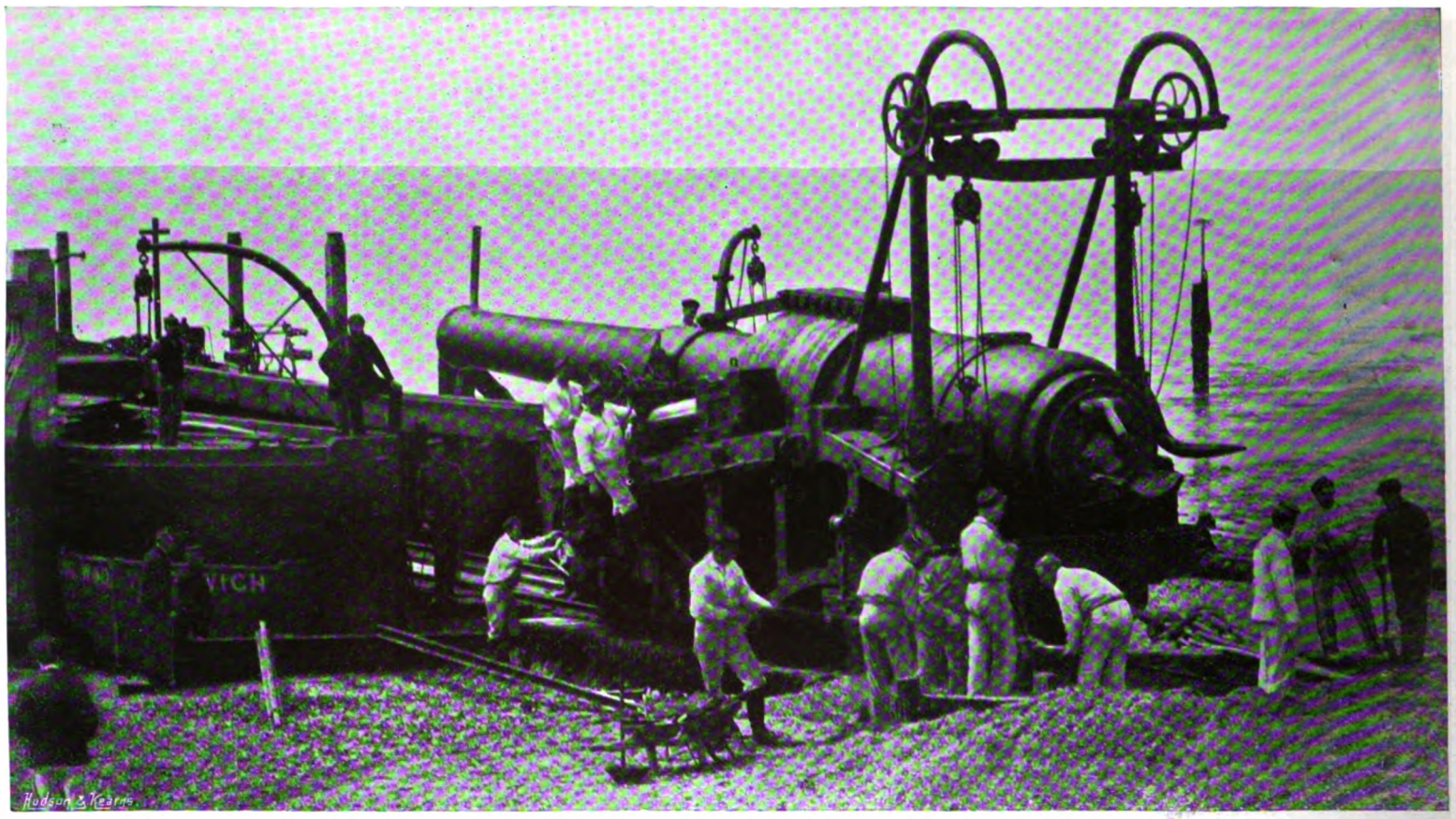
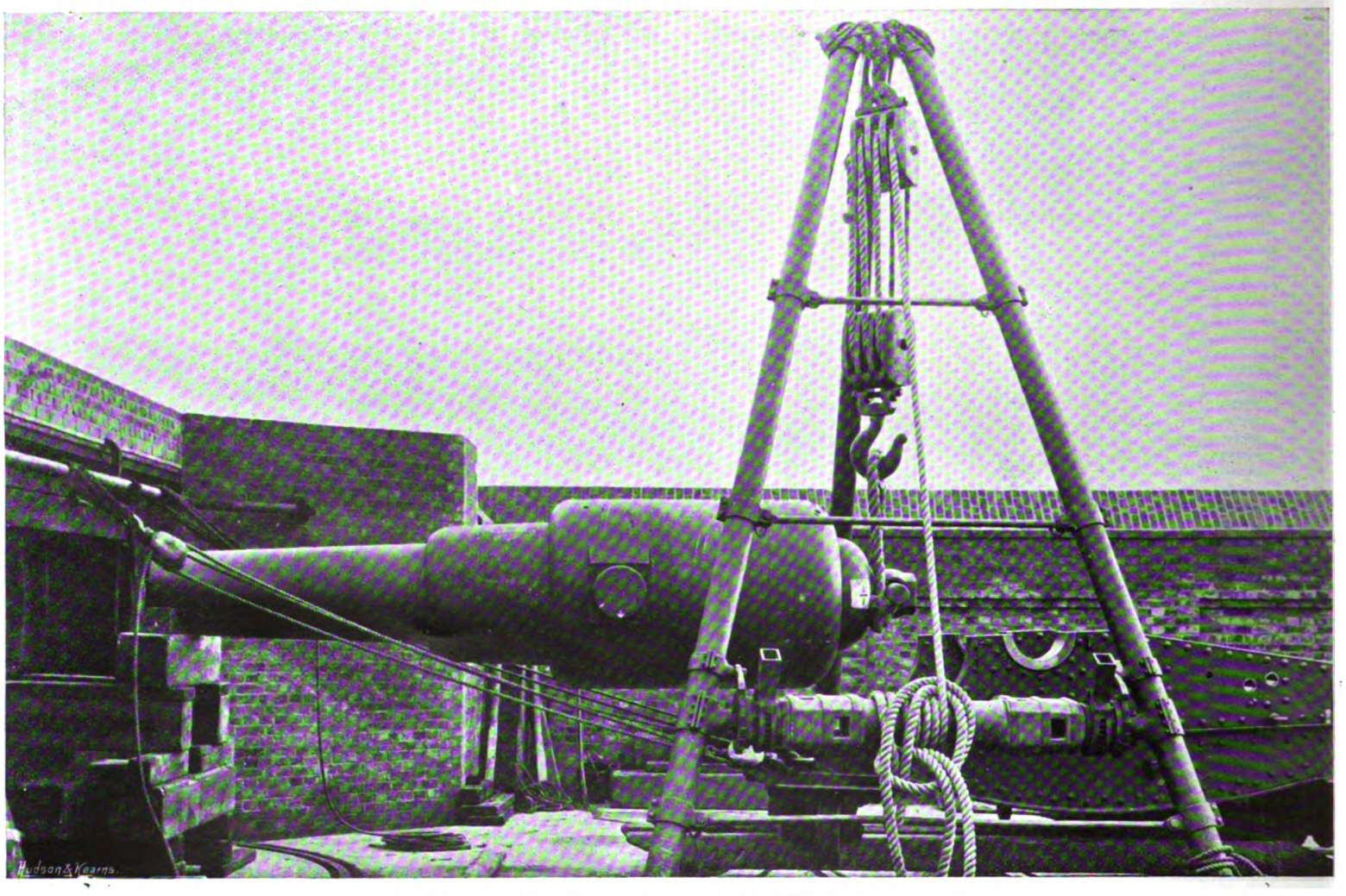


DISEMBARKING 110-ton GUN.



DISMOUNTING 10-in. MUZZLE-LOADER.

HERE we see the heaviest gun in the Service—a breech-loader of 110 tons, with a calibre of 16¼-in.—being brought to Shoeburyness for trial. The difficulty of shifting such a piece is obvious, but the resources of the place are equal to it. The gun is being landed from the War Department barge "Gog," which is used for the transport of ordnance and heavy stores between Woolwich and Shoeburyness, and the operation is being conducted in the manner ordered when guns are being disembarked from the barge. In the other picture we have the dismounting of a 10-in. muzzle-loader by means of a gyn, by one of the courses under instruction. This is the same gun we saw being hauled up the incline in a previous illustration. The muzzle of the gun is supported on skidding, while the weight at the breech is taken by the gyn. The gun is thus raised sufficiently high to enable the carriage and slide to be drawn from underneath it.

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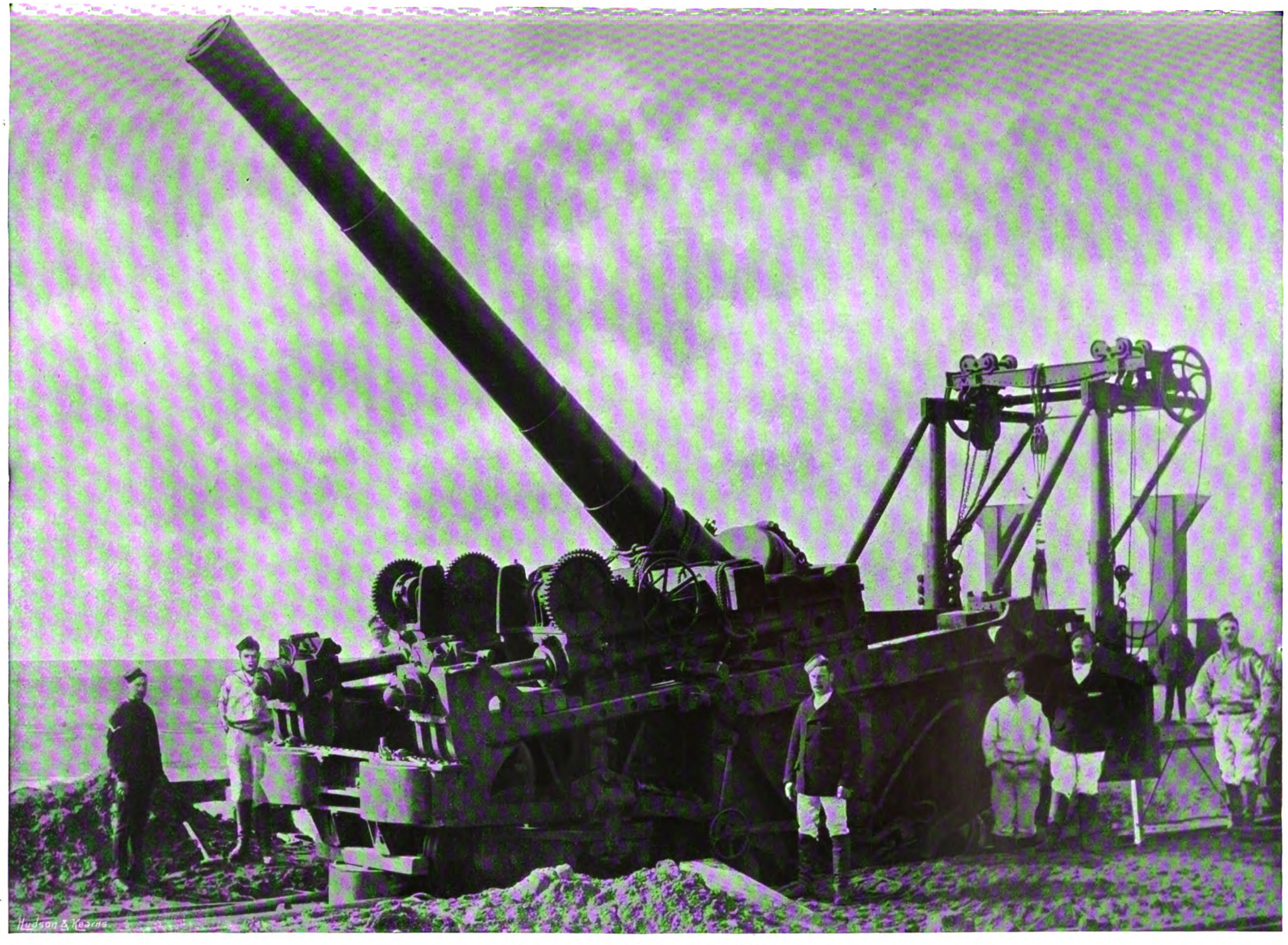

HIGH-ANGLE FIRING.

THIS is a very interesting picture. It shows us one of the more recent pieces of Service ordnance—a wire-wound gun of 9·2-in. calibre, weighing 19 tons, on an expanding mounting, placed for high-angle fire. The gun is one of great power, range, and penetration. In the series of trials during which the photograph was taken, the projectiles fired were Palliser shot, weighing 382-lb., with a powder charge of 270-lb. The gun was fired at various angles of elevation, the maximum range obtained being not less than twelve miles. The elevation was then forty degrees, and it was calculated that the extreme height attained by the projectile was about 16,000-ft., or three miles. The time occupied by the flight was slightly over one minute. This result is one of the achievements of modern gunnery. Great range and penetration are largely due to the introduction of the wire-winding system, which gives high resistance to the guns, and thus enables heavier charges to be used. The coast 9·2-in. gun weighs 27 tons, and has a muzzle energy of 19,200 foot-tons, and there is a Naval gun of the same calibre, weighing 25 tons, with 14,520 foot-tons muzzle energy.

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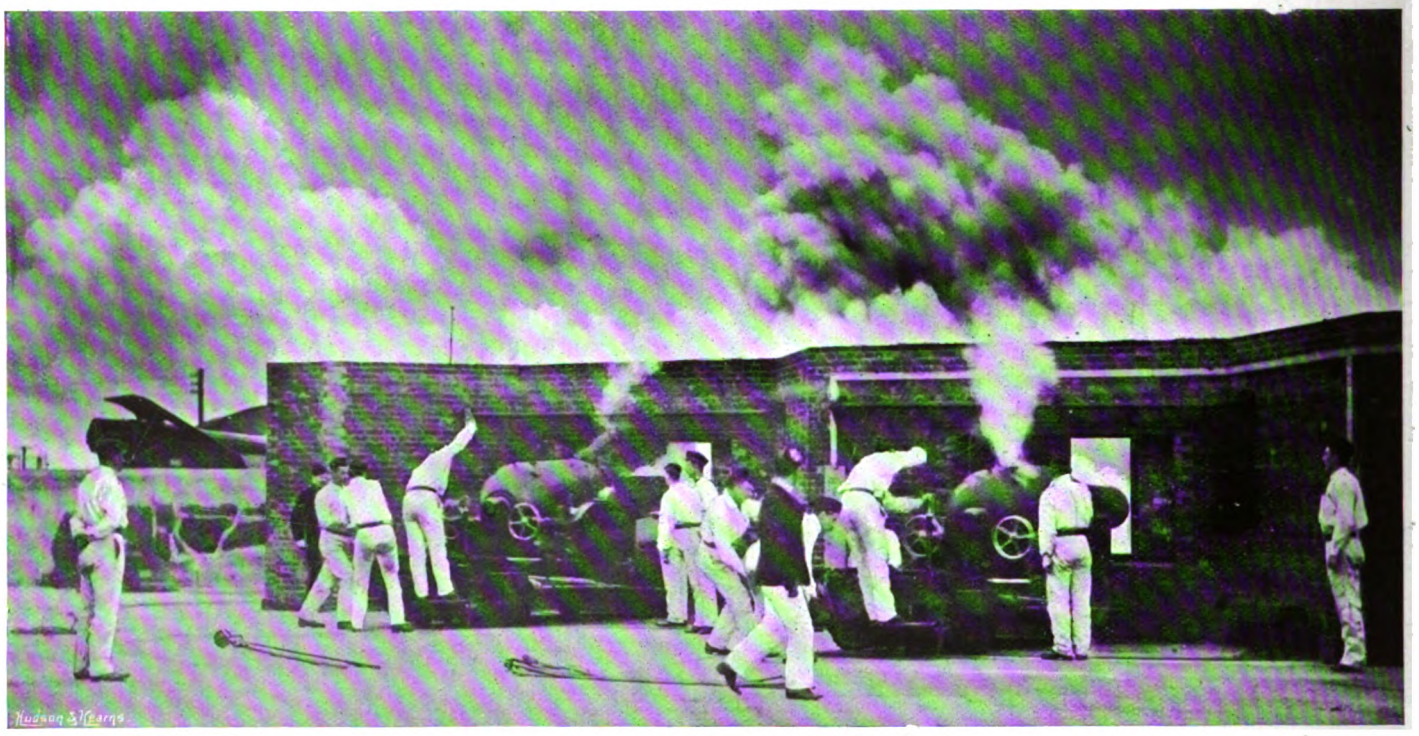
PRACTICE WITH A 6·6-in. HOWITZER.



PRACTICE FROM A BATTERY OF 9-in. GUNS.

THE first of these pictures should be observed closely, for it has a point of great interest, in the fact that the projectile may be discerned in flight. This is very rarely seen, except in photographs taken for the purpose. The piece from which the discharge has been made is a rifled muzzle-loading Howitzer, with a shell weighing 100-lb. and a charge varying according to requirements; in this instance the charge was 2-lb. of powder. The advantage of the Howitzer is that it can be employed for curved fire, discharging large shells, without the gun itself being either long or very heavy. In the Russian Service batteries of Howitzers are added to the field batteries, and generally on the Continent there is a movement towards the employment of Howitzers of light weight in the field, with field artillery. The other picture shows a group under instruction practising from a battery of 9-in. rifled muzzle-loading guns. These weigh 12 tons, and, with a charge of 50-lb. of powder, will impart to a projectile of 256-lb. a muzzle velocity of 1,440-ft.

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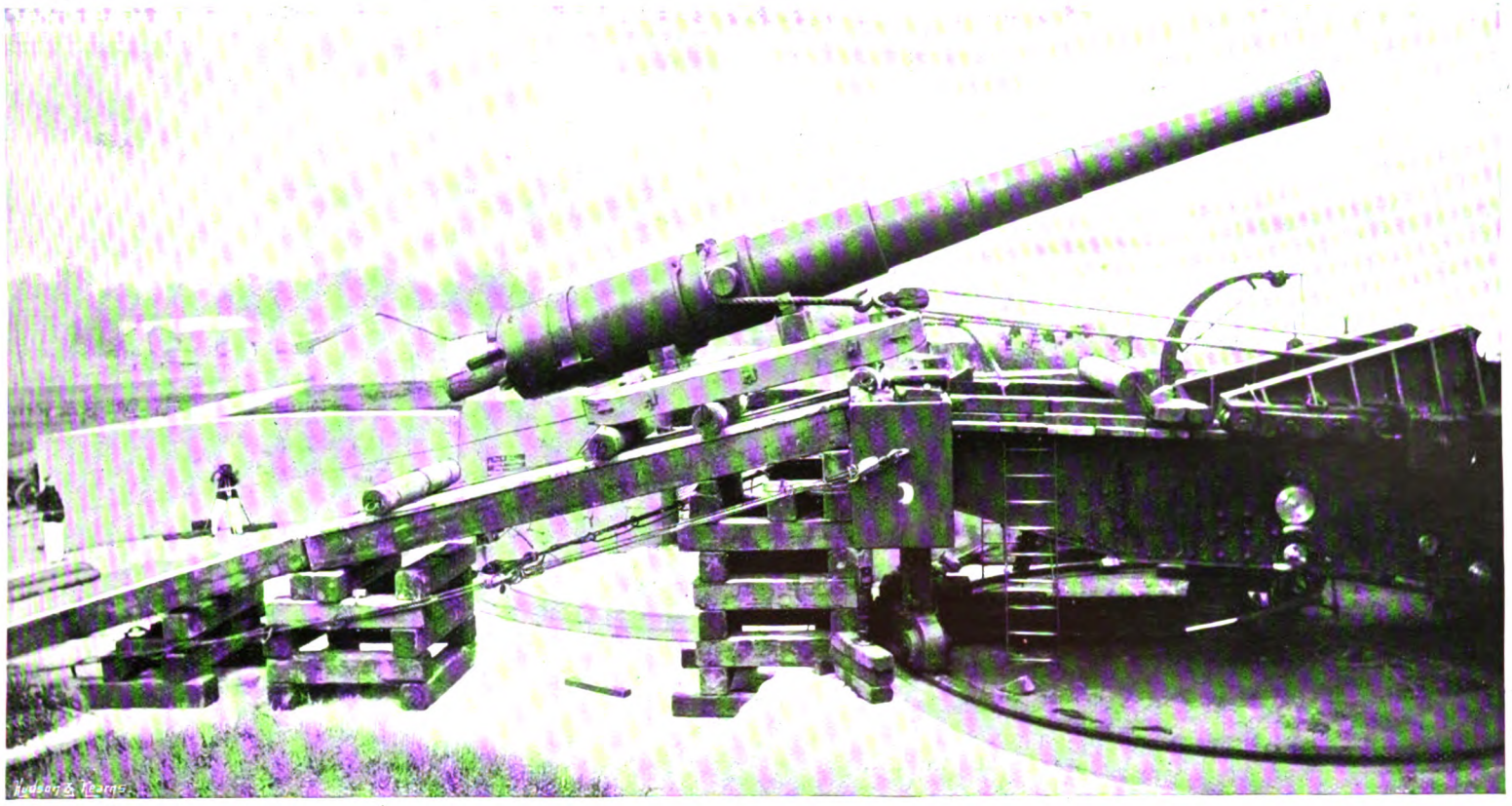
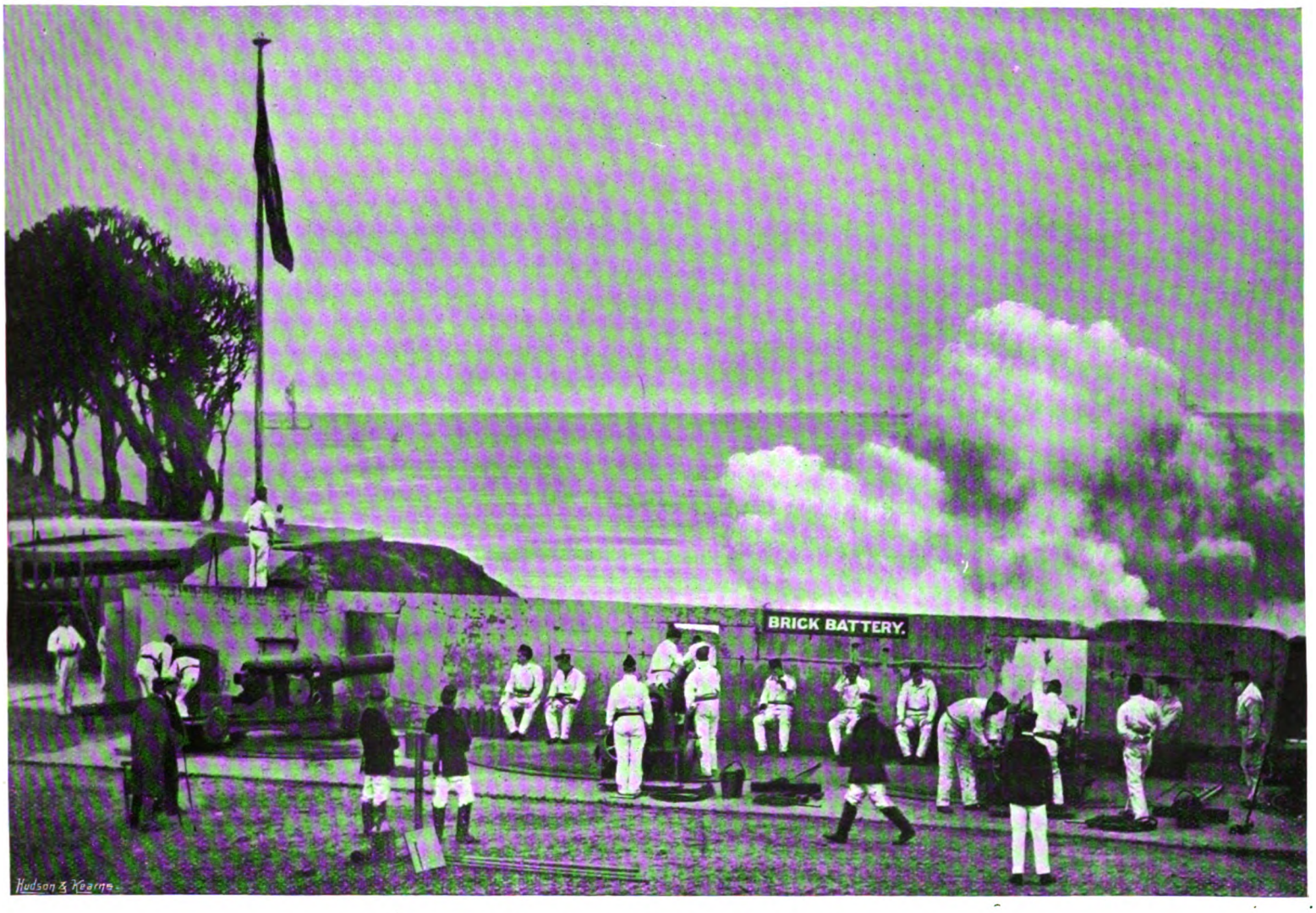


SHIFTING 10-in. BREECH-LOADER.



PRACTICE FROM A BATTERY OF 64-pounders

HERE the 10-in. breech-loader, which we saw in an earlier photograph in course of being lifted, by means of jacks, from its barbette mounting, is in a still further stage of the operation. It has now been shifted to the top of an inclined plane, and, under the control of strong pulleys, is about to be let gently down the slope. In the second picture we have practice from a battery of 64-pounder rifled muzzle-loading guns. The scene is the Brick Battery, where, in 1885, a percussion fuse prematurely exploded a shell, with disastrous effect and much loss of life. There are two varieties of the 64-pounder rifled gun, converted from smooth bore, weighing 64-cwt. and 71-cwt., and discharging their 6·2-in. shells, weighing 64½-lb., with a maximum velocity of 1,390-ft. The guns shown in this illustration are, however, of a later type—they are 64-pounder built-up guns, weighing 64-cwt. The practice shown is at a target which is being towed at sea, a system of teaching which possesses many advantages, making good marksmen, and bringing the conditions as near as can be to those of actual war.

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IN an earlier picture we saw one of the new 9·2-in. breech-loading wire guns, placed on an expanding mounting, and arranged for high-angle firing, and the remarkable results attained were referred to. That gun, however, was not designed for that work, and, indeed, by reason of great velocity and flat trajectory, is specially adapted for direct fire. In the two pictures on this page we are shown practice from a gun especially intended for high-angle fire, raised upon its recoil-absorbing mounting. This is the 9-in. muzzle-loader of 12 tons, the total length of which does not greatly exceed 12-ft. Its projectile weighs 360-lb., and, with a charge of 50-lb. of pebble powder, the initial velocity is 1,194-ft.

To the employment of such guns attention is greatly turned at the present time.

The advantage of high-angle fire from guns of the class is obvious. They can be mounted behind earthworks or parapets entirely concealed from view, so that it would be a matter of great difficulty to silence them. Again, their fire has a plunging character, and is thus effective against objects themselves invisible. The great effect made possible by the use of guns of this class has caused much attention to be devoted to them, both at home and abroad, during recent years, and the practice of high-angle fire has progressed greatly, and undoubtedly has a considerable future.

The idea is to attack the decks of ships so heavily armoured that a direct attack would be of no avail. The approaches to roadsteads or harbours can be plotted out, so that upon the whole area will fall a plunging fire from high-angle firing guns, and over such defended water hostile ships will be unable to pass.

It is understood that at Cronstadt, where the defences are now being strengthened, and at other important foreign Naval bases, some such plan has been adopted. For siege work "curved fire" from Howitzers is employed.

The series of photographs we have given of the School of Gunnery illustrate, with some completeness, the character of the work conducted there on the side of siege and fortress ordnance. They might have been supplemented by others of field and horse artillery batteries in action, but these we have often illustrated, and we have, therefore, chosen to depict the more special operations which are characteristic of the regular work of the school.

Good Practice.

As will be seen, types of guns, both old and new, are in use at Shoeburyness, and necessarily so, for the older, as well as the more recent types, are in the Service, and training in all classes of ordnance is therefore necessary.

HIGH-ANGLE FIRING.

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ON the 1st July, 1881, it was ordered that all regiments of the line were to be organised in territorial regiments, each regiment, with one or two exceptions, to consist of two battalions, with a varying number of Militia and Volunteer corps added. This plan was carried out, with the result that the old regiments lost their time-honoured numbers, suffered a great diminution of *esprit de corps*, and in many cases were forced into military *mariages de convenance*. Through, however, the efflux of time, the feeling, almost universal, of soreness has abated, and the two line battalions have become homogeneous.

Among the regiments thus compulsorily welded were the 57th and the 77th. There had never been any relationship between the two regiments, and their connection with Middlesex had been little more than nominal. The 57th was originally raised in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. The 77th was originally raised for the service of the Honourable East India Company, and its recruits were probably obtained not only in London, but in any other place where men could be induced to take the shilling. Both the 57th and 77th, however, won their chief honours in the Peninsular and the Crimea.

Though administratively one regiment, they are never likely, in future, to fight side by side; while, in the past, their histories are quite distinct. We have therefore written of them as separate battalions, which indeed they were until sixteen years ago.

Among the territorial and trophy badges of the Middlesex Regiment is the Prince of Wales's plume and coronet, the origin of which I have been unable to trace; but it had been for many years borne by the 77th. In the "Records and Badges of Every Regiment and Corps in the British Army," by Henry Manners Chichester, late 85th Regiment, and George Burges-Short, late Major 3rd battalion the Manchester Regiment, it is stated that the Prince of Wales's plume is the old badge of the 77th Regiment.

Of the battle honours, "Albuera" commemorates the heroic conduct of the 57th Regiment at the battle of that name.

Among the distinguished officers who have served in or been connected with either of the battalions who make up the Middlesex Regiment the following may be mentioned: 57th Regiment, Lord Hutchinson, who succeeded Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the command of the British Army when that distinguished officer was killed at the battle of Alexandria, and compelled the French to evacuate Egypt. He was appointed Colonel of the regiment in 1806. It is a coincidence that Lord Hutchinson was, when a Lieutenant, in the 77th, or Athol Highlanders, one of the predecessors of the 2nd Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment. Another Colonel of the 57th Regiment was Lord Hardinge, one of the chief actors in the battle of Albuera. He had, in 1804, been promoted to a company of the 57th, and served in that regiment for several years. There is a regimental tradition that Lord Hardinge, being once offered the Colonelcy of a regiment of Guards, declined, saying, "The 57th is good enough for me." Sir W. Inglis, the officer who commanded the 57th Regiment at Albuera as Lieutenant-Colonel, was afterwards appointed Colonel of the regiment. In the 77th two distinguished officers are included in their list of Colonels—Sir George Cooke, K.C.B., a Guardsman, who commanded the First Division at Waterloo, where he lost an arm; and Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., G.C.B., a veteran of the Peninsular, who is chiefly remembered as having commanded the British Army in the first Burmese War.

The 57th was one of ten new regiments raised in 1755-6, and began its existence in January, 1756, the Colonel being Colonel John Arabin of the 2nd Irish Horse. Excluding the regimental staff, the establishment was ten companies, each of three sergeants, three corporals, and seventy privates, besides officers. Two companies of about thirty of all ranks each were contributed by the Buffs, and the other new corps. The regiment was quickly completed, partly by voluntary, partly by enforced enlistment. By an Act passed at the time, magistrates were directed to "make a speedy and effectual levy of such able-bodied men as are not younger than seventeen nor older than forty, and not papists, not under 5-ft. 4-in. in height, not having a vote for Parliament men, not exercising any lawful calling or employment, or not having support or maintenance, to serve as soldiers." Each parish had to supply a certain number of men, receiving 20s. for each recruit. Churchwardens were to be paid not less than 5s. nor more than 40s. if the recruit had a wife or family. We presume that any person who fell within the above categories, but refused to enlist, was proceeded against as a rogue and a vagabond.

The clothing and equipment of the regiment when first raised was as follows:—The coat, waistcoat, and breeches were

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Surprise by Night of the American General Wayne's Camp in 1777.

red, the facings were lemon-coloured, the lace yellow, and the coats ample, loosely-fitting garments, without collars, but with a waistcoat underneath. Long white linen gaiters were worn. The Grenadiers had high conical cloth caps, the front lemon-coloured, with the King's cypher and crown embroidered on it, and a small flap of red at the bottom. The back was red, with the number of the regiment upon it, and a lemon-coloured "turn-up." The caps of the drummers were similar. The battalion companies had three-cornered cocked hats laced with yellow. The uniform of the Grenadiers was the reverse of that of the battalion companies, being lemon-coloured coats, etc., faced with red. The officers' uniform was similar to that of the men. They frequently, if not generally, wore boots instead of gaiters. They had a cocked hat, laced with gold, gold aiguilettes, and a crimson silk sash over the shoulder. The coat was also laced with gold. Sergeants had gold or silver lace, and worsted sashes; corporals were distinguished by shoulder knots. The men carried a knapsack—a leather bag with the hair left on—slung over one shoulder, the haversack being slung over the other.

As to arms, the Grenadiers had musket, bayonet, sword, and match-case, other men only musket and bayonet. There were two unpipeclayed buff belts for pouch and side arms. The sergeants had halberds and swords. All the officers carried swords in a frog attached to a belt under the coat, and, in addition, the Grenadier officers, fusils; other officers, spontoons. In conclusion we may mention that knapsacks, haversacks, and water bottles were generally only used in the field.

The 57th Regiment first saw active service during the American rebellion. In the course of the war a spontaneous change of uniform took place under the following circumstances. In 1777, after the battle of Brandy-wine, General Washington, with a view to harassing the British troops, caused several ambuscades to be arranged. One of these bodies, under General Wayne, was caught in its own trap. Major-General Charles, afterwards Earl, Grey gaining intelligence of General Wayne's position, determined to attack him by surprise. General Wayne's force, it may be mentioned, consisted of 1,500 men, with four field pieces. Parading the 42nd Highlanders, the 44th Regiment, and the 2nd Light Battalion—which comprised the light company of the 57th Regiment—after nightfall General Grey gave orders that not a shot was to be fired, and only the bayonet used. In profound silence the brigade moved off, the Light Battalion, with which rode the general himself, leading. Without meeting a soul, the British troops glided through the darkness till they had reached a spot about a mile from General Wayne's camp. All of a sudden a challenge was heard, and the next instant a couple of shots were fired, followed by the galloping off of two vedettes. Hastening the pace General Grey, a quarter of a mile further on, came on a forge, and ascertained from the blacksmith that General Wayne's camp was only a few hundred yards up the road. Compelling the man to act as guide, the British force was received after marching a quarter of a mile by another challenge. No reply was given, and the American picquet poured in a volley and then made off through the wood, firing as they went. The time of concealment had evidently passed and the moment for rapid action had arrived; so the general shouted "Dash on, Light Infantry." Without at first uttering a sound, or firing a shot, though their muskets were loaded, the "Light Bobs" rushed forward, guided by the fire of the bivouac fires, till they reached the camp, when with a ringing cheer they charged. The Americans, strange to say, had not been alarmed by the shots fired by the two first vedettes, and our troops found them rushing about panic-stricken and in the wildest confusion. The British made short work of them with the bayonet, and after a few minutes of slaughter the camp was in our hands, with, as proof of our prowess, the 4 guns, 460 American corpses, 70 prisoners, the whole of the camp equipage, and 8 waggon-loads of stores and ammunition. The survivors—many no doubt wounded—fled in terror, hotly pursued by our men till the darkness of the night and the thickness of the woods caused the chase to be abandoned. The loss of the victors in this ably planned and well carried out enterprise was only 20 killed and wounded. It was afterwards ascertained that General Wayne had intended to surprise the British camp at one a.m., but the tables were thoroughly turned on him, for about midnight he was himself attacked and routed.

The Americans were furious at this disaster, and were so enraged that they vowed that they would give no quarter to the Light Infantry battalion, on whom had fallen the brunt of the fighting. Why they should have shown this savage spirit, it is difficult to understand, for the enterprise was a perfectly legitimate operation of war and attended by no barbarities. Be that as it may, the 2nd Light Battalion, in order to save from murder other Light Battalions who had taken no part in the enterprise, and to show defiance of the enemy's threats, dyed their plumes red, and continued to wear them of that colour till a few years later all the light companies in the Army were ordered to wear green plumes.

In 1793-4 the regiment served in Flanders, and in 1795-6 it was occupied in capturing West Indian islands. It did not lose many officers or men in action, but the amount of sickness and the number of deaths from disease were appalling. From June, 1796, when active operations ceased, to the end of the year, the regiment lost, out of a strength of 1,131 privates and a proportionate number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, 7 officers, 33 sergeants, 26 corporals, 19 drummers,

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and 474 privates. At the beginning of 1797 the regiment was further diminished by the deaths of 1 officer, 11 sergeants, 17 corporals, 13 drummers, and 117 privates. Before the end of 1797, 2 officers and 180 men were added to the death roll. The regiment had, however, in the latter part of 1796, received an augmentation from other regiments of 207 men. Notwithstanding, however, this accession of strength, the regiment was, as regards those who originally sailed from England, practically annihilated by disease.

Then came the Peninsular War, where its largest and most conspicuous crop of laurels was reaped. The scene of this glorious harvest was Albuera. On this occasion the 57th was the centre battalion of Major-General Houghton's brigade, the 29th being the right, and the 1st battalion the 48th Regiment the left. An extract from "Maxwell's Stories of the Peninsula" shows how cool and gallant a chief the brigade had.

"Major-General Houghton at this time was on horseback in front of his brigade, in a green frock coat, which he had put on in the hurry of turning out. Some time afterwards his servant rode up to him with his red uniform coat. He immediately, without dismounting, stripped off the green and put on the red one; and it may be said that this public display of our national colour, and of British coolness, actually was done under a salute of French artillery, as they were cannonading us at the time."

We do not propose to describe the battle, or even the part which the 57th took in the action. It will be sufficient to point out how nobly the regiment behaved. Drawn up in line on the summit of the hill, it suffered terribly, as did also the other two regiments of the brigade, whole sections falling under the heavy fire of grape and musketry which, without ceasing, rent the line into fragments. The regimental colour was pierced by twenty-one bullets, the King's colour by seventeen, the latter also having its staff broken. Ensign Jackson, who carried the King's colour, being hit in three places, went to the rear to have his hurts attended to. As soon, however, as his wounds had been bound up, he returned to his regiment. On arrival he found that Ensign Veitch, who had replaced him, had been severely wounded, but he obstinately refused to give up his precious charge to Jackson. Many companies had all their officers killed or wounded, and owing to the serious losses which the regiment had suffered, the line presented the appearance of a chain of skirmishers. A young officer, Captain Ralph Fawcett, only twenty-three years of age, had been mortally wounded, but indifferent to his own sufferings and fate, he caused himself to be placed on a hillock whence he continued to command his company, calling out from time to time to the men to fire low and not to waste their ammunition. Colonel Inglis, of the 57th, who, on Major-General Houghton being mortally wounded, had succeeded to the command of the brigade, was himself soon after struck by a grape shot, which penetrated his left breast and lodged in his back. Like the gallant Fawcett, he refused to be carried to the rear. Grievous as was his hurt, he remained where he had fallen, in front of the colours of his regiment, urging his men to keep up a steady fire and to "die hard." Hence the honourable sobriquet which distinguishes the regiment down to the present day. The General of the Division was wounded, and the commanders of all the three regiments of the brigade were *hors de combat;* indeed, every field officer of the brigade was killed or wounded. To make matters worse, ammunition was running short.

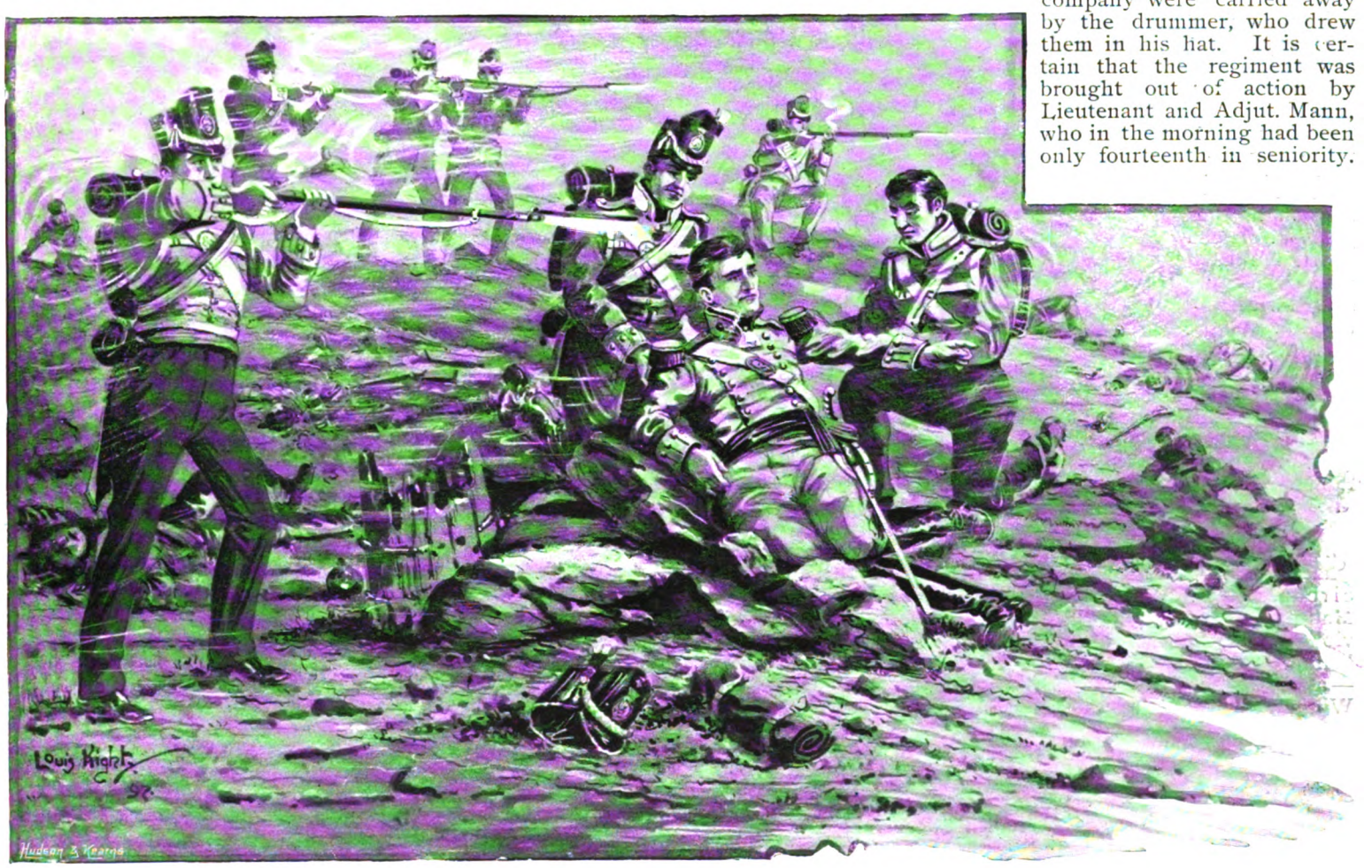
The brigade commanded by Houghton was in the centre—there were three in the Division—and was in open column at the foot of the hill. On Colborne's, the leading brigade, having been cut to pieces as it was in the act of deploying, General Stewart brought up Houghton's brigade. Warned, however, by Colborne's disaster, Houghton's brigade was deployed into line before it mounted the ascent.

As soon as the brigade reached the crest, marching under a brisk fire from the enemy's light infantry, to which it did not return a shot, it found large masses of the French close in front of them, skirmishers being in the interval, while forty pieces of artillery played upon the British battalions.

The third brigade, Abercrombie's, of Stewart's Division, and Cole's, the Fourth Division, coming up saved the first and second brigades of Stewart's Division from absolute annihilation. The new comers, however, had to resist desperately, and suffered dreadful loss. Death and wounds, however, could not stop the gallant battalions, which, alternately advancing and firing, gradually gained ground, till, at length, the French abandoned the field. To use the words of Sir William Napier, "The mighty mass gave way, and, like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The river flowed after in streams coloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

The 57th, on that bloody and glorious day, did indeed die hard. Marshal Beresford, in his despatch about the battle, which was fought on the 16th May, 1811, said that the dead, particularly those of the 57th, "were to be seen lying as they had fought in ranks, and every wound in front." The loss of the regiment was appalling.

Out of 30 officers and 570 men who had gone into action, only 10 officers and 150 men remained fit for duty. There is a tradition in the regiment that on the morning after the battle the whole of the rations of No. 2 company were carried away by the drummer, who drew them in his hat. It is certain that the regiment was brought out of action by Lieutenant and Adjut. Mann, who in the morning had been only fourteenth in seniority.



Colonel Inglis, though Severely Wounded, Continuing to Command His Regiment at Albuera.

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Previously to the action the 57th was known in the army in Spain as the "Steel Backs," from the amount of flogging in the corps and the hardihood with which the men bore it. Ever since Albuera, however, the only nickname of the regiment has been "Die Hards."

The rest of the brigade likewise suffered severely. General Houghton was killed; the 1st battalion 48th lost its colonel and many officers and men; in the 29th the colonel was mortally wounded, and its casualty list was seven officers and seventy-seven men killed, and thirteen officers and 232 men wounded.

The 57th have on several occasions paid heavy tribute to the god of battles. In the Crimea, the regiment lost:—Killed in action, three officers and sixty men; died of their wounds subsequently, five officers and twenty-one men; died of disease, two officers and 188 men.

These statistics make no mention of the number of officers and men who were wounded, or whose health was permanently injured by disease. We would ask our readers to notice that, among the non-commissioned officers and men, 188 died from disease, and eighty-one were killed or mortally wounded in action.

Forty-three years later, in the stress of the battle of Inkerman, the remnants of the 57th were lying down on the Home Ridge, and a fresh Russian column was advancing with the intention of pushing back the handful of wearied infantry and capturing some guns in rear. Captain Stanley, who was in command, saw that energetic action was needed, and rising up, he turned towards his men shouting "Die Hards! Remember Albuera." The effect was electrical—the men sprung to their feet and with a cheer followed their brave leader as he dashed against the mass of foemen. A desperate hand to hand fight ensued, but in the end the Russians were worsted and driven back. The "Die Hards," however, lost many men in the savage scuffle, and amongst them their gallant leader, who was said to have slain ten men with his sword before he was himself killed.

Captain Stanley was succeeded in the command by Captain Inglis, son of the commander of the "Die Hards" at Albuera. In the hand to hand contest Captain Bland received three terrible wounds in the head, which proved mortal. An officer who witnessed the charge, wrote of Bland, "Like an avenging angel he dealt death to every Russian within reach of his weapon. They appear to have marked him for their vengeance, for he certainly sent some ten fellows to their account." Captain Stanley is mentioned by Kinglake as "Young Stanley," which is scarcely a correct description, seeing that he had held a commission in the 57th for nineteen years, and had previously served with distinction in the army of the Queen of Portugal during the civil war in that country. Returning to England in 1835, he obtained his commission in the British service under somewhat romantic circumstances. Many years previously, Prince William Henry—afterwards William the Fourth—when serving as a midshipman on the North American station, was present at a ball at Halifax. He was much struck with the charms of a young lady who was his partner in a country dance. On wishing her good-bye H.R.H. promised her that if at any time she sent him a request, accompanied by the music of the dance, he would if possible grant it. Many years had passed away, the young midshipman had become an elderly king, the blooming girl had developed into a grey-haired grandmother, and her grandson was Stanley. He on telling the old lady of his desire to become a British officer, touched a spring of memory. His grandmother resolved to see if the king considered the midshipman's promise sacred, and wrote to her former admirer, reminding him of his pledge and enclosing a copy of the music. The king wrote back that he remembered the matter well, and at once procured him an Ensigncy without purchase in the 57th. We have mentioned that Captain Inglis, who succeeded Stanley in the command of the regiment, was the son of the former colonel of the regiment at Albuera. There was in the ranks another Albuera man's son, Sergeant Grace, who, when, in reward for Inkerman, a sergeant in each regiment was given a commission, was the sergeant recommended by the 57th. Only a portion of the regiment went into action in the morning under Captain Stanley, and that portion numbered 8 officers and 189 men. Later in the day 150 more men sent from the trenches were marched to the field of battle, but they were not actually engaged, and suffered hardly any casualties. The loss therefore fell almost entirely on Stanley's party, and was 4 officers and 90 men killed, wounded, and missing out of 197 of all ranks.

In the attack on the Redan on the 18th June, the 57th furnished the 400 men who constituted the storming party of the left column. On receiving the order to advance they were much delayed by crowds of soldiers of other regiments looking on. The regiment got within twenty or thirty yards of the Artakoff battery on the proper right of the Redan, its colonel, Shadforth, being slain close up to the ditch. Being unsupported and having lost heavily, the 57th could do no more; they stood their ground, however, till ordered to retire, when they fell back in skirmishing order, bringing with them their wounded. Their loss in 20 minutes was 5 officers and 105 men.

Not only at Inkerman did the "Die Hards" justify their name, for they fought bravely and

The "Die Hards" at Inkerman—"Remember Albuera"

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suffered heavily in the hopeless and unsuccessful attack on the Redan on the 18th June, 1855. On that occasion Colour-Sergeant Gardner performed the second of the exploits which obtained for him the Victoria Cross. After the failure of the assault Sergeant Gardner, instead of returning at once to the shelter of the trenches, persuaded several of his comrades to remain out in the open and fire at the Redan. The brave little band obtained imperfect cover from the furious fire of the Russians by kneeling in shell craters, making use of some of the many corpses lying about as parapets. In these ghastly improvised breastworks they remained till all their cartridges were expended. Gardner's previous exploit was performed on the night of the 22nd March, 1855. Between eleven and twelve at night three Russian columns crept silently out of Sebastopol, and under cover of the darkness had arrived within a short distance of our right trenches before they were perceived. When challenged by our sentries, they replied "Bono Johnny," and were thought to be French. In another minute the deception was at an end. Swarming over the parapet and into the trenches our men, taken by surprise and half asleep, were bayoneted right and left, some even being thrust through as they lay sleeping in their blankets on the ground. The survivors were driven back after making what resistance they could with their hastily-snatched-up arms. Soon, however, they were rallied and made a counter attack. A fierce melée ensued, in the course of which Captain Headley Vicars of the 97th Regiment was killed, and at length the Russians were driven back to their own works. On this occasion Colour-Sergeant Gardner was orderly-sergeant to the field officer of the trenches, and when our men were hurled back in confusion, he rallied a body and at their head charged the Russians.

Another "Die Hard" earned the second cross won by the regiment during the Crimean campaign by a conspicuous act of gallantry on the night of the 23rd June, 1855. Private Charles M'Corrie was in the trenches when a shell fell into the midst of the party to which he belonged. In another instant the burning fuse would have reached the powder charge, and the explosion in a narrow and crowded place would have caused fearful destruction. Not a moment was to be lost, and not a moment *was* lost. Regardless of the great probability that the shell might burst in his hands and blow him literally into fragments, M'Corrie, without a moment's hesitation, lifted up the missile and cast it over the parapet, where it immediately burst without causing any injury. Here was shown quickness of perception, promptness of action, and indifference to peril in the highest degree.

The 57th shared in the unsuccessful assault on the Redan on the 8th September, 1855, but of that mismanaged affair the less said the better. The 57th played a small part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, having arrived late on the scene. In the New Zealand War of 1860-6 the regiment was actively engaged and won honour for themselves as usual. Drummer Stagpool in 1863 won the distinguished service medal for having in a sharp action with the Maories brought in several wounded men though himself wounded in the head. A few weeks later the same brave fellow, in a fight near New Plymouth, together with Ensign Don, earned and were recommended for the Victoria Cross for having repeatedly under a heavy fire removed wounded men to places of safety. It is sad to have to chronicle that the ensign died of disease before he could receive the decoration.

In the Zulu War of 1879, the 57th were again employed, but there is nothing special to chronicle in connection with that campaign.

It is noteworthy that Lord Hardinge, whose name will always be associated with Albuera, was full colonel of the 57th from 1843 till his death in 1856.

The 77th Regiment is the third corps which has borne that number, the two first being Highland regiments which only enjoyed a brief existence. The third 77th Regiment became in 1881 the 2nd battalion of the Middlesex Regiment. It was raised in 1787, being one of four regiments formed at the expense of the East India Company. Embarking for Bombay in March, 1788, it did not return to England till 1807. In the interval it saw much active service, taking part in Lord Cornwallis's war with Tippoo Sultan in 1790-1, in the reduction of Ceylon, and in the campaign of 1799, which resulted in the capture of Seringapatam. In the latter war it belonged to General Stewart's army from Bombay, and with the 75th and the Bombay Europeans constituted the centre brigade commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop of the 77th. On the 6th March the regiment was engaged in a sharp action at Sedaseer, Tippoo Sultan having attacked a portion of Stewart's army with some of his best troops. This action would perhaps not have been worthy of notice here but for the fact that commanding a company in the 77th on that day was Lieutenant Alexander Lawrence, the father of Sir Henry and Lord Lawrence. 'On the 16th April General Stewart arrived before Seringapatam and effected a junction with the

Don and Stagpool Carrying Wounded Men Out of Action

main army, under General Harris. Lieutenant Lawrence on the 22nd of April commanded two companies, with which he repulsed a sortie of the enemy, inflicting great loss on the latter.

On the 4th May, Seringapatam was carried by assault after a desperate resistance, which cost the victors many lives. The arrangements for the assault were as follows. The command was entrusted to General Baird, a brave and distinguished officer, but of so bad a temper that when his mother learnt that in the previous war with Mysore her son had been taken prisoner and chained to a companion in misfortune, she exclaimed, in her broad Scotch, "I pity the mon who is chained to oor Davie."

The attacking force was divided into two columns. The left column consisted of the flank companies of the three British regiments, ten flank companies of Bengal sepoys, and fifty artillerymen. The "forlorn hope" consisted of twelve men under Sergeant Graham. In support of this were two subalterns' parties of Europeans, one of which was under Lieutenant Lawrence. When the hour appointed had arrived, General Baird took out his watch, and remarking "The time has expired," jumped on to the parapet of the trench, and exclaimed "Come, my brave fellows, follow me and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers."

Fording the river, which was only knee deep, the column ascended the glacis. Arrived at the edge of the counterscarp the stormers found that they were separated from the breach by a deep ditch. Fortunately there were some rough steps which enabled them to descend. On arriving at the foot of the wall the "forlorn hope" stopped to fire. Lieutenant Lawrence, who on reaching the crest of the glacis had received a bullet in his left arm, but had nevertheless succeeded in crossing the ditch, saw the check. Rushing forward he hurrahed them on. Finding that he could not get them to advance, he pushed through their ranks shouting "Now is the time for the breach." Inspired by his example the men followed him, but at that moment he was struck by a second bullet, which carried off one finger of his right hand and shattered another. Even this did not quench the ardour of the brave lieutenant, who kept his feet till the survivors of the "forlorn hope" were actually in the breach, when he sank to the ground insensible. After the capture of the place a soldier of the 77th passed by, and seeing an officer lying apparently dead, knew by the facings that he belonged

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The 77th Charging the French Cavalry at El Bodon in 1811.

to the 77th. Muttering to himself "One of ours," he looked closely, recognised Lawrence, and perceived that there was still life in him. By a prodigious effort—for Lawrence was 6-ft. 2-in. in height and stout in proportion — the soldier lifted him up and carried him to the rear, swearing that he "would not do as much for any other man of them." Of the four subalterns who volunteered for the storming parties, Lawrence was the only one who escaped with his life, and as we have seen, he was desperately wounded. The loss of the 77th during the siege was Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop, who was disabled in an encounter with a chief on the summit of the breach, Captain Owen, and Lieutenant Lawrence wounded, and including the above-mentioned, 10 of all ranks killed, 51 wounded, and 1 missing. Probably the man returned as missing was one of thirteen British soldiers who were made prisoners during sorties and were barbarously murdered by Tippoo's orders. These unfortunate men were taken out of their place of captivity in batches and slain by their necks being twisted by professional athletes.

In 1807 the 77th returned to England, where they remained till 1809, when they took part in the abortive Walcheren expedition, which is commemorated by the following doggerel verse relating to the absence of concerted action between the General, the Earl of Chatham, and the Admiral, Sir Richard Strahan:—

> "The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
> Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
> Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

Early in 1811 the regiment embarked for the Peninsular, and before the year was out had covered itself with glory at the action of El Bodon. In September, Marmont determined to introduce provisions into Ciudad Rodrigo, which had been blockaded by Lord Wellington for some weeks. One of the results of this attempt was the "Combat of El Bodon," as Napier calls it. In those days the term battle was reserved for great occasions. On the morning of the 25th September General Colville, with the 5th and 77th, and the 21st Portuguese, with two batteries of Portuguese artillery and three squadrons of cavalry—two squadrons 11th Light Dragoons and one squadron 1st German Hussars—under Major-General Baron Alten, were attacked by overwhelming numbers. The assailants consisted of between thirty and forty squadrons of French cavalry with twelve guns, followed by 14,000 infantry with a due proportion of artillery. The British occupied a height convex towards the enemy, and covered in front and on both flanks by bushes. It was, however, too large to be properly occupied by the small force at General Colville's disposal. Montbrun, at the head of over thirty squadrons of cavalry, advanced by the road through El Bodon direct on Fuente Guinaldo, which was held, as has been mentioned, by the English and Portuguese. This distinguished cavalry commander, noting his opponents' weakness, determined to attack before the supporting French infantry could come up. The Portuguese guns plied the French horsemen well with shot, but, nothing daunted, the gallant Frenchmen persisted. Crossing a ravine they rode up the height on three sides and arrived at the top only to be saluted with the fire of the defender's infantry and artillery and the heroic dash of the cavalry, who charged again and again the heads of the French columns and drove them back. Napier says that the British and German Hussars charged them no less than twenty times. That may be a loose expression, but it is certain that our horsemen charged the heavy masses of the French cavalry repeatedly, each time forcing them back. Not less gallant, however, than their opponents, the French each time rallied, and failure was followed by a fresh effort to crown the crest of the hill.

At length Montbrun brought up his guns. A squadron of the 11th Hussars, charging too far, became entangled in the intricacies of a ravine. The French profited by the opportunity, and charging the Portuguese artillery, captured two of their guns, cutting down the gunners, who stuck to their pieces manfully.

Then occurred an incident almost without example in war. The 5th Regiment actually charged the French cavalry and recovered the guns, and the 77th on their left, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bromhead, at the same moment charged and drove back the French horsemen in their immediate front. By this time the French infantry were close at hand, and Lord Wellington sent word to Colville to retire. Then was accomplished another feat which reflects the highest credit on the 5th and 77th Regiments. These two weak battalions were formed in one square. The 21st Portuguese formed another square, which was also joined by the Portuguese artillery, and the three squadrons who feared to be cut off as the French had turned our right. Thus the retreat was effected in two echelons, the 5th and 77th being the nearest to the enemy. The movement to the rear had scarcely commenced when, to quote the eloquent words of Napier, "In an instant the whole of the French cavalry came thundering down upon them. But how vain, how fruitless, to match the sword with the musket; to send the charging horseman against the steadfast veteran. The multitudinous squadrons, rending the skies with their shouts, and closing upon the glowing squares, like the falling edges of a burning crater, were as instantaneously rejected, scorched, and scattered abroad; and the rolling peal of musketry had scarcely ceased to echo in the hills, when bayonets glittered at the edge, and with firm and even step, the British regiments came forth like the holy men from the Assyrian's furnace."

The French cavalry made no more attempts to break the steadfast British square, and though they threatened the Portuguese square, they, probably deterred by the fact that it was supported by the Portuguese guns and our three squadrons, made no actual charge. During the remaining portion of the day the French contented themselves with following Colville, who had been reinforced, with mere artillery fire,

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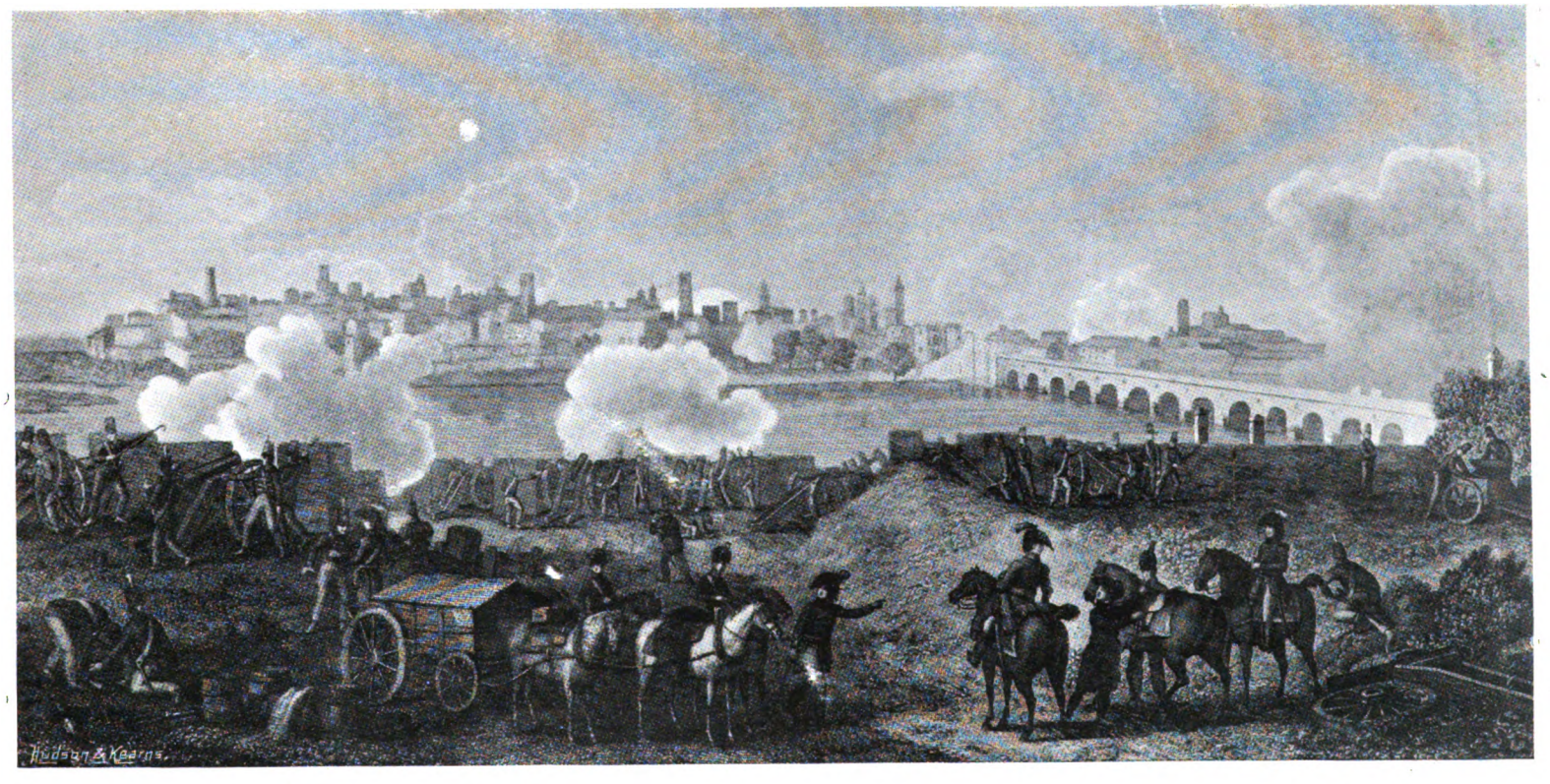
From an Engraving by VENDRAMINI *After Sir R. PORTER*

STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM.

ON the 4th of May, 1799, Seringapatam was carried by assault, the attacking force including the 77th Regiment. Lieutenant Alexander Lawrence, who commanded a company of this regiment, led the forlorn hope, and was desperately wounded in the assault.



From an Engraving. *In the British Museum.*

THE SIEGE OF BADAJOS.

DURING the campaign in the Peninsula the 77th Regiment was engaged in the siege and storming of Badajos. The 3rd Division, of which it formed a part, was ordered to escalade the castle, which, after one repulse, they successfully accomplished, and thus captured the town. The 77th, now largely reduced in numbers, owing to its heavy losses in previous engagements, had but a small list of casualties, three officers and ten men being wounded. The Middlesex Regiment bears on its colours, in honour of these events, the words "Seringapatam" and "Badajos."

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From a Mezzotint. *After F. WHEATLEY*

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

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The loss of the 77th on this eventful day was 4 rank and file killed, 14 rank and file wounded, and 5 rank and file missing—a small list of casualties, it is true, but relatively large if we take into consideration the fact that according to one of the Duke of Wellington's letters, written a week later, the 77th did not number on the day of the action more than 250 rank and file. We may here take the opportunity of mentioning that the 11th Light Dragoons, of whom only two squadrons were present, lost 1 sergeant, 8 rank and file, and 9 horses killed; 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 lieutenant, 1 quartermaster, 1 sergeant, 17 rank and file, and 26 horses wounded. On the other side of the account it may be related that they captured 20 French dragoons. The Duke of Wellington was not lavish in praise, a fact which renders all the more valuable a highly commendatory general order on the subject which he issued on the 2nd October, 1811, and from which we extract some of the most important passages. "The Commander of the Forces has been particular in stating the details of this action in the general orders, as, in his opinion, it affords a memorable example of what can be effected by steadiness, discipline, and confidence. . . . It is impossible that any troops can, at any time, be exposed to the attack of numbers relatively greater than those which attacked the troops under Major-General Colville and Major-General Alten on the 25th September; and the Commander of the Forces recommends the conduct of these troops to the particular attention of the officers and soldiers of the Army, as an example to be followed in all such circumstances."

At the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo by assault on the 12th January, 1812, the 77th played a conspicuous part. The 3rd—Picton's—Division, to which the regiment belonged, was told off to attack the great breach. The left breach was stormed by the Light Division, and false attacks were made elsewhere. The Light Division showed the most astounding intrepidity under the most desperate circumstances, and after suffering losses that may be called, without exaggeration, appalling, eventually succeeded. The task of the 3rd Division was, though arduous enough, not quite so arduous as that of the Light Division. Picton—who, as Charles Lever says in "Charles O'Malley," was always in a heavenly humour when somebody was going to be killed—was a general to get the utmost out of his men, and on this occasion they fought splendidly, the 77th being among the leading regiments. Having escaladed the Fausse Braye, the 3rd Division cleared it till they came to the foot of the great breach. This they mounted in the face of a most destructive fire, which every second stretched an officer or man among the ruins. The French from their retrenchments poured forth a constant stream of bullets, and were aided by the fire of their comrades occupying the houses in the rear of and overlooking the ramparts. Our men had forced their way up to nearly the top of the breach, but could not advance further in the teeth of two guns which at only a few yards swept the narrow passage with grape. Die, Picton's men could; go back, they would not. At length the other breach was carried, and the 43rd and the stormers of the Light Division came down on the flank of the defenders of the great breach. Three small expense magazines exploded about this time, and the defence weakening, the 3rd Division, by a great effort, carried the retrenchments. The total loss of the allies in this siege was about 1,200 soldiers and 90 officers. Of these some 650 men and 60 officers were the casualties due to the assault.

Ciudad Rodrigo.

This bloody drama was quickly followed by another of the same character at Badajos. After a short siege, on the 6th April, 1812, the Light and 4th Divisions were sent against the breach, while Picton, with the 3rd Division, in which was the 77th, was ordered to escalade the castle and the ramparts adjoining. It was about 10 p.m. when the actual assault was delivered. After terrible loss, resulting from stones, logs, shells rolled down, a constant fire of musketry, and the breaking of ladder after ladder, the 3rd Division were repulsed. Nobly led, however, and with heroic courage they placed fresh ladders against the walls, and this time were successful. It was they, in fact, who captured the town, for the garrison had repulsed with gruesome slaughter the assault on the other breach; but the capture of the castle brought about the abandonment of that breach by the French. The grand total of casualties in the assault was 3,022 of all ranks, including 5 general officers wounded. The loss of the 77th—a weak battalion, it must be remembered—was only 3 officers and 10 men wounded.

The 77th, reduced to a skeleton by their heavy losses, were soon after sent to Lisbon. There they remained till October, 1813, when they embarked for Passages, and marching thence to Bayonne, took part in the investment of that town.

The 77th formed part of the Light Division in the Crimea. At the Alma it was not heavily engaged. At Inkerman it was in the thick of the fight and did splendid service under Colonel Egerton. Almost at the beginning of the action, when deployed in the mist and smoke, Lieutenant Clifford, A.D.C. to Major-General Buller, commanding the brigade, saw a column of Russians coming up on the left rear of the regiment by a ravine. Clifford called out

Charge of a few of the 77th on a Russian Column at Inkerman.

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Colonel Egerton's Gallantry.

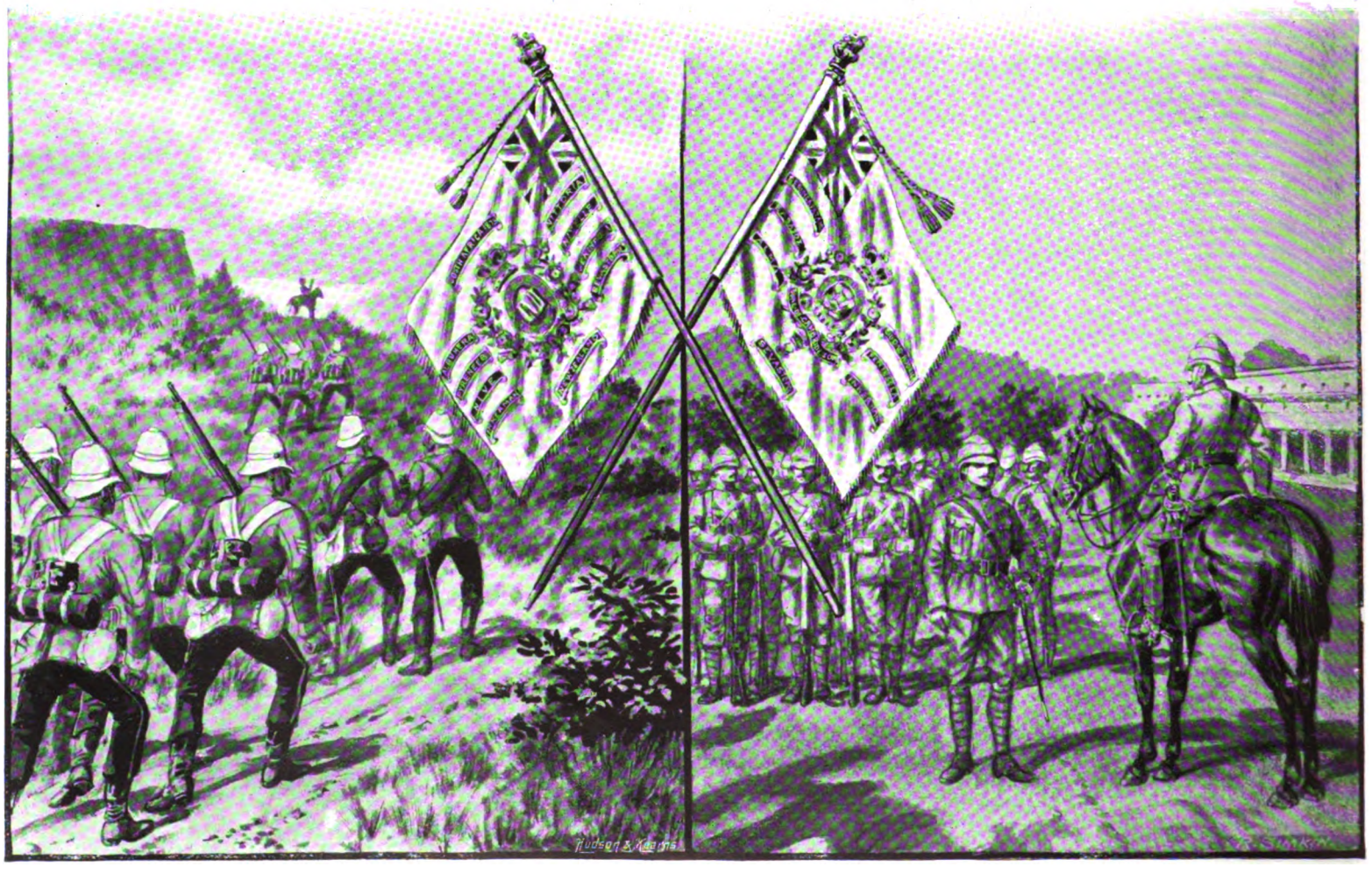
cheerily to the nearest men "Who will come and charge with me?" Comparatively few could hear, but of those who did a score or two followed him. Without waiting for them Clifford dashed on ahead and drove his way into the Russian column. The Russians, taken by surprise, were partially paralysed. A few, however, both fired and used their bayonets, but Clifford killed one Russian, disabled another, and his handful of men coming up, a fierce melée ensued. Soon those of the enemy immediately opposed to the daring band fled down the ravine, throwing their comrades—already vexed by the fire of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar's company of the Grenadier Guards on the opposite bank—into disorder and bringing about their retreat. As to the head of the column, which had been, so to speak, amputated by the daring rush of Clifford and his followers, they threw down their arms and surrendered.

About the same time a body of 1,500 Russians bore down upon Egerton, who had but 260 men with him. He gave the word "Fire a volley and charge," and nobly his men responded. Delivering their fire with deadly effect, they sprang at the Russians, and plunging into the mist, the smoke, and brushwood, penetrated into the crowd, and plying the bayonet and butt end vigorously, in a few minutes broke up and pressed back their adversaries. These they followed up to the foot of Shell Hill, where they maintained themselves till late in the fight, when Egerton was sent to another part of the field.

Late in the evening of the 19th April, 1855, Colonel Egerton, with a portion of the regiment, supported by a wing of the 33rd, in all about 600 bayonets, attacked certain Russian lodgments — afterwards called, in honour of the feat, "Egerton's Rifle Pits." These were carried by our men with the bayonet, scarcely a shot being fired by our people, though they were received with a shower of musket bullets. Our Engineers resolved only to retain one, which they placed in a state of defence and connected with our nearest approach. It took some three hours to accomplish this task, performed under a heavy fire of artillery and small arms. It was at this time that Captain Lempriere, a very young officer who had fought manfully at Inkerman, was mortally wounded, being shot through the lungs as he stood by the side of Colonel Egerton. Egerton was very fond of the lad, whom he was wont to call his child, and lifting him in his arms, carried him to a place of shelter in the trenches, immediately afterwards returning to his post. A little later Sergeant M'Donald, a gallant Sapper who won the Victoria Cross by his conduct on this occasion, fell badly wounded by a grape shot in the right side. Colonel Egerton, ever as mindful of others as he was careless about himself, strove to keep up the sergeant's strength by giving him brandy out of his flask. His deed of mercy had scarcely been done than the enemy made a vigorous effort to recapture the lodgment, and in assisting to repulse them Colonel Egerton was slain. Lord Raglan described the conduct of the troops as "admirable," and in his despatch declared that the army could not have suffered a more severe loss than that of Egerton, "who was one of the best officers in the army."

On this occasion Sergeant John Park and Private Alexander Wright of the 77th won the Victoria Cross. Both had on previous occasions shown great courage.

Since the Crimea, the 77th has had little opportunity of distinguishing itself, for it only arrived in India in time to take part in the closing scenes of the Mutiny. It, however, has always maintained its high character, and for several years, while under the command of Colonel, now General, Kent, it was at the top of the list in musketry. Indeed, much was sacrificed for good shooting, and no soldier who was not at all events a fair shot could expect any indulgences or privileges.



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THE BATTLE HONOURS OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

The "St. George"

By Edward Fraser.

THE oldest man-of-war name in the British Navy of to-day is that borne by our first-class cruiser "St. George," and a name that goes back to the days of the Plantagenets. A "St. George" fought at Sluys, the Trafalgar of the 14th century, on the famous battle day of "Espagnols-sur-Mer," and again after that in other encounters in the Narrow Seas, the names of which are forgotten. There was a "George," too—the canonical prefix to the name was dropped as a thing universally understood—in Queen Elizabeth's Fleet in the Armada year, 1588, after which King James the First, in the year 1622, formally appointed the name to one of the "Great Ships" of his own Navy for a man-of-war, from which our present ship directly inherits it. Certain jealousies between England and Scotland were just then prevalent, and in naming two of the men-of-war launched for the Royal Navy at that time "St. George" and "St. Andrew," King James apparently designed to make a special appeal to the patriotism of his subjects on both sides of the Border.

The battle career of this our first "St. George" of the regular line did not, however, begin for some time yet. King James had been in his grave a quarter of a century, and his son, Charles Stuart, had laid his head on the block on the scaffold in Whitehall, before the "St. George" fired her first angry shot. Although at sea, and flying an Admiral's flag within a twelvemonth of her launch, and after that taking part in the Cadiz Expedition of 1625, and in the expeditions to the Isle of Rhè and to relieve Rochelle, in various summer guard cruises in the Narrow Seas, under the Parliamentary flag in the Irish Sea, and with Blake in his hunt for Prince Rupert in 1650, it was not until after the outbreak of the Dutch War of 1652 that the "St. George's" fighting career actually began. Within six years of that time, though, the "St. George" had acquired for herself a renown that may well endure until the last White Ensign has been struck in the Channel.

Battle of Sluys, 1340.

When, in May, 1652, Blake fought his first fight with Tromp in the Dover Roads, the "St. George," or "George," as the ship was officially styled—a return to the old colloquial form of the name of the Middle Ages, due to the aversion of Puritanism to all Saints' names as Popish devices—was for the moment in Chatham river fitting out. She went to sea among the ships hurried out to reinforce Blake's command, after which, as one of the ships of Blake's own squadron, she took a leading part in the battle that Blake fought off the Kentish Knock on the 28th September. The "St. George" was one of the most hardly-used men-of-war in Blake's Fleet that day, so severe being the treatment that the "St. George" experienced that she was not seen again with the cruising fleet for upwards of six months. In March, 1653, after Blake's great battle off Portland, the "St. George" rejoined as flag-ship of a notable Admiral, John Lawson, who, with the blue flag at the mainmast head, commanded one of the squadrons of the Fleet that Monk and

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OFF THE NORE, JUNE, 1653.

Deane assembled at the Nore, against our next day of battle. On that day, in the first week of June, the brunt of the fighting fell on the Blue Squadron, and of all the ships of that squadron, most heavily on the "St. George" herself. Lawson, at the head of the Blue Squadron, led the English van in heroic fashion, breaking his way at the head of his squadron right through the Dutch lines, and bringing the flag-ship of the famous De Ruyter to close action. It was a desperately-contested fight, and only terminated by the arrival on the scene of Tromp himself, the Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch Fleet, who brought his own squadron to the rescue. Tromp with difficulty disengaged De Ruyter and saved the situation for the time, but not before the "St. George," fighting magnificently, had sent one of Tromp's squadron, a powerful 42-gun two-decker, as big as Lawson's flag-ship herself, to the bottom.

Nine weeks later followed the tremendous battle off Camperdown, in which Tromp met his death, and the Naval power of Holland was for the time crushed. As before, Lawson, in the "St. George," came to close quarters with De Ruyter, broadside to broadside, but this time with better success. Overpowered by the punishing fire of the "St. George's" guns, De Ruyter, long before the day was over, had to haul his Admiral's flag down from the masthead and leave his chosen flag-ship, beaten to a standstill, with foremast, main topmast and mizzen shot away, with seventy-eight men killed and wounded on board, with hardly a shot in the locker left, and hardly able to keep afloat, to rehoist his flag in another Dutch ship elsewhere.

Distinguished, however, as had been the "St. George's" career in the Dutch War, it is rather for later services that her name is specially famous—as Blake's own flag-ship during the most brilliant period of that Admiral's career

"None but an Englishman shall Chastise an Englishman."

First of all, the "St. George," at the head of Blake's Fleet, made a cruise off the coast of Italy to demand reparation from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and from the Pope, for countenance given to Prince Rupert's privateers and to Dutch enemies during the late war. The sight of the "St. George's" guns run out, and a frank threat that they would open fire on Leghorn if the compensation demanded was not forthcoming, brought the Grand Duke to his knees. Then the "St. George" and her consorts brought up off the mouth of the Tiber, and his Holiness was asked to settle up to the tune of 60,000 ducats. The Pope and the Cardinals made a solemn appeal to Heaven, but they paid the money down.

Next, there were the Bey of Tunis and the Dey of Algiers to call to account for depredations against English trade. The Bey was insolent, pointed to his tremendous fortifications and big cannon, drew up his biggest corsairs in front of the batteries, and bade Blake defiance. Blake stood in one morning shortly afterwards, "the Lord being pleased to favour us with a gentle gale off the sea," as Blake himself wrote to Cromwell after the fight, from the cabin of the "St. George," shattered the strong fortifications, disabled the big cannon, burnt all the corsairs in port, and left the Bey to think things over while he sailed off to raise the same points with the Bey's neighbour at Algiers. The Dey, however, had heard betimes of his neighbour's experiences, and at the first sight of the "St. George" at once expressed his readiness to satisfy Blake's every desire.

Blake, after this, acting on certain orders just arrived from England, proceeded for Cadiz. On the way the "St. George" touched at Malaga, where, according to the well-known story, one of Blake's sailors got roughly handled by a Spanish mob, for—so the Spaniards said—

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insulting the Host in a religious procession. Blake demanded the punishment of a monk who had led on the mob, and, getting an evasive reply, added a requisition that the monk should be handed over to him. If not, he said he would open fire on the city. At the last moment the monk was brought on to the quarter-deck of the "St. George," and there it was that Blake, on that occasion, made his memorable pronouncement touching the rights of the British subject. "I will have you know," he said, "that none but an Englishman shall chastise an Englishman." The monk was returned to the shore unhanged, and Blake then went on to Cadiz, where he received orders to return home for a brief spell of rest.

Blake was back again in the "St. George" in the following spring—to again await the annual Plate Flota—during a long year's blockade of Cadiz. Twelve long months on and off went by, until, suddenly, early in April, 1657, Blake got news that a Spanish treasure fleet had put into Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. He at once sailed to attack it.

On the morning of the 20th of the month, when in sight of Santa Cruz, one of Blake's scouting frigates signalled that the Plate Flota was still in the bay. They had there five or six galleons and other considerable ships, making up the number of sixteen. Most of them were furnished with brass ordnance, and had their full companies of seamen and gunners on board. They were moored close along the shore, which lies in a semi-circle, commanded as far as the ships lay by the castle, and surrounded besides by six or seven forts, with almost a continued line for musketeers and great shot. Dividing his Fleet into two squadrons, one under Stayner, as the in-shore squadron to deal with the Spanish galleons; the other, headed by the "St. George" herself, as the off-shore squadron to deal with the harbour batteries and cover Stayner, Blake brought the enemy to close action at every point, with the result that by nightfall practically every gun on the Spanish forts on shore had been silenced, and every Spanish galleon either burnt, blown up, or sent to the bottom.

There remains to tell how Blake died on board the "St. George." With the destruction of the Plate Flota there was little reason for his presence off the coast of Spain, and all that remained was to await orders to return to England. The orders came, but too late. Blake's health, for a long time past weakening more and more, shortly after the Admiral's crowning exploit at Teneriffe, gave way altogether. He sailed from his last station off Santa Maria a dying man. He was in *extremis* when the cliffs of the Cornish coast were sighted, and as the "St. George" rounded Rame Head, and was opening Cawsand Bay at the entrance to Plymouth Sound, Blake breathed his last, in the same cabin of the "St. George" that had been his home for the past three years. It was the 7th of August, 1657. The final service that the "St. George" could render to the honoured remains of her dead chief she did—just as, a century and a half later, the Trafalgar "Victory" did to her Nelson—by bearing the body round by sea to the Thames, to lie in state at Greenwich, and to be taken thence, in state procession, up the river, to Whitehall, and to the Abbey, there to be laid in peace. Blake's remains now lie in the shadow of the old walls of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in which historic church, within recent years, a memorial window has been placed, thus inscribed:—

To the Glory of God and to the memory of
COLONEL BLAKE,
Admiral at Sea,
Chief founder of England's Naval supremacy.
August 7th, 1657.

Ejected from his grave in the Abbey, and buried in St. Margaret's Churchyard in September, 1661.

Underneath are these lines:—

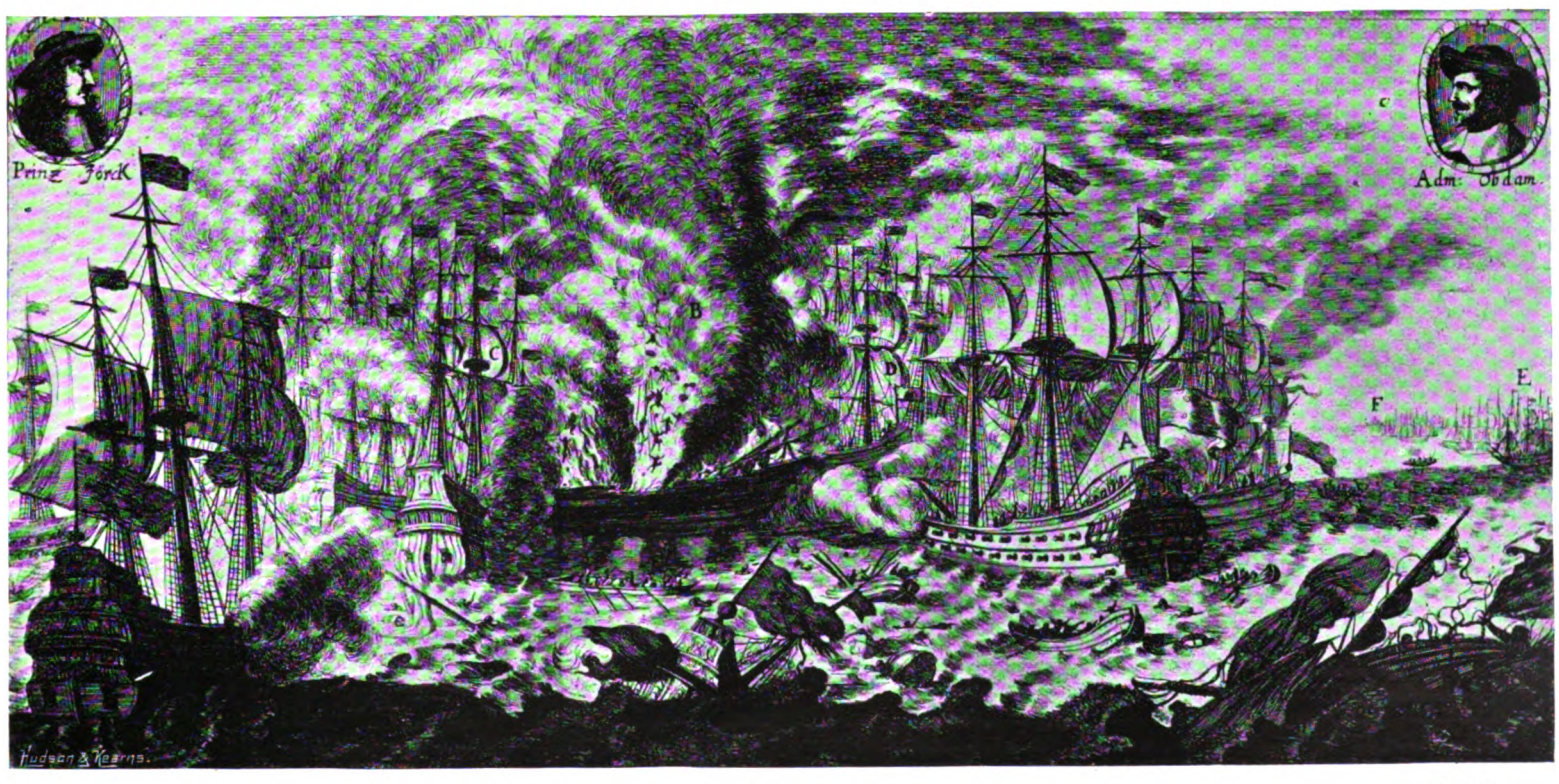
Kingdom or Commonwealth were less to thee
Than to crown England queen o'er every sea.
Strong sailor, sleeping sound, as sleep the just,
Rest here, our Abbey keeps no worthier dust.

When, eight years later, we again meet the "St. George" at sea, other men and other battles follow one another fast. First of all, in the great battle which opened the Second Dutch War, fought off Lowestoft on the 3rd of June, 1665, with her old Captain, Blake's old Flag-Captain of ten years before, Joseph Jordan, reappointed to her, the "St. George" did brilliant service in the Red Squadron of the Fleet, commanded by James, Duke of York.

On the Dutch Commander-in-Chief's squadron, headed by Opdam Van Wasseneer, Dutch Admiral, the principal attack of the "St. George" and her immediate consorts was directed, the battle raging with tremendous fury round the "Concord," Opdam's flag-ship, until, suddenly, in the heat of the fight—whether by a shot from the "Royal Charles" that reached the magazine of the "Concord," or by the treachery of a disaffected seaman—the Dutch Commander-in-Chief's ship blew up with all on board. After that, the Dutch made little effort to maintain the action, and first their van and then their rear broke out of line and made off to seek refuge in the Texel, leaving the English masters of the day.

Next, in the great battle of June, 1666, the "St. George" took again a prominent part, fighting with the main body of the Fleet, under Monk, Duke of Albemarle, as one of the leading ships of the Blue Squadron. The first day's action of the four, over which the tremendous encounter extended, saw the "St. George" actively engaged in the attack that Albemarle, with sixty ships to De Ruyter's eighty, rashly delivered. In the second and third days' fighting, while Albemarle, worsted by force of numbers—for additional ships were ever joining the enemy—was slowly retiring before the Dutch towards the mouth of the Thames, the "St. George" and her consorts in the Blue Squadron, drawn up sixteen ships in line abreast, across the bows of the advancing Dutch van, formed the rear-guard, the post of honour, charged with keeping the enemy, ever pressing on, at bay. So well did the "St. George" and her consorts do their work, that by the afternoon of the third day they had delayed the action sufficiently to give time for Prince Rupert's detached squadron of twenty ships, hurrying round from Portsmouth, to rejoin and, for the time being, restore the balance.

Then came the fourth day's battle, of Monday, the 4th of June, fought off the Gunfleet, in which, by dint of tremendous



From a Dutch Engraving.

OFF LOWESTOFT, JUNE, 1665.

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exertion, the English Fleet were able, if not to win a victory, or make a fair draw of the battle, at any rate to avert the consequences of defeat. We know for certain that the "St. George" and her brave men did their duty right well, losing, among others, her gallant captain, John Coppin.

Seven weeks after that, in the battle off Harwich, the "St. James's Day Fight," the "St. George" was again in action, and again bore herself in a manner worthy of her name. Her commander was Captain John Hayward, and the "St. George's" place in the line was in the Rear-Admiral's division of the White Squadron, which opened the attack on the Dutch Zealander Squadron, and after a brisk fight captured two Dutch two-deckers, and forced their antagonists to give ground, weakening the Dutch line and deciding in the end the fortunes of the day.

The third Dutch War added four more actions to the "St. George's" roll of battle honours, bringing this up from first to last, between September, 1652, and August, 1673, to twelve fights in all. The four battles of the third Dutch War to be added are:—Solebay fight, the bloody engagement between the Duke of York and De Ruyter on the 28th of May, 1672, where the Earl of Sandwich was blown up in the "Royal James," and where the "St. George" herself, for the second time within seven years, lost her Captain (Geoffrey Pearce) in battle; and Prince Rupert's three drawn fights with De Ruyter in May, June, and August of 1673. In the last of these, the fiercest fight of the three, the "St. George," for part of the day, flew the flag of the most dashing of the younger admirals of the Restoration time, Sir Edward Spragge. Spragge had come on board the "St. George" when the battle was at its hottest from his appointed flagship, the "Royal Prince," which had been so knocked about as to be unmanageable, and fought in the "St. George" until that vessel in turn could scarcely swim. Sir Edward after that entered the "St. George's" long boat, and was rowing to the "Royal Charles" to hoist his flag there, when a round shot, after crashing right through the "St. George," smashed into the boat and sunk her, drowning the admiral within a few yards of the ship's side. Such was the sad mishap that marked the close of the "St. George's" active career. The war ended a few weeks later, and then, after some years of rotting away among the ships in ordinary, in 1689 the veteran of a dozen fights was handed over to the ship breakers.

Sir John Jennings at Malaga, August, 1704.

At the same time, to keep the name "St. George" alive, the name was passed on to an old three-decker at Chatham, the "Charles," built in 1668 to replace the "Royal Charles" that the Dutch carried off in the year before. The renamed ship, however, never hoisted the pennant.

The ship that next succeeded to the name was a three-decker, second-rate, of 96 guns, built at Portsmouth Dockyard, flying the flag of Sir Stafford Fairborne, with whom the "St. George" began her career by being present in the off-shore squadron at the destruction of the Franco-Spanish Squadron in Vigo Bay, in October, 1702. Two years later the "St. George" was present at the capture of Gibraltar. Again her part was with the off-shore squadron, but on this occasion her men served among the storming parties landed from the Fleet for the assault of the fortress.

Following on the capture of Gibraltar came Sir George Rooke's battle with the French Fleet sent from Toulon to recover the fortress, fought off Malaga on the 4th of August, 1704, a battle the memory of which is forgotten nowadays in the splendours of the land battle of Blenheim, fought in the same month. The two Fleets engaged in line ahead, each side divided into three squadrons. On the British side, the "St. George" was nearly in the centre of the line, where she was stationed as one of the "seconds" to Sir George Rooke, immediately ahead of Rooke's flag-ship, the "Royal Katherine." The battle was opened by the van of the British Fleet, led by Sir Cloudesley Shovell, but the engagement became soon general along the line, the hottest of the fighting centring round Rooke's flag-ship and her two seconds, on whom a desperate attack was made by the most powerful ships in the French Fleet, led on by the French Admiral's flag-ship, the giant "Foudroyant," of 104 guns. For upwards of five hours the enemy pressed hard the "St. George" and "St. Katherine" and the ship supporting Rooke astern, the "Shrewsbury" being greatly helped by the slow fire from the other of our ships of Rooke's Division, who could render but little service owing to the expenditure of most of their ammunition at Gibraltar. From this cause, indeed, several of the ships, together with others elsewhere, were forced from time to time to haul out from the line of battle, enabling the enemy to concentrate their attack on the "St. George" and the two ships next her, until, following the example of their van and rear squadrons, the French centre fell back to leeward and re-formed line. For the "St. George," though, one more desperate encounter was yet in store. About an hour after the French had re-formed line, while Rooke was getting his damaged ships into order and trying to find fresh ammunition, the "St. George," who had been badly injured aloft and had drifted somewhat to leeward of her station, was suddenly attacked by one of the seconds of the French Admiral, the "Vainqueur," a three-decker, of 90 guns, with whom, in the earlier part of the day, the "St. George" had already had a fierce set-to. Attracted by the dismantled appearance of the "St. George" aloft, and hoping to take advantage of her exposed situation, as if urged on by a personal desire to have it out with her former antagonist, the "Vainqueur" suddenly stood out of the line, closed on the "St. George," and furiously engaged her. But the "St. George's" men, standing to their guns, met their opponent as boldly as ever, and, in the end, they handled the "Vainqueur" so roughly that she beat a crawling retreat back to her own fleet, with the Bailli de Lorraine, and his second Captain and nearly half the crew, dead on her decks. Neither Rooke's flag-ship nor any other ship was in a position to assist the "St. George," while, as to the odds against the "St. George" herself,

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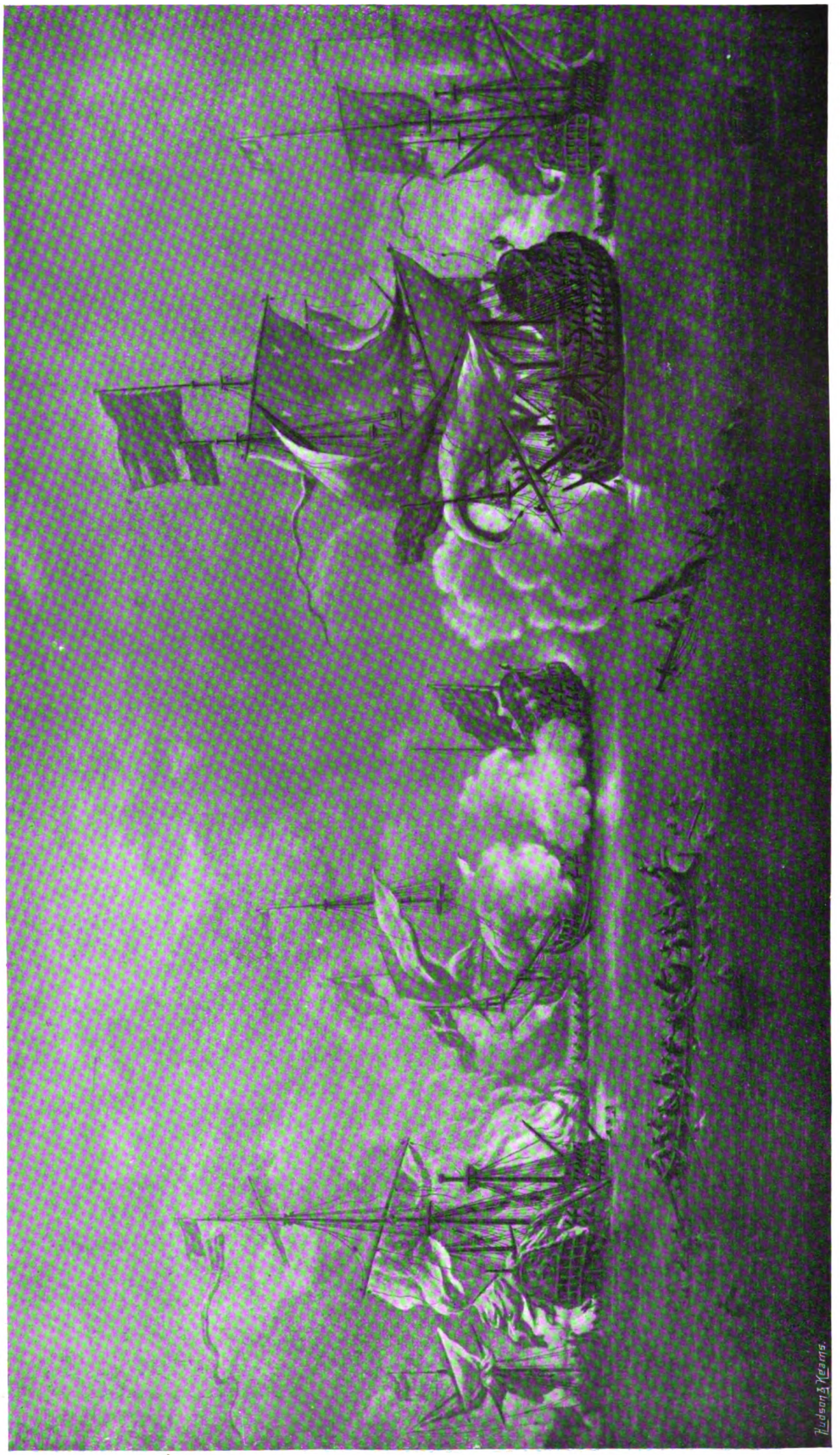

After W. VAN DER VELDE, Jun.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND DE RUYTER, MAY, 1672.

From an Engraving by E. KIRKALL.

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CAPTAIN CLARK GAYTON IN THE "ST. GEORGE" AT BASSE TERRE.

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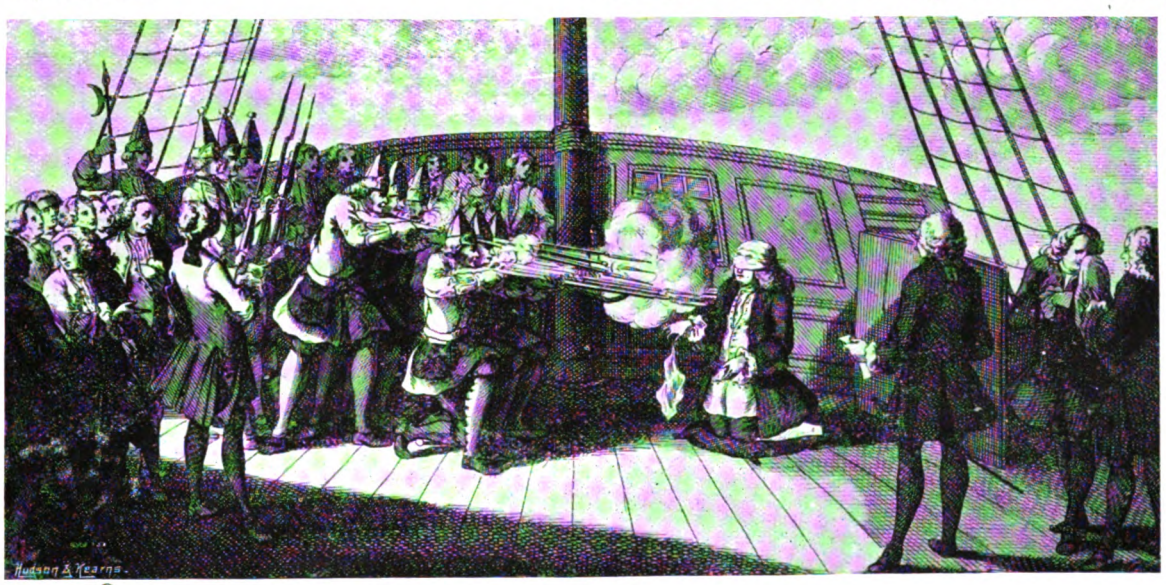
The Court-Martial on Admiral Byng, January, 1757.

Captain Jennings' ship, in her previous passages of arms—before the "St. George" encountered the final attack of the "Vainqueur"—had had no fewer than twenty-five guns on her starboard broadside, on which she fought throughout, disabled and dismounted. At Malaga, the "St. George" was the heaviest loser in men of all the British Fleet, her casualties amounting to forty-five killed and ninety-three wounded. In Rooke's Fleet, that day, not one man in eight escaped unhurt—a heavier percentage of loss than perhaps any other battle fought between fleets can show. For the splendid fight that he made, Captain Jennings was immediately afterwards made "Sir John."

Still serving in the Mediterranean, the "St. George," during the next two years, was employed first at the siege of Barcelona, where she flew the flag of her old Captain (now Rear-Admiral Sir John Jennings), and then at the siege of Alicant, where a strong detachment of her men did good service in the siege batteries on shore, ending their work on shore by taking a prominent part at the storm of the Fortress. Headed by the Captain of the "St. George," John Watkins, they were among the first to carry the breach, Captain Watkins himself being the third among the officers of the Navy and the Army to enter.

In the following year, 1707, the "St. George," now commanded by Lord Dursley, took a prominent part with Sir Cloudesley Shovell's Fleet at the siege of Toulon. The "St. George" again here won for herself special distinction by, single handed, effecting the capture of the French forts on the Isles of Hyères, surprising the strongest fort of the three erected on the islands, and compelling the other two to surrender at discretion.



From a Contemporary Print.

The Death of Admiral Byng, March 14th, 1757.

The return home to England of Sir Cloudesley Shovell's Fleet, after the siege of Toulon, is ever memorable for the terrible disaster of the 22nd of October, 1707, off the Scilly Islands, when Shovell's splendid flag-ship, the "Association," perished with the Admiral and every soul on board. Owing to the weather, which was thick and blowing hard, those responsible for the navigation of the Fleet mistook the course, with the fearful result that the "Association" struck the Bishop's Rock, was capsized by a giant wave, and went down then and there. The "St. George," sailing abreast of the "Association," struck the same rock, but, happily, the wave that rolled the flag-ship over lifted the "St. George" over the rock safely into deep water. One more cruise, in the year 1709, that was, however, uneventful, the "St. George" made, and then, in 1711, she hauled down the pennant for the last time, to lay up for the rest of her days.

A new "St. George" was launched on the 3rd of April, 1740, as a three-decker 90-gun ship. The "St. George" was with the Channel Fleet under Sir John Norris, in 1744, when that Admiral was deprived of a fine chance of smashing the French Brest Fleet off the Sussex coast, by one of those storms from which Norris got his sobriquet of "Foul Weather Jack"; and in the same year she was with the unfortunate Sir John Balchen, in his cruise to the Tagus and back, memorable for the disaster off Alderney to the flag-ship "Victory"—the "Victory" that immediately preceded Nelson's "Victory." Captain the Hon. John Byng commanded in the "St. George" at this time, and in the following year, as Captain of the same ship, on board which, by a strange coincidence, just twelve years later, he was to stand before the court-martial that sentenced him to death. During "The Forty-Five," for part of the time as flag-ship at Portsmouth, the "St. George" also flew the flag of Admiral Vernon:

> "The brave fellow
> That did take the Porto-bello."

Ten years now go by, during which the "St. George," at Portsmouth, flew the flag of several Port-Admirals—among them, for three years, the flag of Sir Edward Hawke, who held the double position of Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth and Member of Parliament for Portsmouth—and then we come to the dramatic incident of the court-martial on Admiral Byng, held on board the "St. George."

It was, indeed, the irony of fate, the assembling of a tribunal to try a former Captain of the ship in the same

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apartment that had once been Byng's own cabin, with the dread *finale* of Byng standing there to hear his doom pronounced, facing his brother officers bareheaded, and his own sword lying on the table before the President with its point turned towards himself. Byng had not expected, it would seem, sentence more severe than a reprimand, as he himself said in the cabin of his prison ship, the "Monarque," on the very morning of the 27th January, 1757, when the Admiralty Marshal came to fetch him to go on board the "St. George" and hear his sentence. He learnt it first on stepping on the quarter-deck of the "St. George," where a personal friend, instructed privately by the President of the court-martial to do so, stood waiting to give him a word of warning. As he met his friend, Byng instantly saw from his friend's downcast countenance and embarrassed manner that the sentence was a hard one. "What is the matter?" asked the unfortunate Admiral. "Have they broke me?" The bearer of the news, who saw plainly that Byng did not expect the dreadful news that he had to give him, hesitated and stammered. Byng gazed fixedly on him for a moment or two, and then changed colour as he seemed to grasp the situation, exclaiming: "Well, well, I understand. If nothing but my blood will satisfy them, let them take it."

Leaving Portsmouth Harbour, and the grim tragedy there to be played out on the poop of the "Monarque" one March morning near at hand, we follow the "St. George," first to the Mediterranean, as flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Charles Saunders, and then across the Atlantic to the East Indies. There the "St. George" came in for a piece of fighting work to suit the stout-hearted man who now trod her quarter-deck, Captain Clark Gayton, one of the picked officers who formed "the little cargo of courage" that Hawke took out to the Mediterranean in the "Antelope," when he went there to restore nerve to the Fleet, after Byng's breakdown. Captain Gayton took the "St. George" to the East Indies for the special purpose of assisting in the intended attack on Basse Terre, the great French stronghold in Guadeloupe. There was a difference of opinion at the council of war held before the attack as to our prospects of success, Commodore Moore in command of the squadron, together with Captain Gayton, being against a Naval bombardment of the sea front of the fortress; but the council decided on that course, and the "line of battle" fixing the stations of the ships was drawn up on paper. To the "St. George" was allotted the hardest piece of fighting to be done—the attack on the French citadel.

The Storming of Alicante, 1706.

Captain Gayton at once accepted the proposals cheerfully, until, shortly after getting into his ship to prepare for action, he received from Commodore Moore, in addition to his copy of the line of battle, a special written order directing him to undertake the duty This seems to have angered his proud nature, as to him the fact seemed to come, having regard to Gayton's expressed opinion at the council of war, as an imputation of his readiness to do his duty. But Gayton was not a man to express open resentment against a superior officer's action, and the "St. George" forthwith proceeded to her station, and the attack opened. It soon proved hotter work than had been expected, for it was as much as the ships of the squadron could do to stand up before the French guns. In particular did the French fire fall heavily on the "St. George"—so heavily, indeed, that after some hours' battering the Commodore made a signal to Captain Gayton to cease firing and haul off. Gayton, however, took no notice of the signal, and then a boat was sent to the "St. George" from the Commodore's ship, the "Cambridge," with a verbal message to the same effect. Gayton could not resist his opportunity. He declined, he said, to receive a verbal order: a written order to attack had been thought necessary for him, and he would not withdraw without another written order. The "Cambridge's" boat went back, and the "St. George" continued her fire, until, suddenly, the French citadel began to slacken fire—just as the "Cambridge's" Lieutenant was delivering Captain Gayton's message to the Commodore. The "St. George" instantly redoubled her efforts, and then, within a few minutes, the French guns on the citadel ceased fire, which example was followed by the French forts and batteries, which, one after the other, hauled down their colours. On that day, it has been stated, the "St. George" fired away more powder and shot than any British ship of war had ever fired before.

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After this the "St. George" returned to the Channel, where, under Hawke and Boscawen, she served till nearly the end of the war, finally paying off, in 1763, never to go to sea again. Ten years later, the old ship was taken to pieces at Portsmouth.

The "St. George" that replaced the "St. George" of Byng and Gayton came into existence just twelve years later, when the largest and most powerful man-of-war that up to then had borne the name, a three-decker of 98 guns, was launched at Portsmouth. In the eight years between the sending afloat of the "St. George" and the outbreak of the Great War with the French Republic there were three of what we nowadays call "war scares," in which squadrons of the Fleet were mobilised, and on each occasion the "St. George" hoisted the pennant. One scare was in 1787, when we seemed on the point of war with France; the second in 1790, when a rupture with Spain seemed imminent; the third in 1791, when we appeared about to go to war with Russia. Peace, however, was preserved, and the "St. George" was not required to load her guns until, early in the year 1793, the war with the French Revolution broke out. On that, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Gell at the mizzen, the "St. George" proceeded to the Mediterranean at the head of the advance squadron of Lord Hood's Fleet. The "St. George" was present, in the course of 1793, at the occupation of Toulon by Lord Hood, and at the partial destruction of the Toulon arsenal and fleet on that terrible December night when Lord Hood withdrew his Fleet under the fire of the guns of the French Republican Army. Then, in March and July, 1795, came the two indecisive actions fought by Vice-Admiral Hotham with the French, in which the "St. George" was present with the blue flag at the mizzen of Rear-Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Admiral Gell's successor. In the following year, as a private ship, she was with Sir John Jervis when that Admiral had to evacuate the Mediterranean owing to the recent alliance of Spain with France against us. In 1797 the "St. George" had the misfortune to miss the battle of "Glorious Valentine's Day," off Cape St. Vincent, owing to a mishap in the Tagus, when the British Fleet left that river shortly before the battle, which kept the "St. George" in dock while her consorts were winning laurels at "the most timely Naval victory, perhaps, that Great Britain ever won." The "St. George" rejoined the Fleet after the battle, only to be connected with an unpleasant incident that arose over the execution of certain mutineers from another ship, whom Sir John Jervis had ordered to be executed on board the "St. George." The "St. George's" men petitioned against the execution on board their ship. But the stern Admiral insisted, and the outcome of Jervis's refusal was the getting up of a plot on board to prevent the execution by force. The plot was discovered in time to prevent a mutinous outbreak, but it had the sad result for the "St. George" that, in addition to having with their own hands to run up to the yardarm the three men sent on board for execution, some of her own men suffered the same fate.

Returning to England at the end of 1798, the "St. George" then joined the Channel Fleet, and cruised with the blockading Fleet off Brest, until, in 1801, she was detached to serve in the Baltic Expedition as flag-ship to Lord Nelson, with Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy in command. It is a matter of history how Nelson's great victory over the Danes at Copenhagen was the main result of the Baltic Expedition. Unfortunately for the "St. George"—just as had happened with our earlier "St. George" at Vigo—the Admiral, when the Fleet had arrived just beyond gunshot range of the enemy, had, on account of her deep draught, to shift his flag for the battle into a ship of lighter draught. Nelson, however, returned to the "St. George" after the battle, and continued in her during the remainder of our Naval campaign in the North.

Henceforward—until the dread Christmas Eve, ten years later, that saw the terrible end of the "St. George's" career—there is but little to record. From the Baltic she went to the Mediterranean, and then, after the resumption of hostilities in 1804, to the East Indies, where, in June of that year, she had a foretaste of her after fate, by experiencing the narrowest possible of escapes in a hurricane. Back in home waters again, the "St. George," for another five years, served off Brest and in the Bay, and then, in 1809, she, for the second time and last, fitted out to join the Baltic Fleet. As second to the famous "Victory," now Admiral Saumarez's flag-ship, the "St. George" served for two years in the Baltic, watching the movements of our latest foes, the Russians, down to the fateful last week of December, 1811.

The "St. George" was wrecked on Christmas Eve of that year, on the coast of Jutland, in a fearful storm, when on her way home. Three times did the "St. George" set out on her cruise, and three times was she beaten back by the storm. The fourth time she got clear of the coast, but was forced ashore, just saving herself with the loss of all her masts and rudder. Again the "St. George," under jury-rig, essayed to set out, with the result that of the ship's company of 700 officers and men who mustered on Christmas Eve, only twelve saw Christmas morning. An eye-witness on one of the ships of the "St. George's" squadron that escaped describes what he saw a little before the "St. George" broke up. "The dead bodies, as they fell from the cold amid the serges washing over the decks, were piled up by the survivors in tiers or rows, one above the other, on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, to form a kind of barricade or breakwater to shelter the few who still had hopes of life. In the fourth row of these lay side by

From an Engraving. *After J. F. SERRES.*

The Bombardment of Copenhagen, April 2nd, 1801.

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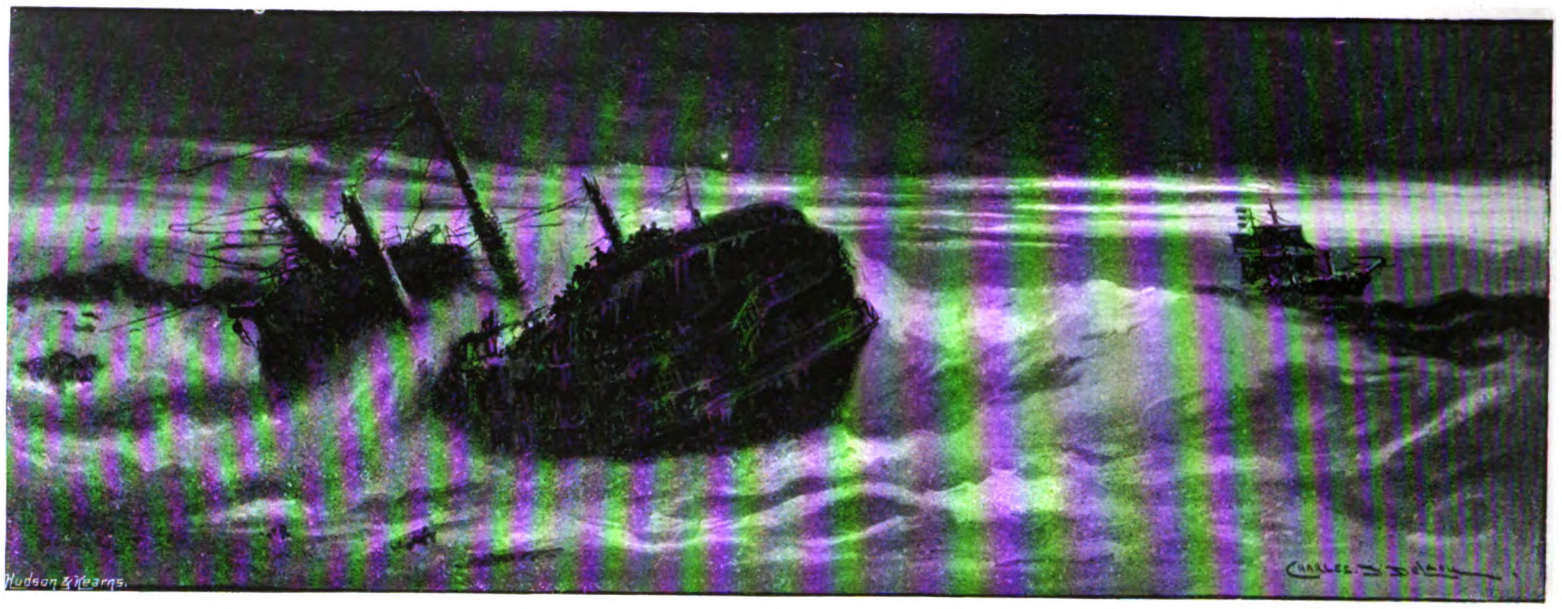

The Loss of the "St. George," December 1811.

side the Admiral (Reynolds) and his gallant friend, Captain Guion, who had remained at their posts until they sank down under the inclemency of the weather, stretched on the quarter-deck hand in hand, frozen to death together." But the barricade of dead mess-mates did not long avail. The poop was torn bodily off the ship, and the miserable people were tossed among the breakers, bruised and maimed and dying. So perished the "St. George." With her perished a ship that had fought as one of Nelson's seconds at the Nile, the "Defence," cast away, with the loss of 594 lives, by her Captain's mistaken chivalry. "Has the 'St. George' made 'Defence's' signal to part company?" asked Captain Atkins, of the "Defence," when it was pointed out to him by his Master that the flag-ship's position was beyond hope. "No, sir," was the answer. "Then," said Captain Atkins, "I will not leave her;" and the "Defence" drove inshore to the same doom.

For some reason unknown outside Whitehall, after the "St. George" passed away, the Admiralty took away her old name from the famous Trafalgar "Britannia," then lying up out of commission, and bestowed on Northesk's old flag-ship instead the name "St. George," which name the venerable hulk (she was first built as the "Britannia" in 1762) retained for fourteen years, until, in 1826, the "Britannia-St. George" was handed over to the ship-breaker.

Our next "St. George" was a magnificent three-decker of 120 guns, built at Devonport in 1840. She took part in the Russian War as one of the sailing ships in the Baltic Fleet of 1854, and was afterwards reconstructed as a screw two-decker, first of ninety-one, and then of seventy-two guns. This "St. George" terminated her active service career in 1869 as one of the ships of the First Reserve.

To conclude, our present first-class cruiser "St. George," now flag-ship at the Cape, was built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and is one of the most successful ships of the very successful class which comprises, among others, the "Edgar," the "Royal Arthur," and the "Gibraltar." The "St. George" is a ship of 7,700 tons displacement, 10,000 indicated horse-power (natural draught) and 12,000 (forced draught), mounting twenty-nine guns in all—two 22-ton heavy breech-loaders, ten 6-inch, twelve 6-pounder, and five 3-pounder quick-firing guns, in addition to machine and light guns.

The "St. George" has, during her service on the Cape Station, been exceptionally fortunate in the opportunities that have fallen to her lot. As flag-ship on the station, her company have taken part, under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, in the Brass River Expedition of 1895, and, under Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, at the bombardment of Zanzibar, the dashingly conducted and highly successful operations in Benin, where the "St. George's" officers and men won the highest praise on all hands, and in the Delagoa Bay demonstration of last April. The "St. George" was first commissioned at Portsmouth on October 25th, 1894.

The Bluejackets and Marines of the "St. George" at Benin—1896.

The next Special Number of this Series will contain the Histories of the Gloucester Regiment and the "Royal Sovereign."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—No. 44.] *FRIDAY, AUGUST 20th, 1897.*

LIFE ON BOARD A TORPEDO SCHOOL-SHIP.

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS*

CAPTAIN HENRY BRADWARDINE JACKSON, R.N.

CAPTAIN HENRY BRADWARDINE JACKSON, now in command of the torpedo school-ship "Defiance," at Devonport, entered the Navy as a cadet in 1868, was promoted to sub-lieutenant in 1874, lieutenant in 1877, and captain in June, 1896. He was a lieutenant of H.M.S. "Active" during the Zulu War of 1878, and was awarded the Zulu Medal for his services. In 1882 he took a special prize at the final examination at Greenwich Royal Naval College. He was a torpedo lieutenant for a considerable portion of his lieutenant's time, and whilst serving on the staff of the "Vernon" he did good service in experimental work in connection with the Whitehead torpedo, and also in torpedo-boats. Captain JACKSON commanded the "Rattlesnake," as a lieutenant, in the manœuvres of 1888, when she was attached to the blockading squadron outside Berehaven, and kept the blockaded fleet well on the alert. He has always been an enthusiastic torpedo officer, and for several years was employed at experimental work; he has lately been very successful in making discoveries with the "new telegraphy," somewhat similar to those made by the Italian, Macroni.

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SHIP'S COMPANY, H.M.S. "DEFIANCE."

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth

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OFFICERS, H.M.S. "DEFIANCE."

THE above illustrations show, in the upper the ship's company of the "Defiance," and in the lower, the officers of that ship. The ship's company consists almost entirely of seamen under training for the rating of torpedo men, which, when attained, carries with it an increase of pay. There are a small number of seamen in addition to these for boat duty, etc., besides a certain number of pensioners who are employed for keeping the ship clean, and the instructing staff. This photograph was taken on board the "Flamingo," one of the hulks attached to the "Defiance," and used for instructional purposes. In the group of officers, Captain JACKSON, in command, is the officer seated to left of the centre, and may be distinguished by being the only one with gold lace on the peak of his cap. The officer on his right is Lieutenant ORPEN, the first lieutenant. Those seated on the deck in front are all warrant officers, with the exception of the one on the right, who is the head schoolmaster. This group was taken on the upper deck of the "Defiance."

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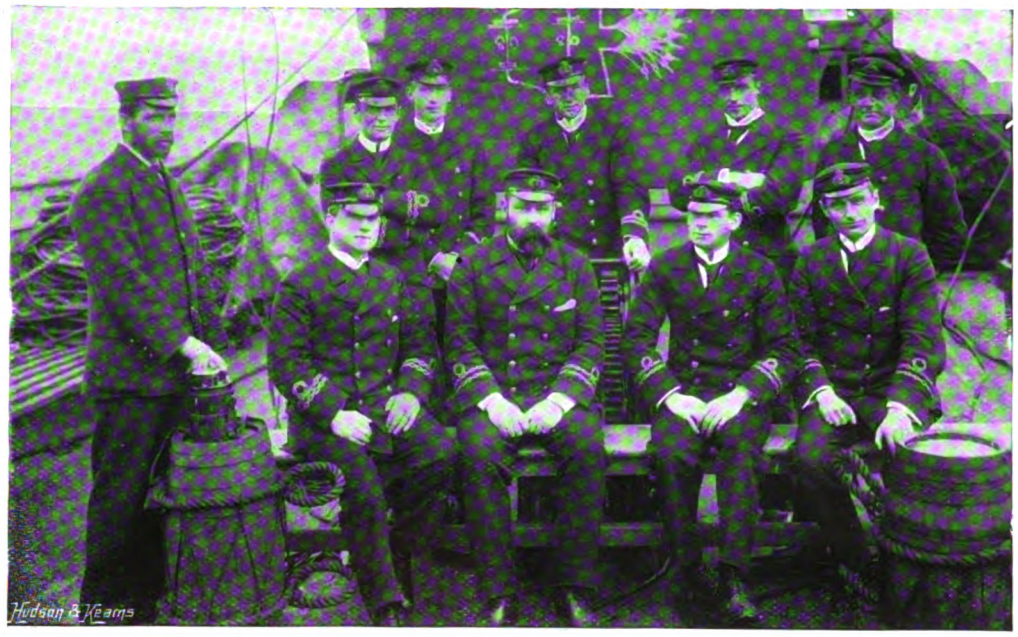
THE accompanying illustrations show respectively a class of Naval Reserve officers being instructed in torpedo work, the instructing staff of the "Defiance," and a class of seamen under instruction in signalling—all taken on board the "Defiance" or one of the hulks attached to her. The Naval Reserve officers belong to the Mercantile Marine, a large proportion of them serving in the great mail liners to Australia, India, North and South America, China, and the Cape. Several classes formed of these officers are passed through the torpedo school during the year; they also do a course of training in the gunnery establishment, and a year's sea training in a man-of-war on a foreign station. They are very keen about their work, and are, as a rule, apt pupils. Their uniform is similar to the Royal Navy, with the following exceptions:—The stripes on sleeves are double waved lines of gold braid—this can be seen in the illustration—and the buttons have "R.N.R." on them. The centre figure in the back row is one of the staff officers of the "Defiance," who takes the class under his special care for instruction the whole time they are on board, assisted by the chief petty officer, who is the torpedo instructor, standing on the left. In the next illustration the instructing staff consists of the captain and lieutenants, or staff officers as they are called, warrant officers, first-class petty officers, and chief petty officers, the latter two ratings being torpedo instructors and chief torpedo instructors. Those in the bluejacket's dress in the front row are torpedo instructors, the others with cap and badge being chief torpedo instructors. Captain JACKSON is seated in the centre of the group, and can be recognised by the four rows of lace on his sleeves and the gold band on the peak of his cap. On the left is Lieutenant ORPEN, the senior staff officer. All these men have to pass through a long course of theoretical and practical instruction, terminating in a stiff examination, before they can receive their ratings, and, of course, no small part of their efficiency must be their capability of imparting knowledge to others; this is tested by gradually allowing them, after a time, to give instruction to some of the classes under the supervision of the staff officer. The torpedo lieutenants are selected by the Admiralty from the list of Volunteers every year. They then go to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, for a year's special training, terminating in an examination, when they are classed first or second class, and then a year's training in the "Vernon" Torpedo School, at Portsmouth, where they are again examined and, if efficient, passed first or second class torpedo lieutenant.

Signalling by semaphore or Morse is an important part of a torpedo man's training. There is so much boat work to be done in connection with accompanying vessels or stations on the shore that it is often a great convenience or actually a necessity to pass a message quickly to and from the boats at work. In the illustration the men are seen with small flags in their hands, for signalling by semaphore—a pair of flags are used, as shown by the man standing in front of the mast at the back. By moving his arms into different positions the letters of the alphabet are indicated. For the Morse signalling one flag only is used, being waved quickly through long or short arcs, corresponding with the dots and dashes of the telegraph instrument. The figure on the left is the warrant officer instructing the class. A lantern is used at night for signalling.



Class of R.N.R. Officers going through Torpedo Course.

The Instructing Staff, H.M.S. "Defiance."

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

Signal Instruction Class.

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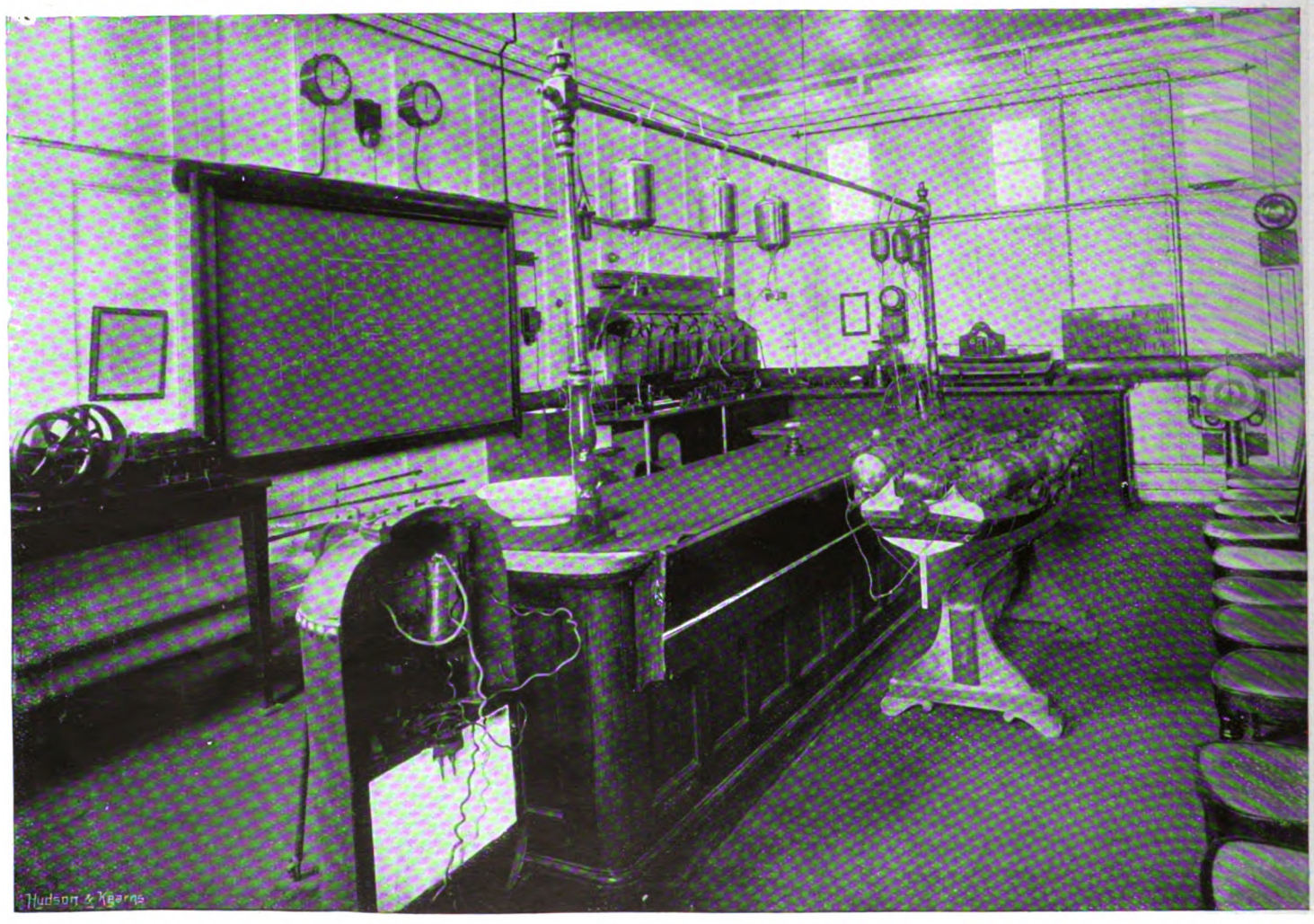
INVESTIGATING the FIRST LIEUTENANT'S HAND by RÖNTGEN'S RAYS.



Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

VIEW OF THE SENIOR LECTURE-ROOM, H.M.S. "DEFIANCE."

THE officers shown in the upper illustration are experimenting with Röntgen's rays. The senior staff officer, Lieutenant ORPEN, places his left hand between the tube and a fluorescent screen, which he holds with his right hand; this screen is about one foot square, but being at right angle to the plane of the photograph, is only seen sideways. The coil on the table supplies the light in the tube, and the rays passing through the hand and screen, the officer standing on the left sees the shadow of a skeleton hand thrown vividly on the screen. In this way a whole limb can be quickly searched for any foreign matter. The experiment is, of course, carried out in the dark, and light had to be admitted for the illustration to be taken. The lower illustration gives a view of the principal lecture-room of the "Defiance," at the lecturer's end of it. Near at hand he has models of the different kinds of mines and torpedoes for illustration, besides electrical instruments for experiments.

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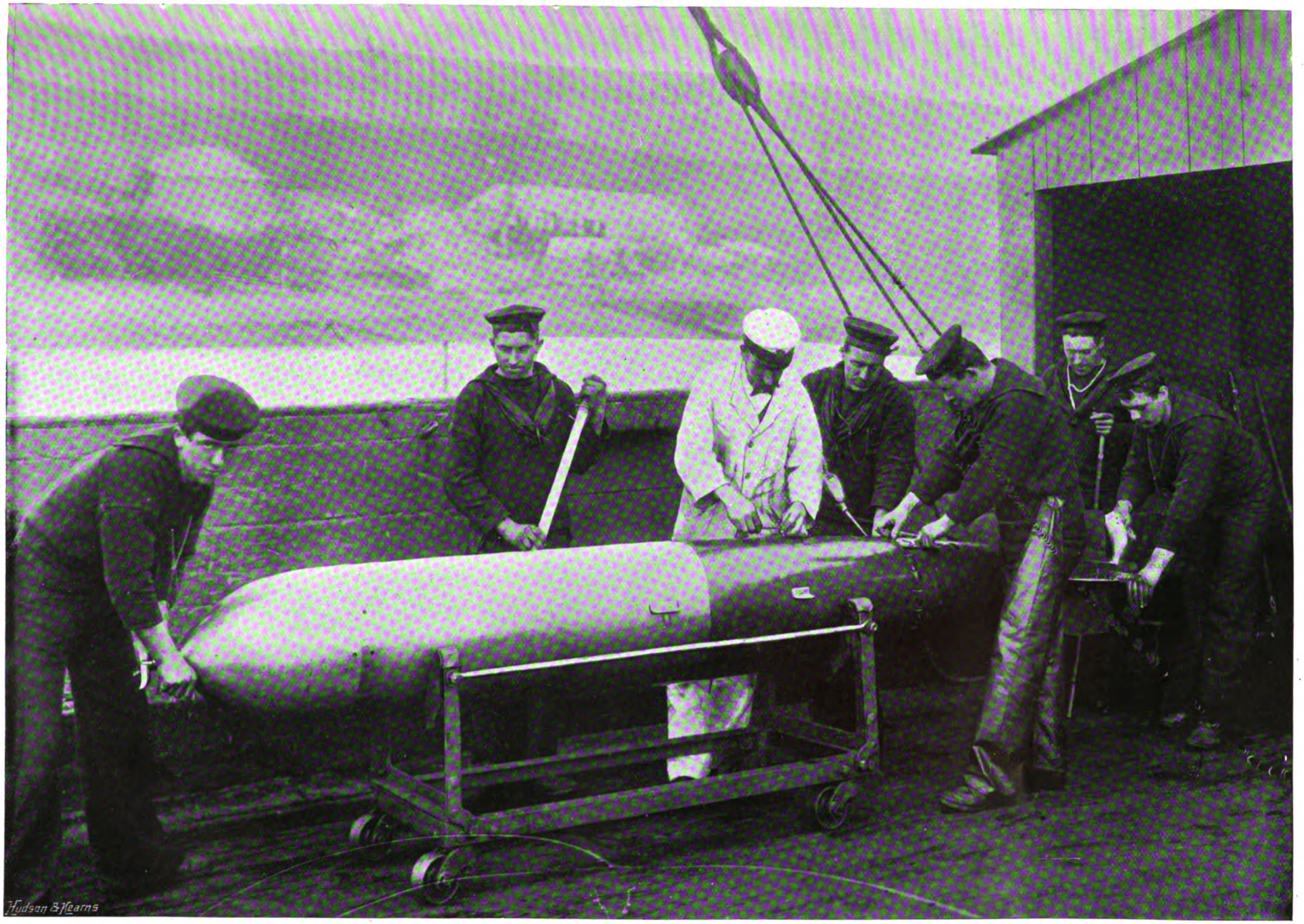

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

PREPARING A "BABY" FOR EXERCISE.

THE torpedo shown here is technically known as an "18-in. Baby—R.G.F." The Babies are smaller-sized ones as regards their length, and intended for use from boats. This one, as can be seen, is of two materials, the after or tail part being of phosphor-bronze, the remainder of steel. It happens to be so in this case, but is not usual; as a rule they are entirely of steel, with all the internal fittings of phosphor-bronze. The letters R.G.F. refer to the Royal Gun Factory, where it was manufactured. Eighteen inches is the greatest diameter. The torpedo is shown being prepared by the crew for exercise from a boat. The man on the left of the picture is placing the "pistol" in position—this is the automatic arrangement for firing the charge on contact. The man in white is adjusting the depth it shall run at, the next one is oiling the engines, whilst the fans are turned by another, and the man in oilskin leggings adjusts the range.

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Men Qualifying for the Rating of Torpedo Instructor.

Testing Electric Cables.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

Hoisting in 500-lb. Gun Cotton Mines.

IN the upper illustration a class of seamen is shown under instruction. These men are qualifying for the rating of torpedo instructors, and have a much longer course and higher training than the ordinary torpedo man. The instructor, with the blackboard, is a head schoolmaster, who is teaching them the theory of the arrangement of cells in a battery for different purposes. Next is a large class of seamen qualifying for torpedo men and being instructed in testing electric cables. This cable has to be very strong to stand the great amount of wear and tear it receives and the great strain brought upon it sometimes. Being continually used for exercise, perhaps it receives most damage in the handling it gets when coiling it into the boats and taking it out again. It took a great deal of experiment and experience before a suitable cable was arrived at—pliability, lightness, and strength were required, also, of course, good conductivity for the electricity and insulation from the water. One of the forms, called "Hooper's Core," was chosen originally, from amongst others, for the heart of the cable, that is the conducting wires and the insulation round it. This has never been departed from. The only question in making the cable was how to protect the core from wear and tear and heavy strains. It is done principally with what is called armouring, steel wires laid on over a protective parcelling; this armouring is used as a return wire for the electric current. For the testing process a pole of a tolerably strong electric battery is attached to one end of the cable, the other pole being attached to the earth; the opposite end of the cable is then insulated, and each part of it drawn slowly through the water to try if the insulation is perfect. These pictures illustrate forcibly the fashion prevailing amongst the men in the Navy now of shaving clean. It can be seen that of all these men in the three plates there are only about two that are not clean shaved. Thirty years ago, when shaving a "gangway" as it was called, that is, a space three fingers wide on his upper lip and chin, was enforced, "Jack" thought it a great grievance, and the privilege of "growing everything if he pleased," accorded by Mr. WARD HUNT when First Lord, was warmly welcomed. Now, twenty-five years later, "Jack" voluntarily clean shaves himself for fashion's sake, and it gives the men a very uniform and clean appearance. Next below is shown a party of men hoisting in large 500-lb. gun cotton mines. These are carried in all big ships and are intended to be used either for placing as a defence in the entrance to an anchorage or as counter-mines to clear a passage through an enemy's mines. This would have to be done very rapidly, and would probably be one of the most risky operations connected with torpedo work on active service, as the enemy's mine field would necessarily be very strongly defended, and the counter-mines would have to be lain out and exploded in face of a warm reception. The men in the foreground have different kinds of spanners, required when opening up the mines for fitting them. "Jack," especially when he goes in for being a torpedo man, has to become very familiar with the use of different shaped spanners.

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CLASS FITTING A "BEREHAVEN BOAT MINE."

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

CLASS FITTING A NAVAL 72-lb. GUN COTTON MINE.

THESE illustrations show parties of men qualifying for the rating of torpedo men being instructed in the fitting of different kinds of Naval mines. In the upper one they are fitting what is called a "Berehaven boat mine," from having been used first to some extent at Berehaven in one of the annual manœuvres. The casks in the foreground hold a small electric battery and automatic firing arrangement. These float on the surface attached to the plank, the charge hanging below. They would be placed to guard against the approach of boats to an anchorage; a boat striking the plank or casks explodes the charge hanging below, and would be destroyed. The other party are fitting a 72-lb. gun cotton mine, also to be automatically fired on a ship striking it, but in this case the electric battery would be on shore near and connected by a cable to the mine. They are called electro-contact mines, from being fired electrically when the enemy's ship makes contact with them. Both illustrations were taken on the upper deck of the "Perseus," the bows of the "Defiance" being seen in rear.

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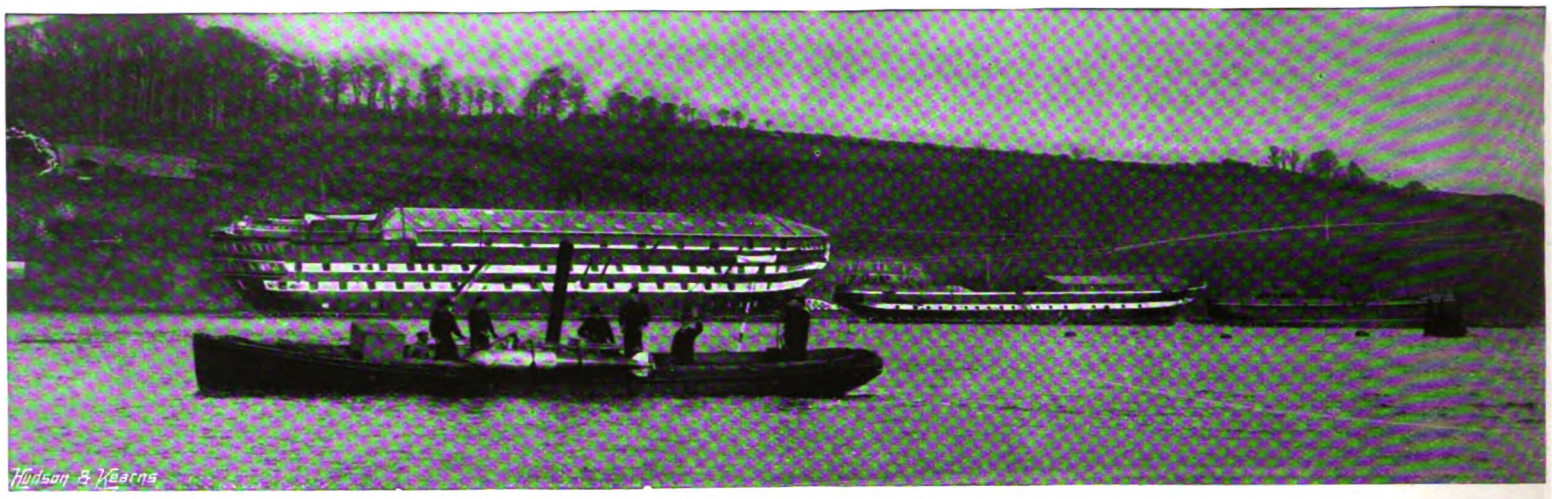
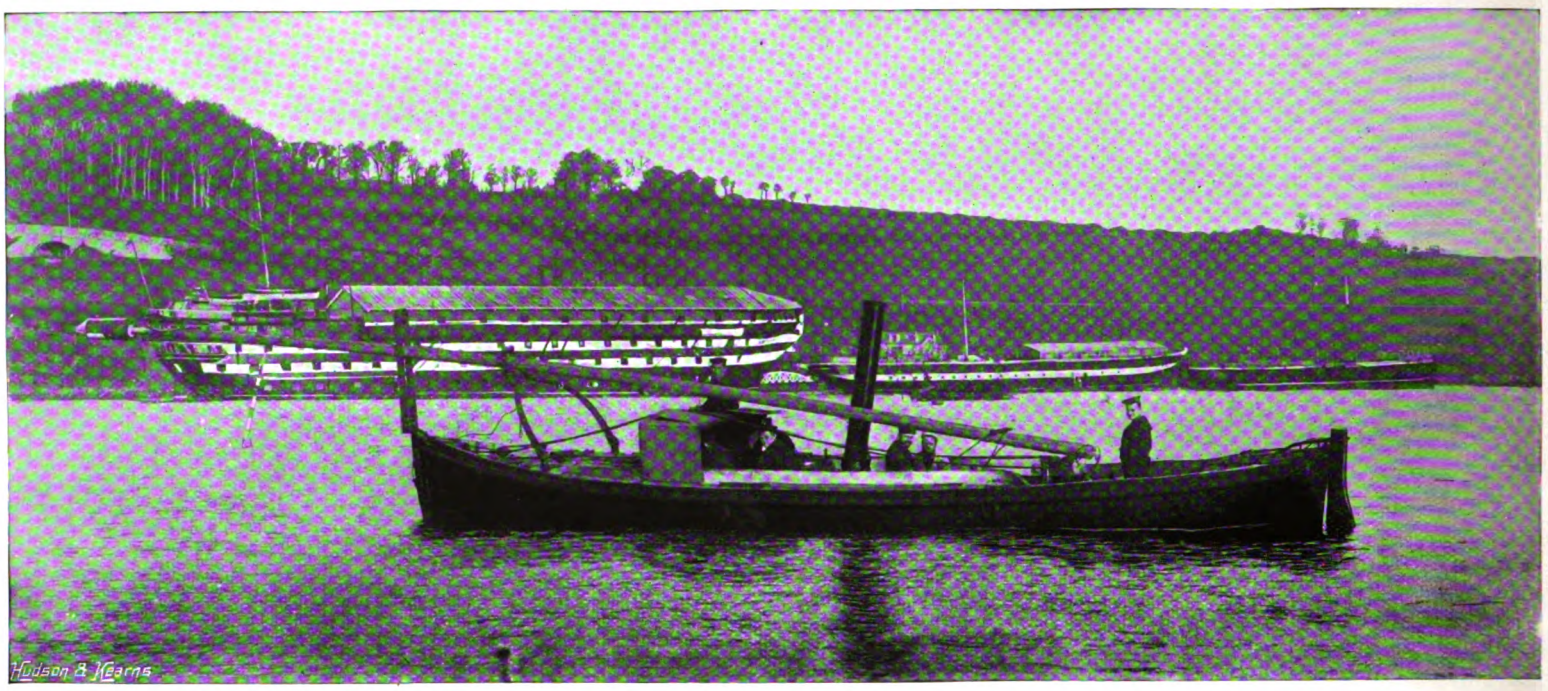
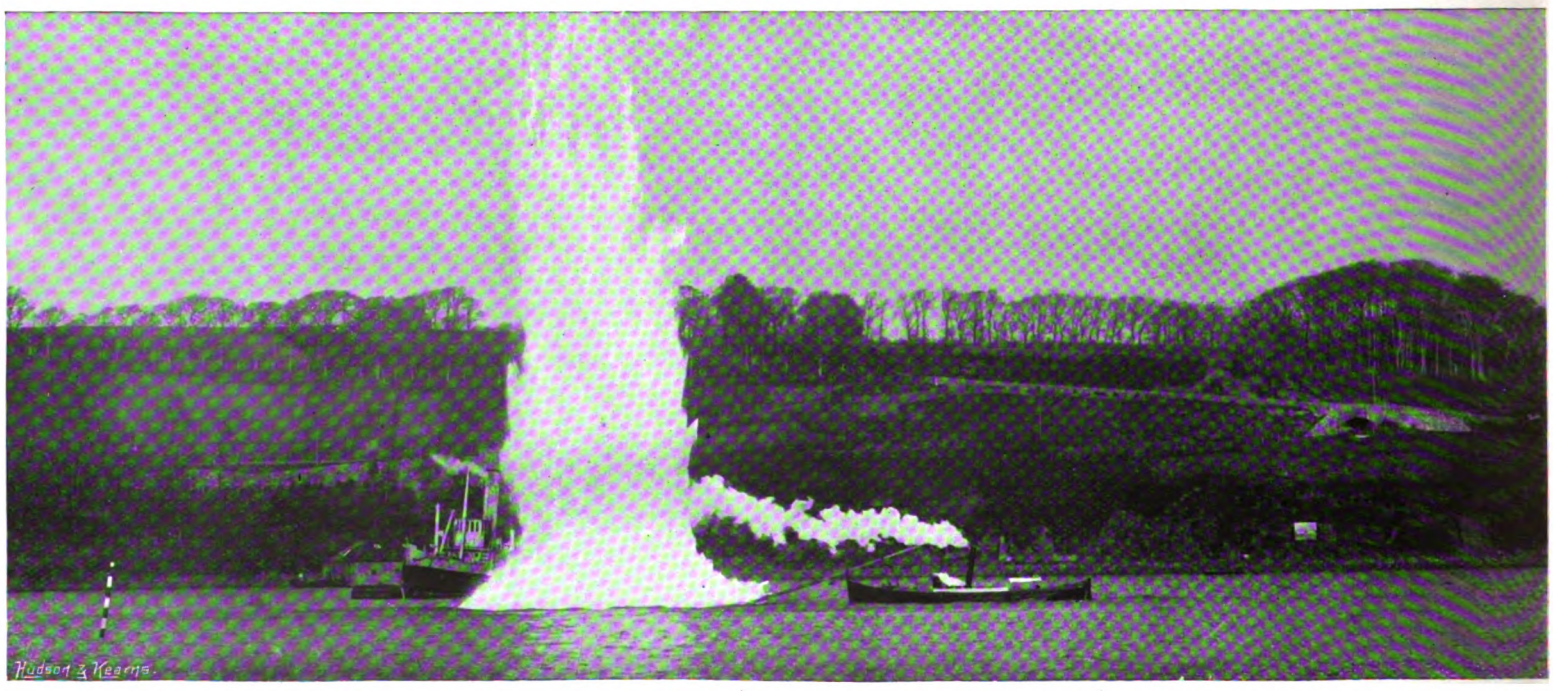


BOAT WITH WHITEHEAD TORPEDO READY FOR FIRING.



BOAT FITTED WITH OUTRIGGER TORPEDO.



Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

EXPLOSION OF AN OUTRIGGER TORPEDO FROM A BOAT.

IN the upper illustration a steam pinnace is shown with an 18-in. "baby" torpedo ready for firing. It is suspended over the side by two pairs of tongs. The men standing near the head have a rope in their hands, which will release the tongs simultaneously, the same motion starting its engines. The torpedo, dropping into the water, will run in the direction the boat is pointing. In the next illustration a similar boat is shown prepared for attacking with the outrigger torpedo. When about to attack, the pole is run out over the bows until the heel reaches the fork-legged support; the charge at the other end having dropped, is then 10-ft. under water and 22-ft. horizontally from the bows of the boat—a safe distance for the boat, though not for a heavier vessel. There is a steel shield just before the funnel where the crew collect, and on going into action the boat can be steered, etc., from there. Underneath is seen the result of exploding this charge of 35-lb. gun cotton.

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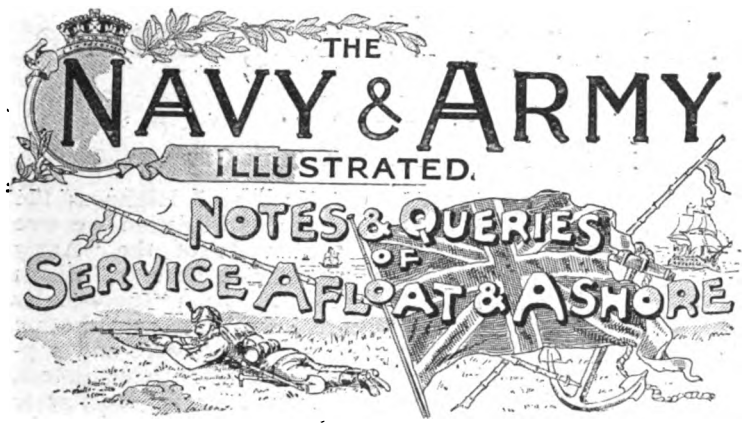

It is not without interest—in view of the tendency too often manifested at the present time, to depreciate what are called "purely professional accomplishments," as if they were beneath the notice of large minds, and to advocate almost exclusive attention to extra-professional studies—to note the opinion of one of the most accomplished and high-minded French Naval writers, Captain E. Jurien de la Graviére. In the course of his reflections on "The Last Naval War," describing the English system, he says, "It did not, perhaps, produce great scholars, but it made what was better—good seamen." And he goes on to advocate a "simplifying of the mathematical studies, with a view to gaining two or three years' sea-time," on the part of French Naval aspirants; adding, "A Naval life requires supple and docile natures, and too much scientific ballast at the outset of a career, in which there is so much to be picked up by the way, so much to be learnt from the experience of others, may prove more embarrassing than useful."

* * * *

The Royal Malta Artillery, the strength of which has lately been considerably increased, is a remarkably fine body of men, thoroughly well drilled and disciplined. They wear exactly the same uniform as the Garrison Artillery, except that the Maltese Cross takes the place of the number on the shoulder-strap. They are short in stature, but otherwise of splendid physique. The Royal Malta Militia is an infantry battalion. Although called militia, they in some respects resemble our volunteers, drilling all the year round in the evenings and holiday afternoons. They are paid so much per drill. There is a company of cadets from which the officers are selected. This company is in all respects the same as the others, except that they wear a narrow piping of gold braid round the cuff. The "Order," "No. 4,444, Private Luigi Carbonaro to be second lieutenant," sounds curious in English military ears.

* * * *

The boatswain's "call," formerly used also by all masters of men-of-war, is the lineal descendant of the personal badge of office formerly worn by the Lord High Admiral, which was "a whystell of gold sett with stones and pearles, hanginge at a greate and massy chayne set bawdrickwise." Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral in 1513, attached so much importance to this badge that he left it by will to the King, but being forced overboard from a galley during an engagement, and on the point of being drowned, he threw his whistle overboard to prevent the capture of it by the enemy. The last mention of it is when the Earl of Southampton, "Greate Admirall of Englande," rode to meet Lady Anne of Cleve on her arrival in England, he being "appareled in a coate of purple velvet cut on clothe of golde and tyed with greate aglets and trefoiles of golde to the number of foure hundred and bawdrickwise he wore a chayne at the which did hang a whystell of gold sett with rich stones of greate value."

* * * *

"H. P."—A recruit earns the higher grant of 35s. by passing out of the 3rd class in musketry during the year, viz., he must make 45 points in firing his 42 rounds of ammunition. If unsuccessful in passing out of the 3rd class he earns the lower grant of 10s. by making 30 points in his recruit's course. A trained rifle volunteer earns the higher grant by firing 21, 42, or 63 rounds, as the case may be, of ball ammunition in the course of target practice for the trained volunteer, and passing into the 2nd class, viz., in one trial making 30 points in 21 rounds. If unsuccessful in passing into the 2nd class he earns the lower grant if he fires 63 rounds and in either of his trials in the 3rd class makes 20 points. In addition to performing drills, a volunteer must come under one of the four classes above before being classed as "efficient."

As is well known, there is no language which, for picturesqueness of expression, can approach the sea language as spoken by a genuine salt. Among those picturesque expressions, "boot-topping" is not out of place. It refers to the scraping off barnacle, seaweed, and, in short, all kinds of foulness from the bottom of a vessel, but only near the surface of the water and in places unprovided with docks, and where, in consequence, a ship cannot be completely and thoroughly rid of all foulness. In the operation of "boot-topping" the men scraped the dirt off as far under the water line as they could reach with a scraper, after which the portion of the ship thus cleared was covered over with a mixture of tallow, sulphur, and resin.

* * * *

"A. E." (Johannesburg) asks: "Does the Headquarters Staff take precedence of Lord Roberts? For example, if a grand review were held before the Queen in Hyde Park, at which Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts were present with their respective staffs, would the Headquarters Staff take precedence of Lord Roberts in the march-past or in any other part of the review?" Neither the Headquarters Staff of the Army nor the Headquarters Staff in Ireland marches past. They would remain respectively with the Commander-in-Chief and the Officer Commanding the Forces in Ireland, at the saluting base. Lord Roberts holds no command in England, and therefore would not attend a review officially with his staff under ordinary circumstances in Hyde Park. Should such a thing as a combined review of the troops in England and Ireland take place before the Sovereign in London, the two officers mentioned would take up their position at the saluting base while the troops under their command were in the act of marching past. Lord Roberts, holding a rank superior to all officers on either staff, would in no case take precedence after them.

* * * *

Another interesting monument to Englishmen that I noticed at Père la Chaise, writes "P. E. G.," is the tomb that the French Navy erected to the memory of Admiral Décrès, the officer who was at the head of the French Marine throughout Napoleon's reign and whom Nelson thought so highly of and treated with such distinction on board the "Foudroyant," after that ship's capture of the French "Guillaume Tell." On Admiral Décrès' monument there is sculptured in high relief a very spirited representation of the fight between the "Foudroyant" and the "Guillaume Tell," which should be of interest just now, when Nelson's old "Foudroyant," the very ship in question, lately resuscitated and restored into a semblance of her old self in Nelson's days, has been wrecked on the Lancashire coast.

* * * *

"E. M. N." enquires: "What decorations are suspended by the rainbow ribbon?" Five out of the six medals awarded for the Afghan Campaigns of 1838-42—viz.: (1) The medal inscribed "Candahar, Ghuznee, and Cabul, 1842," given to the troops who served under General Nott throughout the war; (2) the medal awarded to the "Illustrious Garrison of Jellalabad" (subsequently replaced by another, known as the "Second Jellalabad Medal," hung by the same ribbon); (3) the Kelat-i-Ghilzee Medal; (4) that inscribed "Ghuznee, Cabul, 1842"; (5) and the medal bearing the inscription "Cabul, 1842," given to those who reached Cabul after 16th September, 1842. In this war the medal given by Shah Shuja for the capture of Ghuznee in 1839 was hung by a ribbon half crimson, half green. The medal awarded for the Scinde Campaign of 1843 was also hung by the rainbow ribbon, as were the bronze stars bestowed on those who took part in the battles of Maharajpore and Punniar in the Gwalior Campaign, fought on the same day—29th December, 1843. For the Afghan War of 1878-80 the medal is hung by a green ribbon with crimson edges, but the bronze decoration for the famous march from Cabul to the relief of Candahar is attached to the rainbow ribbon, which may be regarded as marking British heroism in Northern India for over forty years.

* * * *

The familiar "foul anchor" was originally the emblem of the Victualling Office in the time of Charles II., and did not supersede the clear anchor as the badge of the Admiralty until 1726, the Earl of Berkeley—First Lord from 1717 to 1727—being responsible for the change. Why so distinguished a seaman selected the emblem of bad seamanship as the badge of his profession it is difficult to conjecture, but the change extended even to the flag, which bore a foul anchor from 1725 to 1815. Is it too much to hope that the present Board will find time to consider the subject, which surely does not require much consideration, and by once more clearing the anchor, bring the Admiralty badge, the seal, and the uniform button into harmony with the flag?

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FROM a soldier's pay—which in an infantry battalion is 1s. a day—a sum averaging about 3d. per diem is deducted. The money so obtained is formed in each company into a fund and spent to the best possible advantage in providing "extras" for the men. All purchases are entered in the grocery-book each day, and should there be any balance in hand it is carried over to the account of the following day. The Government provides for each soldier daily 1-lb. of bread and ¾-lb. of meat, but does not further supplement his diet. Such things, therefore, as potatoes, bacon, eggs, and a hundred and one other commodities are bought by the men out of the fund. When the latter is well managed Tommy Atkins can always rely on a good breakfast. In the weekly diet sheet we find in addition to tea and bread some of the following placed before him:—Liver and bacon, eggs, porridge and milk, kippers, fresh fish, and many other dainties, but butter does not figure on the bill of fare every morning. Jam and other luxuries are provided for tea. The following extract from a diet sheet may be taken as a fair sample of the usual breakfast and tea provided. Breakfast:—Monday, tea and bacon; Tuesday, tea and butter; Wednesday, tea, liver and bacon; Thursday, tea and fresh herrings; Friday, tea and butter; Saturday, tea and bacon; Sunday, tea, liver and bacon. Tea:—Monday, tea and butter; Tuesday, tea and dripping; Wednesday, tea and jam; Thursday, tea and butter; Friday, tea and golden syrup; Saturday, tea and jam; Sunday, tea and butter.

* * * *

THE lot of the Masters of the Royal Navy who had the misfortune to become prisoners during the long war with France, must have been a singularly unpleasant one, as, owing to the fact of their not possessing at that time commissioned rank they were classed with, and in every way treated as, foremastmen. This was remedied by the Order in Council of 28th September, 1808, which conferred on them the rank of Lieutenant, though junior of that rank, but senior to surgeons, who had been granted commissions and uniforms by the Order in Council of 23rd January, 1805, a privilege which had been extorted from the unwilling Navy Board by the difficulty that was experienced in obtaining competent surgeons, owing to the superior advantages attending service in the Army and under the East India Company. The Pursers, who exchanged that title for "Paymaster" in 1852, were not so fortunate, as they retained their warrant rank, though taking precedence of gunners, boatswains, and carpenters, until the Order in Council of 23rd July, 1814, which considerably ameliorated their condition. Engineers also were originally appointed by warrant, ranking below carpenters, and with a very moderate scale of pay, which it was found necessary to increase in 1838, owing to the large number of resignations. Their position was, however, still found to compare unfavourably with that of the engineers of the East India Company and the Mercantile Marine, so that by the Order in Council of 27th February, 1847, they were granted commissions, inspectors of machinery and chief engineers taking rank with, but after, masters, and assistant-engineers with, but after, second masters.

THE EDITOR.

Prizes for Photographs.

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THIRTY CONSOLATION PRIZES.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

One half of the above number of Prizes will be awarded for Naval subjects, and the other half for Military.

On the cover of this and future issues will be found a coupon, which must be cut out and sent in by those wishing to compete. Every coupon will give one chance for a Prize.

The points in each case which will be taken into consideration are, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; second, excellence of photography; and, third, suitability for reproduction; the final decision in every case resting with the Editor.

Amateurs only can compete.

Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the subject. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be packed carefully, and the package should be marked on the outside "Photographic Prize Competition." Bromide or platinotype prints are unsuitable.

The competition will close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume. For fuller details see "Notes and Queries" Nos. 38 and 39 of the present volume.

The Army Nursing Service Reserve.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN GRAHAM.

TO Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian we owe the origin of the "Army Nursing Service Reserve," which has recently been successfully inaugurated. This organisation is intended to reinforce and supplement the Army Nursing Sisters, of whom there are far too few to overtake the enormous increase of work which would devolve upon them if this country were engaged in a European war. There is no doubt that every measure tending to increase the comfort and efficiency of the Army is one of those preparations for war which in reality make for peace. And surely not the most peace-loving citizen could look with anything but approval on the noble work to which Her Royal Highness and the ladies who follow her have set themselves. As the Marquis of Lansdowne said when the Princess Christian decorated her nurses on the 19th of May, we have reserves of ammunition, of men, and of horses, but, until now, none of nurses, and it was reserved for Her Royal Highness to remedy the omission.

The importance of this step may be estimated if we consider the horrible condition of the sick and wounded in war, and the high rate of mortality among them, when nursing arrangements are defective. The comparatively small number of Army Nursing Sisters is admittedly quite inadequate to cope with the requirements of active service on a large scale, and it would be manifestly absurd to employ untrained ladies on the outbreak of hostilities. However courageous or self-sacrificing a lady may be, and British ladies are both, it is necessary to make previous training a *sine quâ non*, and to test severely her qualifications for the work she undertakes.

The late Dr. Edmund Parkes wrote:—"Experience has showed in hundreds of campaigns that there is a large amount of sickness. The almost universality of this proves that, with every care, the conditions of war are unfavourable to health. The strenuous exertions, the broken rest, the exposure to cold and wet, the scanty, ill-cooked, or unwholesome food, the bad water, and the foul and overcrowded camps and tents, account for the amount of disease."

Badly situated and unskilfully managed hospitals are all that are necessary to complete the work of destruction. Without care and organisation a large hospital becomes a scene of horror and suffering more frightful than a field of battle. Kinglake describes as a "hell" the great Crimean hospital, with its miles of sick soldiers, before the arrival of Miss Nightingale. "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" might have been inscribed on its portals. But "a great lady came to the rescue of our prostrate soldiery, made good the default of the State, won the gratitude, the rapt admiration of an enthusiastic people, and earned for the name she bears a pure, a lasting renown."

If confidence be created in the minds of soldiers by the presence of an efficient ambulance transport, the presence of trained nurses at a base hospital has a not less beneficent effect. It inspires the sick and wounded with hope, and assures them that they will be treated not only with skill but with womanly care and sympathy. The late Lord Strathnairn said, in an official report:—"Transport of the wounded from the field of battle to a good ambulance, besides satisfying the rights of humanity and sustaining that spirit of confidence in the soldier which, like discipline, should never leave him, has another admirable effect—it obviates the incalculable disadvantage of troops engaged in action leaving their ranks for the purpose of carrying off the wounded."

Similarly it may be said that trained lady nurses save many valuable lives to the Service, relieve the sterner sex of duties for which it is ill adapted, and bring sweetness and hope into wards which otherwise would be dominated by misery and despair.

Of late years there has been rapid progress everywhere in the art and science of warfare, and an increasing disposition in this country to make ready for possibilities. In the nursing department "a great lady" has again come to the rescue, and, with the enlightened concurrence of the War Minister, has so provided for the business of war as to reduce the need for "yet further lessons in the cruel school of adversity."

Let us look for a moment at the qualifications of a good nurse, and we will see that the regulations, exacting as they

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may appear, are not too strict for an Army Nursing Service. An eminent civilian doctor says:—"She should be always bright, not giddy and given to noisy laughter, but cheerful and hopeful. She should be quiet in her manner, but decided and firm in all she says or does. She should be gentle, too, in voice and touch, and speak quietly, but distinctly. She should not whisper. She should not rush or rustle about the room. On the other hand, she should not glide about like a snake, and suddenly appear, to the patient's terror, in unexpected parts of the chamber. She should walk firmly and naturally. She must not, on any account, wear creaking boots. She should be scrupulously clean in her hair, face, hands and nails, and in her dress." That is a fair description of what a nurse should be in her person and demeanour, but the further and more important qualifications of hygienic knowledge and its skilful application to all kinds of patients in many various conditions, also go to the formation of a trained nurse in the proper acceptation of the term.

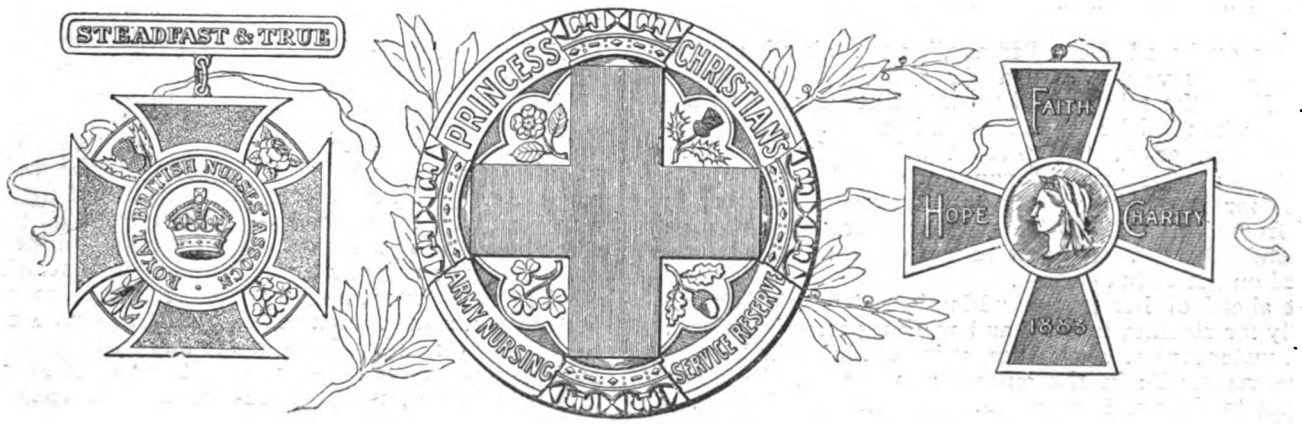
But spurious nurses abound. Miss Helen Thomson, who has done much to elevate the nursing profession, stated, in a lecture some time ago, "that anyone possessed of a little capital can open a private nursing institution, and is obliged by no law or necessity to select well-trained nurses to fill it." This is an evil which has retarded the progress of nursing as an honourable profession, and it is desirable that means should be used to put an end to it. Miss Thomson was instrumental in securing co-operation, which has had an excellent effect, but in present circumstances it is absolutely necessary to apply searching tests to candidates for the nursing service.

The foregoing remarks and quotations prepare us for considering the regulations, recently issued with Army orders, for the Army Nursing Service Reserve. In the preamble of the regulations it is laid down that this body is to be under the control, in peace, of a committee of which Her Royal Highness Princess Christian is president, but in war the nursing sisters will be entirely under the War Department. This apportionment of responsibility is exactly as it ought to be. The reserve is to consist of a hundred or more nursing sisters, a certain number of whom may be detailed as acting superintendents. If this figure is not so large as might be wished, it at least marks a vast improvement, for the body to which this is auxiliary, numbers only some seventy names in the Army List.

Candidates for the appointment must not be under twenty-five or over thirty-five years of age, and must have had at least three years of training and service in a civil hospital. Their dates of birth must be certified, their families must be of acknowledged respectability, and they themselves must be recommended as in every way suitable for a service composed of ladies. Each candidate has to sign a statement showing whether she is single, married, or a widow, and not less than twelve months of her experience must have been "in a civil general hospital where adult male patients receive medical and surgical treatment, and in which a staff of nursing sisters under a matron is maintained." Her good health must be medically certified, likewise her efficiency in medical and surgical nursing, while her "tact, temper, and ability" must be certified by the matron under whom she received her training. Members of the Reserve, until called up for military service, are not obliged to wear a distinctive uniform, but they are at all times to wear their badge on the right breast. The badge is a silver medal showing a cross surmounted by a crown, the angles being occupied by the rose, thistle, shamrock, and acorn, and encircled by the inscription: "Princess Christian's Army Nursing Service Reserve." Its wearers will be entitled to universal respect and honour, and be surpassed only by that small but brilliant company of ladies whose names are enrolled under the Royal Red Cross. When the ladies of the Reserve are employed with the Army they will be treated as regular nursing sisters and wear the same uniform. Their pay will be at the rate of £40 a year, and when doing the duty of acting superintendent they will receive extra pay at the rate of £20 a year. In addition to this there are special allowances for board, washing, clothing, and attendance. On the cessation of their employment with the Army they will receive a gratuity of £20, and for each year of their service beyond the first, a further gratuity of £10 if at home, and £20 if abroad, to obtain which benefits their services and conduct must, of course, have been in every respect satisfactory.

In the Field Hospital Tent.

These terms are not illiberal, but they are unlikely to tempt ladies to undergo an arduous training unless they are devoted to the profession of their choice. It is just such ladies that are wanted in the Army—enthusiastic, but possessed of nerve and self-command, physically strong, educated, disciplined, experienced, and of tried character. It is gratifying to think that sixty-five ladies of that stamp have already been admitted into the Reserve under Her Royal Highness, and it is probable that the whole number required will soon be obtained. The establishment of this corps cannot but be regarded as of the greatest value to the Army from the gain in physical and moral power which will naturally result. It is not the province of female nurses to approach the fighting line, although even that has been done, but not less bravery and heroism are manifested amid the sights and sounds of a military hospital, when work of a harrowing nature has to be patiently and unflinchingly performed.



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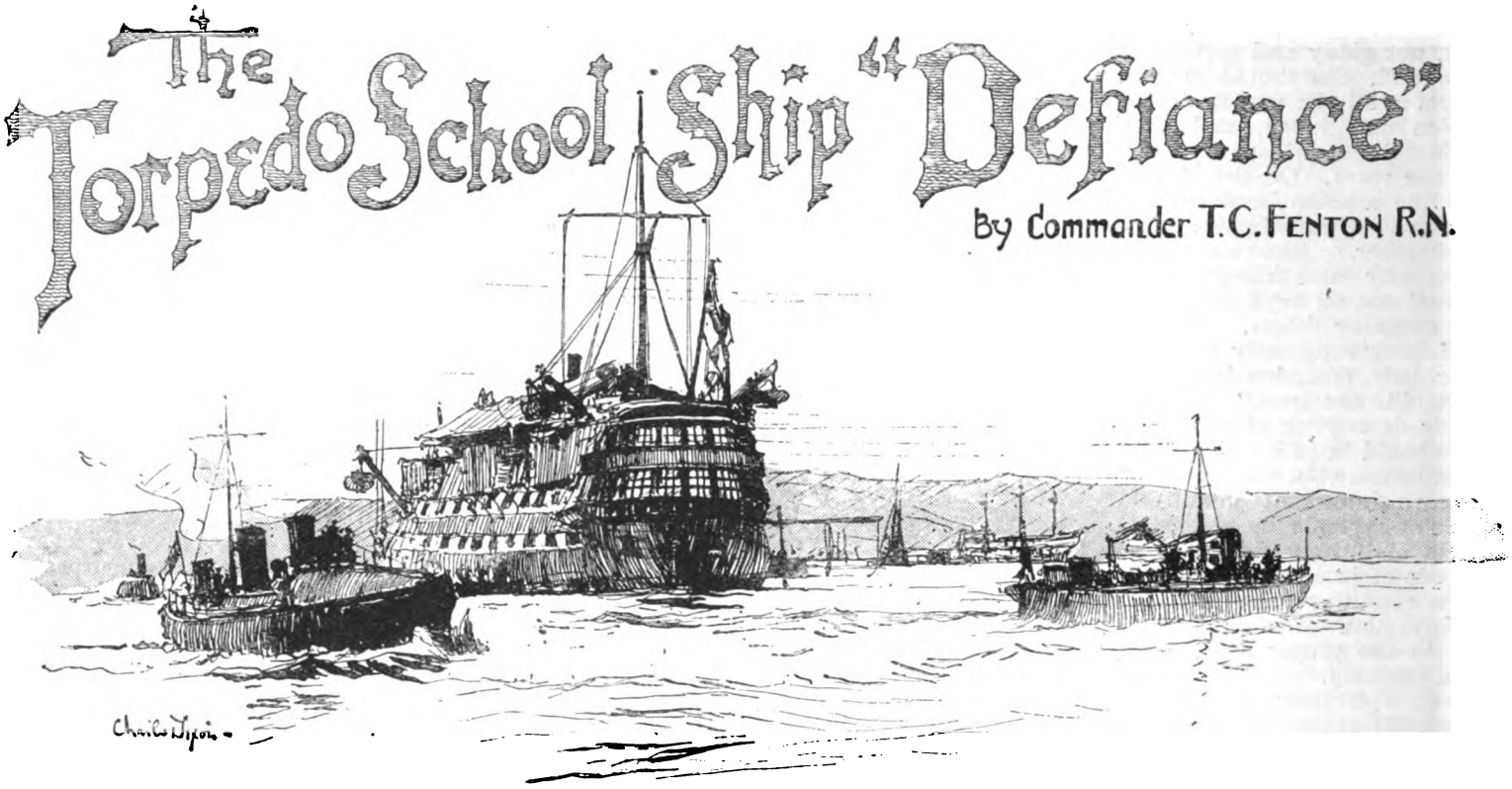
The Torpedo School Ship "Defiance"

By Commander T. C. FENTON R.N.



H.M.S. Defiance. with Torpedo Boats at Practice.

THE present torpedo school-ship at Devonport was one of the last line of battle-ships built at that yard, and was launched about the same time that the "Black Prince" and "Warrior" were built. These our first great iron ships were the forerunners of a new style of Navy altogether, and few of the old battle-ships were commissioned for service abroad after that. The "Defiance" was never commissioned, but joined the ranks of the fine old ships that were laid up in the Hamoaze until utilised as she now is. She lies in the entrance to the St. German's River, just below the Saltash suspension bridge, moored head and stern, with the smaller hulks, the "Perseus" and "Flamingo," ahead of her and connected by bridges.

The Devonport torpedo school is, in a manner, a reproduction of the original "Vernon" school at Portsmouth, with the advantages of starting later, and thus being able to profit by the experience gained there. Here every part of the internal economy and general routine of instruction is cut and dried to a nicety. The ship is beautifully clean, and the arrangements for the comfort and recreations of both officers and men are as perfect as possible. The lecture rooms are large and lofty, and the messes comfortable and roomy. In the "Vernon" twenty years ago the school was in its infancy, and in the old frigate's cabins, which were utilised as lecture rooms, the space was confined and low, and very conducive to sleepiness in the summer time. On board the "Defiance" the lecture rooms are on the upper deck, which has been housed in to a considerable height. Part of this is used as a gymnasium after working hours, and in the bows are nice roomy lavatories for the men.

On the main deck aft are the officers' messes and cabins, which latter extend along the deck some distance, the galleys, and a very convenient room for drying the men's waterproofs. On the lower deck the ship's company live, the warrant officers' mess being on the after part; on the orlop deck, below this—the cockpit of an old line of battle-ship—there are, on one side, a row of different patterns of above-water discharging apparatus for the Whitehead torpedo, used for teaching the classes. Below this, again, is a recreation room for the men, which contains a billiard table, papers, magazines, etc.

Passing on board the "Perseus," next ahead of the "Defiance"—this vessel is used for mining work almost entirely. Here the mines are kept and fitted for use by the classes, and when finished with hoisted in again. This vessel was the forerunner of the present school, having been attached to the "Cambridge" gunnery school here, with a small staff for instructing the torpedo men who periodically returned from ships abroad. This in time developed into the present establishment. She was an old wooden corvette, and last served on the China station.

Next ahead of her is the "Flamingo," which is used principally for storing, testing, and working electric cables; also fresh water for the establishment is kept in tanks here.

These vessels lie in the entrance to the St. German's River, close to the northern shore. The beach and a small portion of land abreast the ship have been purchased by the Admiralty, and utilised by the ship for various purposes. Amongst others there is an observing station, with range-finder for their mine-field, which lies a little way further up the creek. The position of the ship allows of a range for Whitehead torpedo exercise from her across the creek at all times of tide. This is a great convenience, and not obtainable from the "Vernon" at Portsmouth, all the runs with this torpedo there having to be done from the tenders, which entails loss of time transferring the men, etc.

The tenders to the "Defiance" are the "Scourge" gun-boat, two torpedo-boats, and one destroyer. The "Scourge" has an 18-in. tube for discharging torpedoes, made of aluminium, the only one in the Service at present. All the exercise from these vessels is carried out in Cawsand Bay, outside the breakwater, where there is a Whitehead torpedo range.

The instructing staff consists, with the captain, of four lieutenants, one chief torpedo gunner, and several warrant officers, torpedo instructors, and chief torpedo instructors.

The seamen in the Service volunteering for the rating of seaman-gunner must be good character men. When rated they have extra pay, and hold special positions, with regard to their training, in the vessels they serve in, such as the leading numbers at the guns, special duties in the magazines and shell-rooms, etc.; and the mere fact of holding the rating gives a man a superior standing in the ship as a smart and reliable man. These volunteers can join either of the gunnery schools that they choose, and men who belong to the West country would probably elect to join the "Cambridge" at Devonport. There they are put through a course of instruction, and when qualified receive extra pay—4d. a day for 1st class and 2d. for 2nd class certificates. These men can also increase their pay by becoming divers, instruction in that branch being also given in the school. This adds 1d. a day to their pay, with a further allowance when actually employed diving. These seaman-gunners can then volunteer for the further rating of "seaman-gunner torpedoman," known as S.G.T. Batches of these volunteers are sent continually to the torpedo school-ships at Portsmouth and Devonport. The "Defiance" alone last year passed 782 men through.

The course of instruction for these men lasts three months, divided into theoretical, practical, and Whitehead instructions. A lieutenant and a certain number of instructors take charge of each detachment of men when they come, and remain in charge of their instruction the whole time they are on board. Certain men who show superior ability are allowed to volunteer for the special ratings of "leading torpedoman" and "torpedo instructor," adding 2d. and 8d. a day respectively to their pay, in addition to the 2d. a day extra that the seaman-gunner gets if he qualifies as a torpedoman. These men have a much longer and fuller course of instruction, and are, after a time, attached to some of the parties of men qualifying for S.G.T., to assist in the instruction, so as to enter them for the work they will have to do when rated. Thus a seaman who goes in for the torpedo line can attain eventually to a pay of 4s. 10d. a day—that is, if he attains to the rank of Chief Torpedo Instructor

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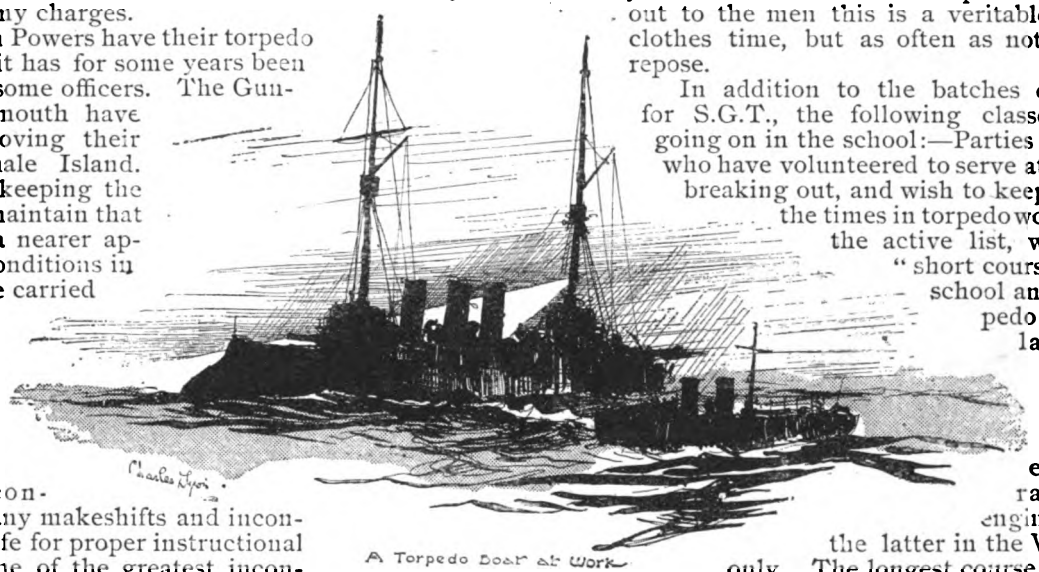
is a trained diver, and re-engages, after his first term of twelve years, to complete his time for pension. Should he pass for a warrant officer, such as a boatswain or gunner, his pay and position are very superior, and it is possible for him, at the end of his career, to retire with the rank of lieutenant. Of course, like the Woolsack, few comparatively attain to it, for various reasons, and the present chief gunner of the "Defiance" is most sincerely to be congratulated and respected as being about to attain the well-earned rank on retirement shortly.

A batch of seamen, on joining, have the books of instruction served out to each man. The class is divided into sections for convenience. They then attend lectures all the forenoon, and in the afternoon some practical work is performed before the class and explained to them. They have a fair amount of elementary instruction in electricity and magnetism, the working and management of the electric light, the different kinds of mines and torpedoes used in the Service, and of explosives generally. The greatest care is taken to avoid all possible chance of an accident of any kind. One lecturer, in the early days of torpedo work, used to pass a current of electricity through a barrel of gunpowder in front of the class, just to give them confidence and show the impunity of it, so he said. I don't know if the class ever investigated it, but expect it was possibly like the mountains of sugar in the grocers' shop windows—not much interior. Anyway, a foreign officer attending the class one day found urgent business necessary at the other end of the ship when the experiment was to come off, and, I believe, it was abolished after that.

When the class has attended a certain number of lectures they go entirely to practical work, fitting and laying out the various mines, etc., that they have been taught in the lecture room. Everything is carried out as nearly as possible in the same manner as it would be on active service, the mines only being filled with dummy charges.

Most of the foreign Powers have their torpedo schools on shore, and it has for some years been advocated for ours by some officers. The Gunnery School at Portsmouth have led the way by removing their establishment to Whale Island. Those who advocate keeping the torpedo school afloat maintain that the work is done in a nearer approach to the actual conditions in which it will have to be carried out in sea-going ships, and it is possible things would be made too easy and too comfortable, and less like real business, in a shore establishment. The other side consider there are too many makeshifts and inconveniences in the ship life for proper instructional purposes. Perhaps one of the greatest inconveniences is the time and trouble of landing and bringing off the men who go on liberty every evening.



A Torpedo Boat at Work

Jack's life is necessarily spent a great deal in foreign lands, or, rather, waters, and during his service he has only flying visits to his home at long intervals. For this reason, most of those who are married have their wives and families at or near one of the home ports, as Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, or Sheerness. In this way, when in England they can see something of their homes, and many of the unmarried men have their relations in the home ports also; so in the harbour or depôt ships as much liberty as possible is given to the men, knowing that they will possibly have soon to be some years away without a chance of seeing their friends and relations. On board the "Defiance" there is a regular staff of pensioners and others for keeping the ship clean, so that, outside instruction hours, there is little occasion to keep any of the men qualifying on board, except enough to man the pumps, etc., in case of a fire. The whole of the qualifying men are, therefore, divided into four watches. Three of these are allowed on shore every night, one remaining on board by turns.

To return to the course of instruction for the S.G.T.'s. Having done their theoretical and practical courses, they are next put through a course of instruction in the Whitehead torpedo. This entails a certain number of lectures, when the different parts and working of the torpedo are explained, also different modes of firing it. They then commence drill at the discharging tubes, and do a considerable amount of shooting with them from the "Defiance" and also from the torpedo-boats attached to her. These take the classes out to Cawsand Bay, their dinners being sent with them. When the course is finished they are examined and rated, or otherwise, as found qualified.

During the Annual Naval Manœuvres in the summer this establishment is closed, all the officers and men, with few exceptions, being sent in the mobilised ships, torpedo-boats, etc. At the termination of that there is a short leave given, and then the work commences again. Leave is also given at Christmas.

The routine of life on board commences practically at 9 a.m. By that time the ship has been cleaned, the liberty men brought off, and all hands cleaned and breakfasted. The men fall in, are inspected, prayers are read, and they then march off to the various instructions. There are always three batches, or "Short Courses," as they are called, going through the school at the same time; one is at theoretical, one at practical, and the other at Whitehead instruction. By 9 a.m., also, everything has been prepared for the classes, so that when they arrive work can commence at once. At ten minutes to twelve the work is cleared up, the cooks depart to prepare for their messes, and at noon it is "pipe to dinner." A ten minutes' "stand easy" is given the men during the forenoon, which, to those in the lecture rooms, is very acceptable to both lecturer and class. At 1 p.m. the instruction commences again, and continues until 4 p.m., when the decks are cleared up and the liberty men clean themselves for the shore. Later on those on board go to supper, are inspected, and then exercise at stations for "fire." This same routine continues until Friday, when the instruction ceases at 3.30 p.m., and the classes then clean all the gear they have used during the week. On Saturday there is no instruction, the forenoon being devoted to cleaning the ship and establishment generally throughout, and the afternoon is Jack's half-holiday, when he is piped to "make and mend clothes," often termed on board "ropeyarn Sunday." This is the routine for Thursday afternoons in sea-going ships, and vessels going round the world usually make their extra day Thursday. Sometimes after "slops" have been served out to the men this is a veritable make and mend clothes time, but as often as not it is a time for repose.

In addition to the batches of men qualifying for S.G.T., the following classes are continually going on in the school:—Parties of retired officers, who have volunteered to serve at sea in case of war breaking out, and wish to keep themselves up to the times in torpedo work; lieutenants on the active list, who go through a "short course" in the gunnery school and after in the torpedo school, this latter lasting for two months; Royal Naval Reserve officers wishing to render themselves efficient; also warrant officers and engine-room artificers, the latter in the Whitehead torpedo only. The longest course of all is that given to the men qualifying for torpedo instructor; this lasts eight months.

The whole establishment is lighted electrically, and there are excellent workshops. Plenty of good workmen are found amongst the artificers who are capable of making and repairing the electrical instruments required. There is always a certain amount of experimental work going on, including, just now, the new telegraphy, as it is called, with which Captain Jackson had already made very interesting discoveries when Macroni's were brought to notice. The Whitehead torpedo, which has now developed into a most reliable weapon, has for the last twenty years at least been continually under improvement, and experimental work with it has been carried out in the torpedo schools. Almost an equal amount of attention has been given to improving the methods of discharging it. At present the submerged tubes ejecting the torpedo from the ship's bottom some distance below the water line are most in favour. The danger from the exposed position of an above-water discharge is considered to be too great, but it was some years before a satisfactory submerged discharging tube could be arrived at.

The officers of the staff are chosen from the torpedo lieutenants' list, the captain, usually, having been a torpedo officer originally.

In conclusion, then, this school, in conjunction with the "Vernon" at Portsmouth, is for the purpose of specially training a certain percentage of our seamen in the use of the mines and torpedoes carried by our ships, not to be exclusively used by them, but that they should be a leaven of experienced men to take the principal duties and to instruct and lead the others. Also for the instruction of all executive officers, whether on full or half pay, so as to keep themselves posted up in the latest ideas.

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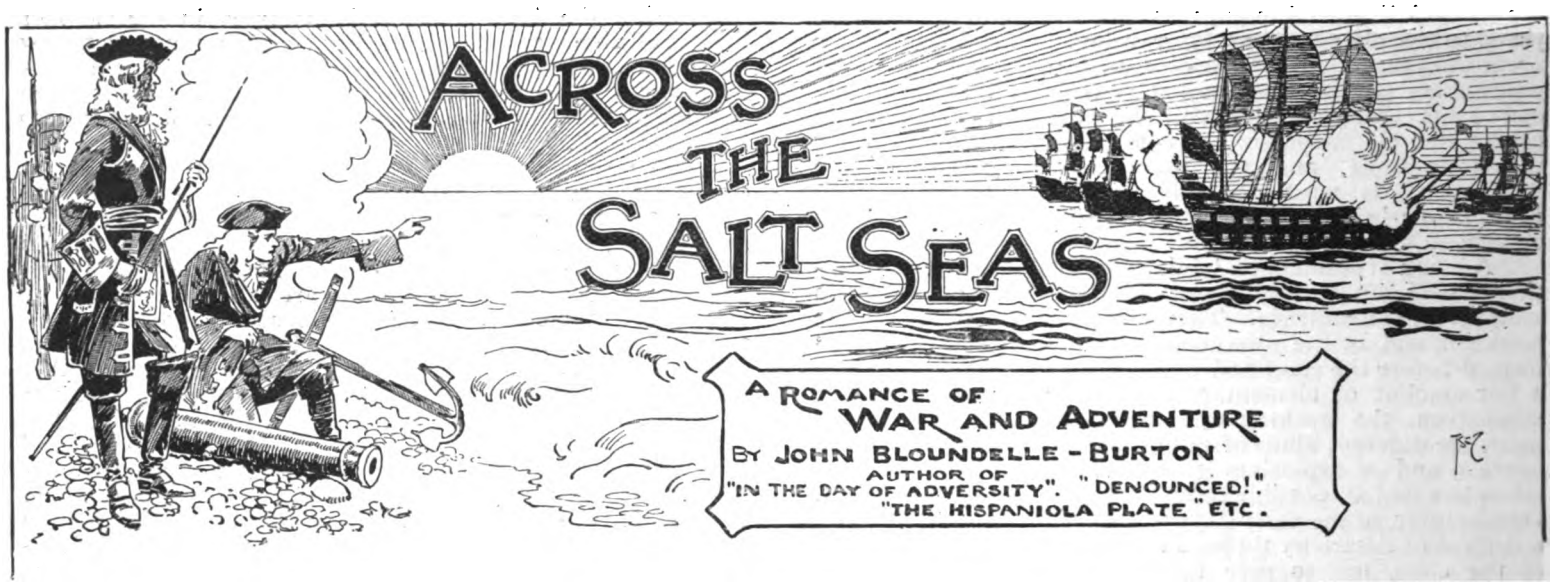

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The hero, Mervyn Crespin (an officer under Marlborough, who has been sent to Spain with a message to the admiral commanding the British Fleet which had besieged Vigo), has now been captured on his road to Flanders, and is sentenced to death as an English spy passing through a hostile country. In his attempt to return to Marlborough he has already met with some thrilling adventures and some strange companions. One, a young and handsome West Indian, passing under the name of Señor Juan Belmonte, whose fidelity to his fortunes has been remarkably striking, is now revealed in a true character, and one which explains the attachment and devotion of the supposed Señor. Another, who has been disguised as a monk, and known respectively as Father and Señor Jaime, is also denounced as one of the worst of all the pirates who, until a little while before the period of the romance, infested the West Indies—he being none else than the terrible Gramont. Also he turns out to be the father of "Señor" Juan—a relationship of which the latter has hitherto been totally unaware. All three, viz., Crespin, Gramont, and Juan, are now in the prison of Lugo, and the two former are under sentence of death. How they all fare in these circumstances has henceforth to be related.

CHAPTER XXII. *(continued).*

"A MURDERER," the old man hissed now, raising his voice, "not four-fold, but four thousand-fold. See," and he pointed his finger at Jaime, "see in him the man who sacked Maracaibo, Guayaquil, Campeachy, the man who has burnt men and women alive in their houses like pigs in a stye, sunk countless Spanish and French ships, plundered, murdered, ravished. The arch-villain of the Caribbean Sea—not dead, but alive, and trapped at last. The buccaneer, filibuster, pirate—Gramont!"

Amidst their voices—their shouts and shrieks, for all in Spain had known that awful name, though its owner had long been deemed dead and lost at sea—I heard a cry—it was a scream!—from Juan. I saw him reel as he stood by my left side, then stagger heavily against me, supported only from falling to the floor by my unwounded arm around him.

He had fainted.

And as I held up that drooping form I learnt the secret hidden from me for so many days. I knew now what it was that Sir George Rooke had earlier learnt. I penetrated the disguise of Juan Belmonte.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

I lay within a darkened cell in the prison which formed part of the ramparts of Lugo. Lay there a man doomed to death. Sentenced to be burnt at the stake as a spy taken in a country at war with my own.

To be burnt at the stake on some Sunday morning, because that day was always one of festival, because all Lugo would be there to witness, because from all the country round the peasants could come in to see the Englishman expire in the flames. Doomed to death!

Yet not to die alone. By my side—his right hand nailed to an upright plank—so the sentence had run—to which our bodies were to be fastened by chains, was to stand that other man, Gramont—the pirate and buccaneer who, as Eaton had testified later on, had been called the shark of the Indies.

I had been tried first by the *Alcáide* of Lugo and the principal Regidor, assisted by the Bishop of the Province—an extreme old man—and had been soon disposed of. Evidence was forthcoming—there was plenty of it in Lugo in the shape of French sea captains and sailors from the Spanish galleons—that I had fought with the English at Vigo, also that I had slain men betwixt the border and here. And again, there was the evidence of Eaton that I had travelled from Rotterdam as the undoubted bearer of the news that the galleons were approaching Spain.

Also, not content with all this, as it was testified, I was on my way through the land, gleaning evidence of all that was taking place within it, so as to furnish—as none could otherwise suppose—information to my countrymen when I should reach them.

No need for my trial to be spun out; one alone of all these facts was enough to condemn me, and, after a whispered conference between the *Alcáide*, the Regidor, and the Bishop, the latter delivered the stated sentence, his voice almost inaudible because of his great age, yet strong enough for the purpose, powerful enough to reach my ears and those of the small crowd within the court-house. That was sufficient.

So I knew my fate, and knew, too, that it was useless to say aught, utter one word. I had lost the game—the stakes would have to be paid in full.

Then began the unravelling of the history of him who stood beside me, tall, swarthy, contemptuous—his eyes glancing around that court, lighting at one moment on the withered form and cadaverous face of the Bishop, at another on the figure of the Regidor, a moment later on the *Alcáide*—a younger, well-favoured man, whom I guessed to be a soldier, past or present.

Gramont's condemnation was assured by the part he had played on that night when he assisted us on the road 'twixt Chantada and Lugo—that alone would have forfeited his life amidst these Spaniards. Yet, perhaps from curiosity, perhaps because even they doubted whether so summary an execution and one so horrible as mine was merited by that night's work, they decided to hear the denouncement of Eaton, the story of Gramont's past life; therefore, they bade the former speak, tell all.

And what a story it was he told!

Sitting in a chair near the Bishop, looking nearly as old as that old man himself, he poured out horror after horror, branded the man by my side as one too steeped in cruelty to be allowed to live another hour—if what he said was, indeed, true.

Told how this man had ravaged all the Spanish Main, had besieged Martinique, Nombre de Dios, Campeachy, and scores of other places, shedding blood like water everywhere. Had sunk and plundered ships, burnt them and the men in them, burnt them alive—gave instances, too, of cruelty extreme.

"I have known him tie dead and living together and fling them to the sharks," he said, "dead and living *Spaniards*. Also hang them to the bowsprit by a cord round their waists—a knife placed in one hand, so that, while freedom was theirs if they chose to sever the rope, a worse death awaited them when they fell into the water. A death from sharks, from alligators. Oh! sir Oh! reverend prelate," he continued, stretching out his hands towards the old, almost blind, man, "I have seen worse than this. Once he and his followers besieged a monastery full of holy fathers, governed by a bishop saintly as yourself. And they defended it vigorously, bravely—would have driven this tiger back but for one thing."

"What?" asked the younger of the judges, the *Alcáide*, who seemed to me as though he might have been a soldier. And I noticed that now, as all through this testifying of Eaton, that *Alcáide* seemed less disposed to accept his evidence than the others were. Later on I knew the reason that so prompted him. "What?" he asked.

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"Some of the priests had already fallen into his hands and the hands of his crew. Then they it was whom he forced to advance first against the monastery, to fire the brass cannon they had brought with them against their brethren. Forced them to do so, so that those brethren should shoot them down first."

"Also," said the *Alcáide*, "it might have been to prevent their comrades firing at all. In open war a great commander would perhaps have availed himself of such a cunning ruse."

Then I knew for sure this man had been, or was, a soldier.

More, much more, was told by Eaton—'tis best I set down nothing further. Then the end came. The sentence was passed. Gramont, too, was doomed to die. By my side, on some Sunday near at hand.

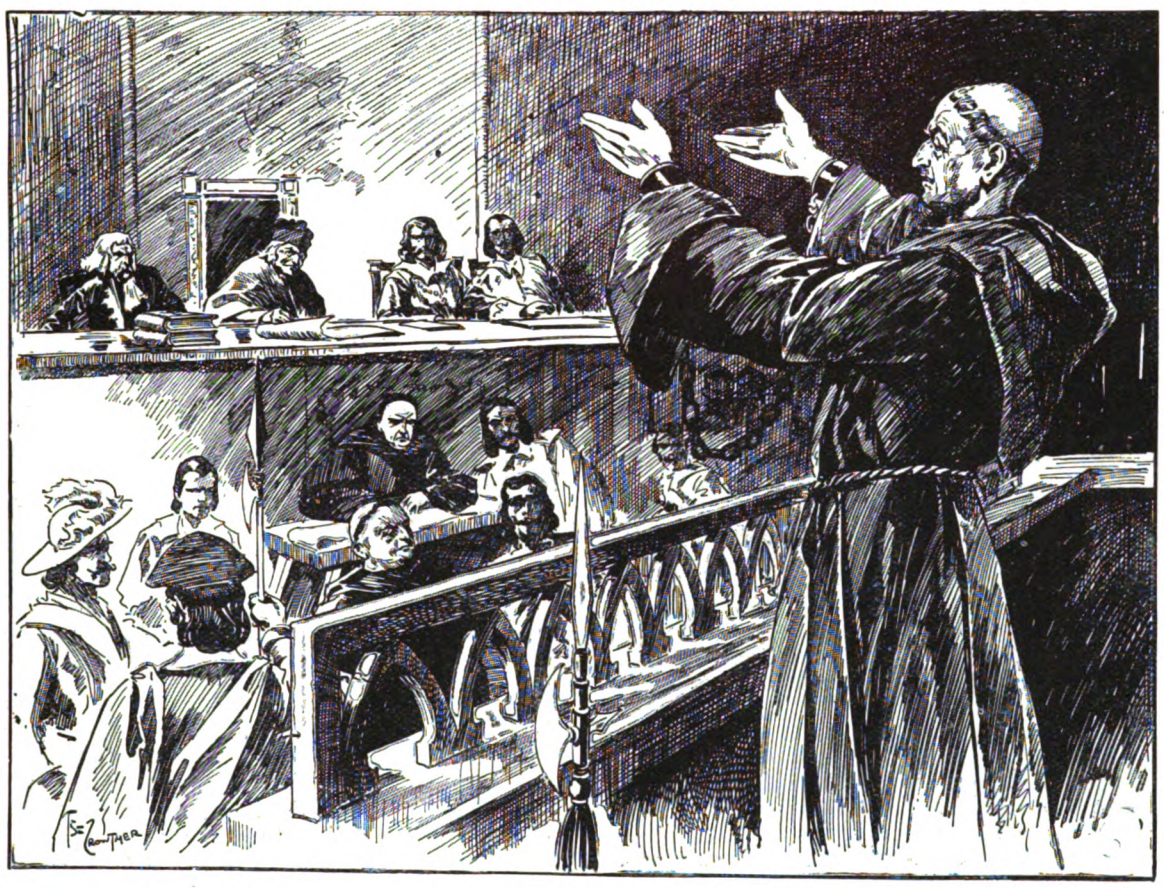
"Break off," the Bishop said. "Justice will be done." Whereupon he glanced down at his papers—I wondering that he could see them with those purblind eyes—while, pausing in his attempt to rise, he said:

"Yet there was another. The youth"—and here I pricked up my ears, for of Juan I had heard nothing since taken to the prison in the ramparts—"the youth who fought side by side with this man—this spy—this *Ingles*. How comes it he is not before us?"

For a moment, as it seemed to me, the *Alcáide* hesitated, then he said:

"He is not well. He was hurt in the *mêlée*. He cannot be brought before us for some days. Later, if necessary, he can be tried."

Although I had drawn as far away from Gramont as was possible since I had learned his true nature and character, and the bloodshed of which he had been guilty, I could not prevent myself from letting my eyes fall on him now. And I saw that, for the first time, there was a look of eagerness in his eyes, that he was watching the younger of the judges, watching as though filled with an intensity of feeling as to what might next be said.



"If I am guilty, who is there in the Indies that is innocent?"

"If necessary, Capitan Morales," the Regidor said, speaking now for almost the first time. "If necessary! By all reports he is as bad as his elder comrades. A wild cat, all say. Why should it not be necessary?"

"He is very young," the *Alcáide* replied, undoubtedly confused, "very young. Also he—he—is not well. I should do wrong to produce him before you in the state he is. As governor I must use my discretion," and he made a feint of being engaged with the papers before him.

Then I felt sure that he, too, knew Juan's secret, as I now did; and I wondered to what advantage he might put that secret on behalf of Juan. Wondered, while I felt glad at the thought which had now risen to my mind—the thought that, at last, Juan might be saved from our doom.

Again the Bishop said at this time—doubtless his worn old frame was fatigued by the morning's work:

"Let us rise. There is no more to be done, since—since this youth cannot yet be brought before us," and once more he placed his white shrunken hands upon the desk in front of him to obtain the necessary aid to quitting his seat.

But now the governor, whose name was Morales, made a motion of dissent, accompanying it, however, by soft, respectful words.

"Nay, most reverend father, nay," he said, "not yet, if you will graciously permit that we continue our examination further," while as he spoke the Bishop sank back again with a wearied look of assent. "I am not satisfied."

"Not satisfied," the old man whispered, while the Regidor also echoed his words, though in far louder tones. "What is it you are not satisfied with, Capitan Morales?"

"With that man's testimony," he exclaimed, pointing his finger over the desk at Eaton—"in no manner of way satisfied." And as he spoke it almost seemed—I should have believed it to be so in any other country but Spain, a land of notorious injustice and love of cruelty for the sake of cruelty—as if the crowd in this court somewhat agreed with him, for from them came a murmur—one that might be of concurrence with him. Also, even as he spoke, a voice shouted from the midst of those forming it:

"Ay! How knows he all this? Ask him that!"

Glancing my eyes in the direction whence those words came, they fell upon a man of rude, though picturesque, appearance, whose voice I thought it was, a fellow bearded and bronzed, with, in his ears, great rings of gold. A man who, I scarce know why, I instantly deemed a sailor. Perhaps one of the many who had fled from the galleons or the French ships of war.

"I am about to ask him that," exclaimed Morales, though he cast an angry glance towards the crowd. "It is his answer to that which I require."

Then all eyes were instantly directed towards Eaton—one pair flaming like burning coals from beneath their bushy brows—the eyes of Gramont.

Looking myself at him, noticing the ashy colour of his face as he heard that unknown voice uprise amidst the people gathered in the court—as also he heard in reply the words of Morales—noticing, too, the quivering of his white lips and the look as of a hunted rat that came into his eyes, I found myself wondering if he had not thought of how his denunciation of the man by my side was his own accusation also.

"I ask you," went on Morales, "how you know all these things? None but an eye-witness, a participator, could have told as much."

Upon that muttering and gesticulating crowd, upon the shaggy, black-bearded Asturians and Biscayans, some of them rude mountaineers from the Gaviara, and some even ruder sailors from the wild and tempest-beaten shores of Gallicia; upon the swarthy Spanish women with knives in their girdles and babes at their bare breasts, there fell a hush as all listened for his reply—a hush broken only by his own halting attempt to find an answer that should be believed, gain credence, not only with the judges, but the people.

"I have—heard—it said—heard it told," he whispered in quavering tones. "'Twas common talk in all the Indies—his name hated—dreaded. Used as a means to fright the timid—to———"

He paused, trembling. For, like a storm that howls across the seas, sweeping all before it in its course, another voice, a deeper, fuller, more sonorous one, swept through that court and drowned his; the voice of the lost man by my side.

"Hear me, you judges!" he cried, confronting all, standing there with his manacled hands in front of him, yet his form erect, his glance contemptuous, his eyes fire. "Hear me! Let me tell all. I have the right—the last on

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earth granted to one such as I—for one who sees and reads his doom in all your faces. Give me your leave to speak."

"Speak," the Bishop murmured, his tones almost inaudible—"speak, yet hope nothing."

"Hope!" Gramont exclaimed. "Hope! What should I hope? Nothing in truth. No more than I fear aught. I am the man this other one charges me with being—am Gramont. That is enough. Gramont the filibuster—one of a hundred of your countrymen, of Frenchmen, of Englishmen. But"—and he glanced proudly round the court—"the leader of all, or almost all. Yet, if I am guilty, who is there in the Indies that is innocent? Was Morgan, the English bulldog? Yet his king made him deputy-governor of his fairest isle. Was Basco, Lolonois? Is Pointis? Answer me that. And, you of Spain, you, one of her bishops, you, one of her soldiers"—and he glanced at each of them—"how often has one of you blessed the ships that sailed from your shores laden with men of my calling? How often have some of your trade"—again he glanced at Morales—"belonged to mine? Yet now I, a Frenchman, a comrade-in-arms of you Spanish, am judged by the words of such as that———"

And this time his eyes fell on Eaton.

Also, all in the court looked at him again.

"Now," went on Gramont, "hear who and what he is—hear, too, how he knows all that I have done. He was my servant—my ship's steward once—then rose, through lust of cruelty, to be my mate and second in command. And he it was who first whispered that the captured monks and priests, as he terms them, should be sent against the monastery at Essequibo. Only—he has forgotten—his memory fails; they were not monks and priests—but *nuns*."

"No! no! no!" shrieked Eaton, as a tumult indescribable arose within the court, while now the mountaineers and seamen howled, "Burn him and let the other go"; and the fierce, dark-eyed women clutched their babes closer to their breasts, fingering the hilts of the knives in their girdles at the same time.

"Nuns! Holy nuns!" the Bishop gasped. "Great God!"

"Ay! Holy nuns. And, hear one more word from me; it is the truth, though it avails me nothing. I was not at Essequibo then, was far away, was, in truth, at Cape Blanco. And he—he—James Eaton, was the man."

There rose more tumult and more uproar—it seemed as though all the men in the court would force the barrier that separated them from the judges and from Eaton, and us, the prisoners—would slay that villain, that monstrous wretch, upon the spot. But, at a look from the *Alcáide*, some of the alguazils and men-at-arms by that barrier thrust and pushed them back, and made a line between them and the body of the court.

"Again listen," Gramont went on, when some silence had been at last obtained. "Tis my last word. I was not there—was gone—the band was broken up, dispersed. From Spain had come an order from your King that those who desisted were to be pardoned; from Louis of France came the same news by Pointis. And I was one who so desisted, took service under Louis, was made his lieutenant. Also, I was on my way to France when I was cast away. Cast away, after leaving my child, my wealth, in that man's hands for safe keeping. He drove the one from him with curses and cruelty, he stole the other. And—hear more. Those galleons coming to Cadiz were bringing that stolen wealth to him. Because I knew that it was so I came in them to Spain, hoping by my disguise to meet him, to wrench it back from him, to call him to account for his treatment of my girl."

Over the court there had come a hush—as the calm comes after the storm; hardly any spoke now—yet all, from Bishop downwards, regarded Eaton, trembling, shivering there.

And once more in that hush, Gramont's voice uprose again:

"For myself I care not. Do with me what you will. But, remember, I denounce him, that man there, as pirate and buccaneer, ten times more bloodthirsty and cruel than any other who ever ravaged the Indies; I denounce him, the denouncer, as thief, filibuster, and spy. Do with me what you will—only take heed. Spare him not. And if you seek corroboration of my word, demand it of him who is my fellow prisoner, demand the truth from Juan Belmonte."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY LOVE!

The days passed as I lay in my dungeon in the ramparts, and each morning, when the jailer—who I soon learned was deaf and dumb—came with a loaf of bread and a jar of water, I braced myself to receive the tidings that it was my last on earth.

Yet a week went by and I had not been summoned to the plank and the flames. I began, as I lost count of time—as I forgot the days of the week themselves—to wonder if, after all, the sentence was one that they dared not carry out. And, remembering that in Spain nothing could be done without reference to the powers at Madrid, I mused upon whether, if they did so dare, the sanction for the death of Gramont and myself must be first obtained ere the execution could take place. Also, I mused on many other things, be sure, besides my own impending fate, a fate which, I thought, would never be known to any of my countrymen, which would be enveloped for ever in a darkness nothing could lift. I thought of Juan and of the secret which that wild impulsive nature had concealed from me for so many days—wondered what would be the end of that career—thought, too, of Gramont, the man whose blood-guiltiness had been so great, yet who, as he stood by my side a doomed man, had seemed almost a hero by reason of his indifference to—his scorn of—his fate.

The dungeon, as I have termed it, though in truth it was more like a cell, was in, and at, the uppermost part of the ramparts of Lugo—noted for being the most strongly walled and fortified town in all Spain—was, indeed, a room in the great wall which sloped down perpendicularly to the Minho beneath. A wall, smooth and absolutely upright, or vertical, on which a sparrow could scarcely have found a crevice in which to lodge or perch, rising from eighty to a hundred feet from the base of rock on which it was built, and through which the river rushed. This I had seen as we passed under it on the other side of the Minho when we approached the town; could see indeed, now, in the daytime, as I glanced down on to the river beneath through the heavily grated and barred window which admitted light to my prison. Also, I could observe the country outside and the mountains beyond, while I heard at night the swirl of the river as it sped by those rocks below.

Because there was no chance of escape for any creature immured within this cell—since none could force away those grates and bars, even had they possessed that strength of Samson for which I had once prayed; because, also, had I been able to do so, there was nothing but the jagged rocks beneath, or the swift river into which to cast myself, I was not chained nor manacled. Was at liberty, instead, to move about as I chose, to peer idly out all day at the freedom of the open country beyond which would never again be mine, or to cast myself upon the pallet on the floor and sleep and dream away the hours that intervened between now and my day of doom. Nay, I was at liberty, had I so chosen, to strangle myself with my bedding, or, for the matter of that, my belt or cravat, or end my life in any manner I might devise. Perhaps—though I knew not that it was so—it might be hoped such would be the end. It would save trouble and after-consequences.

None came near me all the day or night, except that mute jailer of whom I have spoken, when he brought me my bread and water every morning; and it was, therefore, with a strange feeling of surprise, with a plucking at my heart, and a fear—which I despised myself for!—that my last hour was come that, one night as I lay in the dark, I heard footsteps on the stones of the passage outside the cell door. Footsteps which stopped close by that door—some of them heavy, the others light. I heard, too, the clash of keys together, the grating of one in the huge lock a moment later.

"Remember," I whispered to myself. "Remember. You are a man—a soldier! Be brave."

Then, slowly, the door opened and a figure came in bearing a light in its hand, while a second later the door was closed and locked again from the outside; the heavy footsteps were heard by me retreating down the passage.

The figure was that which I had learnt to associate with the name of Juan Belmonte.

"You here," I cried, springing up, and then I advanced towards it, my hands outstretched—while my companion of so many days sprang to my arms, lay in them sobbing as though with a broken heart.

"Do not weep, do not weep," I said, and as I spoke my lips touched that white brow—no whiter now than all the rest of the face, "do not weep. What is, is, and must be borne."

"My love! my love!" those other lips—whose rich crimson I had once marvelled at so much—sobbed forth now, "my love, how can I help but weep! Oh! Mervan, I have learnt to love you so, to worship you for your strength and bravery. And now to see you thus. Thus! My God!"

"Be courageous still," I said; would have added, "Juan," only, not knowing, I paused. "What shall I call you?" I asked.

"Juana."

"Do they—the judges—know?"

"The *Alcáide* knows. 'Tis through that knowledge I am here."

(To be continued).

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Photo. FRADELLE & YOUNG, Piccadilly.

General Sir JULIUS AUGUSTUS ROBERT RAINES, K.C.B., Colonel of "The Buffs."

THIS distinguished officer obtained his first commission in the 3rd Buffs, at the early age of sixteen, on the 28th January, 1842, but was transferred to the 95th Derbyshire Regiment in order to serve with his father, the late Colonel J. R. Raines, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis—a veteran officer who, as an ensign in the 82nd, fought at Roliça, Vimiero, and Coruña. The following is a brief summary of Sir Julius Raines's services:—Crimea—Battles of Alma (where, as a captain, he carried the Queen's colour of the 95th), Inkerman, and Tchernaya, siege of Sebastopol (wounded), assault on Redan, 18th June. Mentioned in despatches, medal with three clasps, Sardinian and Turkish medals, 5th class Medjidie, brevet majority. Indian Mutiny—In command at assault and capture of Rowa, siege and capture of Awah, commanded 3rd assaulting column at capture of Kotah, battle of Gwalior, capture of city and fortress of Gwalior (wounded), capture of Powree, and action of Kundrye. Five times mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp, promoted lieutenant-colonel, brevet of colonel, and C.B. Expedition into Arabia, 1865-66—Commanded the expedition from Aden, capture of several towns and forts. Received the commendation of the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay "for the efficient manner in which these successful operations were carried out." Sir Julius has held several important staff appointments, and commanded the 95th Regiment for upwards of thirteen years. In 1882 he was appointed Colonel of "The Buffs," and was nominated a K.C.B. in 1893.

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UNDER CANVAS IN INDIA.

PRACTICALLY every regiment stationed in India, whether British or native, goes under canvas once a year in the cold weather season, for field operations on a larger or smaller scale. On the larger scale this takes place in connection with the camps of exercise that the Indian Government annually forms for the purpose. Regiments from various garrisons are then concentrated from over a wide area for combined operations of all arms. On these occasions the native regiments, both of cavalry and infantry, take part side by side with their comrades from Great Britain, working together in a series of tactical exercises in the open, across country.

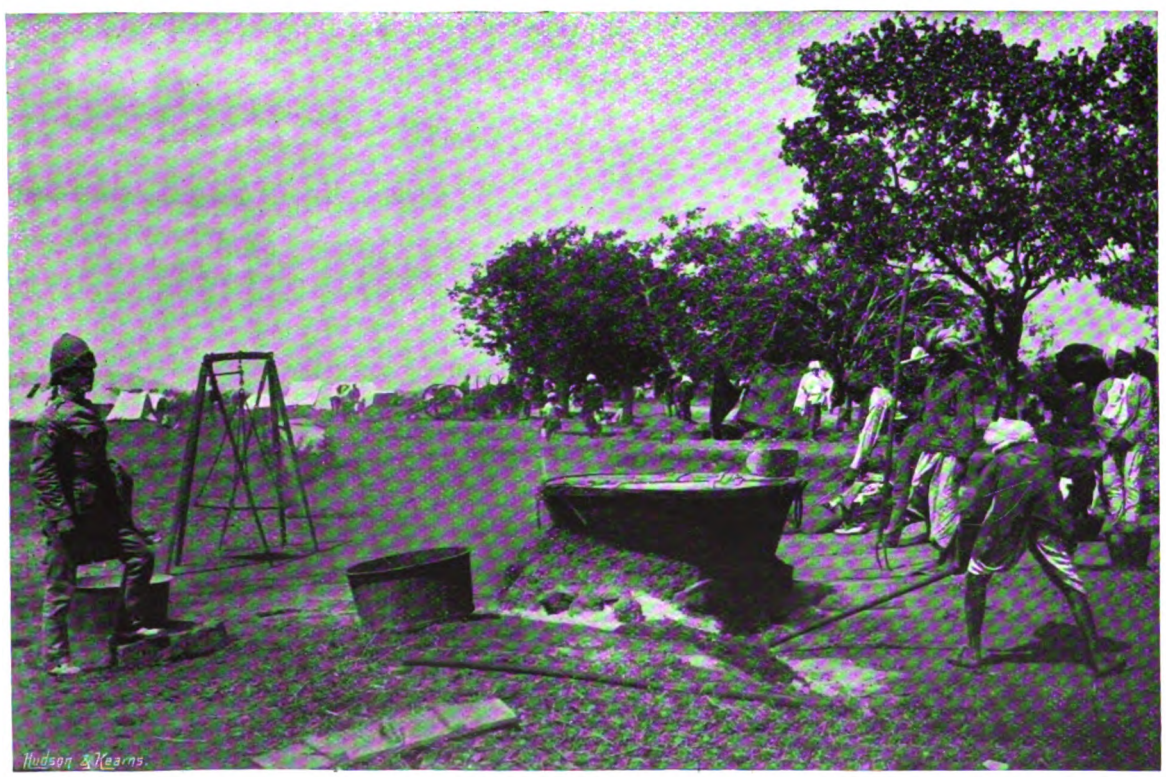
Such has been the usual practice of late years, and the cold weather season just passed would have been no exception, had it not happened, unfortunately, that, owing to the heavy expenses thrown on the Indian Exchequer through the widespread effects of the famine and the plague, most of the larger camps of exercise which the Simla authorities had proposed to hold between November, 1896, and February, 1897, had to be countermanded. In spite of that, however, it was found possible at some of the larger garrison stations to carry out certain modified schemes of tactical exercises with the troops divided into opposing forces.

Our illustrations show some of the incidents of the soldier's every-day camp life in India during these manœuvres, and specially in connection with the first battalion of the Dorsetshire Regiment, stationed at Bangalore, the headquarters of one of the district commands of the Madras Army Corps, where a large force of all arms is permanently quartered under a Brigadier-General. At Bangalore are stationed, as a rule, one British cavalry regiment, one battery of Royal Horse Artillery, two batteries of Field Artillery, one British infantry regiment, one native cavalry regiment, three battalions of native infantry, and departmental details.

Among the Native Cooks.

Cleaning Up after a Day's Work.

In our first photograph we see part of the regimental camp kitchen of the 1st Dorset, with some of the native cooks—or, as Tommy Atkins in his lingo calls them, the "Bobbachees" (bhawachi)—at work, preparing the men's dinners at the back of the company lines. In British regiments in India the kitchen work is carried out entirely by a staff of native cooks, supervised by specially allotted soldiers from each company who



Photos. BARTON, SON & CO. *Boiling Grain.* Bangalore.

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The Soldiers' Morning Toilet.

Serving Out Rations.

are attached to the Quartermaster's department. Further control is exercised through the subalterns of the day, among whose routine duties it is to inspect the state of the copper cooking utensils, seeing that they are cleaned and kept properly tinned inside, and to visit the men's lines at dinner-time and attend to any complaints that may be made.

Another sketch shows the men engaged in cleaning up after a day's work. To ensure sanitation in camp in India it is, further, usual to burn all camp litter and refuse at regular periods while the men are under canvas, and also when the camp breaks up. Another of our photographs shows grain being boiled in the camp on the little mud fireplaces that the Indian natives construct for themselves everywhere for culinary purposes. In another photograph we see a somewhat cognate subject—the serving out of the daily ration, an operation that takes place every afternoon under the eye of the subaltern of the day, above referred to, and the heads of the Quartermaster's department, as well as the native contractors' baboos, the rations, whether of meat, bread, ghee (clarified butter used for cooking), and so forth, being distributed and apportioned by weight or measure to each company, whose orderly men attend at the "ration-stand" to draw their supplies.

Two of our photographs show early morning camp scenes. In one we see the men getting ready to turn out for parade before marching off for the day's duties and dressing themselves in the open, with some of the native camp followers and attendants assisting them. Particularly noticeable among these last is the "Nappy," or regimental barber, a personage who amounts to an institution in every British garrison in India. He is a familiar figure, as all who have ever seen an Indian cantonment will remember, as he glides about from barrack-bungalow to barrack-bungalow, with his little steaming hot water can and razor in hand, to perform his functions on his clients—at sixpence per month per man, hair cutting included. The last of our smaller photographs shows a very important operation in process of taking place—the filling of the men's water bottles by the regimental "bheestie," or water-carrier, before the troops fall in on the parade ground. This is a matter, as can be guessed, of the highest importance to all concerned.

In the first of our two long half-page photographs we have a general view of a regimental camp in India, showing its appearance from some little distance away. Coming closer, one would observe the accurate dressing of the lines of tents, each company's set of tents being aligned in a row by themselves, with the officers' tents in line with their respective companies. The second of our long half-page photographs shows the men of the 1st Dorset marching at ease while returning to camp after a day in the field.

Photos. BARTON, SON & CO. *Bangalore.*

Filling Up Water Bottles before a March.

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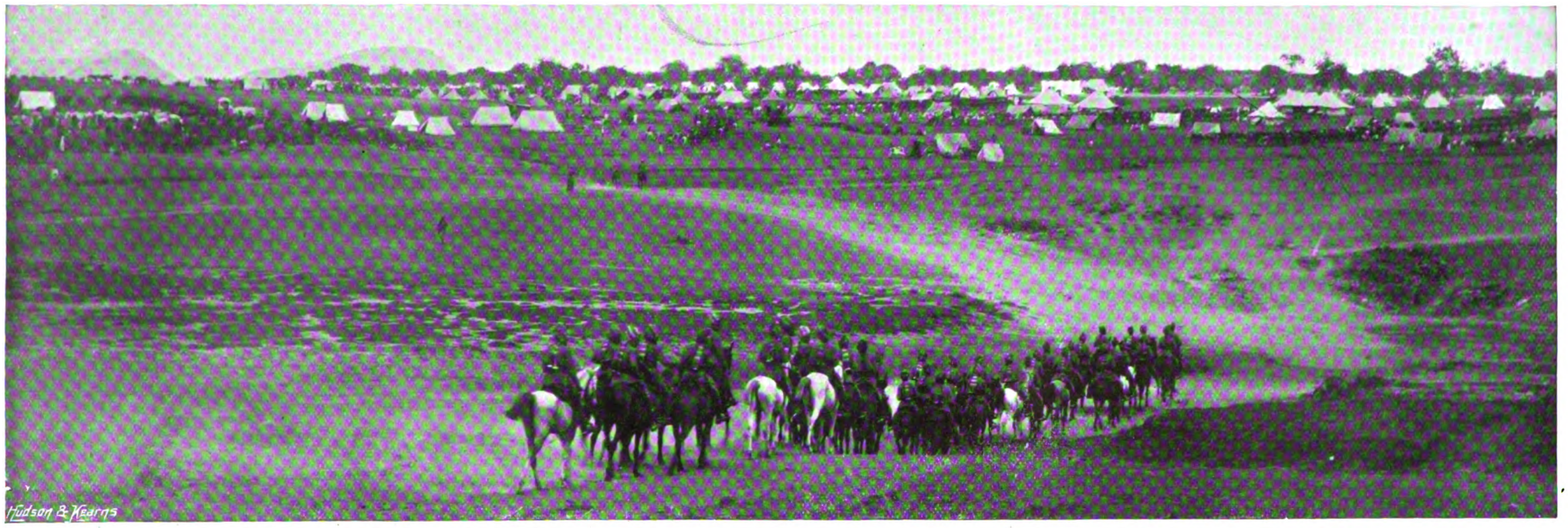

GENERAL VIEW OF A CAMP (Showing a Squadron of the 2nd Madras Lancers in the Foreground).

Photos. BARTON, SON & CO. *Bangalore.*

THE 1st DORSET RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER A DAY'S MANŒUVRES.

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Photo. NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA. *Crystal Palace.*

COLONEL TULLY AND STAFF OF THE YEOMANRY AND VOLUNTEER TOURNAMENT.

THIS year's Crystal Palace Tournament took place last month in the presence of a large assemblage. The interest culminated in the officers' competitions, in which Lieutenant Revill, Captain Gilliat, and Major de Pinna carried off the honours. All the work of the Tournament was admirably done. The prizes were gallantly won, and those who obtained no prizes were but very little behind the prize-winners. The discipline of all ranks, throughout the whole course of the Tournament, was exemplary, and the enthusiasm generated, not only in the corps represented but in thousands of the onlookers, cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect on the Yeomanry and Volunteer Services. It is to be hoped that a much greater degree of encouragement will be extended to the Committee in the coming year. Colonel Tully was well supported by a skilful and ubiquitous staff, and the Tournament proved a complete success.

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SOLDIERS' UNIFORMS OF YEARS AGO.

MODERN reform and an apparent disregard for the value of *esprit de corps* have deprived our Line regiments of almost all the distinctions in dress which they formerly possessed. With few exceptions (notably in the case of one or two Highland regiments) blue is the colour of the facings of Royal regiments, white that of others; in fact, there remains at the present day little to distinguish one regiment from another. At one time, however, our uniforms were picturesque in the extreme, as reference to the first picture will prove. It depicts a party of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in the dress of the regiment at the time of Waterloo. The richly-braided tunic, the "wings" on the shoulders, the headdress, with plaited cord, are all such as to make a soldier proud of his attire.

On the right is the Castle of Inniskilling displayed on a shield, having under it the sphinx. The castle commemorates the gallant defence of Inniskilling in the reign of William III., when the town was the stronghold of the Protestants in Ireland. The sphinx, superscribed "Egypt," was granted to mark the bravery of the regiment when fighting under Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt, especially at Aboukir Bay and before Alexandria.

On the left appears on a shield the White Horse of Hanover with the legend "Nec aspera terrent." The Hanoverians had good reason to be proud of the Inniskilling men. Not only did they oppose Prince James Edward in 1715-16, when Scotland and the northern counties of England rallied round his flag, but were equally engaged against his son, the Chevalier, in 1745-46. When commanded by General Blakeney, in 1745, the regiment defended Stirling Castle against the forces of "Bonny Prince Charlie," and afterwards fought at Culloden, where the Hanoverian forces shattered for ever the hopes of the ancient house of Stuart. It won praise, too, when habited in the uniform here shown. Arriving from Ghent on the field of Waterloo, 18th June, 1815, the Inniskillings were posted in square near La Haye Sainte. There they maintained their position with dogged persistence, though losing 500 men and all their officers before being permitted to fire.

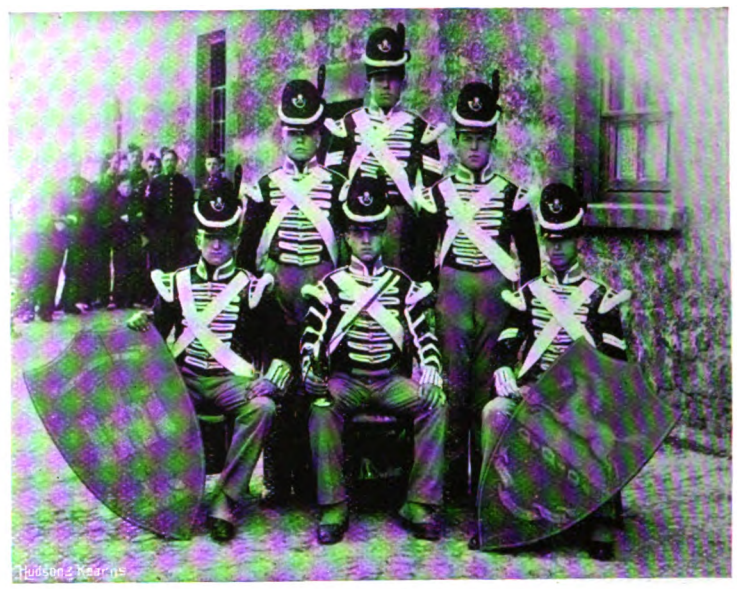

Photo. J. MERCER. *Inniskillen.*

Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, time of Waterloo.

Photo. A. A. INGLES. *Edinburgh.*

Royal Scots, time of Blenheim.

The second illustration represents a group of men of the Royal Scots in the uniform worn at Blenheim. It is, indeed, a handsome uniform, reminding one of Britons' deeds in the days of Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. The Royal Scots are the oldest body of men in the Service, which their nickname, "Pontius Pilate's Body Guards," would imply. Their bravery has always been pre-eminent since they first fought under the flag of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. It is, however, with the story of Blenheim that we are chiefly here concerned. The Elector of Bavaria had encamped in the valley of the Danube, near Blenheim, and was reinforced by troops sent from Louis XIV. Marlborough and Prince Eugene were encamped at Minster, and on the 13th August, 1704, advanced to attack the Elector's forces. A column was sent forward to attack the village of Blenheim about midday, and of this one battalion of the Royal Regiment formed part.

A second battalion of the regiment was also engaged on another part of the field, and both conducted themselves with "distinguished bravery." Many attempts were made to dislodge the enemy from his position, but it was not until the allies had suffered severe loss that the main body of the enemy was driven from the field. After this the troops in the village attempted to escape, but were repulsed, and in the end twenty-four French battalions and twelve squadrons of cavalry surrendered as prisoners of war. In this battle the Royal Regiment lost three officers killed and seven wounded.

The third picture is that of a group of men from the Royal Welsh Fusiliers as they were dressed about the time of the Crimean campaign. A company of the regiment was the first body of troops to land on the Crimea, and it was Captain Bell who afterwards captured the first Russian gun, holding a pistol to the head of the driver who attempted escape. For this he was awarded the Victoria Cross. The regiment distinguished itself at Alma and Inkerman, and served throughout the entire siege of Sebastopol.

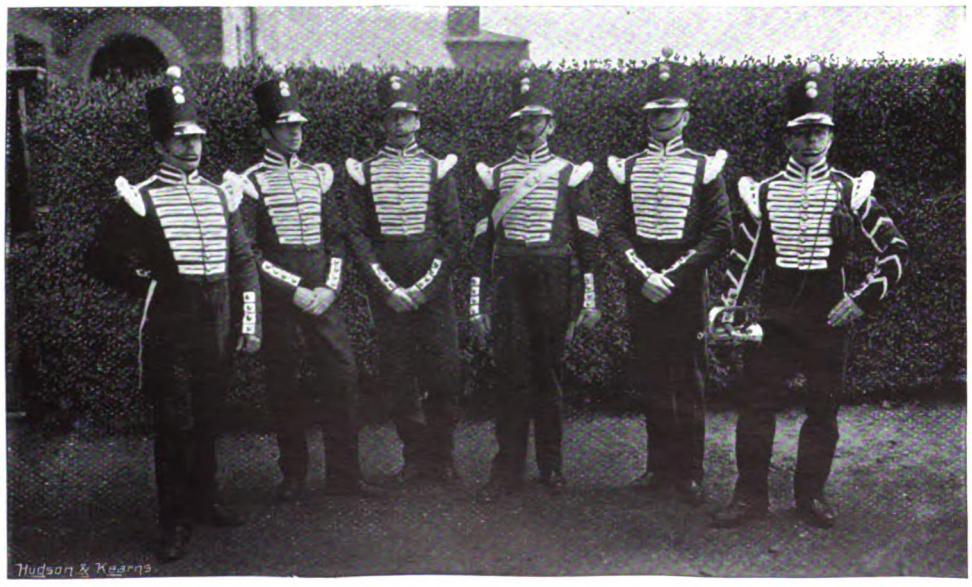

Photo. E. A. HOGG. *Hounslow.*

Royal Fusiliers, about 1850.

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Photo J ROBINSON *Dublin.*

13th LIGHT DRAGOONS, 1837—13th HUSSARS, 1897.

Our fourth illustration represents one of the 13th Light Dragoons of 1837 shaking hands with one of the 13th Hussars of to-day. The two regiments are identical, the former title being discarded in favour of the latter after the Crimean campaign. The picture is, of course, purely allegorical, representing, on the one hand, the uniform during the opening of Her Majesty's reign, and on the other that worn during the year of her Diamond Jubilee. The two mounted men present numerous contrasts. The high cap with white plume has given way to a busby with white busby bag and lines. The heavy scales have been superseded by a narrow shoulder cord. The pouch now worn is smaller and the cross-belt fits tighter than in the early decades of the present century. The doublet of the Light Dragoon is now supplied by the tunic of the Hussar, ornamented with braid. The Light Dragoon, too, is not booted as his successor of to-day, and the differences in the harness are too numerous to allow of their being noted. The old uniform was designed for use in the late Royal Irish Military Tournament. When it was originally worn by the 13th Light Dragoons the regiment was stationed in India. On the commencement of the Russian War it went to Bulgaria, and afterwards served with distinction in the Crimea at Alma and Inkerman, assisting in the famous but disastrous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. It afterwards served at Sebastopol, and was entitled the 13th Hussars shortly after the close of the war.

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SPANISH ARMY TYPES.

DURING the operations in Cuba and the Philippines the eyes of Europe were turned a good deal to the Spanish army, and the abundance of the physical resources of the country, and the patriotic and soldier-like qualities of the men, even when they had received little training, came as a surprise to many. There is no purpose here of dealing with the army as a whole, but a few notes on the branches of it we illustrate should be of interest. The Albarderos, of whom we have a group of superior officers, belong largely to the Spanish aristocracy, and include picked men from the whole army. They take their name from the halberd, that picturesque old weapon which they carry, now no longer of fighting value, but used as an arm of ceremony even in these days.

The force is organised in two companies, with a total of 40 officers and 250 men, as the personal guard of the King, and for the interior service of the palace. The ranks are quite different from those in the regular army, for a colonel is appointed as a captain, a lieutenant-colonel as a first lieutenant, and so on until we find a first lieutenant appointed as a "caporál." All officers of the army are eligible for the Albardero corps, one half of the vacancies being filled by candidates selected for their special qualifications, and the other half by promotion on seniority within the corps itself. The men must be sergeants of good character and the best qualifications. The splendid uniform of this distinguished corps is familiar to those who visit the Spanish Court; and its band, which plays on all State occasions, is one of the best in Spain.

Superior Officers of the Albarderos.

An Artillery Group.

Officers of Hussars.

Photos. J. DAVID. Paris.

The artillery of the Spanish army, as in our own Royal Artillery, includes the horse, field, mountain, and garrison branches; and the gun factories and other establishments are in relation with it. It has charge of stores of guns, arms, ammunition, and *matériel*, and is provided with field ranges, gunnery schools, a scientific and practical museum, etc. Actually the formation of the artillery is in thirteen regiments of the field branch, each of four 6-gun batteries, as well as a regiment of horse artillery, and three belonging to the mountain branch, all these having the same number of batteries and guns as in the field artillery. There are besides ten battalions of garrison gunners, and four companies of artificers. At the present time the Spanish army has guns of two kinds—the Krupp and the Placencia, of bronze or steel, with 3·5-in. and 3·1-in. calibre. The calibre is therefore somewhat larger than that of our own 12-pr. gun, of six of which the horse and field batteries of the Royal Artillery are formed. The officers of the force enter through the college at Segovia, the admission being by competitive examination between civilian candidates and young officers from other corps.

The studies cover a period of five years, and promotion is always by seniority; but, on reaching the fourth year of their studies, these artillery cadets become second lieutenants, and are promoted to the full lieutenancy on appointment to the corps at the close of their studies at Segovia. The arrangements for the training and maintenance of the effective condition of the artillery seem excellent.

The third picture is of a group of Hussars taken at Madrid. The Spanish cavalry includes two Hussar regiments, known by the names of "Princesa" and "Pavia," which are considered by their officers to be the most distinguished of the mounted regiments. The cavalry officers enter through the college at Valladolid by competition, and, after a course of three years, are appointed to their regiments as second lieutenants. In addition to the two regiments of Hussars, the cavalry branch includes eight regiments of Lancers, four of Dragoons, and fourteen of Chasseurs, or light horse, with some other local establishments, with depôts of remounts and for the training of horses for the service.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—NO. 45.] *FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1897.*

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

ADMIRAL HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE OF LEININGEN, G.C.B.

ADMIRAL H.S.H. PRINCE OF LEININGEN entered the Service in 1849, and saw some considerable war service before he attained the rank of lieutenant, serving in the Burmese War of 1851-52 and in the Black Sea during the Russian War, when he accompanied the Naval expedition to the Danube under Omar Pacha, receiving a gold medal from the Turkish Government for distinguished service in the field. As a lieutenant he served in the Baltic during the Russian War, being present at the bombardment of Sveaborg. He was selected to command the Royal yacht in 1863, which distinguished position he held until promoted to rear-admiral in December, 1876, and was afterwards commander-in-chief at the Nore. He was promoted vice-admiral in 1881 and full admiral in 1887, being placed on the retired list in November, 1895. In addition to the Turkish gold medal he has also received medals for the Burma, Crimean, and Baltic campaigns, as well as the Medjidie of the 5th Class. He was made a G.C.B., civil, in 1886, and military in 1887.

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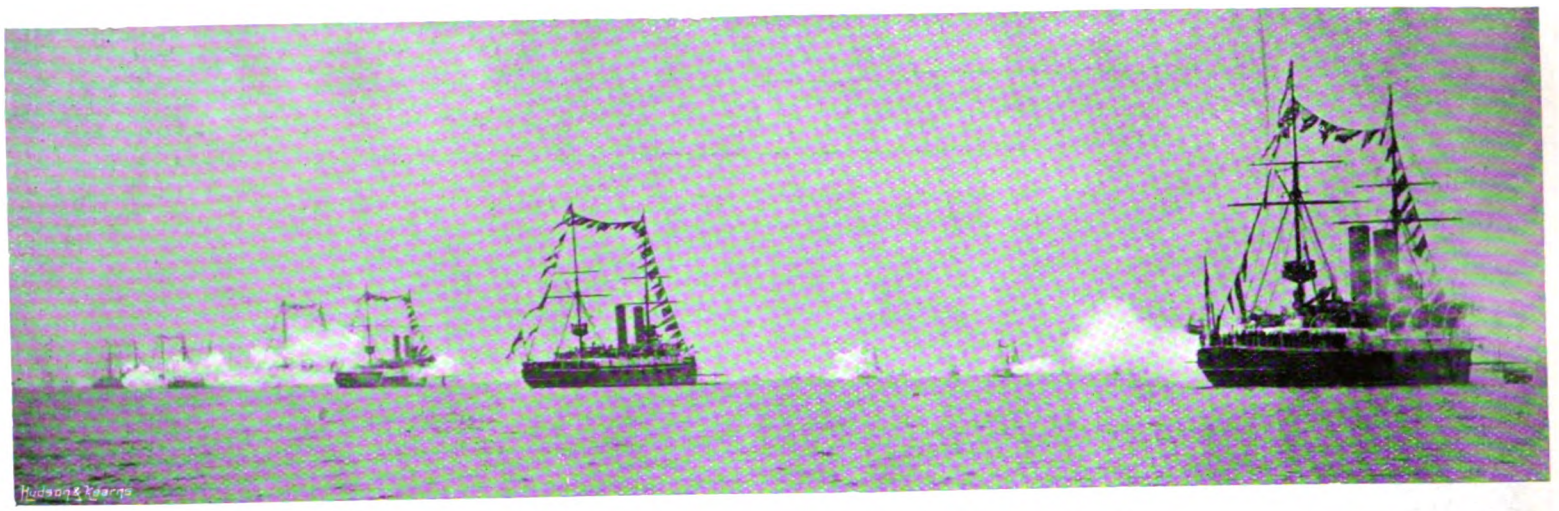
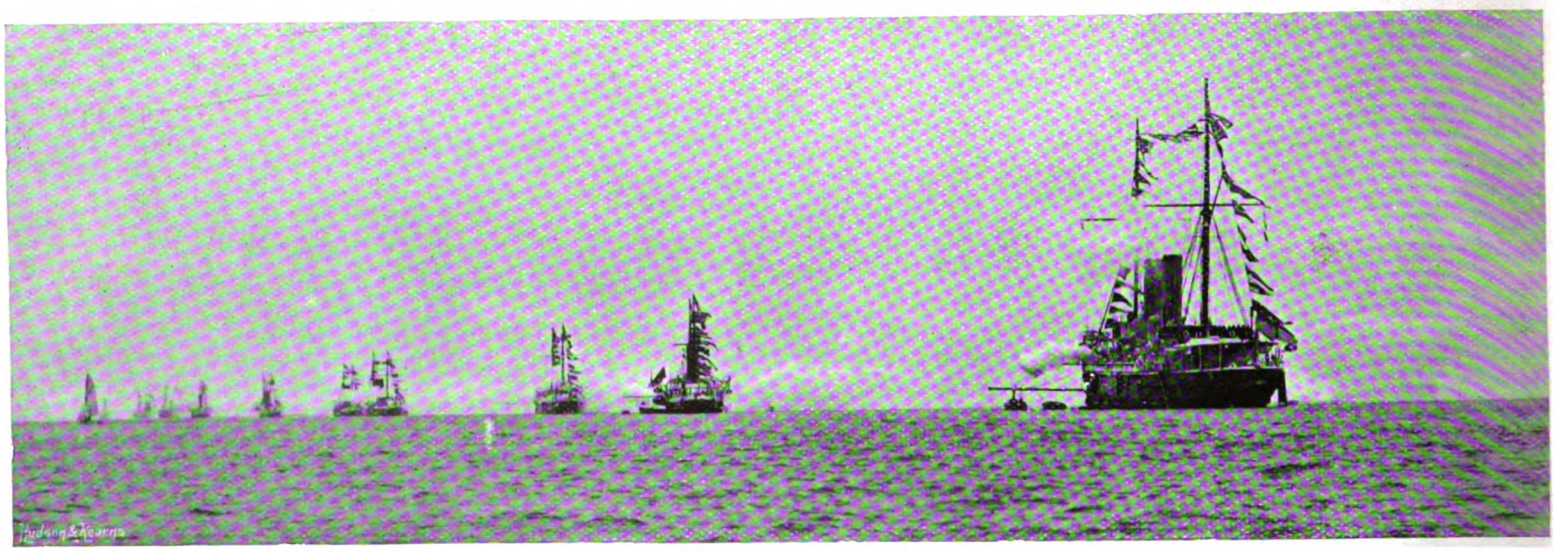
THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.



THE ROYAL SALUTE.—Second-Class Cruisers.

THE ROYAL SALUTE.—First-Class Cruisers and Battle-Ships.



Photos. WEST & SON. *Southsea.*

THE ROYAL SALUTE.—Third-Class Cruisers.

THE great Naval Review held at Spithead on the 26th June will not easily be forgotten, illustrating as it did the immense progress made since the Review of 1887, and the unrivalled power of our splendid Fleet of to-day. It must be that, as we are always building, and the improvements of the present day will become obsolete in their turn, while new inventions take their place, it will be surpassed at some future period; but the occasion for which it was convened obviously cannot recur for a very long time, and he would be a rash man indeed who would venture a prophecy as to the accepted type of war-ship at the close of the twentieth century. Seven illustrations are here presented of the Fleet from different points of view, the first three representing various ships in the act of firing a Royal salute of twenty-one guns on Jubilee Day. These salutes are, of course, fired from the smaller guns which form the main armament in most of the cruisers and the auxiliary armament in the battle-ships. In the first picture is represented the line of second-class cruisers forming the western portion of the centre line of ships. The second shows part of the southern line, the nearest vessel being the first-class cruiser "Blake," and the next the huge new cruiser "Powerful," then the battle-ships "Renown," "Victorious," and "Jupiter." In the third illustration we have some of the smaller cruisers, and gun-boats in the distance, forming part of the northern line. Then comes the great event of the day on the 26th, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales passed through the Fleet on board the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," a wooden vessel over forty years old, but swift and handsome for all that, and difficult to match for comfort. The "Carthage," a P. and O. steamer, follows in her wake,

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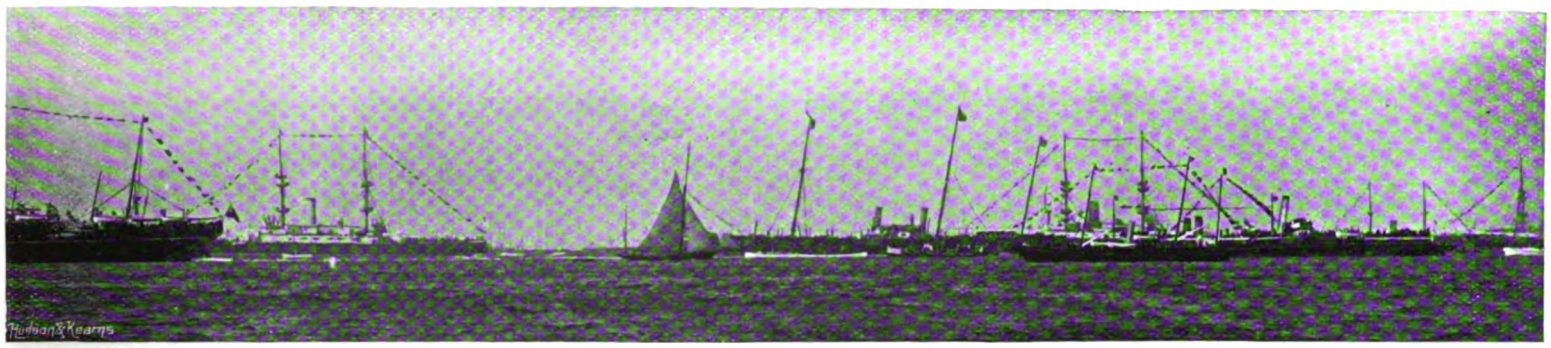

Photo. RUSSELL & SONS. Southsea.

THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING BETWEEN THE LINES.

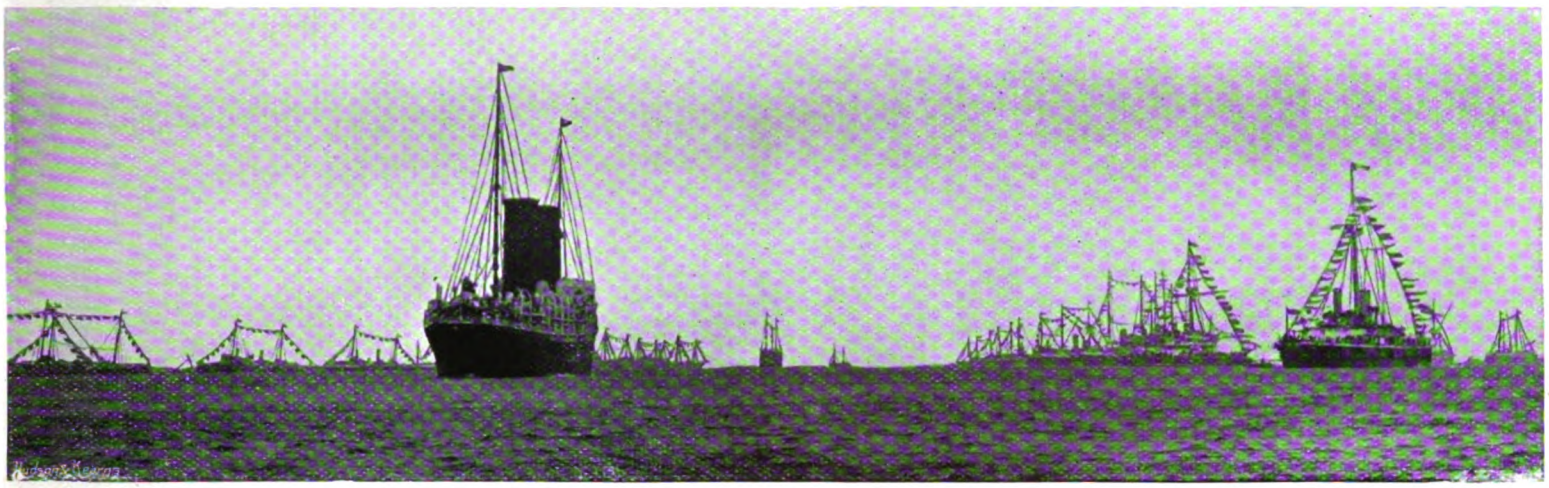

Photo. WEST & SON Southsea

AN ATLANTIC GREYHOUND.

Photo. WEST & SON. Southsea

THE TRAINING SQUADRON.

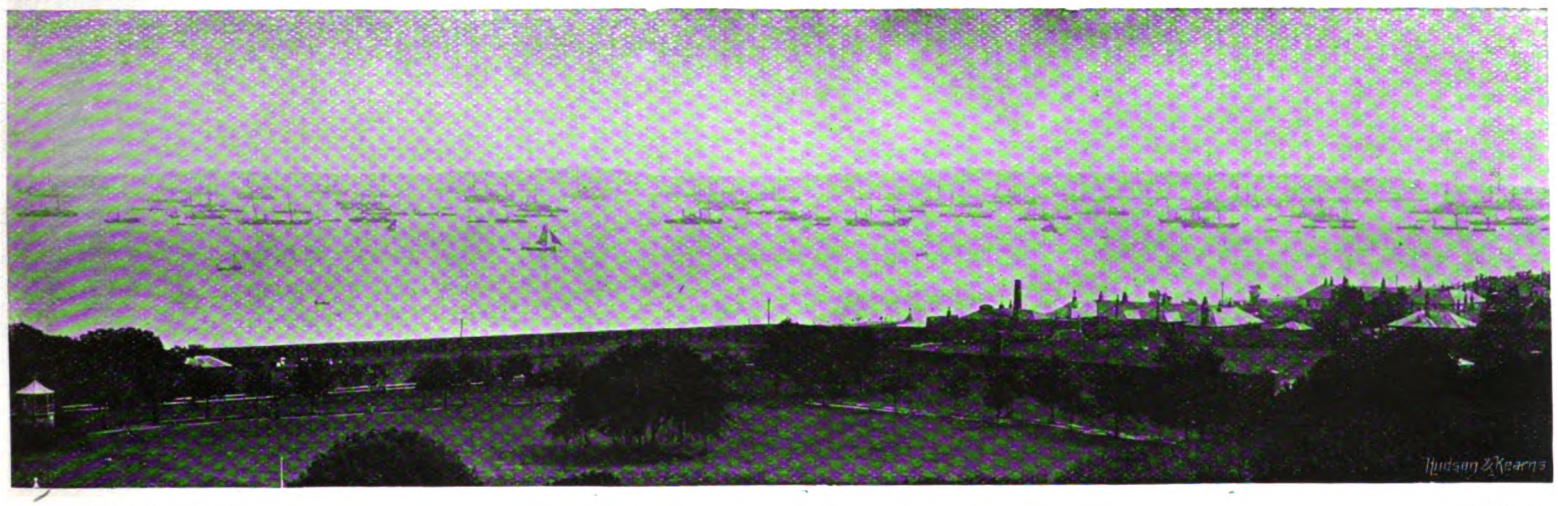

Photo. RUSSELL & SONS. South ea.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM HASLAR HOSPITAL.

carrying distinguished personages. The next picture shows the Cunard steamer "Campania," the fastest Atlantic liner afloat, carrying our legislators through the lines. On a broadside view she is a handsome vessel, sitting beautifully on the water, but here the hull appears little more than an appendage to her enormous funnels. The Training Squadron is interesting chiefly on account of its display of masts and canvas. The old traditions die hard, and it is still considered advisable to teach our young seamen to reef topsails and handle the upper sails smartly. The brigs are entirely dependent upon their canvas, the "Sealark," launched in 1843, holding the place of honour as the oldest vessel present. Lastly, there is a bird's-eye view of this splendid Fleet from the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, probably as good a spot as could be found for obtaining such a view, though, as the lines covered a distance of some five miles, it was not possible to get more than a very distant view of the majority of the ships. It affords some food for reflection, however, as to the onerous task which devolved upon the Naval Staff in finding safe berths for such a large number of vessels, and the pleasing fact that not a single casualty occurred to mar the success of the magnificent display

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE NAVY LEAGUE'S DECORATION AT MALTA.

THE Navy League exists, as is now well known, for the purpose of impressing upon all Her Majesty's subjects the vital importance of maintaining our Naval supremacy. Last year, as will be remembered, the Nelson Column was decorated, with the two-fold object of doing honour to our great Naval hero and emphasising the lessons to be learnt from the past. It is, of course, only right that the League should be fitly represented at a great Naval station like Malta; and as loyalty and devotion to the Queen must necessarily be a prominent point in such an association, the Malta branch took care that her statue should be suitably decorated on Jubilee Day, and they are to be congratulated upon a very effective and tasteful result. The well-proportioned canopy, surmounted by crown and anchor, and the rich hangings in which the statue is enclosed, are really excellent in design and arrangement, while the life-buoys and field-piece, emblems of might and mercy, find a fitting place at its base.

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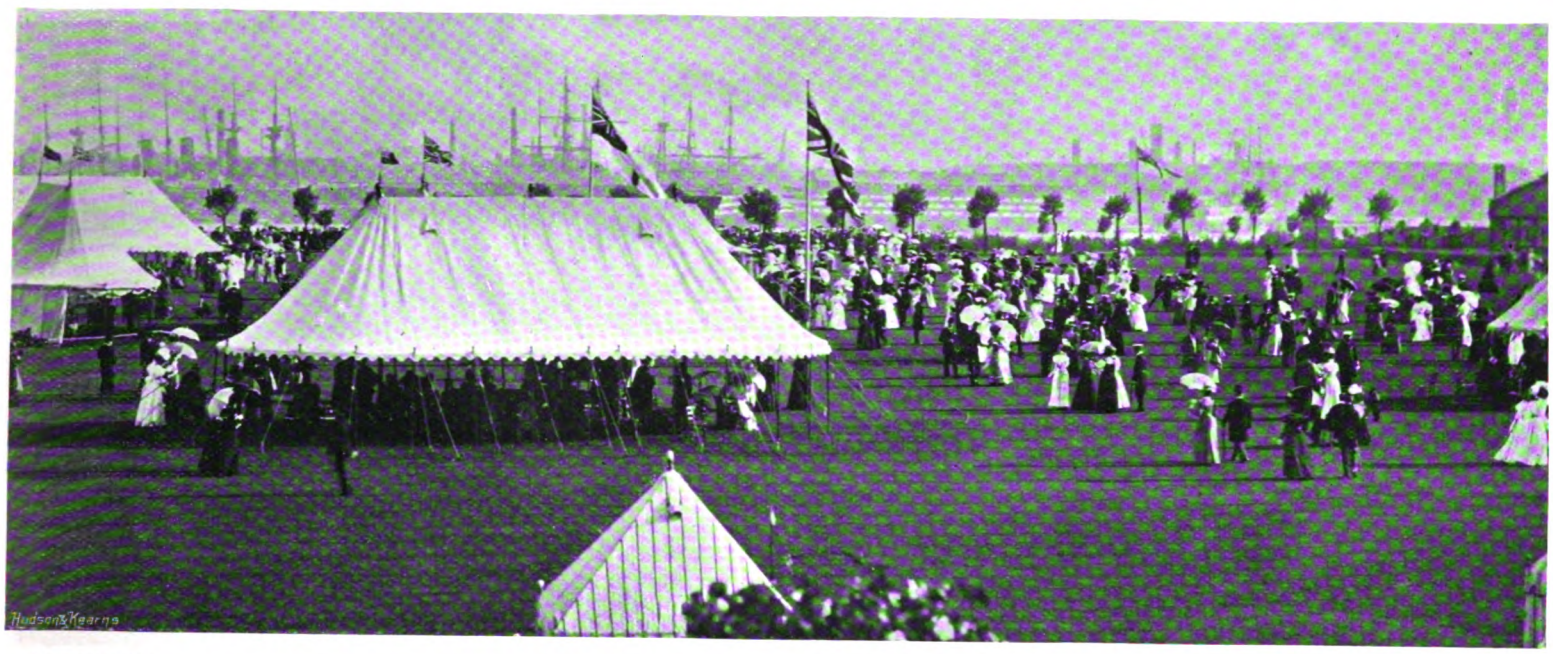
CELEBRATING THE JUBILEE AT WHALE ISLAND.

WHALE ISLAND, as our readers are probably aware, is the site of the Gunnery School at Portsmouth. The two pictures illustrate the gay scene presented there on the occasion of the garden party given by the Admiralty, on the 30th June, in honour of the foreign Naval officers present at the great Review. A novel entertainment was devised by some ingenious person, in which a bluejacket, standing in a cask with his face blacked, was made to serve the purpose of a living "Aunt Sally," and "stand fire" in the shape of sticks discharged at him by the fair guests and others. The ladies were allowed a close range, and an officer may be seen picking up sticks for two of them to try their skill. Luckily, as Jack knows well, the ladies, though capable of doing fearful execution with other less tangible weapons, are very bad shots at this kind of game. In the smaller picture the Dockyard buildings may be seen in the distance, together with a motley collection of ships, ancient and modern, the "Vernon" Torpedo School-ship being among the former—ancient enough as a ship, but very much up to date as a school.

Foreign Naval Officers at the Garden Party.



Photos. CRIBB. *ON THE PARADE GROUND.* *Southsea*

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS AT BERMUDA.

OF all the Jubilee celebrations this year, that of the little colony of Bermuda certainly takes rank as one of the most enthusiastic. This colony holds the proud position of being the first to which a representative Government was granted.

In December, 1896, the Colonial Parliament voted £1,000 for celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, and a general committee and sub-committee were formed to carry out the wishes of the Legislature. The celebrations consisted of a military parade and address to the Governor, a Royal salute of sixty guns from the "Scorpion," a march past of the troops, and a thanksgiving service in the cathedral, followed in the evening by a public reception at Government House, illumination of the town and shipping, fireworks from the "Scorpion," and a military tattoo. An illuminated address in a cedar casket was also forwarded to Her Majesty.

The morning of the 22nd opened bright and fair, though with a fresh breeze, and the people of Bermuda were able to thoroughly enjoy the proverbial "Queen's weather." Long before 9 a.m. thousands of people began to collect in the streets to witness the grand parade. The troops from outlying stations arrived early. At 8.30 a.m. the Bermuda Volunteers

Photo. LUSHER *Bermuda.*

The Governor Visiting the "Scorpion."

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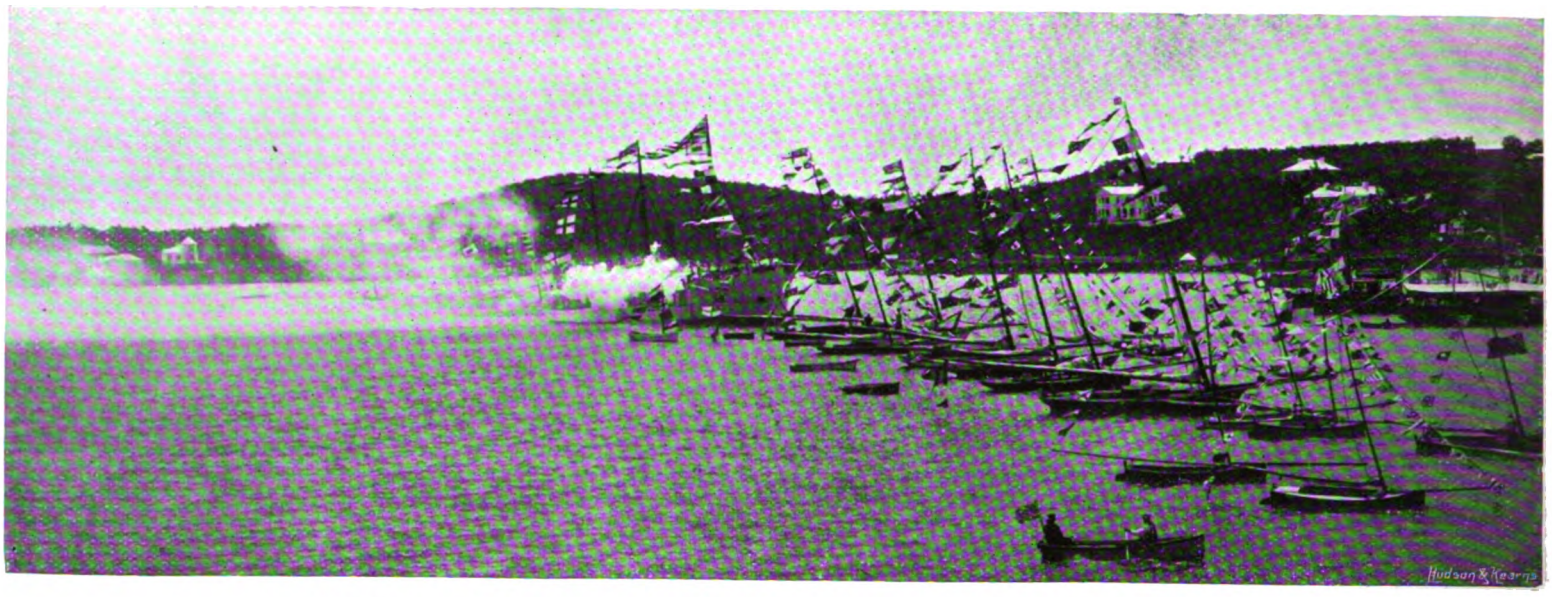


THE "SCORPION" FIRING A JUBILEE SALUTE.

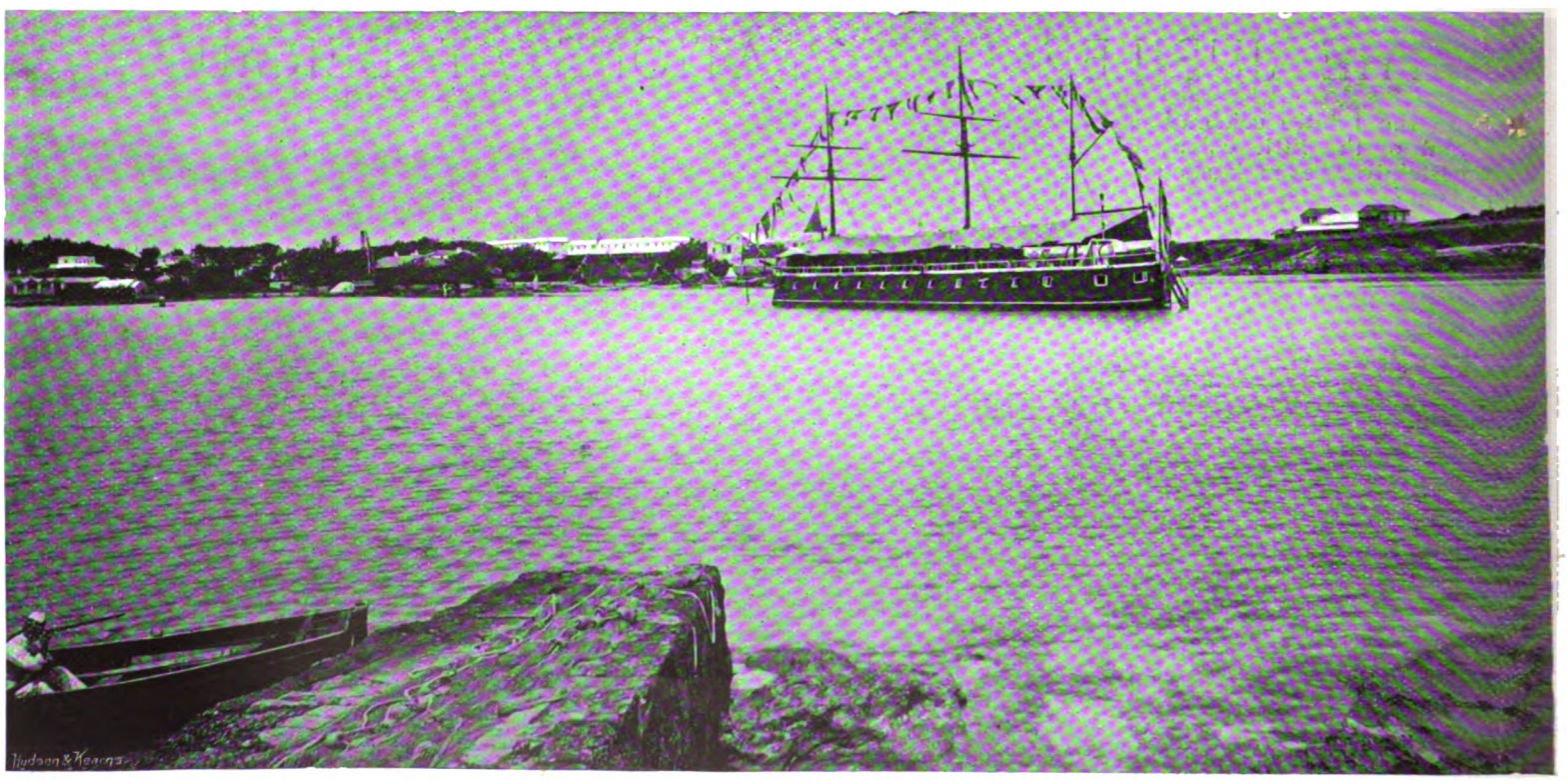
formed up at the Town Hall and marched to their station; next the Bermuda Militia Artillery and the Royal Marines arrived. At 9.30 a.m. the main body of the Bermuda Garrison, the Leinster Regiment and the Royal Artillery and Engineers, marched from Prospect Place, taking the main road to Hamilton, the Volunteers, Militia, and Royal Marines joining the main body at the eastern entrance to the town. The column marched through the arch at the foot of King Street, and took up a position with their centre in Parliament Street, where the band and fifes and drums of the Leinster Regiment were massed. Colonel Moore, Commanding R.E., was in command of the troops, and acted as Brigadier.

Shortly before ten o'clock the Brigadier and his staff rode to the King Street arch and there met His Excellency the Governor, who, accompanied by his personal staff and the Brigadier and staff, proceeded up the line of troops to the daïs which had been erected at the foot of Burnaby Street. His Excellency at once ascended the daïs, where he was met by the Mayor and Corporation of Hamilton and St. George, besides other public functionaries, and, addressing the Mayor, informed him of Her Majesty's gracious message, which he proposed to read aloud to the people at once. This was received with uncovered heads and hearty cheers. An address was then read to His Excellency and replied to by him.

Shortly after ten o'clock the Governor, attended by his staff and the Mayor of Hamilton and St. George, proceeded to the "Scorpion," which was lying in Hamilton Harbour on special duty connected with the Jubilee, and commanded by Lieutenant Goldfinch, R.N. On arrival, the Governor and staff repaired to the upper deck, remaining there whilst a Royal salute of sixty guns was fired from the "Scorpion," and a similar one from a battery of 9-pounders on Fort Hamilton. Afterwards the line of troops fired a *feu de joie*. The Governor then proceeded ashore, and a march past of the troops began in quarter column of half companies, nearly 2,000 strong. First came the batteries of Royal Artillery and the Bermuda Militia Artillery, next the Royal Engineers, then the Royal Marine Light Infantry, commanded by Captain Curtois, R.M.L.I., then the Leinster Regiment, and last the Bermuda Rifle Volunteers. As the troops marched down the street they were warmly applauded. The Marines presented a fine appearance, and their white uniforms contrasted favourably with the khaki uniforms of the other troops. The Bermuda Rifle Volunteers naturally came in for a large share of applause. The march past concluded, the troops moved off to their quarters, some few remaining to provide a guard of honour to His Excellency the Governor. A thanksgiving service was then held at the cathedral, the Governor and his staff attending it, and the cathedral being filled to overflowing.

In the evening, about 5 p.m., there was a reception at Government House. Very soon after dark the town was all ablaze with coloured lights. The cable office was easily first among other conspicuous buildings for the brilliancy of its illuminations. At 9 p.m. a gun was fired from the "Scorpion" as a signal for the torchlight tattoo to commence. Simultaneously the vessel herself was electrically illuminated, and the search lights illuminated the harbour.

At 9 p.m. also the bonfires were started in every parish. The yacht "Rhouna," belonging to Mr. Bullough, of Greenock, added much to the brilliancy of the display afloat by her electrical illuminations and search lights. At 11 p.m. the last post was sounded, and thus ended the Jubilee festivities.



Photos. LUSHER

THE "TERROR" IN GALA DRESS.

Bermuda.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *A LIEUTENANT'S CABIN IN THE "ANSON."* *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE "Anson" is a first-class battle-ship on the Mediterranean Station, and her forerunner and namesake of a century ago took an active and honourable part in various engagements. Here is illustrated a very small portion of the vessel, to wit, the cabin of Lieutenant Arthur Hayes-Sadler, the navigating officer. One sometimes hears regrets expressed over the vanished comfort and space in the cabins of the old "wooden walls," at any rate as regards the senior officers, but there does not appear to be much cause of complaint in this instance, and certainly the officers under the old *régime* did not enjoy the benefit of an electric light over their beds; some of them, perhaps, were even content with the traditional "dip" stuck in an empty bottle. There is a pleasing air of refinement about this cabin, which is due more to the personality and taste of the occupant, however, than to much gratuitous embellishment on the part of the Admiralty, which does not provide what are considered unnecessary luxuries; opinions may, however, differ as to the definition.

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A FLAG OFFICER'S STAFF.

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SIR JOHN HOPKINS AT MALTA.

AN admiral in command of a squadron or station has the following officers on his personal staff—a flag captain, flag-lieutenant, and secretary; these officers all wear the aide-de-camp's aiguillette on the left breast. In the above illustration of Admiral Hopkins and his staff the flag-lieutenant and secretary only are present, the officer with the paper in his hand being the secretary. An admiral has the selection of his own staff, and frequently retains the same secretary through more than one command. This officer belongs to the paymaster's branch, and the junior officers under him in the admiral's office usually keep to that line as distinct from the paymaster's office on board, the work in the latter being largely accounts, returns, etc., that in the admiral's office being more correspondence, or at any rate of a different character. The flag-captain is usually an officer selected for his particular abilities or services. He is often junior to many of, if not all, the other captains in the fleet, but issues orders and signals to the fleet in the admiral's name; thus he holds a position which requires tact to use his authority without giving offence to older and more senior captains, who have to obey his orders as being theoretically from the admiral. In harbour is the time when this is most likely to occur, as then the admiral may be living on shore, the flag-captain remaining on board and carrying out the routine of the fleet, the admiral's flag flying in the flag-ship giving him the necessary authority. If for any reason the admiral hauls his flag down temporarily, or shifts it somewhere else, the flag-captain then takes his ordinary position for seniority with the other captains. The flag-lieutenant is continually in attendance upon the admiral, admits all officers calling upon him, meets them at the gangway when arriving and departing, reports their boats ready, etc. He is also head of the signal staff, which keeps him fully employed when at sea, and is a most important position. As far back as 1868, when an admiral hauled his flag down at the termination of his period of a command his flag-lieutenant was promoted. This was called receiving the "hauling down vacancy," and was the admiral's perquisite, as he chose the officer who was eventually to get it. It was naturally a great prize, and much sought after, but has since been abolished. All the officers on his staff have their accommodation in the admiral's quarters, and mess with him.

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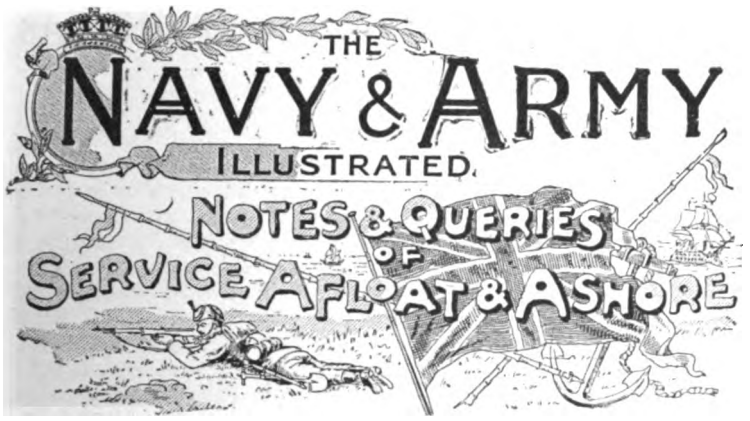

THAT sea water is heavier than fresh water is probably well known to every schoolboy; but what is the practical bearing of this simple physical fact upon the loading and navigation of ships? A cubic foot of sea water off our coasts weighs 1,025-oz.; off the West India Docks it only weighs 1,000-oz., being practically fresh. A large vessel will sink three or four inches deeper in the latter than in the former; consequently, she must be loaded to that extent beyond her load line, in order that she may float at her proper mark at sea. This seems at first sight a small matter, but it means something like 150 tons of coal or cargo. Conversely, a vessel approaching these docks could not afford to cut it too fine as regards the depth of water, for she will sink lower in like proportion.

* * * *

"C. J." asks to be informed as to the number of men in the firing party at a military funeral. The number depends entirely on the rank of the deceased. At the burial of a colonel commanding, the firing party consists of his own regiment, or detachments equivalent thereto; of a lieutenant-colonel 300 men; a major 200; a captain 100, or his own company (in each case with due proportion of officers); a subaltern 40 under the command of a subaltern; a warrant officer 25 under a sergeant; a sergeant 19 under a sergeant; and all other grades 13 under a sergeant. In each of the cases mentioned a salute of three rounds of small arms is fired at the graveside on conclusion of the religious service. In addition to the firing parties, the funeral of an officer is attended by the officers—that of a warrant officer by the warrant officers, etc., of the corps to which the deceased belonged or was attached. At the obsequies of a field-marshal, which should be attended by six battalions of infantry and eight squadrons of cavalry, a salute of seventeen guns is fired, at those of a general (four battalions and six squadrons) fifteen guns, of a lieutenant-general (three battalions and four squadrons) thirteen guns, of a major-general (two battalions and three squadrons) eleven guns.

* * * *

FREEMASONRY.—Popular as is the Craft nowadays, both in the Navy and Army, it was still more so in the old fighting days, and there are three well-authenticated instances of warrants being granted for Lodges to be held on board H.M. ships. The institution of "Ship Lodges," which, however, was not of long duration, was mainly due to the exertions and personal interest of Thomas Dunckerley, "Gunner and Instructor in Mathematicks" on board H.M.S. "Vanguard," in 1760. Dunckerley, who was, by repute, a natural son of George II., subsequently attained a very high position in Masonry, and his alleged royal descent procured for him a substantial annuity and apartments at Hampton Court. The practice of Masonic Ritual, when possible, must have been a welcome relief to the monotony of life in the days when ships kept the sea for lengthened periods, but the emergencies of the Service must occasionally have given rise to quaint situations, and the subsequent "banquets" were probably not of a very luxurious order.

* * *

"L. R." writes to me for some particulars of "field training" in an infantry battalion. This course, which is more commonly termed "military training," usually occupies from twenty to twenty-eight days, between the months of October and March. For the time being the men of each company are struck off guard and other duty and placed at the disposal of their captain. They are exercised in such subjects as are likely to be of use to them on active service. When possible, two companies are struck off duty simultaneously, to admit of the one co-operating with the other. In large camps, such as Aldershot, however, it is customary to strike off half a battalion at a time. The three or four weeks spent in this way are doubtless the most interesting of the year.

BEFORE the commencement of the training proper the non-commissioned officers of each company are instructed for six consecutive days in sketching, reconnoitring, map reading, and, when practicable, in field fortification and bridging. At the conclusion of this the companies are instructed in attacking and defending woods, villages, bridges, etc., advanced guards, reconnoitring, outposts, pitching, striking, and packing tents. The last three are usually combined with the construction of bivouacs, arrangement of field kitchens, and loading of pack and wheel transport. Camp is usually pitched twice during the training, and on those occasions the men carry their rations with them and cook them in the field. The three last days are, generally speaking, devoted to bridging or the making of field works, and in both subjects the rank and file show the keenest interest. At the completion of the course all the companies exercised are put through a searching examination by the general officer commanding the brigade or division.

* * * *

THE introduction of one of the most popular articles of diet into the Navy was brought about by the extortion of contractors, and was due to the initiative of that stern reformer Lord St. Vincent, a combination having been entered into with a view to running up the price of butter for the Navy in 1804. On it coming to Lord St. Vincent's ears, he declared he would make the rascally contractors repent of it, and instantly gave orders for the substitution of cocoa and sugar. Sending for the chairman of the Victualling Board, he directed him to arrange with a broker for the purchase of all the sugar that would be required, and to buy up all the cocoa that could be obtained. Unfortunately, but a small quantity of cocoa was offering, so the admiral's advisers recommended a surrender. "No, by God, never!" was the stern old seaman's reply, and an ample supply of tea being forthcoming, tea and sugar were forthwith supplied instead of butter.

* * * *

THE war game owes its origin in great measure to the patronage of the old Emperor William. In 1811 Von Reszwitz, the inventor, initiated the young prince in the mysteries of the then new game, which at once became an abiding royal pastime amongst the German kinglets. Even in those good old days when commanders were supposed to be born, not developed, it was recognised as more than a game. The chief of the staff, Von Müffling, when he saw the players gradually elaborating their plans with all the precision of strategy and the uncertainty of war, could not refrain from exclaiming, "It is not a *game* at all, it is a training for war." The method of playing is as follows: In three separate rooms are laid out similar maps; the two commanders and their subordinates are shut up in the two outside rooms, while the umpire-in-chief holds sway in the central room before a critical audience of onlookers. Every move made by the players is shown on the umpire's map by leaden blocks, which occupy relatively the same ground space as the troops they represent. Each player issues his orders as if in the field, his cavalry search the map, and his troops push on until gradually the whereabouts of the enemy is discovered, and piece by piece the umpire-in-chief allows the dispositions of the opponents to be revealed.

* * * *

THE experiences of all our Naval wars point to the importance of ensuring a constant infusion of young blood into the higher ranks of the Service. Lord Howe's celebrated victory, on the 1st of June, 1794, would have proved far more decisive had he not been too much exhausted after the battle to make further exertion. He was close on to seventy, and Lord Exmouth used to say that a man at sixty is not fit to be an admiral. No stronger advocate for young admirals ever existed than Sir Charles Napier when he was in his prime, and it is not a little curious to find officers who served under him in the Baltic attributing the inglorious result of the expedition to "the weak and vacillating conduct of the chief," when, according to an eye-witness of the scene, on receiving a despatch ordering an attack, he remarked to the assembled officers: "I haven't got the nerve to do it, and I'm d——d well sure C—— hasn't."

* * * *

UNTIL folks realise that India is not so much a country as a continent, they can have but a very fragmentary idea of the extraordinary diversity of race, character, and language which is exemplified in the personnel of our Indian Army. The average stay-at-home Englishman commonly uses the term "native" with perfect confidence, but in nine cases out of ten he forgets, or does not know, that one Indian "native"

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may be as different from another as a Tyrolese peasant is from a Cossack of the Don. Even among the genuine "fighting classes" the distinction is very marked. Sikhs, Ghoorkas, Mahrattas, Baluchis, have little in common save their warlike temperament and their staunch loyalty to the British "raj." To appreciate these distinctions fully needs an experience such as falls to the lot of comparatively few, but to do so sufficiently for what may be termed all practical purposes is now rendered easy by the enterprise and skill of a well-known Anglo-Indian photographer, Mr. F. Bremner, of Quetta, coupled with literary assistance from Captain A. H. Bingley, of the 7th (D.C.O.) Bengal Infantry. In a sumptuous album Mr. Bremner has collected a magnificent series of sixty photographs illustrating the various races enlisted in the Bengal, Punjab, Madras, and Bombay Armies, and accompanying this pictorial gallery is an admirable brochure by Captain Bingley, in which the history, characteristics, and distribution of the races in question are dealt with in very scholarly and succinct Notes. The whole fits into a case, and may safely be commended as one of the finest productions of the kind ever issued.

* * * *

THE system adopted throughout the album is very simple and effective. The photographs are about ten inches by eight, and in every case—with the exception of a mountain battery, and of the frontispiece, which is a fine portrait of General Sir George White, the Commander-in-Chief in India, to whom the work is dedicated—the figures depicted are all natives, as a rule in most natural attitudes, and with an attractive background of Indian scenery. To take an example, let us turn to Captain Bingley's regiment, the 7th (D.C.O.) Bengal Infantry. Here we have five stalwart figures grouped outside a godown, the most prominent being a smart native officer—a subadar-major—wearing a couple of medals, and in full review order. There are also a couple of havildars—a rank corresponding to that of sergeant in our Service—and two sepoys, one of each being in marching, the other in drill, order, khaki as well as broadcloth being represented. Underneath is a note to the effect that all the types represented are Rajputs of Oudh and the North-West Provinces. Turning to Captain Bingley's Notes, we find an excellent little account of the Rajputs, necessarily owing much to that monumental work, Tod's "Annals of Rajasthan," but of considerable intrinsic merit as a neat and readable compilation. From this we gather that Rajputs have taken part in almost every campaign since the Mutiny, including China, Egypt, Afghanistan, and Burma, that their principal defect in the past has been an unreasonable punctiliousness in the observance of Hindu customs, that this has now largely disappeared, and that the Rajputs may be justly regarded as one of the most valuable of our fighting races. From this example, given at random, an idea may be obtained of the extremely thorough and instructive character of this notable publication. It may be added that the work—to which the Queen has been a subscriber—is obtainable from Mr. Bremner, Quetta, India, or from Messrs. Morgan and Kidd, Richmond, Surrey.

THE EDITOR.

Prizes for Photographs.

TWO OF £10 10S. EACH. SIX OF £2 2S. EACH.

THIRTY CONSOLATION PRIZES.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

One half of the above number of Prizes will be awarded for Naval subjects, and the other half for Military.

On the cover of this and future issues will be found a coupon, which must be cut out and sent in by those wishing to compete. Every coupon will give one chance for a Prize.

The points in each case which will be taken into consideration are, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; second, excellence of photography; and, third, suitability for reproduction; the final decision in every case resting with the Editor.

Amateurs only can compete.

Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the subject. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be packed carefully, and the package should be marked on the outside "Photographic Prize Competition." Bromide or platinotype prints are unsuitable.

The competition will close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume. For fuller details see "Notes and Queries" Nos. 38 and 39 of the present volume.

On Duty in Double Bottoms and Boilers.

By R. R. R.

ONE of the most difficult duties to be carried out on board a man-of-war is that of keeping in good condition those parts of the hull of the ship which are awkward to get at. There are a multitude of these parts, but perhaps the most important are the double bottoms and the boilers. The double bottom is formed by constructing an inner surface of steel plating about two or three feet inside the outer plating of the vessel, and extended along the ship for the greater part of its length. The intermediate space is subdivided into many divisions by the longitudinal and transverse frames. In a large battle-ship there are about fifty-five separate watertight compartments in the double bottoms, and each of these contains from twelve to fifteen divisions or bays. Access to each watertight division is obtained through two manholes, these being closed tightly by small doors at all other times. The manholes are of an elliptical shape, and are only just large enough to allow a man of ordinary size to pass through; and even with such men entry is only effected by the exercise of considerable effort and a large amount of wriggling. The primary use of these double bottoms is to provide a means of safety in the case of the outer bottom of the vessel being damaged by the explosion of a torpedo, or by striking a rock. The amount of surface exposed in the bottoms is very large, and it is liable to corrosion by the action of the air and moisture which find access to them; and it is an important duty to keep a frequent watch upon it and treat it in such a manner as to prevent any serious corrosive action taking place. The ordinary method of preservation is to coat the surface with paint, generally oxide of iron.

To practically carry out the preservation of this surface, it is usual to detail a special staff of cleaners, about twenty in number, who are constantly employed throughout the year in going through the various compartments in succession, scraping off the loose paint, and repainting the surface thus bared. The whole of the compartments are, in this way, gone through in about three months, after which it is time to recommence and repeat the work as necessary. The staff employed is a mixed one, consisting principally of stokers and carpenters, but often a small number of seamen and marines are engaged in the service.

On opening a compartment it is of the first importance to ascertain whether the air is sufficiently pure for the men to enter with safety, and the ordinary test is to lower a light into the newly-opened space. If the light continues to burn brightly the air is pure enough; if it burns dimly or goes out the air is stagnant, and the compartment must be ventilated. This ventilation is effected by a small fan, worked by hand, and delivers air into the compartment through a hose, the fresh air entering at one of the manholes, while the foul air escapes at the second manhole. It is the custom to place these two manholes as far as practicable from each other, so as to obtain an effectual ventilation. Some care is required when using this fan, especially to see that the air supplied to the fan is pure. On one occasion, when a party of men was working in a double bottom beneath one of the stokeholds, the men suddenly appeared escaping in great haste through the manhole, shouting "fire." How fire could occur in such a place at first puzzled the officer on duty; but on going below to examine, he found the atmosphere thickly permeated with smoke. On further examination it transpired that a blacksmith's forge was being lighted near the fan, and the smoke from the fire must have been drawn into the fan and delivered into the double bottom. Of course no harm was done beyond making it uncomfortable for the men to breathe for a time.

Occasionally the quality of the air supplied is especially appreciated by the men. On board a certain vessel it became, at one time, a matter for remark that all the double bottom staff were very eager to work in two particular double bottoms, and the reason for this was not disclosed until one of the men behaved in a suspicious manner on finishing his work. His appearance indicated he had been drinking, but when questioned as to where he had obtained the drink, he stated he had drunk nothing of an intoxicating character that morning, and it was known he had not even had the usual allowance of grog. A closer investigation, however, brought to notice the circumstance that the compartment in which he was at work

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was situated near the spirit room, and that the fumes of spirit which arose when mixing the crew's daily allowance of grog were taken up by the fan and passed into the double bottom. This was the circumstance that rendered these compartments so popular among the cleaning staff, and which accounted for the behaviour of the man accused of drinking, as shown in the sketch at the head of this article.

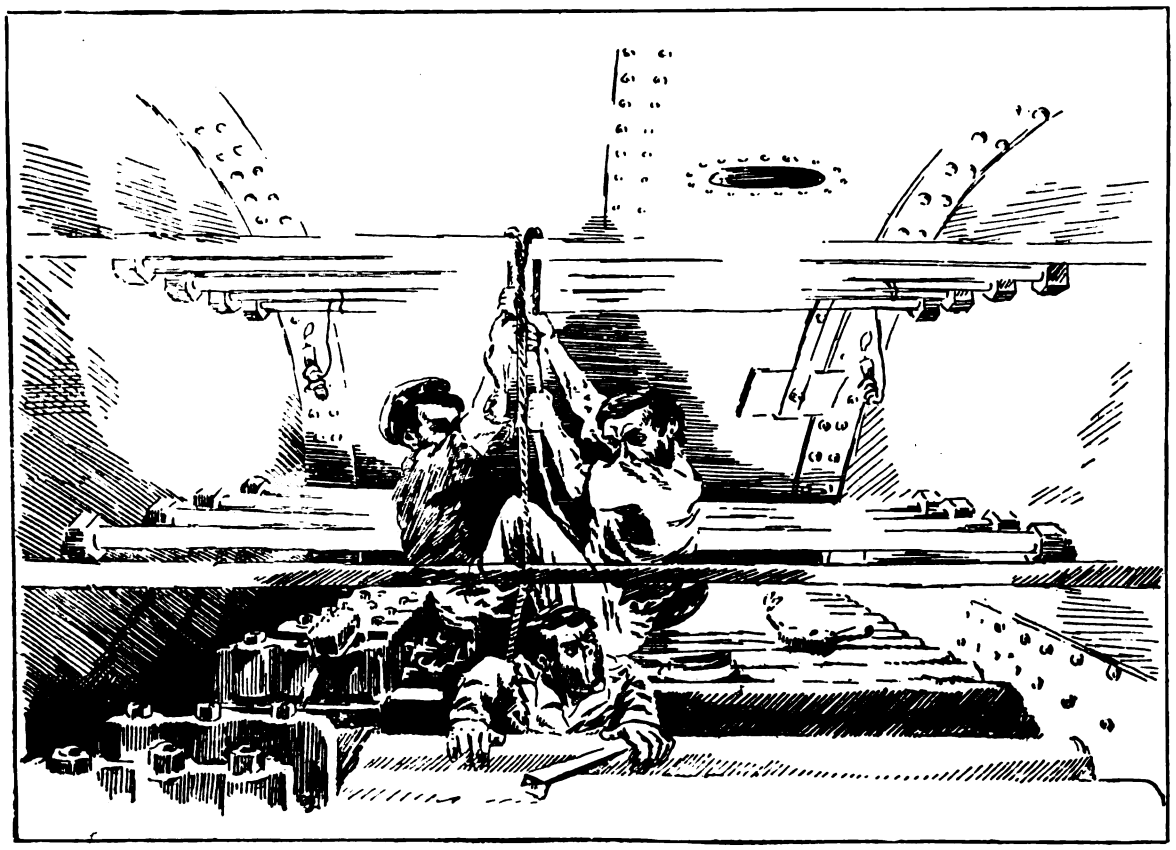
The kind of paint used is a matter requiring the greatest care. Many years ago several kinds of patent paints were in vogue, and were considered to have the property of well protecting iron and steel surfaces. But this is not all that should be considered. It is also essential that the paint should not give off inflammable vapours, either when it is distributed over surfaces in confined spaces or when stored for future use in such places. Many will remember the accident which happened to H.M.S. "Doterel" several years ago. In this case the investigation indicated that the first explosion which occurred was due to bringing a light near where some of this patent paint was stored, and that this set fire to the powder magazines, causing an explosion which tore the vessel in halves. Only recently a serious accident occurred on a merchant steamer, the "Scotia," near Devonport, where such a paint, although intended only to be used for the outside of the ship, was inadvertently stored in a confined room. A light was then accidentally brought to this room, and an explosion occurred which split open the bow of the vessel, necessitating the vessel putting into Devonport for repair. The paint now used for the preservation of the hulls of the ships of the Royal Navy is of a harmless character, and it is an extremely rare occurrence to find foul air in a compartment painted with it, even though it has been hermetically sealed for three months.

Some skill is required in putting on the paint so that it may properly adhere to the surface, but a raw hand will generally obtain proficiency in this respect after a month or two. At first, the novice often experiences some discouragement from men employed in the more open and showy compartments, these men being inclined to look with scorn upon the double bottom worker, his work affording no facilities for the more delicate art of painting in various colours, and being almost inconsistent with the development of that grace of touch required for the imitation of granite. The double bottom man, however, soon learns to find refuge in disparaging retort, and expresses his idea of imitating granite as nothing more than throwing a bucket of ashes against a sticky bulkhead.

Work in double bottoms is often inconvenienced by water leaking into them through the complicated pipe system. If there is much water the pumps can be used to withdraw most of it; but there will still remain a certain quantity, especially in the lower and flatter parts of the vessel. Whatever remains must be baled out in buckets and the compartment completely dried before the real work commences.

As the double bottoms extend over so large a part of the vessel, they cannot be approached on any very definite system or by means of any special passages constructed in the ship. To get to them and their entrances other compartments must be first entered—machinery rooms, store rooms, and magazines, of which there are a great number of each kind; and this entails a pretty thorough knowledge of the general construction of the ship on the part of the double bottom party. To define the whereabouts of the various compartments it is usual to denote the principal bulkheads or frames between which they are situated by letters or numbers. In a large vessel the transverse bulkheads will absorb all the letters of the alphabet from A to W; the fore and aft bulkheads being denoted by combinations of two letters. Such a system is absolutely necessary, and when properly mastered affords a ready means of identifying the large number of compartments about. Still, while it is imperfectly understood it results in some confusion, sometimes of a serious and sometimes of a ridiculous character. Not very long ago a stoker complained that he was told to "go to h-ll" by the petty officer who had charge of his party. Explanations being called for, the petty officer stated that his order to the stoker was to "go to L," meaning to go to work at L bulkhead. This explanation, coupled with a disposition on the part of the petty officer to a profuse use of the aspirate, enabled him to effectually clear himself from the charge of using bad language. In another ship, where numbers were more in vogue for the indication of stations, a stoker was reported for neglect of duty, having been told at six a.m. to paint out between Nos. 9 and 12. He denied his neglect, asserting that he was told to paint between nine and twelve, and, as it was not yet nine o'clock, he had, of course, not gone down.

A special dress is provided by the Authorities for double bottom work, consisting of fearnought trousers and canvas jumpers. These materials are notoriously of a very strong character, but the strain brought upon them in the course of the work is such as to transform them into a woeful condition at the expiration of the twelve months they are expected to last. In warm weather the canvas jumper is often voluntarily discarded by the men, who find sufficient warmth in their flannels. This practice is, however, discouraged, especially in damp compartments. The caps and boots are left, in a measure, to choice, and as the men must provide these articles themselves, they are generally of a rough description, often obtained from other men who have worn them into such a state as to be unfit for their more public work. As regards caps, the stokers and seamen often show an inclination for the caps discarded by marines, while the marines return the compliment by wearing the caps of seamen; very often, however, the headgear acquires in time such a nondescript character that its origin is difficult to trace. The chief pride of the double bottom man is centred in his belt, especially in the buckle, and it is interesting to watch how such a man will contrive, even in the most awkward positions, to bring his buckle into view. The belts may range from merely a plaited wisp of spunyarn secured by a rough wire twist to one of leather with a bicycle buckle. Chains and even ribbons are occasionally worn, and in one case it transpired that a frayed braided belt, secured by a couple of steel clasped hands, was worn as a *gage d'amour*. All kinds of songs are indulged in—even "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls" is not considered inappropriate.



Cleaning a Marine Boiler.—A Tight Place.

Cleaning the interior of boilers presents even a more awkward problem than cleaning and painting double bottoms, as the space is crowded with several internal fittings, such as fire-boxes, fire-tubes, and strengthening stays. Cleaning must, however, be done, in order to remove the sediment formed, after a time, from the sea water, grease, and other depositing material, which find their way into the boilers in spite of elaborate precautions. It is not an uncommon thing for a man to become so entangled that he can only be released by the assistance of his comrades. The sketch shows an instance where a man has become jammed between two nests of tubes.

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THERE are plenty of good Englishmen who, from conscientious motives, forego the many fine things to be said of the martial roar of the British Lion—things which some regard as boasts, and others as superannuated truisms—and yet still cannot conceal the fact that they are proud of the military prowess of their country. And this pride is, perhaps, all the stronger in that the defence of the nation rests with a system whose strength lies rather in its superior quality, its traditions, and the proverbial pluck of the British soldier, than in any more formidable quantity.

Two-thirds of the men in the British Army would far sooner serve on a campaign than endure the monotony of life in barracks. The former kind of service is just the sort of life for which all really good fellows enlist, and there are hundreds of steady, well-educated men in the several regiments in London alone who would cheerfully endure the hardships of a campaign abroad in preference to passing years of comparative inactivity at home. Tired of the inglorious life they lead, the younger ones especially, they become fidgetty, sigh for "fresh fields and pastures new," and are infected, not with a miliary, but a military fever, the only remedy being a hard campaign and the chance of plenty of good fighting. Fame and honour for the soldier are only to be found in distant lands, and it becomes not men who are in pursuit of such to murmur or complain at the privations of a camp life, surrounded by danger, cold, hunger, disease, and grim death. The chance of getting wounded, or of receiving a more effectual *quietus*, and thereby obtaining a place of honourable mention in despatches, is supposed to be equivalent for whatever suffering or inconvenience fate or fortune may entail, either previous to, or while engaged upon, the expedition. With men prompted with such war-like feelings, the ranks of a regiment proceeding on active service are rapidly augmented from other corps not under orders to serve. When a regiment is told off for foreign service, there are numbers who are physically incapable of enduring the change of climate, and others, whose term of service having nearly expired, with other considerations, render it advisable for commanding officers to reject them; consequently, their places have to be filled up by volunteers from other regiments. Orders are sent to the commanding officers of those corps remaining at home to supply the requisite number of good men, and these orders are read out to the men when they assemble for roll-call. The regiment, with the locality to which it is proceeding, and the nature of the service in which it is expected to be engaged, together with the number of men required, is distinctly specified; after which, it is stated that "those willing to serve will step forward." Nine times out of ten, twice, and even thrice the number that are required volunteer; and the men so volunteering are invariably the most intelligent and best soldiers in the regiment. Gallant fellows who, having enlisted as soldiers, are anxious to fulfil the purpose for which they joined the Army, and are ready to sacrifice a life of comparative ease, for hardships, danger, and, probably, death in a foreign land. By this system of volunteering, the best men and willing hearts have ever been secured for the desperate struggles in which we have so many times engaged.

I have heard it frequently stated that a better system of rewards, and a milder discipline, would bring a better class of men into the Army. No change that could be made or devised would bring a better class of men into the British Army. It may safely be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that our Army has always conquered every other army it has encountered; and this should be proof sufficient that it is the best Army. Recruited, for the most part, from the middle, and most healthy, as well as the most moral class of the British community, well-disciplined, efficient, loyal and true to the Crown, it has always been found good at need. While animated by the highest principles of military virtue, and pursuing individually a straight path of duty to his Sovereign and to society, the British soldier may be considered "*sans peur et sans reproché*," and is fully entitled to a place amongst the highest, and what is more, amongst the most meritorious classes of either public or private life. Still, men, and soldiers above all men, are never satisfied, never content, do what you will to please them. There is sure to be some place better than where they are, something better to be done than what they are doing. Ever running after the skirts of Fame—a fanciful lady, who after coquetting for awhile is apt to leave one in the lurch—ever panting after fresh conquests. Like a certain renowned warrior of old, who after all his glorious victories, wept for more, they, I won't say weep, for *fin-de-siècle* individuals scorn the weakness of tears, but they fume, chafe, and fret for enemies to subdue. And yet Dean Swift was unnecessarily severe when he likened a soldier to a human machine hired by the State to kill in cold blood as many of the inhabitants of the world, who have never offended him, as he possibly can.

Apropos of zeal. What a contrast there is between the English and French armies in the matter of rewards of merit. In France, any young fellow in the nation is susceptible of being drawn in the ballot, and serving as a private soldier. But then he has the *batôn* of a marshal in perspective, and the pride of knowing that, be he the humblest individual in the ranks, by his own exertions and good conduct he may look forward to attain command. Actuated by hopes like these, the Frenchman is at all times emboldened in the field, while, his spirit aroused in scenes of danger, he proves himself deserving of those honourable badges and that promotion which is the object of his fondest wishes.

How is it with the British soldier? Has he a stimulating motive? Is there encouragement for him in the shape of rank or medals? I leave our veterans to supply an answer. This, however, may safely be asserted, that the example given by the French is worthy of being followed; since whatever evil may arise from the abuse of honourable badges, it appears as necessary to stir up emulation by rewarding zeal as to visit cowardice with punishment.

To those uninitiated in the art of war, the manner in which two hostile armies encounter each other is very little known or understood. The opinions that usually prevail upon the subject are for the most part erroneous. It is frequently imagined that they get abreast with a furious rush, as if carried on by the force of some unseen propelling-power, and begin without any ceremony to cut, thrust, and tear one another to pieces. Then, after (as Pat would say) utter extermination on both sides, they put up their weapons and, in a very gentlemanly manner, walk off as if nothing had happened. The truth of it is, seriously treating of the subject, troops rarely come against each other in such a way as to bring the "steel" in close collision. When the affair is tending to an issue such as this, one side must possess a greater degree of confidence, both in a physical and a moral point of view, than the other; and wheresoever that feeling prevails, there success unquestionably remains.

It is fine fun for some old stager to play off his airs, and dilate on the battles he has fought. How he has been perforated through and through with balls, cut and hacked with sabres. How the troops charged with such impetus that he spitted half-a-dozen of the enemy at a lunge. How the sparks flew off their steel as the contending parties carried on a sort of pole-axe game. Such yarn-spinning won't go down with military men; yet there are a large number of well-informed civilians who still, in some vague and dim corner of their consciousness, retain a faith in the poetry of old Homer's clash and clang with the shield and javelin business, and somehow imagine it is applicable to modern

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warfare, and they can swallow it. But soldiers are more of a prosy nature—plain, straightforward fellows, with a touch of downright fact about them, and if you talk of long shot, shell, or rifle practice they will understand you; but the enthusiasm of all the ancient heroes is thrown away upon them. Seeing is believing. Though, for the matter of that, it is equally true that believing is seeing, as all who have looked upon the phenomena of spiritualism and "psychical research"—modern English for ghost-hunting—well know.

What is the state of mind or feeling in which men generally go into action? is a question that has often been asked; and as often without a direct or satisfactory reply. It is a question which, without the power of diving into the human breast, would appear at first sight a puzzler. But as conduct and expression form a reasonable index of what is passing within, that which seems so difficult at first becomes by a little observation easily arrived at. British soldiers have the credit, over all others, for steady, unflinching courage and cool discipline under the raking fire of an enemy. They go into battle without giving themselves a thought about the matter. Let the officers but lead them on, and they will never, in any situation, display any inclination to hang back. There may be a momentary stooping now and again, or a bobbing when a cannon-ball comes sweeping past their ears, but this arises not from timid fancies, but is rather an involuntary shrinking of the physical or nervous system, as one would start upon the sudden impulse of a shock or noise.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, a military writer made the sweeping assertion that "cowardice is greatly more predominant in the Army than courage," and that among our soldiers "fear, the most powerful of the human passions, is far more generally evinced than valour." If this was so then, which is doubtful, it certainly is not so now. It has been proved, without question, that cowardice is but an exception, and, to the honour of the British soldier be it spoken, that exception but a rare one. No, a regular and *bonâ fide* soldier beholds the approaching contest with indifference; it would seem at the moment as though it were nothing more than an every-day event, and this appears like cool, unexcited courage, which no men in the world have ever displayed with less flinching than the British. But it would be absurd to say that they have no fear of death. For soldiers, British or otherwise, are but human, and it is peculiar to the constitution of human beings to be afraid on the approach of death, unless they become so excited that their passions overcome their reflection.

As far as human instrumentality is concerned, the attainment of the acknowledged supremacy of England over all other countries has been by the noble spirit or daring courage—no meaner term will do—pervading the breasts of her soldiers, and it appears worse than folly to question their deathless spirit, or to impute to them anything short of courage in its most unconquerable and devoted aspect.

The soldiers of other nations may and will go forward to their duty; but where are the men who do so with the same cool, determined temper, or who with the same firmness stand up to their posts and quail not, nor yield one inch of ground while life remains, as the British?

It may not be generally known that the sobriquet of "Tommy Atkins" applied to our soldiers in general is significant of a keen sense of honour and duty. In 1857, on the day the Sepoy troops at Lucknow broke out into open mutiny, a number of European gentlemen and their families fled to the Residency for protection, hotly pursued by the rebels. On their way they encountered a solitary private of the 32nd Foot Guards—now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry—on sentry duty at an outpost, and told him to fly, as the Sepoys were advancing in great force. But coming events threw no shadow across the sentry's pathway, for he stoutly refused to quit his post until the time for being properly relieved Alas! poor fellow, before that time arrived he was numbered with those who fell on that memorable day, and he perished from perhaps too keen, or misguided, a sense of duty. The gallant soldier's name was THOMAS ATKINS; and though his zeal was worthy of a better tribute than that of being merely named upon the list of casualties, scarcely anything was proclaimed about him; while others, higher in the Service, but far, very far below him in merit, had their deeds proclaimed upon marble, and their memories preserved by monumental honours. While stars and crosses were liberally dispensed to the officers who were so fortunate as to be in India during the Mutiny, poor Tommy was denied a vestige of honour, and not a single leaf from the "wreath" so dearly earned was ever allowed to deck his grave. All through the terrible Mutiny, if at any time a man especially distinguished himself by any deed of bravery, his comrades used to call him "a regular Tommy Atkins," and it was thus the name of the hero got handed down to posterity.

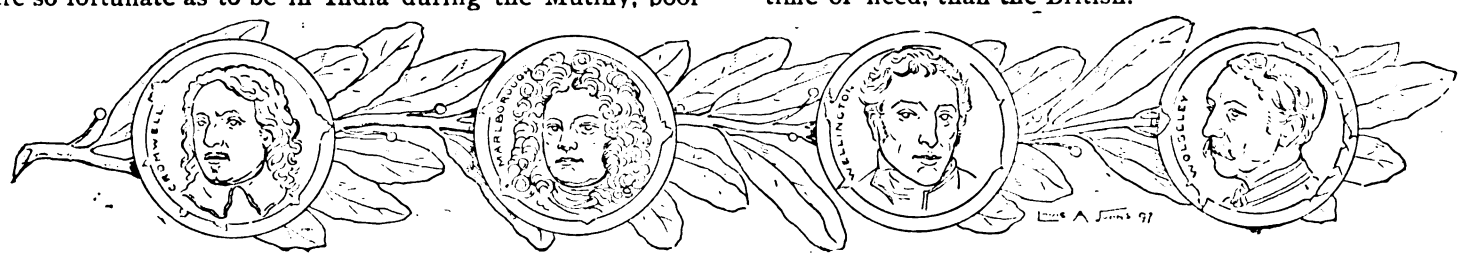
The several Divisions of the British Army are usually employed on duties which, to a common observer, would seem to be peculiar to the nature of the troops composing them, congenial to the taste of the officers in command, or to the fancy of the ruling power. From these, with other circumstances, originate the privilege of a title, which to each Division is honourably appended. As all are alike saluted by the proper "cognomen" there is no jealousy whatever about the matter; on the contrary, each takes pride in that by which it is individually characterised, and the "*nom de guerre*" is as perfectly understood as the number on their buttons.

The names by which the various Divisions are distinguished, though they may be presumed when first taken to have been indicative of the qualities of the bearers, are not perhaps always found equally applicable at the present day. There is, for example, one regiment generally called the "holy," though why it is difficult to say. They may be, *en masse*, as virtuous a set of fellows as any in the Army; but in detail it is quite another matter, and none of them impress one as being particularly religious.

The military levies in the United Kingdom have always been made with so much fairness, and with such due consideration for individual rights, that men who have voluntarily elected to follow the profession of arms are unquestionably bound by every consideration to serve their time, and have no excuse for negligence or desertion. A deserter can never be happy, he lives in constant fear of being retaken. And with good reason, for let him be disguised as he may, one soldier can always detect another. Many men who desert give themselves up again solely because they cannot bear the misery consequent on the fear of being caught, and a more lenient punishment is administered to one who voluntarily surrenders than if he had given much trouble in his capture.

When we have all learnt to be peaceable, when war is abolished, and each International dispute is settled by an Arbitration Council, then, and not till then, Cincinnatus will be able to return to his cabbages, and armies will be disbanded, ironclads broken-up, swords turned into ploughshares, and lances into hop-poles. Then people will be able to take life easily, enjoy the fruits of the soil, survey their fellow-creatures with affability and good-will, and altogether—so the theorists say—feel as happy as the virtuous characters in a story-book when everything has come right at last. But, in the meantime, the soldier is a necessity, and by his strong arm the honour of our country is—humanely speaking, of course—preserved.

England, though well acquainted with, and well accustomed to, the trade of war, immersed as she has been, time after time, in strife with many countries, is not, strictly speaking, a military nation. The constant residence of a large military force, domiciled as it were among them, produces no familiar intercourse with a people who always appear to resent military interference in any shape or form. The laws are so well administered and maintained that they would seem to require no further aid in their support than that afforded by the Civil Power. Hence in some measure we may account for their indifference about the soldiery at home, who, like fire-irons in summer, are looked upon in time of peace as useless, or worse than useless—superflous appendages of the State. Still, notwithstanding the opposition and ill-feeling with which soldiers are regarded by many whose acquaintance with them has been limited and exceptional, it is gratifying to think that in the event of war it is extremely improbable that our Government will ever be compelled to have recourse to the objectionable practice pursued by other nations with regard to the draft or conscription. The lower and middle classes are ever more ready to voluntarily enlist in time of war than in peace; and, although we are a peace-loving, industrious people, contemptuously designated by Napoleon, who knew us well, "a nation of shop-keepers," no other nation could muster more voluntary recruits, able-bodied and enthusiastic, in time of need, than the British.



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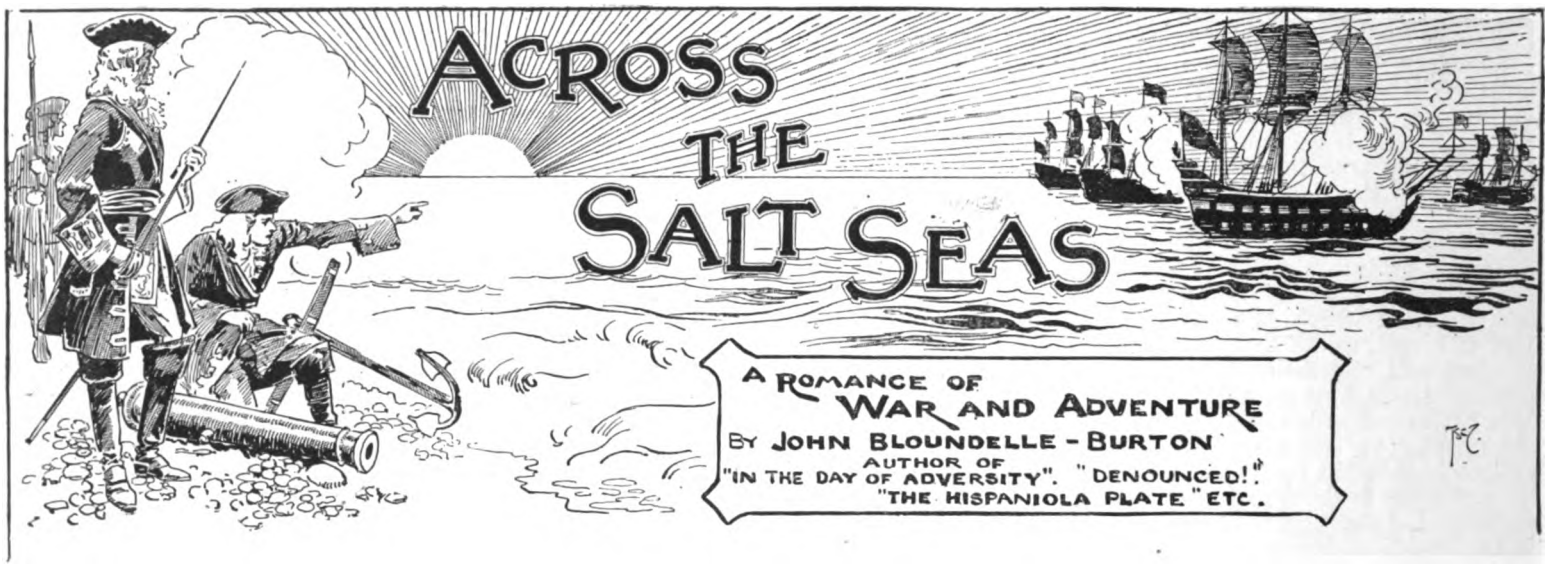

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The hero, Mervyn Crespin, who, as an officer under Marlborough, has been endeavouring to make his way by land from Vigo to Flanders, has been arrested at Lugo as a spy, and, after a series of adventures, is now lying condemned to death in the prison of that town. At the siege of Vigo and at the taking of one of the galleons there, he has made the acquaintance of a handsome young West Indian gentleman (as he supposed), who, from their first meeting, has testified great admiration for Crespin's bravery and strength, and determines to be his companion in the perilous ride which the latter sets out upon. This ride has brought them, as has been shown, to the prison of Lugo, and at the same time has served to elucidate many things in connection with the leading characters. The handsome young West Indian, instead of being Señor Juan Belmonte, turns out to be a handsome young Spanish girl, who—Spanish like—has instantly fallen madly in love with the equally handsome Englishman. She has actually made the voyage to Europe with the view of discovering a scoundrel to whom her father—whom she has never known—has entrusted her, and who has robbed her of one fortune out of two which she possesses. This man has appeared on the scene under the name Carstairs, his right name being Eaton, and she has recognised him. He, however, has also recognised her father, in the garb of a monk and under the name of Father Jaime, as the pirate Gramont. The denunciation has produced more consequences than one, since not only does it lead to Gramont being condemned to death, but it also tells him that the boy with whom he has travelled from the Indies is, in truth, a girl and his own daughter; as it tells her that she is the child of one whose name is mentioned with horror in the whole of the Spanish Main. What her resolution therefore is, and what happens to all concerned, has now to be described in the chapters below and those which follow.

CHAPTER XXIV. *(continued).*

"WHY," I whispered, my arms about her as she clung to me, "why was this disguise assumed, these dangers run? Oh! Juana, since I learnt what you were in truth, I have shuddered, trembled at the memories of your risks. What reason had you for coming to Europe as a man? And with such beauty, too! 'Tis marvellous it was never seen through."

"They would not give passage to women in the galleons," she answered, "therefore I came as I did. Also I knew I might better find Eaton—easier confront him in another garb, another sex, which would prevent him from recognising the little child he had treated so evilly." Then, suddenly, with a wail she exclaimed, "Oh! my God! Mervan, I have not come to talk of this, but to be with you for one last hour. One hour before we die. The *Alcáide* has granted me that—and one other thing—on conditions!" and I felt her shudder in my arms.

"Before we die," I repeated stupidly, saying most of her words over again. "Has granted you this and one other thing—and on conditions. What conditions? Tell me all. Make me to understand. *We* die. Not you!—a woman! They cannot slay you."

From some neighbouring church a deep-toned bell was pealing solemnly as I spoke; far down below by the river banks I heard the splash of some fishermen's boats as they went by to their night work—always, until my eyes close for the last time, I shall remember those sounds accompanying her words in answer to mine—shall hear them in my ears. The words:—

"I can slay myself."

"Juana!"

"Must slay myself," she went on; "there is no other way. Can I live without you—or living fulfil those conditions?" and even as she said this our lips met.

"But," I asked, my voice hoarse with grief and misery, "what are they and wherefore granted?"

"He gives me one life—his, my father's—my God!—*he*, my father! He will not give me yours because he thinks you are my lover—and—and—the condition is that, on the night when he is set free, I fly from Lugo with him, Morales. To Portugal. He will be safe there, he says. 'Tis rumoured the King has joined England."

"And you accept the terms?" I asked bitterly, knowing that I now loved this girl as fondly as she loved me. Had loved her since I discovered her sex when she reeled into my arms on that night. "You accept?"

"I accept. Nay!" she exclaimed, "do not thrust me from you—you cannot doubt my love, my adoration. Else why am I here a prisoner in Lugo—why, except because I could not quit your side, could not tear myself from you!"

"How then accept?"

"Listen. I must save him. God!—he is my father—to my eternal shame! Yet—yet—being so, his soul must not go seek its maker now—'tis too deeply drenched with crime. He must have time. Time to live—to repent—to wash away his sins. Oh, Mervan, you are my love, my love, my first and only love—will be my last—yet—I must save *him*."

"At what a cost! Your own perdition!"

"No. No. Listen. Morales leaves here the day before my unhappy father is given his chance of escape—the door of his cell will be set open for him at night, none will bar his exit by a back way—I, too, shall be gone. Morales will take me with him in my own proper garb, that of a woman. Then—then—because I shall not believe in my father's freedom until I am sure of it, know it, he will join us at the frontier—not Tuy, but where the road crosses to Braganza, at a place called Carvallos—and———"

"You will keep your word!"

"Yes. To myself. Not him. My father will be safe—Morales unable to do more against him—I—I—shall be dead. Once I am assured all is well with him I shall end my life. There will be nothing more to live for."

"Suppose," I whispered, "suppose—it might be!—that I should escape, and, doing so, find you dead! Oh, Juana, how would it be with me then! How could I live?"

"Ah! my love," she said, whispering, too, "can you believe I have not thought of that—believe that, if all hope of you escaping was not gone, I should have decided thus. But, Mervan, you are a brave man, have faced death too often to fear to do so once again for the last time. Mervan, my love, my life—there is no hope. None! He has told me—he—Morales—that the morning after all are gone but you, you will surely be put to death. My own, my king, there is no hope."

"If I could escape first———"

"It is impossible. Impossible. Oh! I have begged him on my knees again and again to give you the same chance as he gives my father—have told him that, since he ruins himself to set free one, it would cost him no more to let both go—yet—yet—he will not!"

"Why not?"

"I have said—he makes but a single answer. The one is my father—the other my lover. Laughs, too, and says he does not jeopardise his own body—ruin for certain his own life in his own land—to fling that lover back into my arms."

"Still—if he knew that until a few days ago I deemed you a boy———"

"Knew it," she exclaimed. "Oh, my God! have I not told him so a hundred times—sworn that we were but strangers thrown together, scarce a month past; had never met before. And to all my vows and protestations he replies: 'Knowing you now to be a woman—as I have myself by chance discovered—he must love you as I do. I will not save him so that he may steal you from me.'"

"Yet—with this refusal on his lips, you yield—or appear to yield."

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"For my father! my father!" she cried, as again she flung her arms around my neck. "My father! For his sake I must yield. Oh, my love, my love, my love—I must."

* * * * * * *

I cannot write down—in absolute truth cannot recall our last sad parting, our frenzied words, our fond embraces. Suffice it that I say we tore ourselves apart at the sound of the mute's footsteps outside—that Juana was borne away insensible.

For that we should never meet again in this world, we recognised—we were parted for ever. I had found and won—although till lately unknown to myself!—the most fond and loving heart that had ever yielded itself up to a man—recognised it only as I stood upon the brink of my grave.

Yet, if there were anything which could reconcile me to my loss of her, it would be that grave, I knew; that—or the casting of my ashes to the wind after my body was consumed by the *brásero*—alone would bring the oblivion I desired. And, since she, too, meant to die the moment her father was safe, neither of us would be left to mourn the other. At least the oblivion of death would be the happy lot of both. Yet, as now the hours followed one another, as I heard them strike upon the bells of all the churches in this old city, and boom forth solemnly from the cathedral tower—wondering always, yet resignedly, when I should hear them for the last time; wondering, too, when the key would once more grate in the lock and I should be summoned to my doom—I cursed myself for never having penetrated Juana's disguise, for never having guessed she was a woman. Sir George Rooke had done so, I knew now; that was what he meant by his solemn warnings to me—fool that I was not to be as far-seeing as he!

There were many things which I now recalled, that should also have opened my eyes. Her timidity, her nervousness, the strange power of mustering up courage at a moment of imminent danger. Also, the frequent change of colour, the remaining in the inn kitchen all one night—the shriek for assistance at the barrier encounter. And yet, because upon her lip there was a down that countless Spanish girls, or girls bred in tropical lands, possess, I had been blind, and thought it was a boy who rode by my side through all the perils we had passed.

I might have saved her had I but had more insight—might have refused to let her accompany me; have sternly ordered her to travel in some other way than along the danger-strewn path which I had come. She would have been safe now—what mattered what had befallen me!—would have been free, with no hideous necessity of taking her own life to escape from the love which Morales forced upon her.

Yet, as I tossed upon my pallet, thinking of all this, thinking, too, of how fondly I had come to love this girl so dear to me, now that we were lost to each other for ever, I knew, I felt sure, that no stern commands issued to her to turn back and quit my side would have been of any avail. That, as she had once threatened, she would have followed me like a dog, have lain upon the step of the house wherein I slept, would never have quitted my side.

For hers was the hot, burning love of the Southern woman of which I had often read and heard told by wanderers into far-off lands; the love that springs in a moment into those women's breasts, and, once born, is never quenched, except by death. As, alas! hers was now to be quenched!

Chapter XXV.

"AS THE NIGHT PASSETH AWAY."

Still the days went by, and I meditated on whether each as it came was to be my last. Wondered, as every morning I watched the opening of the heavily clamped door, if, instead of my loaf and jar of water, that deaf and dumb jailer had come to summon me forth to my fate. And wondered again at what might cause the delay, since morning after morning his behaviour was ever the same—the bread always placed on the rough stone shelf that ran around the room, with the water by its side; but nothing more.

That Juana had gone by now with the *Alcáide* I thought must surely be the case. I had taken, since that night when last we met—and parted for ever!—to scoring with a nail a mark daily on the whitewashed but filthy wall, so that, thereby, I might keep some count of the time as it went by, and now there were six of such marks there. Surely she was gone—surely, too, I thought, Gramont's escape had taken place by now—yet they came not for me. What did it mean?

In my agony at the thought that by this time, perhaps, Juana was dead by her own hand, I pictured her to myself as using the small poniard I knew she carried, or the equally small pistol of which she was possessed—I groaned, nay, almost shrieked sometimes, at my horrible picturings of her beautiful form and face stiff with death. In that agony I came to pray at last to God that the day, or night, which was passing over me might be my last. That He, in His supreme mercy, would see fit to inspire them with the resolve to make an end of me. Prayed that, by the time those never-ceasing clocks without had struck once more the hour they were striking as I made my supplication, my soul might have left my body—that that body might be no more than a heap of ashes.

For I could bear my existence no longer. My thoughts—of my beauteous mistress lying in death's hideous grasp, of my poor old father and mother and the misery which would be theirs, not at my falling like a soldier, but at the mystery which would for ever enshroud my death—were more than I could support.

But still another day passed—the seventh—and still again at daybreak there was no summons to me to go forth and meet my fate. Yet—since by the increased pealings of the bells and by the ringing of some sweeter-sounding ones than those usually heard, I guessed it was the Sabbath—I wondered that my doom had not come. For the Sabbath was, I knew, the day of executions in this land—because 'tis always a *fête* day, when the people are at leisure to be excited and amused.

That day passed, however, the night drew on, the dark had come. And still I was alive. Had before me another night of horror and of mental agony unspeakable to endure.

From my ghastly, silent warder I had tried more than once to obtain some hint or information as to when I might expect my sentence to be carried out. If I could have learnt that I should have known also that Gramont was gone—was free, that—my God! —Juana was dead, or near to her death. But as well might I have asked the stones of this cell in which I was for a word or sign. I wrote with the nail on the wall a question—*the* question, "When am I to die?" and he stared as stolidly at it as though he were no more able to see than to speak or hear. Thinking, perhaps, that he could not read, I made signs upon my fingers to him, at all of which he shook his head, though what he meant to convey I knew not. Yet, had my mind not been so distraught, I should have remembered that, perhaps, if he could not understand the one, neither could he the other. Reflecting later on, however, I felt sure that he was able to do both—it was the only way in which one so afflicted as he was could have been made to understand his orders; and, still later, I knew that such was the case.

And now, on that Sunday, as the horrid gloom of the winter night enveloped all the country around, while up from the pastures and fields there rose a vapour, or fog, I formed a terrible resolve, driven thereto by the misery of my reflections. I determined that, if my death by the hands of the executioner came not to-morrow, I would take my own life. I could endure no longer, could think no more upon Juana as a dead woman, as one slain by her own hand.

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"Oh! Juana, Juana," I wailed more than once, "my lost Juana." Then added, with firmness: "Yet—no matter. We meet to-morrow at the latest."

Though they had taken my weapons from me ere they brought me here, there was enough of opportunity to my hand for accomplishing my purpose. There was the nail I had found, my sash or belt, my cravat—either would serve for my purpose if I was brave enough to accomplish it.

"Brave enough—brave enough!" I found myself repeating. "Brave enough! Or," I whispered, "cowardly enough? Which is it? Which?"

And, as still the long hours of the night went on and I lay on my pallet staring up into the darkness, listening to the hours told over and over again by the bells, until my soul sickened at their sound—watching a glint of the moon's rays on the metal roof of the cathedral—I answered my own question, reasoned that self-destruction was the coward's, not the brave man's act, and resolved, at last, to cast that awful resolution behind me, to endure and meet my fate like a man, as a gallant soldier should.

And so, eased—I scarce knew why—by my determination, I fell at last into a tranquil sleep, and dreamt that I was back in England, walking in my father's old flower garden in the Weald, with my love, Juana, by my side.

Some unaccustomed noise awoke me from that fair dream—something to which I was not used in the long silence of the night—some sound which, as I raised myself on my elbow and peered round the cell, I could not understand. For in that cell there was no other presence, as for a moment I had imagined when I sprang up half asleep and half awake; the moon, which had now o'ertopped the cathedral towers, showed that plain enough. Deep scurrying clouds were passing beneath her face swiftly—obscuring sometimes her brilliancy for some moments, 'tis true, yet, as she emerged now and again from them, her flood poured in and lit up the whole chamber. There was no one in it but myself.

What, therefore, was the sound I had heard? Stealthy footsteps outside?—those of my doomsmen, perhaps!—or—was it some silent executioner about to steal in on me in the night, thus to prevent the publicity of a death in the market place—a death which might by chance be reported to my own countrymen afar off—and thereby, like enough, if the war rolled down this way, to be bitterly avenged? Was that it?

Again beneath the moon there passed heavy clouds, extinguishing her light, so that for a moment my prison was once more steeped in darkness—I found myself thinking that there would be snow ere morning, that, if that morning brought my death, 'twould be a bleak and wintry scene which the flames from the *brásero* would illuminate—then, through a break in those clouds, a ray stole forth. A ray that glinted in through the iron bars of the window grate, across the stone-flagged floor, and onward to the heavily clamped door. Then was arrested there—one spot shining out in those beams with the brightness and the dazzle of a diamond.

What was that thing, that spot, on which the ray glinted so?

Creeping towards the door, as silently and lightly as I could go, I reached it, put out my finger and touched that gleaming spark, and found that it proceeded from the extremity of a key which was in the lock and that now protruded by a trifle into the room. It was the insertion of that key which had awakened me.

Yet, what did it mean, and why, when once in the lock, was it not turned; why not followed by the entry of one or more persons into the cell?

Were they coming back later to fall on me—had the key been first inserted by some who had withdrawn directly afterwards, so that, if the noise awakened me, I should sleep again shortly, when they could return to finish their work? This must be the true explanation—I was to be executed in the depth of the night when all were asleep in the old town, when no cry of anguish, no scream from one being done to death, would be heard.

"Yet," I thought to myself, "their precautions are needless. As well here as in the flames to-morrow. What matters where or how?"

At that moment my ears caught a sound—something was passing down the stone passage outside—something that was not the heavy tread of the jailer. Instead, a muffled sound—yet perceptible to me. A shuffling, scraping sound, as though one who was shoeless was dragging each foot carefully along after the other.

Then I saw the end of the key, which projected through the lock, turn—I saw it sparkle in the moon's rays—once it grated harshly—creaked! And, slowly, a moment afterwards, the door opened inwards, leaving the passage outside dark and cavernous. He who had so opened it with one hand carried no light in the other. Stepping back from it, watching what should happen next—yet, I swear before Heaven, with no fear at my heart: why should there be since I desired to die and join my love!—yet still with that heart beating loudly from excitement—I saw the blackness of the doorway blurred with a still deeper intensity by a form standing outside it. I saw the moonbeams reach that form, lighting it up for a moment and glistening on the eyes of it; saw before me the great figure and heavy, stolid face of my dumb, impenetrable jailer. The mute! Also observed that under his arm he carried something long. A sword.

His eyes upon me, he advanced into the cell—I seeing that his feet were bare except for thick coarse stockings which he wore—yet making no motion as though to attack me, his action not such as would have rendered a more desperate man than myself resolved to defend himself. Then, slowly, while I, my back against the farthest wall, stared at him more in wonder than in awe, he raised the arm under which the sword was not borne and motioned to me with his finger, crooked somewhat, to follow him. Pointing a moment afterwards down the dark passage.

"So," I whispered to myself, drawing a deep breath as I did so, "the hour has come. He bids me follow him. I understand—it is to be done before daylight. Well, I am ready. God give me strength and pardon me."

Then I made ready to follow him, while he, observing this, prepared to lead the way.

All was profound and dark outside that cell when once we were in the passage, so dark that, ere I had barely reached it, I felt his great hand upon my arm, felt him clutching my sleeve between the fingers. And so, together, we went on, he silent as a corpse, except for his breathing which sometimes I heard—sometimes, too, felt upon my cheek—I going to my death.

One thing I noticed even in these moments of intensity. We went the opposite way from that which I had first been brought, the opposite way from which his footsteps when he had been shod had invariably sounded. Also, the opposite way from which my love had come to bid me a last farewell, and had been carried off insensible after our parting.

Whither was I being taken?

The end of the corridor was reached in the darkness; I knew this by the fact that his grasp tightened perceptibly on my sleeve, also that, by a pressure of his fingers, he was turning me somewhat to the left. Likewise, that grasp put a degree of curb upon me—a moment later seemed to signify that I was to go on again. And it felt to me that, in a way, I was being supported—held up.

Another instant and I knew why. We were descending stairs. On the way down, doubtless, to some exit that should lead to my place of doom! Still I resisted not. One path to oblivion would serve as well as another.

By the manner in which the steps were cut, I knew at once that we were in some tower and that the stairs were circular; also my hand, which I kept against the side, told me the same thing. Moreover, there were *œillets*, or arrow slits, in the wall through which I could see the moon shining on another wall which seemed to be some fifty paces off. Probably, I thought, the opposite wall of some courtyard built into, or by, the side of the huge ramparts.

Of sound there was none, no noise of any kind, no tramp of sentry to be heard, although I knew well enough that upon the ramparts themselves soldiers were kept constantly on guard. Nothing; all as still as death—the death to which I was being led.

At last, the stairs ended, my feet told me we were on the level now, a level into which they sank somewhat as I took step after step, whereby I judged that we were walking on sand, and wondered in what part of that prison, of those huge ramparts, we might be. Surely, I thought, some lowermost vault or dungeon; perhaps beneath the foundations of the structure, beneath the rocks between which the river flowed.

"My God!" I murmured to myself, "is this my fate? To be immured for ever in some dark dungeon in the bowels of the earth, where neither light, nor sound—nor any hope!—can come again. Better death at once, swift and merciful, than this. Far better."

And almost it seemed to my now frighted heart that such alone could be the case.

The air reeked and was clammy, as though with long confinement in this underground place, and by remaining ever unrefreshed from without by Heaven's pure breezes, was mawkish and sickly as the breath of a charnel house—perhaps 'twas one!—perhaps those who died here were left to fester and mould away till their corpses turned to skeletons and their skeletons to dust! Here, where no cry for help could issue forth, no more than any sound except a muffled one could penetrate. As I knew at this moment, for, far above, I heard a deep boom that seemed like the muffled roar of a cannon—a sound that was in truth the eternal bell of the cathedral telling the hour. Also another broke on my ear—a swift rushing, yet deadened, too—the sound, I thought, of the Minho passing near.

(To be continued).

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Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GENERAL SIR REGINALD GIPPS, K.C.B.

SIR REGINALD was gazetted ensign and lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier Guards April, 1849, and became lieutenant and captain June, 1854. He saw service in the Crimean Campaign of 1854-56, took part in the battles of Alma and Balaclava, and was wounded in the former fight. He was severely wounded also at Inkerman, and after the siege of Sebastopol was mentioned in despatches, receiving the medal with four clasps, and the Turkish medal. In June, 1856, he was gazetted brevet-major, in recognition of his services in the East. He became a captain and lieutenant-colonel in his regiment February, 1858; brevet-colonel January, 1871; and major-general July, 1881. As such he commanded the Home District from April, 1884, till March, 1889. In December of the same year he was gazetted lieutenant-general, and from November, 1891, till March, 1892, served as deputy adjutant-general (for Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers) at headquarters. He was afterwards military secretary at headquarters from March, 1892, till May, 1896, and reached the rank of general when filling that post, May, 1894.

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THE JUBILEE REVIEW ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN.

LAFFAN'S PLAIN, on which the great Jubilee Review of the present year was held, is the one oasis on the sandy waste of Aldershot. It is a fine broad stretch of turf some 2,000 yards in length by about 600 in breadth, and takes its name from an officer of Engineers, who discovered, after a long series of experiments, a variety of grass seed which took kindly to the arid soil, and by this means converted what was the sandiest of heathland into a green and grateful plain.

It was here that some 28,000 men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—were reviewed in the Jubilee week of the present year by Her Majesty the Queen.

The "field state" of the day was returned at a little over 27,500 men—not a very large number, it is true, even for a review of the British Army, but as many as the limited space on Laffan's Plain would accommodate. From the point of view of the sightseer it was a perfect review, for the eye is unable to grasp the effect of a larger body of men, except, possibly, as a bird's-eye view from some overhanging height.

The Colonial Infantry Marching Past.

Space does not admit of a description of the day's proceedings, so that these remarks must be limited to a few notes about the illustrations and one or two other features of the review.

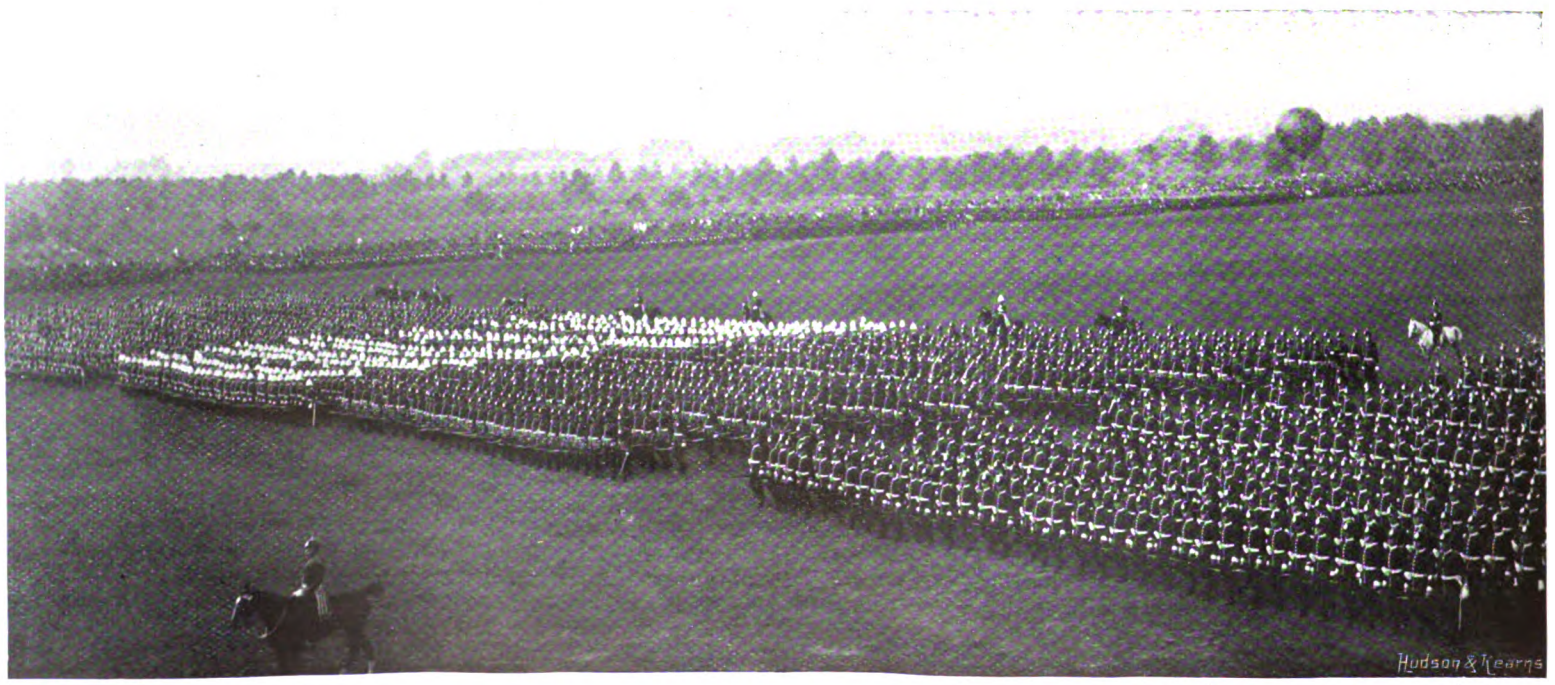
The principal illustration shows Her Majesty's carriage at the flagstaff, the massed bands of the 1st Cavalry Division just coming into view as they play the Horse Guards and Carabiniers past the saluting base. Another illustration shows the Colonial infantry—a conspicuous feature of the Jubilee procession—passing the Queen; while the third shows one of the brigades of the 2nd Infantry Division returning in quarter column after the first march past in column of double companies. Here was, perhaps, one of the most picturesque scenes of the day. In the 3rd Division the contrast of the Border Regiment, in their white helmets, on the left, the 2nd North Lancashire on their right, the Gordon Highlanders in the centre, and the two regiments of Irish Fusiliers on the right of the brigade, in their black bearskins, was especially striking as a display of colour.

Previously to this, in the march past, the music had been a very taking feature. The division of Guards made a brave show. There was one brigade composed entirely of Grenadiers—the three battalions. The Scots Guards and Coldstreams, forming the second brigade, were not one whit inferior to the Grenadiers. The Scots—in two battalions—went by with a swing to their own tune—"Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie."

After the two brigades of Guards came the 2nd Infantry Division. The 2nd Lincolnshire marched past to the good old fen country air, "It's my delight of a shiny night at the season of the year," and stepped very well, as, indeed, did all the brigade.

The Border Regiment, in white foreign service helmets, went by magnificently to the fine old Northumbrian lilt, "D'ye ken John Peel?" a spirit-stirring strain that almost carries good marching with it as a matter of course. The swinging plumes of the bonnets, and sporrans of the Gordon Highlanders, with their twinkling spotless spats, had such a fine effect that the regiment quite won the hearts of all the spectators, and secured, perhaps, the heartiest greeting of the day.

The Horse Artillery came by as only English Horse Artillery can, with the guns dressed wheel to wheel, followed by the cavalry in squadrons at a walk, the Prince of Wales leaving the Queen's side to ride past the saluting base at the



Photos. WYRALL & SON. *THE RETURN IN QUARTER COLUMN.* *Aldershot.*

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Aldershot.

THE MASSED BANDS OF THE FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION.

Photo. WYRALL & SON.

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head of his regiment—the 10th Hussars. The Royal Engineers looked very smart in their scarlet and blue velvet facings, and the presence of their pontoon train and field telegraph and balloon sections contributed a very interesting feature to the march past.

After the return by brigades in quarter column came the gallop past of the Horse Artillery and cavalry. Thundering along—at no cantering apology for a gallop, but at a real stretching pace—first of all the batteries and then squadron after squadron sped by. All down the ground, a clear sweep a good mile in length, wave after wave of brilliant uniforms, now red, now blue, fluttering pennons, glistening lances, clattering carbines, and flashing sabres, rolled on until well out of sight. And then, as the last squadron of Hussars cleared the front of the brigades on the extreme left of the line, what was perhaps the most imposing spectacle of this day of many brilliant sights took place. Laffan's Plain is too small a space to admit of the various regiments deploying into line, so the advance in review order has to be made in quarter column.

At the sound of the bugle the hoarse words of command ring out, and the moving mass begins to approach the Queen. Halting 150 yards from the flagstaff, once more the bugle note is heard, and the Royal salute, which brings the review to a close, is given. While the strains of the National Anthem swell out from the massed bands, the regimental colours are all lowered to the ground. Meanwhile, preparations for the Royal departure begin to be made. But all is not over yet. The salute given, rifles are brought to the shoulder, and then "Order arms!" is the command. "Take off your helmets!" "Three cheers for the Queen!" are orders that follow in quick succession, and then with a hip-hip-hurrah! a roar from five-and-twenty thousand throats goes up to startle all the infantry officers' horses out of their hitherto decorous behaviour, and to thrill the hearts of twice that number of deeply-interested onlookers.

Decorations for Her Majesty's Jubilee.

ONE of the most important events in the history of the British Empire—we might even say in the records of the whole world—has been chronicled in the celebration of Her Majesty's record reign.

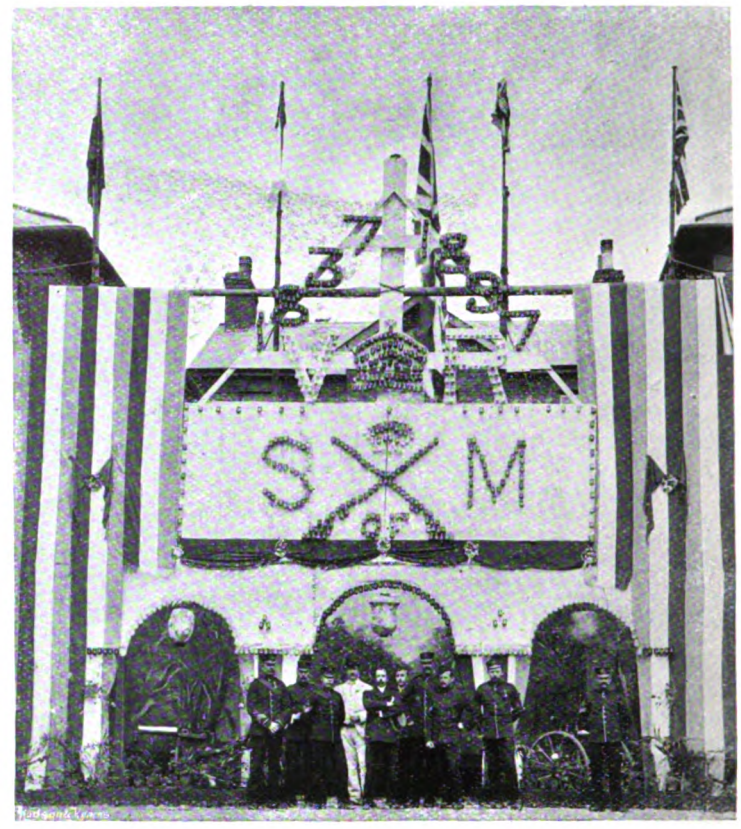
Nowhere among the annals of any other nation, not even in the story of the once all-powerful Roman Empire, is its parallel to be found, for in every continent, country, and state the whole English-speaking population, as well as many who owe allegiance to foreign Sovereigns, joined with us here at home in our loyal festivities.

Nor in the case of foreign countries did the desire to rejoice proceed from any political or diplomatic reasons. It was prompted solely by a profound respect and admiration for the Queen of England, whom, apart from her position as Sovereign of the most extensive Empire of the globe, must ever be remembered as a wise and good woman.

Nothing to equal the impressive grandeur of the brilliant cavalcade which passed through London on its way to St. Paul's, had ever been witnessed by the vast crowds of spectators who thronged to see that never-to-be-forgotten sight. Among them, no doubt, were many representatives of continental nations who came prepared to criticise our military forces. True, they are not built on the same colossal lines as those of the German Emperor, but it may safely be said that no foreigner, whether from Germany, France, China, or one of the South American Republics, returned to his native land without forming a highly favourable opinion of the defenders of our Empire.

In speaking of the rejoicings on this occasion, we must not, in admiring the dazzling scene in the Metropolis, lose sight of the innumerable demonstrations of loyalty elsewhere, for there was not in the British Isles a village so small or poverty-stricken that it was unable to join in the general thanksgiving.

At military stations especially, loyalty was eminently in evidence, for there is no amateur who can claim such a store of resources in decorative art as our many-sided friend, "Tommy Atkins"—an art to which he has recourse whenever a time of rejoicing arrives. The members of the staff at the School of Musketry, Hythe, showed their cunningness in this



Central Device, Hythe School of Musketry.

respect, and the decorations displayed, both by day and night, an appearance which reflects great credit on those who assisted in the arrangement of the festivities.

Our first illustration represents the central device in

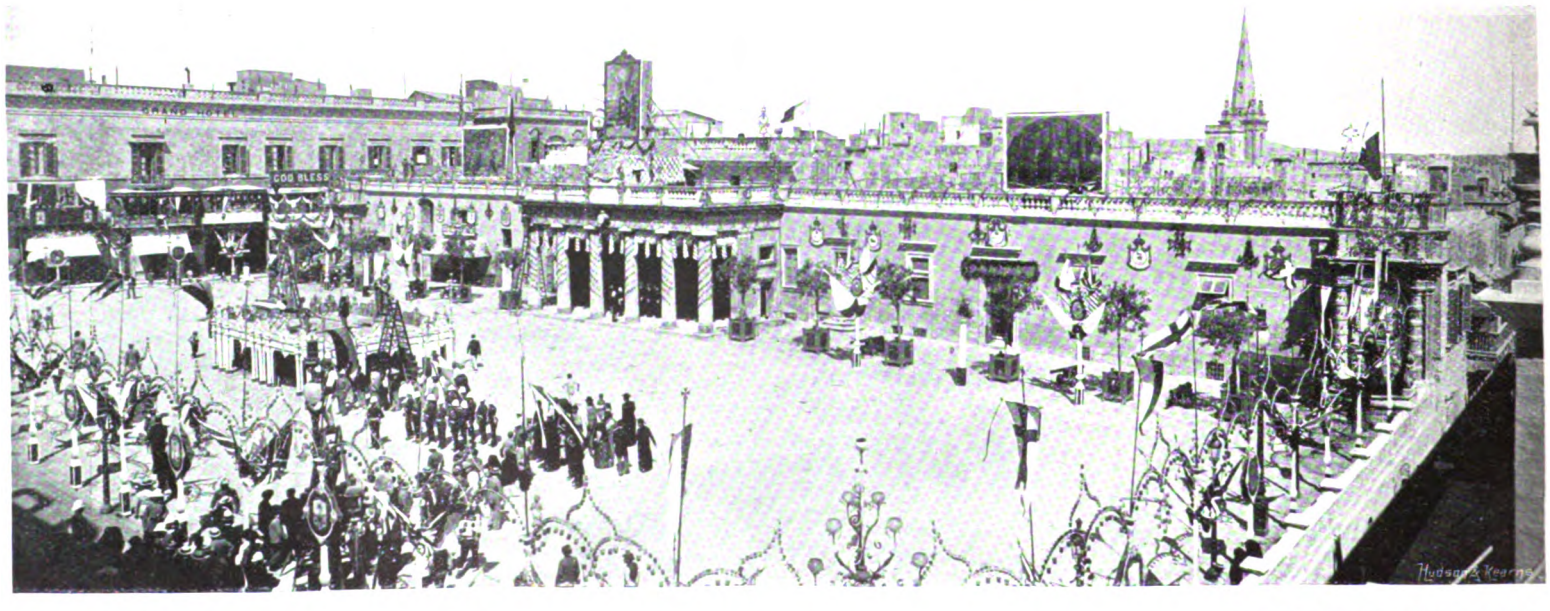


Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

PALACE SQUARE, VALETTA, MALTA.

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honour of Her Majesty, constructed with characteristic ingenuity.

Did ever King Maxim figure in such a peaceful, inoffensive position as here depicted, surrounded by flowers and adorned with fairy lamps? The crossed rifles surmounted by a crown, the badge of the School of Musketry, are tastefully traced with lamps, and above this are the crown and the initials V.R., with the two dates 1837-1897. The device is chiefly composed of cloth, in red, white, and blue, and the Royal Standard, the Union Jack, and the various ensigns are displayed to crown the artistic structure. Ten members of the staff are grouped beside their handiwork.

From Hythe, on the coast of Kent, we pass to one of the chief military stations in the Mediterranean, and there a scene meets our eyes which is even more brilliant than the last. It is the Palace Square, Valetta, Malta. The decorations, which show to advantage under the azure sky of the sunny South, are composed of a mixture of British and Maltese emblems. Along with the Union Jack and British ensign we find displayed the escutcheons of the Maltese nobility, testifying that whatever friction the British soldier may have from time to time with the natives of the island, the feeling, on the whole, is not unfriendly towards the garrison and the Sovereign which it represents.

The third scene is the Gun Wharf at Portsmouth, and this is, perhaps, the most artistic structure of any. The whole entrance is covered with armour and weapons of different periods, and some elaborate designs are displayed above and on either side of the gate, made principally from swords and the like. Among other things are shown the Lions of England on the right of the gate, and the arms or badge of the Army Ordnance Corps (three cannons) on the left. Looking above the gate at the warriors in armour manning the two towers, we are reminded of the "Days of old, when knights were bold." Indeed, so realistic is the effect that the visitor conjures up awful visions of boiling lead as an important factor in warfare, and the boot, the thumb-screw, and the rack as means of extracting information from unwilling prisoners. The fancies of schoolboy days are recalled, and he finds himself breaking forth into "Marmion," or some other historical poem. A salute of either small arms or artillery has always been associated with rejoicing. Looking at the last illustration we witness the 1st Battalion Welsh Regiment, at Plymouth, firing a *feu de joie*, or, as it is more commonly called among soldiers,

Photo. CRIBB. **Southsea.**

The Gun Wharf, Portsmouth.

a "furious joy." This is fired by troops either in single or double rank, each one following the other, and only one shot being fired at a time. When carried out to perfection, however, the result sounds like one continual roll of musketry, so short are the intervals between firing. On the right of the picture is a bonfire of wood, 60-ft. in height, which is to blaze and crackle in honour of the Queen. The troops on duty extend altogether over a distance of some nine miles. The demonstration at Plymouth was, of course, particularly loyal, combining a naval and military display.

Photo. A. WILDMAN. **Plymouth.**

FIRING THE FEU DE JOIE AT PLYMOUTH.

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OUR INDIAN ARMY.

Photo. F. W. BREMNER. *Quetta.*

THE 18th BENGAL LANCERS.

THE accompanying illustration represents a ressaidar, a dafadar, and a sowar of a typical regiment of Bengal cavalry, the first named in review order, the second in drill order, and the third in marching order. A ressaidar is a half-squadron commander who wears only two stars on his shoulder strap, as distinct from the risaldar, also a half-squadron commander, who wears three stars. A dafadar corresponds to a sergeant, and a sowar to a trooper. A regiment of Bengal cavalry—there are nineteen of them, including nine Lancer regiments—consists of four squadrons, the usual personnel being eight British officers, one medical officer, seventeen native officers, and 608 non-commissioned officers and men. All the Bengal cavalry are organised on the "Silladar" system, that is to say, all the horses and everything carried by the men with the exception of carbines and revolvers, are the private property of the regiment, and provided by funds to which all ranks pay a donation on joining and a monthly subscription throughout their service. Thus, practically speaking, a Bengal cavalryman rides his own horse and clothes himself, a circumstance which naturally adds greatly to his independence and self-respect. Every two fighting men in a Bengal cavalry regiment have between them a baggage mule or pony and a driver, who acts as a grass-cutter. Owing to this arrangement the mobility of a native cavalry regiment is very great, and, as the men ride light and their horses are mostly country-breds of great endurance, they can readily cover long distances and turn up at the other end in excellent fighting trim. The 18th Bengal Lancers is what is called a "class squadron" regiment, the official distribution being three squadrons of Punjabi Muhammadans and one squadron of Sikhs. In the illustration, however, there are no Sikhs, and only one Punjabi Musalman, to wit, the dafadar. The Punjabi Muhammadans claim to be descended from Rajputs converted to Islam during the Muhammadan invasions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the best of them are to be found between the Chenab and the Indus. In the words of an authority, "they are generally quiet and well-disciplined, give little or no trouble either in quarters or in the field, and though somewhat inferior in *élan* to the Pathan, and lacking the extreme tenacity of the Sikh, it is generally admitted that they possess, if carefully selected, a fair share of both these qualities." The ressaidar and the sowar in the picture are Baluchis of the Derajat and Shahpur, who are akin to the Pathans, but as a rule more honourable, more faithful, and less fanatical than that race. The 18th Bengal Lancers have not so far been very lucky in the matter of war service, the only battle honour they possess being "Afghanistan, 1879-80." In 1890 they were selected as the native cavalry regiment to accompany the Zhob Valley Expedition, during which some 1,800 miles were covered, over 800 of which were through country never before attempted by a British force. The character of the country in some instances prevented the use of transport animals, the men having then to carry all their belongings and to sleep without tents in a temperature of from thirteen to twenty degrees of frost. As, however, the results were rather political than military, the regiments taking part in the expedition were not allowed to count it as a warlike distinction. The 18th Bengal Lancers was formerly the 2nd Mahratta Horse, and was raised in 1858. Its uniform is scarlet with blue facings, and it is at the time of writing stationed at Sialkot. The remaining Lancer regiments in the Bengal Army are the 2nd, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 19th, all the rest being denominated cavalry. All native cavalry, however, are trained in the use of the lance, and in some of the non-lancer corps the weapon is, as in the British Service, carried by the front rank men.

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Photo. F. W. BREMNER. *Quetta.*

RATTRAY'S SIKHS.

FEW regiments of the Bengal, or of any other Army, have a better name than Rattray's Sikhs, a colour party of which is here represented, including a subadar or company commander, a jemadar or native subaltern, a colour havildar—the rank of havildar corresponds to that of sergeant in the British Service—and a drummer. Raised in 1856 for service against the Santhals of Bengal, the 45th is a typical infantry regiment of Sikhs, those magnificent fighting men who, as an authority remarks, "whether in cantonments or on service, are ever the same—always genial, good-tempered, and uncomplaining, reliable horsemen, stubborn infantrymen, and as steady in defence as they are bold and impetuous in attack." It must be borne in mind that the term "Sikh" does not denote any particular race, but is a title given to the members of a military order of Hindu dissenters and puritans. At the same time, as a matter of fact, two-thirds of the Sikh population belong to the Jat race, one of the most widely distributed of all the native peoples, and a Sikh, in character, is essentially a Jat, only more so, his military proclivities having been brought into extraordinary prominence by the warlike enterprises of the great "Lion of Lahore," known to history as Ranjit Singh. Under Ranjit Singh the Sikhs became the absolute rulers of the Punjab, and a military nation of very considerable importance. Banded together in a species of military brotherhood known as the Khalsa, they gave us an immensity of trouble, and were only subdued after a series of most stubborn fights, among which the names of Sobraon and Chillianwalla are conspicuous. After the conquest of the Punjab several special Sikh corps were raised, and Sikh companies were ordered to be formed in existing native battalions. The order, however, was largely ignored, and until the Mutiny the Sikhs were not represented in the Bengal Army to anything like the extent they are now. The Mutiny brought about a striking revival of Sikhism, hundreds who had become agriculturists re-enlisting in the regiments raised by Lord Lawrence, and serving under the banner of their former foes with splendid loyalty and devotion. But it was reserved for the Sikh battalion that had just been raised by Captain Rattray to take part in, and win imperishable renown from, one of the most glorious episodes of that terrible period, the defence, namely, of Mr. Boyle's house at Arrah, which was held by fifteen European and Eurasian residents, assisted by fifty of Rattray's men, whom the Commissioner of Patna had providentially sent to the station in anticipation of trouble. What made the conduct of the Sikhs on this occasion all the more noteworthy, was the fact that the rebel Sepoys made every possible effort to induce them to desert. In the words of Malleson—"When the offer to share with them the plunder of the treasuries, of those sacked and those still to be sacked, proved unavailing, threats of the doom which hung over them were very freely used. The most earnest appeals to their nationality and their religion were alike neglected. Rattray's Sikhs remained loyal to the Government which gave them their salt." The 45th Sikhs were added to the Bengal Army in 1864, and, in addition to the "Defence of Arrah," they carry on their colours "Behar," "Ali Musjid," and "Afghanistan, 1878-80." At the time of writing they are on active service in the Malakand Pass.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

CORPORAL, ROYAL DRAGOONS.

THIS regiment claims descent from some troops of horse employed against the Moors in 1662 and for some twenty years after that date, but its formation as "The King's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons" dates from the year 1683, when Colonel John Churchill was the commanding officer. The regiment was engaged at the battle of the Boyne, the siege of Namur, and in the Low Countries, 1697. It served under Marlborough, in Holland, 1702-3, and from 1742 to 1745 it was employed in Flanders, being present at Dettingen and Fontenoy. In the Peninsula it was present at Valencia, D'Alcantara, Barcelona, Almanza, Saragossa, and other battles. When forming part of the famous Union Brigade at Waterloo the Dragoons captured the Eagle of the 105th French Regiment, a miniature of which now plays the part of a collar badge. The Royal Dragoons rode in the heavy cavalry charge at Balaclava, and were at Inkerman and Sebastopol.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—No. 46.] *FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1897.*

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

VICE-ADMIRAL HENRY F. CLEVELAND, R.N.

VICE-ADMIRAL CLEVELAND entered the Service in November, 1848, was promoted a lieutenant in 1857, commander in 1868, captain in 1875, and rear-admiral in 1890, being placed on the retired list December, 1894, and has since been promoted vice-admiral. Admiral Cleveland has had a very distinguished career in the Service as a smart and efficient officer. He was commander of the "Liffey" frigate in the Flying Squadron of 1870, and was afterwards well known as a smart officer in the "Excellent" Gunnery School-ship at Portsmouth. He commanded the "Hecate" at the time that war was considered to be imminent with Russia in 1878, and was after that flag-captain in the "Iron Duke," and captain of the "Superb" in 1883 in the Mediterranean until appointed to the "Cambridge" at Devonport. He was awarded the gold medal of the United Service Institution for the best essay on "The Maritime Defences of the United Kingdom," in 1890, had a captain's Good Service Pension from May, 1889, to August, 1890, and was vice-president of the Ordnance Committee 1891 to 1894.

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VETERAN OFFICERS OF THE NAVY.

WE give upon this page three portraits full of interest. They are those of two of the oldest officers of the Navy, who saw service with the recent companions of Nelson. One still older officer of the Navy yet survives, indeed, in the person of Commander Richard Sadlier, who entered the Service on February 1st, 1808.

Photo. MOFFAT. *Edinburgh.*

Admiral JOHN HAY as a Lieutenant, 1829.

Admiral John Hay is the junior of the venerable trio. We see him here as a lieutenant, in his youth, and now, in his age. He entered the Royal Naval College in 1817, and embarked, in October, 1819, as a first-class volunteer on board the "Phaeton," 46, in which he became a midshipman, and, on being removed to the "Redwing," 18, he shared in an expedition against pirates in the West Indies. Service in South America followed, and in 1827 he joined the "Prince Regent," 120, flag-ship at the Nore. Afterwards, in 1828, he was employed on shore, from the "Blonde," in constructing batteries and co-operating with the French Army at the capture of Morea Castle. In July, 1840, as first lieutenant of the "Pylades," he commanded the boats in a severe action with pirate junks. He was commended for the ability he displayed in the operations which led to the first and second captures of Canton, and particularly distinguished himself in cutting through a raft-boom in the Canton River. He was in command of the "Prometheus" on the coast of Africa, in 1844, and became a retired rear-admiral in 1866, with successive promotions in 1873 and 1878.

Photo. MOFFAT. *Edinburgh.*

Admiral JOHN HAY.

Photo. MAYALL & CO *Brighton.*

Commander HENRY JAMES, in his Ninety-Ninth Year.

Commander Henry James was less fortunate than Admiral Hay. Born in 1799, he went to the retired list in October, 1860, after a service of forty-eight years in the Navy. In a true sense Commander James is a child of Nelson, for, when he was a little boy, he witnessed the hero's funeral, and was lost in the crowd. His grandfather, who was a Devonshire vicar, found him, and the child exclaimed, as he was lifted up, "I'll be a sailor, too"; to which the old man replied, "So he shall!" In June, 1812, he embarked as a volunteer in the "Pompée," in which he saw active service off Toulon. Afterwards he was a midshipman in the "Berwick" and "Impregnable," flag-ships of Sir John Duckworth and Viscount Exmouth. In the "Revolutionnaire" he assisted the master to survey the entrances to the Dardanelles and the Piræus, and received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. He was in South America, in the "Tartar," during the Bolivar War. Then came service in the East, and as first lieutenant of the "Wolf" he was engaged against Malacca pirates. He came home invalided in 1838. Many who attained flag rank were the juniors of this gallant old officer, and it was his unmerited misfortune that long absence led to forgetfulness of his arduous service, and that influence was wanting to prompt the memory of those who should have secured him the promotion he had earned.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

A QUARTER-DECK SCENE ON BOARD H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR" AT MALTA.

THE scene of our illustration is Malta Dockyard, one of the storehouses of which establishment is seen in the background. In the centre of the photograph are shown mustered on the quarter-deck of the "Trafalgar," one of the battle-ships of the Mediterranean Fleet, a party of bluejackets about to be assigned to work in the ship or dockyard. The front rank men of the party are in canvas working suits, the rig worn on board ship in the Royal Navy for fatigue duties of every sort. The Naval officer shown with four bands of "distinction" lace on his sleeve is the Captain of the "Trafalgar," to whom, while walking the quarter-deck, a petty officer of the signal staff has brought the slate with a message just taken in by semaphore on the bridge. Two pet dogs on board the "Trafalgar" are shown in the foreground.

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"MAN AND ARM BOATS."

AMONG the most honourable records of our Navy are some of the "cutting out" expeditions undertaken in boats to capture and bring out an enemy's ship, often from under the guns of a battery—an operation demanding pluck and skill of no ordinary kind, as well as very efficient organisation and attention to detail.

The evolution known as "Man and arm boats" has, therefore, always been considered as one which would put to the test the organisation of a ship's company; and a very pretty and instructive evolution it is, when efficiently carried out.

A squadron is lying at anchor in some quiet harbour, only the boats required for duty being lowered, the solitary boatkeeper sitting motionless in each. Suddenly, up goes a flutter of bunting on board the flag-ship. "Man and arm boats, sir!" cries the keen-sighted signalman, before the flags are fairly blown out, and then follows, apparently, a hopeless scrimmage; but it is a very methodical scrimmage, nevertheless. Perhaps one or two large boats have to be hoisted out, and this, in an old-fashioned ship, requires all hands. The moment the last one touches the water the boatswain and his mates roar "Man and arm boats," and in a twinkling every remaining boat is being lowered from the davits and hauled to its allotted place to receive its stores, etc., which are tumbled in, a heterogeneous collection of cases of ammunition, rockets, and rocket tubes, water, provisions, pikes, compasses, etc., with a recklessness which appears to court disaster. Guns are swung out and lowered at headlong speed into the larger boats; midshipmen may be seen clambering through ports or descending breakneck rope ladders, each determined that his shall be the first boat away.

Boats "Manned and Armed" for Quarterly Firing.

In a space of time which seems almost incredible, every boat has shoved off and taken her appointed place in the line, the larger boats leading, and each in tow of the next ahead. Every man is fully armed; skilled men are ready to work the guns; powder and shell and rifle ammunition are ready in handy boxes; a detachment of Marines sits stolidly in every boat, while the surgeon and his attendants, fully equipped, occupy a swift and handy gig; and all in something under five minutes from the pipe! A muster and inspection round the flag-ship usually follows, and then some tactical exercises under oars and sails, before dispersing.

Presentation of D.S.O. at Simonstown.

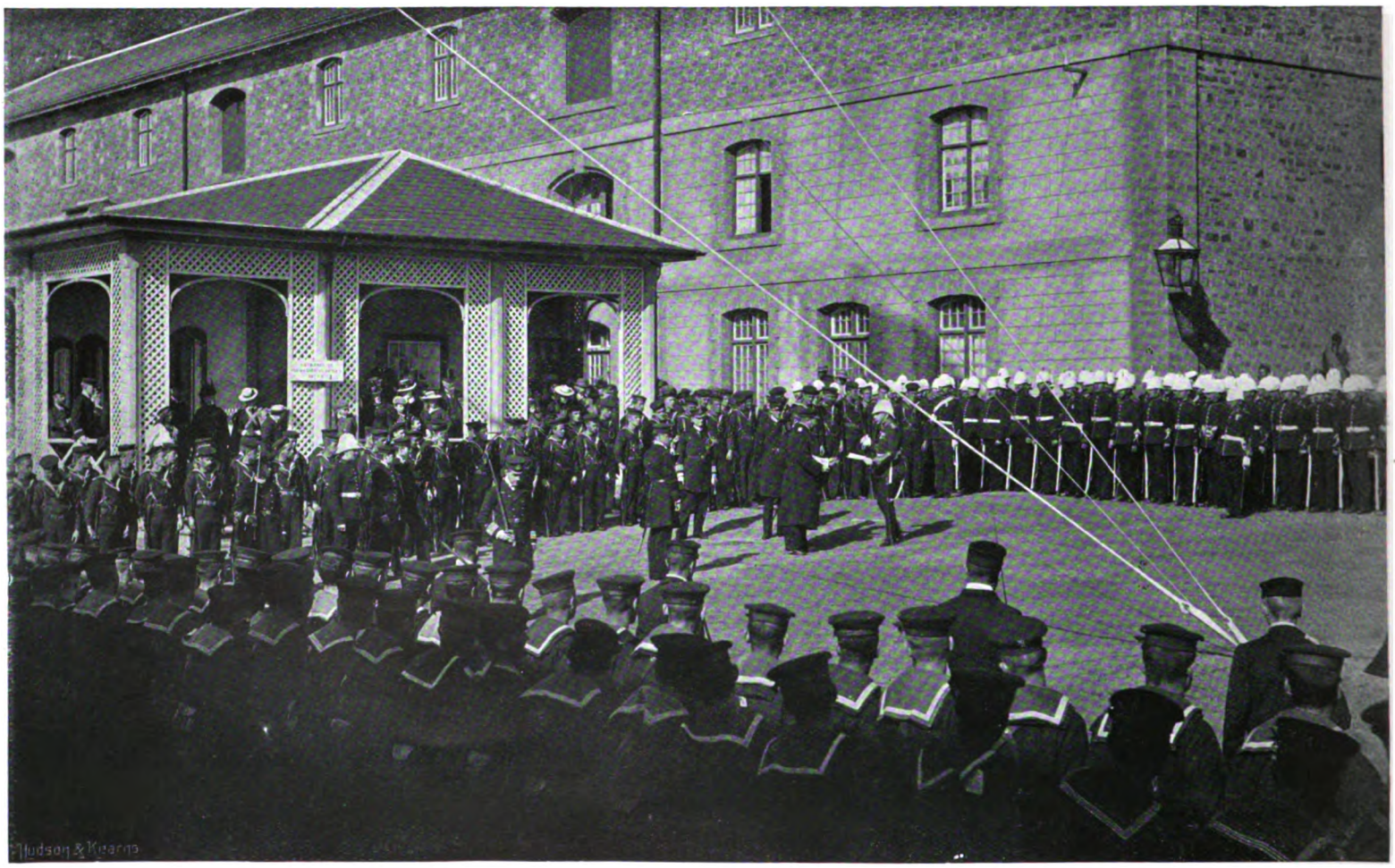

Photo. J. H. BOON. *Simonstown.*

Presentation of D.S.O. to Major ROCHE, R.M.L.I., and Staff-Surgeon DIMSEY, R.N.

THE accompanying illustrations from the Cape are in connection with the late punitive expedition against Benin which was undertaken by the forces of the Royal Navy in February last, Rear-Admiral Rawson being in command.

The first illustration shows the presentation of the Distinguished Service Order for Gallantry in the Field to Major Roche, R.M.L.I., of H.M.S. "St. George," and Staff-Surgeon Dimsey, R.N., of H.M.S. "Phœbe." The Bluejackets and Marines are drawn up under arms in a hollow square facing inwards, and the presentation is taking place inside the square. Major Roche is the figure on the right of the centre group receiving the presentation from Admiral Rawson, who stands in front of him, Captain Egerton, the flag-captain, standing in rear of the admiral.

Major Roche had previously seen a considerable amount of active service, having served with the Marine battalion throughout the Egyptian War of 1882, and been present at several actions, including Tel-el-Kebir; also he served with the Marine battalion sent to Egypt in 1884, was in the "St. George" at the bombardment of Zanzibar in August, 1896, and was mentioned in despatches.

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Photo. J. H. BOON. *Simonstown.*

SIMONSTOWN AND BAY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The second illustration gives a lovely view of Simons Bay opening into False Bay in the distance. Some of the men-of-war on the Cape station are seen at anchor in the bay, the "St. George," flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Rawson, on the left, and behind her the "Monarch" turret-ship, which had lately come out to take the place of the "Penelope" as guard-ship at the Cape, the "Penelope," which is seen next to the right, becoming a tender to the "Monarch." Simons Bay is little visited except by the Navy, Table Bay close to Cape Town, being the mail and merchant shipping port. The former is a much safer and better anchorage, being well protected from all winds except the south-east, and when it blows from that quarter boat work is very unpleasant in the bay. There is a Naval dockyard at Simonstown, and the admiral has a residence on shore.

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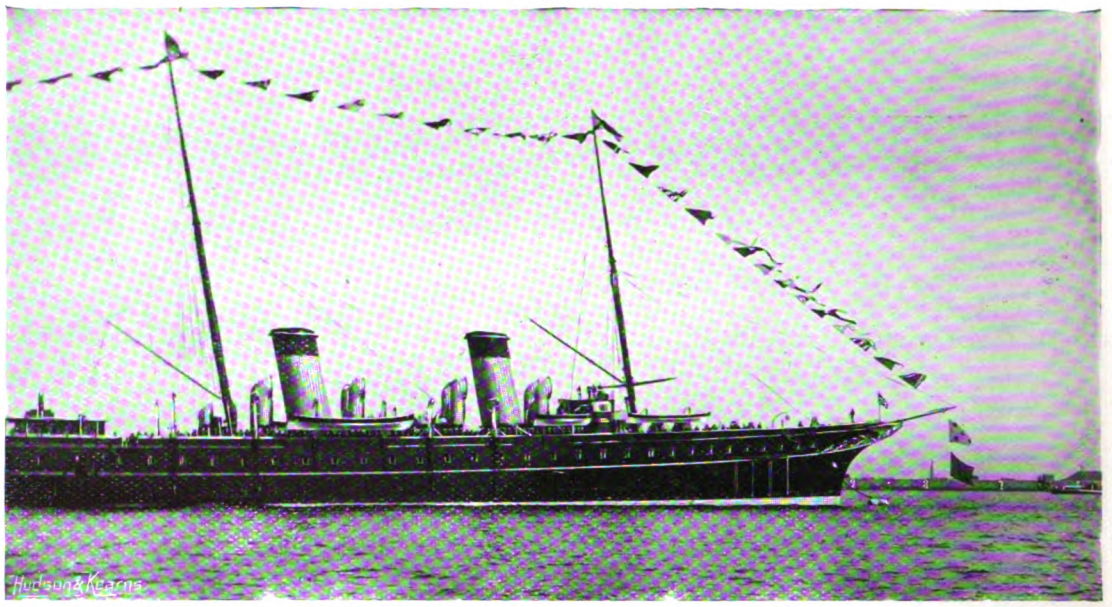
THE KAISER IN RUSSIA.

THE recent visit of the Emperor of Germany to Russia excited comment throughout Europe, in so far as it was understood to be indicative of friendly relations between the two great nations represented in the persons of the Kaiser and the Czar. The appointment of the former, too, as an Admiral *à la* Suite in the Russian Navy was looked upon by the recipient, as well as by the whole German nation, as a high compliment.

The German Emperor and Empress cruised in the "Hohenzollern," escorted by a German squadron. The Imperial yacht carried the German Imperial standard and the German and Russian ensigns, and was everywhere greeted with enthusiasm.

One of the most interesting sights during the visit of the Fleet to Russian waters was the meeting of the two Sovereigns. This took place at Cronstadt, and was witnessed by a vast concourse of people in the bay and on shore. The Russian ships were drawn up to greet the Royal visitors, and the "Hohenzollern," after being received with Imperial salutes, passed down the line of war-ships. The Emperor, who was on the bridge, continued bowing during his progress.



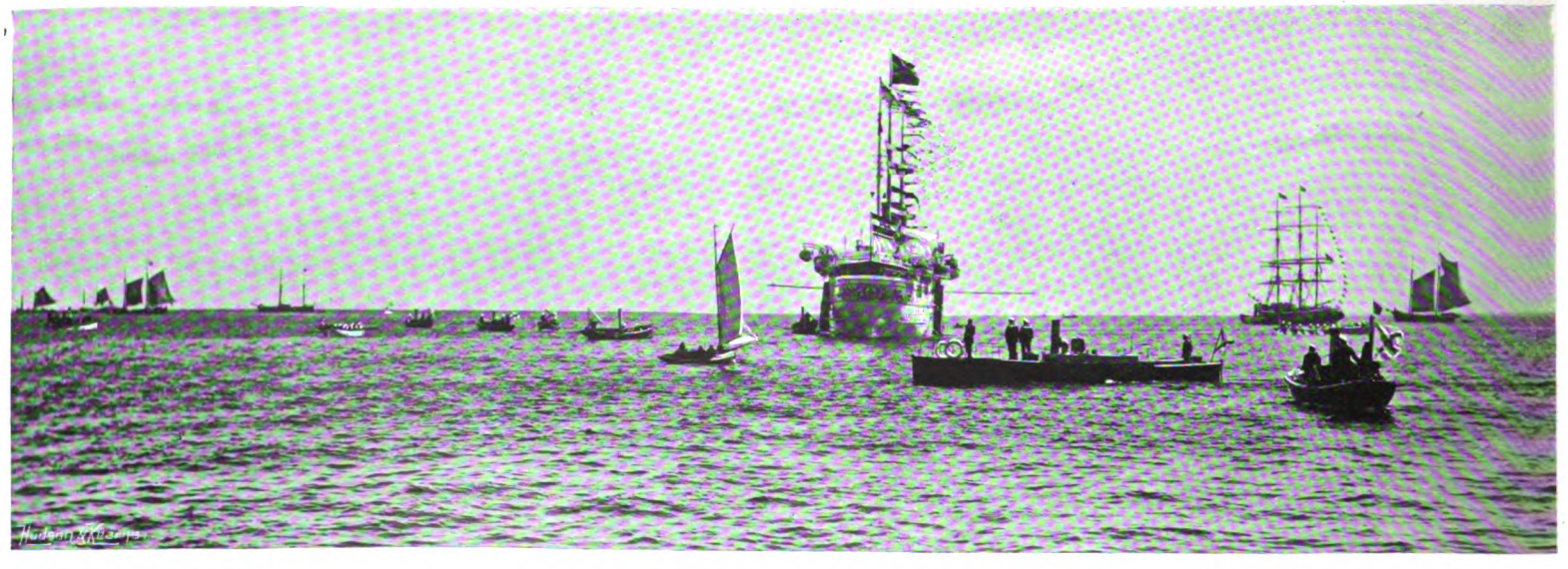
The Russian Imperial Yacht "Standart."

The Russian Imperial yacht had meantime arrived from Peterhof to welcome the Kaiser, carrying on board the Czar and Czarina. The yachts anchored close together, and the Russian Sovereigns, accompanied by their suite, went on board the "Hohenzollern."

The two Emperors kissed and embraced each other. This ceremony completed, they kissed the hands of the Empresses, and were in turn kissed on the forehead by the latter. After these preliminary civilities, the Kaiser and his consort went on board the Russian Imperial yacht and were conveyed to Peterhof.

In the evening a State dinner was given in their honour, at which the Czar warmly welcomed the Kaiser to the Russian Court, and dwelt at some length on the happy relations existing between the two countries. To this the German Emperor replied with great enthusiasm, assuring the Czar of his support in preserving the peace of the nations.

The Arrival of the Emperor and Empress.



Photos. L. S. de LEVITSKY. St. Petersburg.

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN" AT CRONSTADT.

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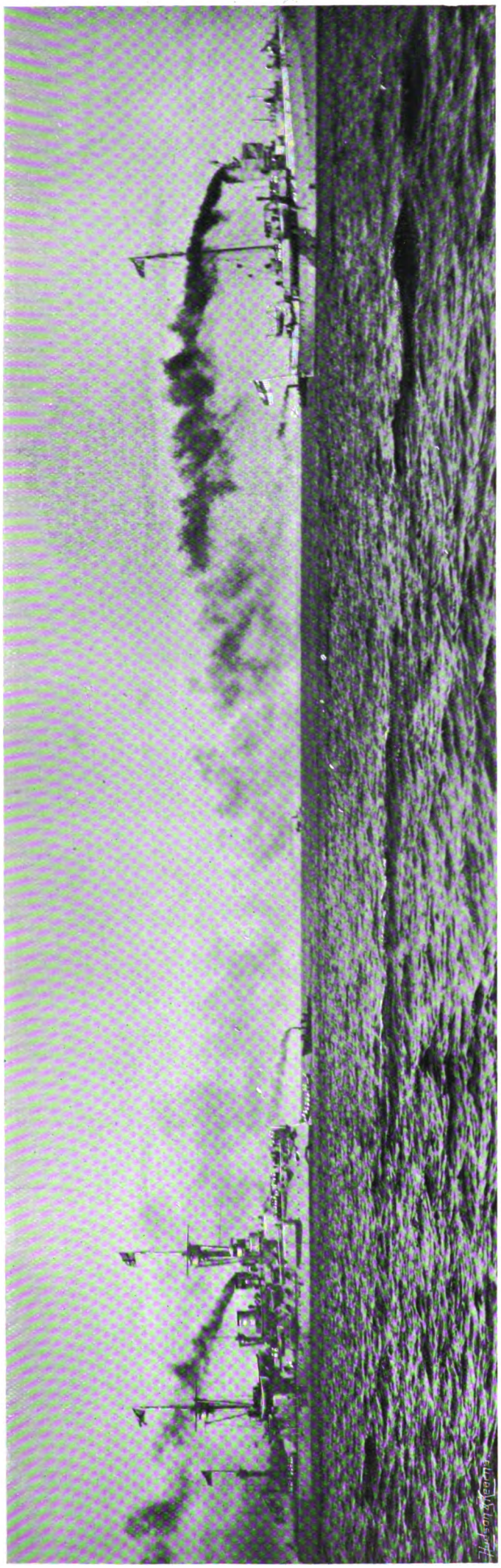
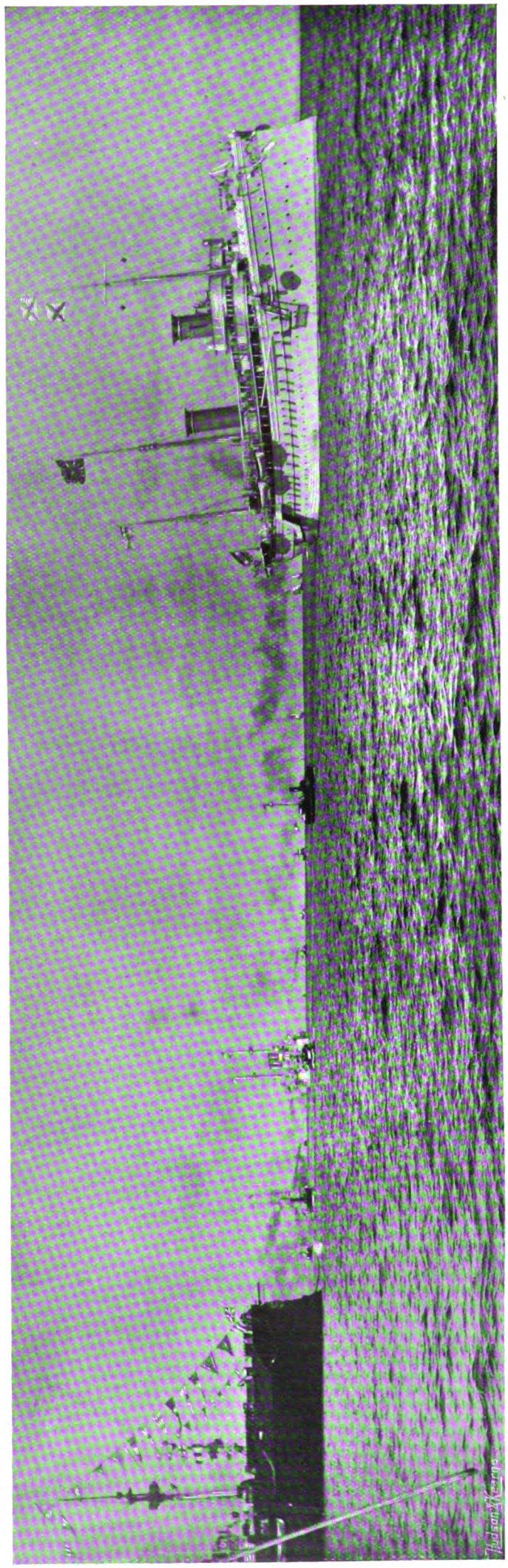
Arrival of the German Fleet on July 26th, 1897, at Cronstadt.



THE "HOHENZOLLERN," FOLLOWED BY THE "KURFURST WILHELM."



THE "HOHENZOLLERN" CROSSING THE BOWS OF THE "ROSSIA."

Photos. L. S. de LEVITSKY. *St. Petersburg*

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

GYMNASTICS IN THE NAVY.

INSTRUCTION in Gymnastics, properly so called, is of recent introduction in the Navy, consequent to a great extent upon the abolition of masts and sails. Formerly the necessary handling of the sails, etc., at sea, and the keen competition at exercises aloft in harbour, constituted a kind of gymnastics, and occupied with advantage a considerable amount of time. No one will contend, however, that these supplied the place of systematic physical exercises in any true sense; their tendency was, as has been well remarked by a recent writer, to promote the development of huge arms and shoulders, steady heads, and very unsteady legs, with a slouching gait which has become a by-word as a characteristic of the sailor. The introduction of mastless ships has led in a double manner to the institution of regular physical exercises; the huge gymnasium of the masts and rigging has disappeared, and the time formerly occupied in exercises thereon has to be filled up in some other way. Hence the existence of the Naval Gymnastic Instructor as a recognised individual, in receipt of extra allowances to the amount of 4d. per diem, or £6 1s. 8d. per annum, in consideration of imparting instruction in the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, foils, parallel bars, etc., and the carrying out of physical exercises with squads of men, either by means of the poles manufactured for the purpose, or the rifle as a substitute. A good physique is, of course, a *sine quâ non* in the selection of our future men-of-war's men, and the subject of our illustration, surrounded by the implements of his office, is a good specimen of somewhat exceptional physical development, but there are many like him to be met with among our bluejackets, and everyone who has had the opportunity of seeing bodies of them under arms must realise the immense improvement manifested in the r upright carriage, firm swinging step, and generally smart appearance. That this is due, in a great measure, to the introduction of regular physical exercises, there can be no question.

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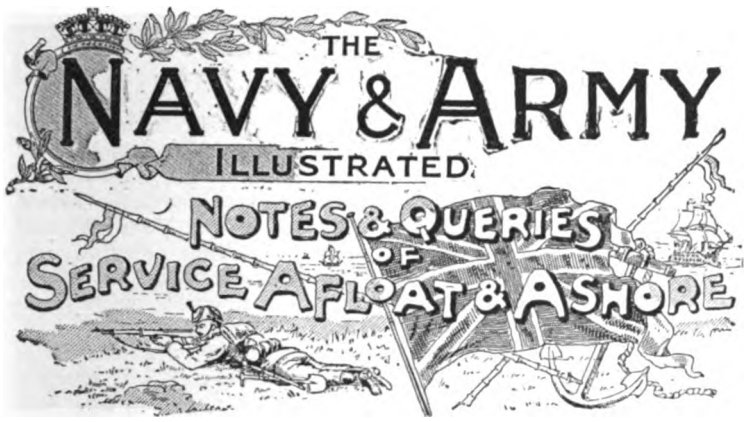

THERE has been some recrudescence of the discussion on the value of the lance, in the Indian papers. It was occasioned by the conversion of the 1st Bengal Cavalry into a lancer regiment, but has not thrown any new light on the subject, except in so far as military opinion in India pronounces decidedly in favour of the lance. No man will say that the "queen of weapons" is to supersede the sabre altogether, but it must be remembered that a large and important part of the cavalry *rôle* is pursuit, by which the fruits of victory are gathered. In this duty the lancer holds a pre-eminent place. With regard to arming the front rank only with this weapon, the plan seems good and practical. Lancers, pure and simple, have been beaten by cavalry swordsmen, probably owing to the fact that when once the *sabreur* parries the lancer's point he is far better prepared for the hand-to-hand fight than his opponent. When, however, the front rank of lancers is waited upon by a rear rank of swordsmen, they are, in combination, ready for any sort of combat. One of our past numbers contains an article on "Swords and Lances," which may be of some use to enquiring friends.

* * * *

THE masts of our modern war vessels do not lend themselves to "mastheading." However, I may tell my correspondent, "F. R.," that the practice itself has long been abolished. Nevertheless, some five-and-twenty years since, subsequent to its being forbidden, a certain commander of one of Her Majesty's ships (who, by the way, had a very unruly set of midshipmen) used to get over the difficulty of its prohibition by sending the youthful offender to the fore-top-gallant masthead, to see how many turns there were in the seizings of the shrouds; then, when the number had been duly reported, he was ordered, on some other pretext, to the spanker gaff-end; then over the bows on to the dolphin-striker; afterwards below to ascertain the exact method of stepping the foremast, and so on until the unfortunate youngster envied his predecessors, who when mastheaded would frequently enjoy a surreptitious snooze whilst comfortably seated between the tie-blocks on the foretop-sail yard.

* * * *

MILES is anxious to know something of the Army Service Corps.—It is now a combatant corps, and its officers are possessed of the same privileges as those serving in the cavalry, artillery, or infantry. The quartermaster-general is entrusted with its administration, and an officer known as the assistant quartermaster-general under him deals with all questions affecting officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. His position is similar to that of the deputy adjutant-general Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers. The corps consists of thirty-nine companies (two of which are remount companies), and to these are attached, for the purposes of command and interior economy, all warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. In the event of mobilisation the companies would be increased. The general, or other officer commanding, is responsible to the Commander-in-Chief for the satisfactory performance of all transport, supply, and barrack services within his particular command, and such duties are carried out by the Army Service Corps. They are divided into two heads, viz., administrative and executive. The former are carried out by an officer, usually selected from the corps, on the staff of the general officer commanding, who is termed the assistant adjutant-general, or deputy assistant adjutant. The latter are executed under the guidance of the officer commanding the Army Service Corps at the various stations. For barrack duties an officer is usually specially detailed, who is in direct communication with the staff officer for administrative duties. At some small stations one officer undertakes the performance of all duties relating to supplies, transport, and barracks.

THE expression "son of a gun," now antiquated, and generally implying a certain amount of opprobrium, was once not only commonly used, but also rightly used, and designated those sailors who had actually been born at sea, and who knew of no cradle but the breast of a gun-carriage, and no rocking but that which the ship afforded them. It must be remembered that, at one time, the Admiralty allowed a certain number of women to follow their husbands at sea, and as in those days years were often passed on the same vessel, a goodly number of children were born at sea, and brought up on board. It is hardly necessary to say that those boys almost invariably became sailors, and very good sailors too, and that the girls born under similar circumstances usually became sailors' wives. This accounts for the presence of women during some of the most memorable Naval engagements, such, for instance, as the battle of Camperdown.

* * * *

THERE is no modern system of sword exercise that teaches the swordsman how best to cope with a savage enemy. An officer who has been instructed in a European school of fence would know perfectly well what to expect, if his opponent had been similarly trained. It is, however, altogether different when tulwars, spears, and long swords are encountered, wielded by fanatical Dervishes or by the untamed tribesmen of the Indian frontier. These impetuous warriors pay little attention to our cuts, guards, and points, which are often found to be a broken reed by those who trust in them. Such views have recently been freely expressed by British officers in India. At this juncture Captain Alfred Hutton, the distinguished swordsman, has, with his usual readiness to help, brought forward suggestions for supplementing the swordsman's instruction. Captain Hutton, writing in the *Indian Fencing Review*, describes, among other matters, four "grips" which, if thoroughly practised, would place the British officer more on a fighting level with his savage enemy than he is at present.

* * * *

THE introduction of the Seamen's Library was due to the exertions of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist, but the selection was limited to tracts and religious publications. The distribution, at first limited to Naval hospitals and coast-guard stations, was extended to seagoing ships in 1838. It was not until 1862 that steps were taken to secularise the library, and this only to a limited extent, the selection being still left in the hands of the chaplain of the Fleet, but subsequent revisions, and the transfer of the choice of books to the Director of Victualling, have effected great improvements in this direction, and the library as at present constituted is of considerable variety, both as regards books of instruction and amusement. A recent and most beneficial change has been the introduction of officers' and station libraries, which, though necessarily limited in extent, embrace valuable text-books on a variety of subjects.

* * * *

"MUNSTER" wishes to know the origin of the Royal Munster Fusiliers. The 1st Battalion of the regiment now known by this title is one of the most historic corps in the Service. It was raised in 1652 as a Guard of Honour to the East India Company in Bengal, and, after augmentation in 1756, was styled the Bengal European Battalion. After the most varied and distinguished war services in the East, its designation was changed in 1840 to 1st Bengal European Light Infantry, and again in 1846 to 1st Bengal European Fusiliers. In 1861, when the late East India Company's troops were brought into the Queen's Service, it became the 101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers, and on the adoption of the territorial system in 1881, the 1st Battalion of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, with the 104th (Bengal) Fusiliers—another of the Indian regiments brought into the Queen's Service in 1861—as the 2nd Battalion. The war services of this fine old corps extend from the battle of Plassey in 1757 to the last Burmese Expedition of 1885-7.

* * * *

IN view of the strong pressure brought to bear on the Admiralty to raise the age of entry for the Navy, it may be as well to recall the reasons that led to the adoption of the present system—viz., first, the importance of accustoming young officers to the discomforts of a sea life at an early age; secondly, with a view to ensuring a continuous infusion of young blood into the higher ranks of the Service, it is essential that officers should acquire a knowledge of the theory and practice of their profession at an age that will enable them to reach the higher ranks while in full physical vigour. The existing system was introduced with the advice of men who had seen much of war. Change is advocated chiefly by men who have seen little or nothing of war.

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"W. M." asks: "What is the difference between *horse* and *field* artillery? In a battery of horse artillery each gunner is mounted; in a field battery the gunners are carried on the limbers of the guns. Consequently, horse batteries are always attached to cavalry in the field, on account of their much greater mobility. England—always slow to move—was the last military Power to adopt the principle of "flying artillery," and it was not until 1793 that horse artillery was introduced into the British Army. On January 1st of that year, A and B troops (as the batteries were originally termed) were raised, and C and D were added on November 1st in the same year. E and F were formed in 1794, G in 1801, H in 1804, and I, K, L, and M in 1805. In the almost countless changes that have taken place in the numbering or "lettering" of the various units of "The Royal Regiment," A (the famous "chestnut troop"), B, and C batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery have never lost their identity. As the officers and men are all selected, the Horse Artillery forms a veritable *corps d'élite*, and the coveted "jacket" (the distinctive mark of the Horse Brigade) is a guarantee of smartness and efficiency of its wearer.

* * * *

THE first official appearance of the anchor as the Admiralty badge that can be traced is in the time of the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Admiral 1619-1628, who made use of it on a seal affixed to the commissions of Executive Naval Officers. The original badge was a crescent and star, the use of which dates from 1149, when Richard Cœur de Lion assembled a fleet of 100 sail at Portsmouth, for the purpose of an expedition to the Holy Land. Although the use of the anchor, which in common with the crescent and star was one of the badges of Richard I., cannot be actually traced before the date above given, it probably came into vogue considerably before that time, the crescent and star having been discarded in the fifteenth century, in consequence of their having been adopted as the emblem of the Turkish Empire.

* * * *

MARKSMEN are certainly most desirable and valuable soldiers. It is quite true that musketry instruction and field-firing aim at producing a mass of good shots who can hit a stationary or moving object. These men are naturally depended upon to deliver a steady, controlled, and effective fire; in fact, they are our ordinary rank and file, whose shooting should be maintained at the highest possible level of excellence. But there is ample room for the employment of those who prove themselves superior shots—such men as come up to Bisley and have peculiar aptitude for holding the rifle straight. Men of that kind have done brilliant service in the past. Not to mention "Garibaldi's Englishman," whose feats were well known to Europe, many more humble soldiers, in the rifle pits before Sebastopol, and on the plains of India during the Mutiny, have earned renown by the splendid part they played as sharp-shooters. One of the best and latest books on tactics says that, as a result of smokeless powder, "the supports and reserves of the assailants will be visible, and specially detailed troops on the defenders' side will be employed to fire on them." Prize winners and extra good shots may, therefore, feel assured that their labour is not in vain, and that good commanders will find a large and widely-extended field for their employment.

THE EDITOR.

Prizes for Photographs.

TWO OF £10 10S. EACH. SIX OF £2 2S. EACH.

THIRTY CONSOLATION PRIZES.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

One half of the above number of Prizes will be awarded for Naval subjects, and the other half for Military.

On the cover of this and future issues will be found a coupon, which must be cut out and sent in by those wishing to compete. Every coupon will give one chance for a Prize.

The points in each case which will be taken into consideration are, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; second, excellence of photography; and, third, suitability for reproduction; the final decision in every case resting with the Editor.

Amateurs only can compete.

Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the subject. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be packed carefully, and the package should be marked on the outside "Photographic Prize Competition." Bromide or platinotype prints are unsuitable.

The competition will close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume. For fuller details see "Notes and Queries" Nos. 38 and 39 of the present volume.

Last Train to Aldershot.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

SUNDAY night at Waterloo Station. Outside barriers of platform, soldiers returning to barracks after day and half leave, each soldier accompanied by entourage of friends. Train entitled "Aldershot" waits patiently at platform; engine gives now and again apologetic cough to remind passengers of its existence. Snatches of cheerful song from companies ascending steps at back.

YOUNG WOMAN (*looking reproachfully at round-faced astonished clock*): Why, there's *oceans* of time, Elfred! We needn't 'ave left Potter's Bar near so early if we'd only known. Still (*cheerfully*), better be twenty minutes too soon than 'alf a minute behind, 'adn't we?

ALFRED (*tightening waist-belt*): *I'm* sure.

YOUNG WOMAN: And you won't forget to drop me a line about your next Sunday, will you, dear? Needn't say much, ye know. Only jest "Meet me at such and such a place at such and such a time," and send your love, and that'll be enough. I know you don't like writing long letters.

ALFRED: Not much time for writin' three volume novels down at our show at Blenheim Barracks.

YOUNG WOMAN (*sympathetically*): I know there isn't, dear. I'm sure I ought to be thankful to get even a postcard from you. And (*with delight*) fancy your daring to put all those crosses on that last one you sent me. You *are* a caution, upon *my* word. Why, there must 'ave been close on twenty of 'em.

ALFRED (*gratified*): Was there as many as that?

YOUNG WOMAN: I counted 'em, dear. And didn't I get jollied about it too from my people. You ought to 'ave 'eard my young brother chaff me. *I* thought I was never going to hear the last of it. And you, too; he kept on with his fun about you. Said he reckoned you made a cross instead of signing your name. (*Laughs delightedly.*)

ALFRED (*severely*): He'll get his bloomin' young neck wrung for him if he aint careful.

YOUNG WOMAN: It runs in the fam'ly, dear; you mustn't take no notice. (*Changes subject hastily.*) Your birthday's next week.

ALFRED (*unappeased*): Well, what of it?

YOUNG WOMAN: I was wondering whether you'd care for a plush tobacco pouch with "I love thee" worked on it, or whether you'd rather 'ave a nice frame with my photo, or a 'and-painted tambourine to 'ang on the wall, or a———

ALFRED (*grudgingly*): Don't go sending anything foolish, that's all. Don't go making a laughin'-stock of me, for goodness sake.

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh, Elfred! (*Mournfully*) You infantry men are 'ard to please.

Cheerful Lance-Corporal flicks comrade with cane.

FIRST LANCE-CORPORAL: Hullo, old man! How's your luck?

SECOND LANCE-CORPORAL (*gloomily*): Dead out!

FIRST LANCE-CORPORAL: 'Pon me word you look it. (*Encouragingly*) Buck up, old sort! You're still alive, aint you?

SECOND LANCE-CORPORAL: That's just my grievance! (*First Lance-Corporal demands explanation.*) Why, look 'ere! I ask *you*. Arranged to meet her—you know the party I mean—two o'clock afternoon, Charing Cross Station. So far so good. I was there——Lend us a match, will you? I can't keep this brasted cigar alight——I was there, as I say, sharp to the time. (*Tragically*) No donah! I waits five minutes, I waits ten minutes, I waits twenty minutes, I waits (*explosively*) best part of a blankey hour, and she don't put in an appearance.

FIRST LANCE-CORPORAL: P'r'aps she'd missed her train, or else———

SECOND LANCE-CORPORAL: You don't know anything about it, chuffey, so don't interrupt. Later on this evening, at my brother's place, close to Camberwell Green, *in* she walks. "Oh," I said, "you have arrived then. Bit late, aint you?" So she says, "You're a nice one to talk, keepin' a lady waitin' at Charing Cross Station for goodness knows how long."

FIRST LANCE-CORPORAL: *Was* there, then, after all?

SECOND LANCE-CORPORAL: "For goodness knows how long," she says. (After you with that match. Give twopence, I did, for this blankey cigar, and yet it won't draw.) "Why," I said, "what are you giving us? Fairy tales?" and she says, "No, I'm giving you the truth. I waited," she says, "at Charing Cross Underground from two o'clock till 'alf-past three, and never saw so much as a sign of you." So I said, "Underground, you puddin'-'ead! I never said Underground." And so she turns round on me and says, "Well, why didn't you?"

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FIRST LANCE-CORPORAL: There's no arguin' with 'em Let's get on the platform.

SECOND LANCE-CORPORAL: And one word led to another, and everybody joined in; and 'pon me life, if she didn't bounce out of the 'ouse and declare she'd never set eyes on me again. And (*aggrievedly*) that's what you get by trying to do the amiable. 'Pon me word——Got another lucifer left?——it's enough to make a man swear that he'll never again in all his——

FIRST LANCE-CORPORAL: Oh, come on!

They go on. Shy Royal Engineer with sister and sister's friend look at clock.

SISTER (*facetiously*): And now I shall have to pretend to look at the advertisements, I s'pose, whilst you two say good-bye. Two's company, three's a regiment.

SISTER'S FRIEND (*confused*): Oh! Mabel, dear, you are *too* stupid, reely. You don't seem to know where to draw the line. I shall have to give you a good pinch going home just to pay you back for all your nonsense. (*To shy Royal Engineer*) Isn't she ridiculous, Mr. Barden?

PRIVATE BARDEN: What can you expect from a girl?

SISTER'S FRIEND (*shocked*): Oh! *there's* a harsh remark to make. I *never* thought you could say such bitter things, Mr. Barden. (*Private Barden assumes the smile of a satirist.*) Fancy his coming out with a remark like that.

SISTER (*pointedly*): You'll have to learn him better.

SISTER'S FRIEND: Me? (*Astonished.*) Oh! it's nothing to do with *me*. It's no business of mine. Whatever he does has got nothing to do with *me*. Has it, Mr. Barden?

PRIVATE BARDEN (*mysteriously*): *I* didn't say it hadn't.

SISTER'S FRIEND (*rapturously*): Oh! *there* he goes again! 'Pon me word, you 'ave to think twice over everything he says. I believe your brother's quite a cynic, dear. I do, reely. No joking.

PRIVATE BARDEN (*wisely*): We all 'ave to be something out of the common nowadays.

SISTER'S FRIEND: Ah, that's true. (*Pensively*) It's a go-a-head time, and if you don't keep moving you get left behind. (*Suddenly*) Don't you go and miss your train, Mr. Barden.

PRIVATE BARDEN (*humorously*): That's a hint I'm not wanted.

SISTER'S FRIEND (*striking his scarlet sleeve with her gloves*): Oh, you *are* horrid to say such unkind things. Why, you know as well as we do that we wish you could stay longer. (*Shyly*) We shall all be looking forward to the time when you get your furlough.

PRIVATE BARDEN: Fact?

SISTER'S FRIEND: Positive! (*Lifts her veil casually.*)

PRIVATE BARDEN (*to sister*): Well, good-bye, Mabel. Be good. (*Kisses sister.*) Good-bye, Miss Parkins. I s'pose—I s'pose I'd better serve you both alike.

SISTER'S FRIEND (*shocked*): Oh! Mr. Barden! You military gentlemen are reely—well, only one, mind.

Long Lancer youth, hemmed in by tearful relatives, is endeavouring to escape from them and to find refuge in sanctuary beyond barriers.

LANCER YOUTH (*uneasily*): Must be off now, else I sha'n't get a seat. Good-bye, mother; good-bye, Aunt Maria; good-bye, Uncle Jim; good-bye, Kate.

HIS SISTER (*protestingly*): Oh! what's the hurry? There's plenty of time, Thomas. You don't see your rel'tives every day of your life. Stay with us as long as you can.

HIS UNCLE (*slightly bemused*): My boy, you've got finest rel'tives any man ever had. You've got goo' reason be proud your rel'tives, you 'ave. (*Weeps.*) They're nornament to any society, tha's what they are. (*Sings inconsequentially*) "Then here's to th' maiden of bashful fifteen, An' here's to the widow of——"

HIS AUNT (*to uncle*): Be quiet, can't you, you silly old man, making yourself so officious? (*Proudly to others*) He's always like this when he's had 'alf a glass. (*To uncle, severely*) Get turned off the station if you're not careful.

LONG LANCER: Well, I must be sayin'——

HIS UNCLE (*persistently*): My boy, you're bulwark Bri'sh nation, tha's what you are. You're ready to defend the foe and protect the en'my whenever you're called 'pon. You're our sheet anchor in time of need, tha's what you are. (*Sings*) "The anchor's weighed, the anchor's weighed——"

HIS AUNT (*to uncle*): *Can't* you behave yourself or won't you, you foolish old thing? I'll never bring you out again s'long as I live. (*To others, delightedly*) He *can* be lively when he likes, can't he?

LONG LANCER: I'd better be seeing about——

HIS SISTER: I shall tell Emmer you've been up to see us, Thomas. (*Giggles.*) She *will* be in a tear when she hears it, and finds out you haven't so much as called on her people, 'specially after you and her being such friends. Just take her down a peg or two, it will. She's been getting a bit too big for her boots for some considerable time past, and it was high time——

"Good Bye"

LONG LANCER (*urgently*): I don't want to lose this train. I've only got leave up to midnight.

HIS SMALL BROTHER (*interrupting fractiously*): Muvver, I want to go to Awdershot. Muvver, I want to be a sojer and ride on a big 'orse and wear spurs at the back of me boots! Muvver (*with increased persistence*), I want to be a big, tall man, and wear a uniform and smoke a cigar and spet! (*He is shaken by sister and reproved.*) I *won't* be a good boy! I aint goin' to leave off making a noise, and I sha'n't be quiet jest because you tell me to. (*Defiantly*) Needn't think you're everybody if you *are* my sister, so there! I'm goin' to be a sojer like him, and once I get a whip I'll jolly well—— (*Small boy is pacified with gift of one penny, and goes to hunt automatic machines.*)

HIS SISTER (*resuming*): And if she likes to send back your presents, I should let her—the proud young cat. You ought to have heard what she said about that new pink blouse of mine that I had for the 'olidays. *That* showed what she was. And there's another——

LONG LANCER (*seeing an opening and rushing through*): Good-bye, all! I'm off!

HIS MOTHER (*appealingly*): Not without kissing your poor old mother, Thomas. (*He runs back and hugs her.*) Good-bye, my boy. God bless you. (*He eludes bemused uncle and escapes to platform. Crowd surges nearer to barriers.*)

CROWD (*singing*):

"Farewell, comrades, we 'ave all fought togayther,
Chums and playmates, faithful through all sorts of wayther;
Now the hour of parting comes; 'ear the beating of the drums,
And comrades old and comrades bold are marching——"

Goo'-bye, goo'-bye, goo'-bye! Oh revoir. (*Train jerks and starts. Bunches of scarlet faces and waving caps at every window.*) Three cheers for the Ald'shot boys. Ip-ip ooray! Ip-ip ooray! Ip-ip-ip double ooray!

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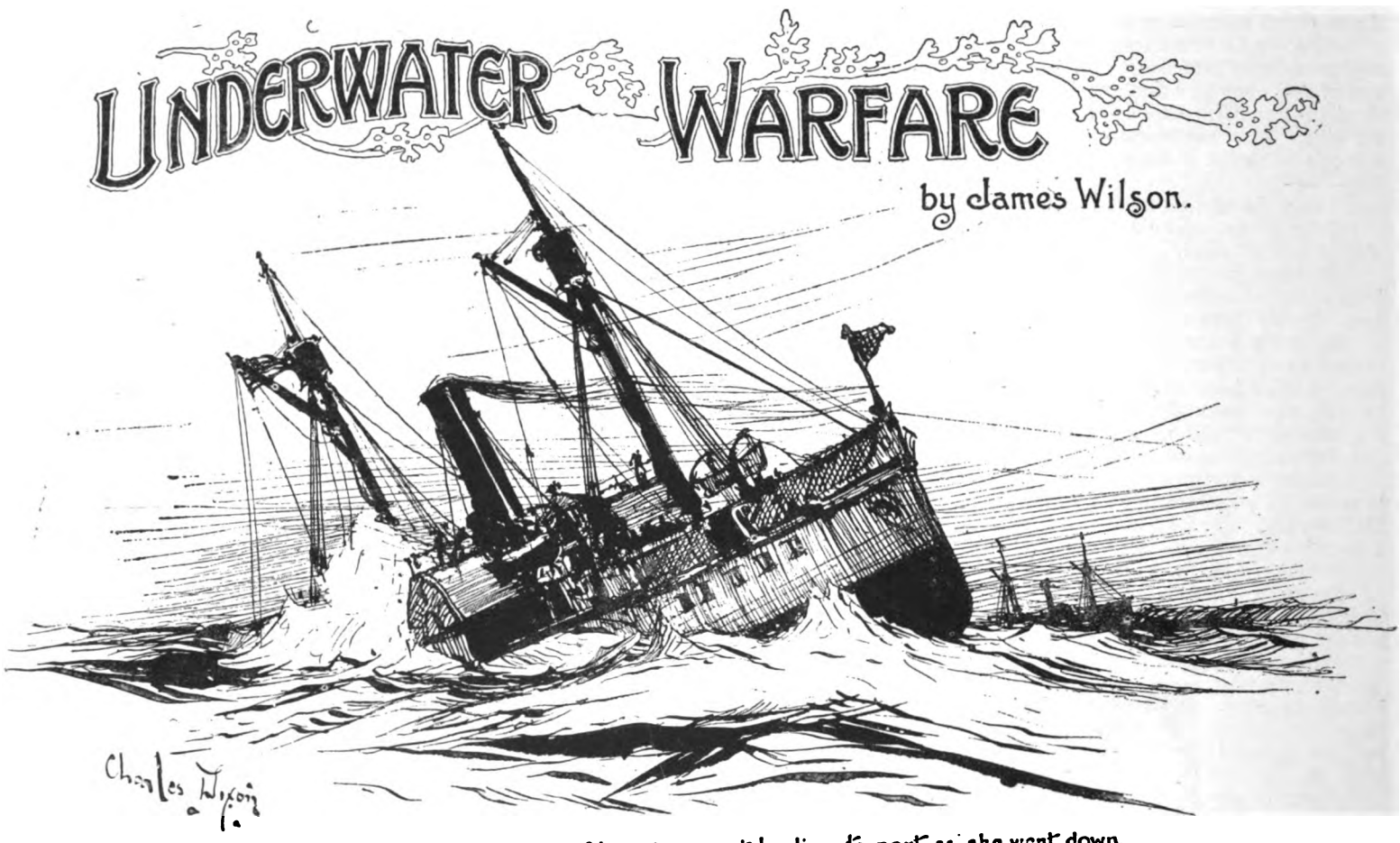
UNDERWATER WARFARE

by James Wilson.



Sunk Stern foremost: heeling to port as she went down.

WHEN Jules Verne penned that marvellous flight of fancy, "Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," it is doubtful whether he ever gave a serious thought to the possibility of his ideas being realised. But many of them, chimerical as they certainly are, appear to me to be practical compared to some of the inventions one hears about nowadays. Flying machines for aërial warfare are declared to be almost an accomplished fact, and the same has been said of boats, or rather machines, for underwater warfare. Stories on the lines of a delightful little skit which appeared in one of the best of the Sunday sporting papers, where Edison, the great inventor, on being informed that the English troops had landed in America, told his assistant to press a certain button in the room and thereby exterminate the whole Army, always appeal the strongest to those who know least about practical warfare. And so submarine boats, as typical of the picturesquely adventurous side of Naval fighting, have appealed, and I suppose always will appeal, to such folk.

As illustrative of what I have said concerning those who are taken in by specious tales about such craft, much amusement was caused in Naval circles some time ago, and some excitement in others, by a paragraph which appeared in the papers stating that a French submarine boat had crossed the Channel under water, steered into Portsmouth Harbour, and had located the position of all the submarine mines laid down for its defence. This certainly made very good reading, but the writer of the story evidently did not know that there are no submarine mines permanently laid down in Portsmouth Harbour, and are not likely to be until war breaks out with another Power.

Latterly, much interest has again been aroused concerning these boats by that which has been constructed for the United States Government by Mr. J. P. Holland, and which has recently been launched. But it was only during the American Civil War that submarine boats did any practical fighting. The Confederates owned a boat called the "David," and the Federals, to balance matters, offered big sums of money to anyone who would build them a real good submarine torpedo-boat. This was productive of a curious incident, one which doubtless taught the Federals not to put their faith in submarine boat inventors. A Frenchman undertook to build them a boat, and accordingly did so, receiving for his trouble something like £10,000. He was also promised half this sum for every ship belonging to the Confederates his invention was the means of destroying. A certain time was fixed for the trial, but at the critical moment it was discovered that the inventor was nowhere to be found. So the trial had to be abandoned, and the Federals were unable to make use of the boat. History does not tell us what became of the Frenchman and the £10,000, but it may be assumed that he returned to Paris as promptly as possible, and there enjoyed the fruits of his sharp dealing.

The attack made by the Confederates with the "David" submarine boat on the "Hausatonic," on which it succeeded, is vividly described by Admiral David Porter, U.S.N., in his book, entitled "The Naval History of the Civil War," published just ten years ago.

The first attempt of the Confederates with their submarine boat was such a failure that the Federal officers on the outside blockade had grown somewhat careless, and the final result of the Confederates' efforts was that one of the Federal fleet, the "Hausatonic," was destroyed under the following circumstances:—

At about 8.45 p.m. the officer of the deck on board the unfortunate vessel discovered something about 100 yards away, moving along on the water. It came directly towards the ship, and within two minutes of the time it was first sighted was alongside. The cable was slipped, the engines backed, and all hands called to quarters. But it was too late—the torpedo struck the "Hausatonic" just forward of the mainmast, on the starboard side, in a line with the magazine. The man who steered her knew where the vulnerable spots of the steamer were, and he did his work well. When the explosion took place the ship trembled all over as if by the shock of an earthquake, and seemed to be lifted out of the water, and then sunk stern foremost, heeling to port as she went down. Her captain, Pickering, was stunned and somewhat bruised by the concussion, and the order of the day was "*Sauve qui peut.*" A boat was despatched to the "Canandaigua," not far off, and that vessel at once responded to the request for help, and succeeded in rescuing the greater part of the crew. Strange to say, the "David" was not seen after the explosion, and was supposed to have slipped away in the confusion; but when the "Hausatonic" was inspected by divers the torpedo-boat was found sticking in the hole she had made, and all her crew were dead in her. It was a reckless adventure these men had engaged in, continues Admiral Porter, and one in which they could scarcely have hoped to succeed. They had tried it once before inside the harbour, and some of the crew had been blown overboard. How could they hope to succeed on the outside, where the sea might be rough, when the speed of the "David" was not over five knots, and when they might be driven out to sea! Reckless as it might be, it was the most sublime patriotism, and showed the length to which men could be urged on behalf of a cause for which they were willing to give up their lives and all they held most dear.

But submarine boats were thought of long before this. In the time of James I., in the early part of the 17th century, we hear of one being built. Towards the end of the same century an Englishman named Day invented one, with the unfortunate result that while experimenting with it in Plymouth Harbour the boat refused to rise to the

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surface, and was found some days later with her inventor dead inside her. During the American War of Independence an American named David Bushnell built one near Peekskill, but with this it was only possible to stay under water for half-an-hour at a stretch, and so was of no service. It is noteworthy though that, in 1776, this boat nearly caused the destruction of the British 64 gun-ship "Eagle," but that the man in command was unsuccessful in his attempt to attach his torpedo to the bottom of the vessel. Many people are acquainted with the story of how Robert Fulton bent his energies in this direction, and so impressed the great Napoleon with his boat that the Emperor placed at his disposal an old warship, which Fulton succeeded in blowing up. His boat was named the "Nautilus," and with it the inventor proposed to Napoleon to attack the British Fleet then lying in the harbour of Brest. But in the end the Emperor declined to avail himself of the boat, as, in his opinion, its speed, two knots an hour under water, rendered it almost useless. This was in the summer of 1801. Twenty years later an Englishman named Johnson designed a submarine boat, which he submitted to the authorities, but when a trial was made of this it proved a failure, and for another thirty years the business of submarine boat inventing was slack indeed.

During our last war with America, one of His Majesty's line of battle-ships was very nearly destroyed by a torpedo-boat.

We learn from an extract from the log of "La Hogue" that at the time of the attack the vessel was lying off New London, and had been at anchor in about the same place in twelve fathoms of water for some time, and no doubt the enemy were well acquainted with her position and movements. About midnight on the 25th of March, 1814, the ship's company was alarmed by the explosion of a torpedo under the starboard bow. The report it produced when exploded was equal to that of a 32-pounder when discharged. It forced several tons of water on her decks, some of which went as high as the fore-yard. The boat effected her escape at the time, but was afterwards burnt by the boats of H.M.S. "Maidstone."

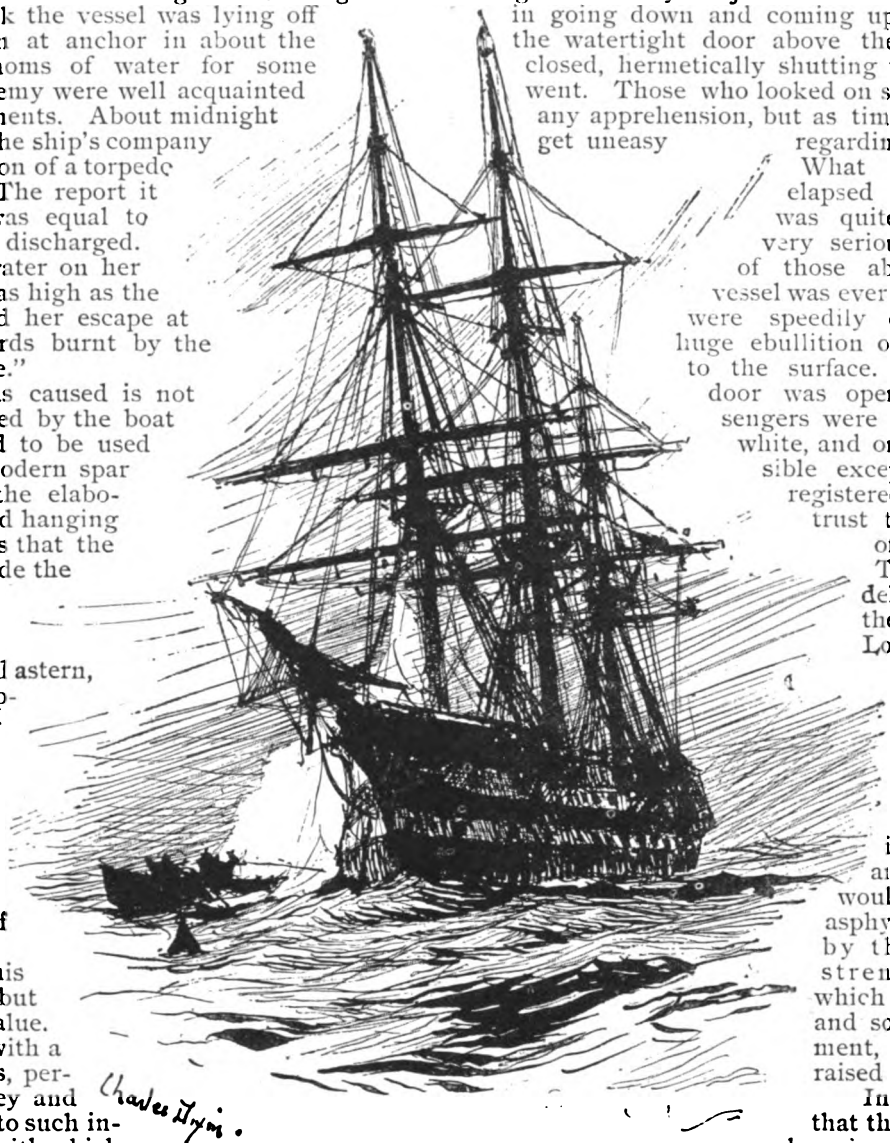
How the explosion was caused is not clear. The long pole carried by the boat shows that she was intended to be used in the same way as a "modern spar torpedo-boat." But from the elaborately-fitted white line found hanging to the ship's buoy it appears that the risk of coming close alongside the liner was thought to be too great, and that the boat was made fast to the buoy, while the torpedo was veered astern, to be exploded when supposed to be in the right position. Whether the explosion was effected by clock-work, or by the waves bumping it against the ship's side, or any other means, is not known, nor is it likely to be, unless any record has been kept in the archives of the American Navy.

Many other boats of this class have been built since, but none have proved of any value. France has experimented with a good many, but Russia has, perhaps, spent the most money and given the greatest attention to such inventions. One of the boats with which she experimented is said to have cost her £60,000, and which, after all, was lost in the Transmund Roads. America, too, has always taken a great interest in such boats, but of those which have lately been heard of, the "Goubet" and "Nordenfelt" are the most well known.

In startling contrast to the low rate of speed of most submarine boats is the very latest invention of a Russian electrical engineer named Apostoloff. With this it is claimed that it is possible to cross the Atlantic in twenty-eight hours! It is estimated that to build and equip such a boat would cost about £20,000, and, says the inventor, if the boat was to be used as a pleasure craft, only a very rich man could afford such a luxury. Of the general construction of the boat we are told very little, but doubtless the inventor has his own reasons for not divulging this. Another vessel built on similar lines is one which a Mr. James Gresham, of Brooklyn, New York, is said to be constructing. With this we are to cross the Atlantic in ten hours! The boat is to travel at the rate of five or six miles a minute, either on the surface of the water or submerged. Mr. Gresham is said to have so demonstrated the practicability of his invention that several well-known capitalists have advanced him the necessary money to build one of the boats, and the different parts are now declared to be under construction in various shipyards near New York. But clever as our American cousins are, in this case I fancy they have been sailing their boat before it is built and tested.

More and more attention is directed towards torpedoes and torpedo-boats every year, and, naturally, a great deal of interest is aroused when it becomes known that experiments are going on with a new submarine torpedo-boat. Of late years, many of these boats have been tried, and even now Brazil has building in France five of the "Goubet" type.

Some few years ago a submarine boat known as the "Campbell Ash" torpedo-boat was to be tried at Tilbury Docks, and a number of gentlemen interested in Naval matters, and special correspondents of the newspapers, were invited to be present and see the trial. The inventors asked some of the more adventurous of the guests if they would like to go down in her. Lord Charles Beresford was among the number invited, and with some other gentlemen consented. The captain and crew were, of course, also in the vessel. On the occasion when the descent was made, the boat was not provided with more air than was thought necessary for just the time which would be occupied in going down and coming up. When all was ready, the watertight door above the helmsman's head was closed, hermetically shutting them in, and down she went. Those who looked on saw her disappear without any apprehension, but as time passed, they began to get uneasy regarding the fate of the voyagers. What exact period of time elapsed I almost forget, but it was quite long enough to raise very serious doubts in the minds of those above as to whether the vessel was ever coming up, which doubts were speedily dispelled when, with a huge ebullition of water, the boat rushed to the surface. When the watertight door was opened most of her passengers were considerably scared and white, and one and all, with the possible exception of the inventors, registered solemn vows not to trust themselves in the inside of such a vessel again. The explanation of the delay, which nearly cost us the life of that gallant officer, Lord Charles, and his companions, was that the bottom of the dock was filled with soft mud, and the boat, going down with a rush, caused by pulling in the cylinders too quickly, stuck in it. A few more minutes and the whole of the party would most likely have been asphyxiated, and it was only by the exertion of great strength on the cranks, which forced the cylinders out and so increased the displacement, that she was at length raised out of the mud.



The Attack on the "Hogue."

In conclusion, I may say that the normal condition of all submarine boats should be at the top of the water, and that the mechanism employed should be of such a nature that in case of any accident or mishap the boat would at once come to the top. Mr. Nordenfelt thoroughly appreciated this, and, in his boat, which was the most successful one ever tried in this country, he introduced a plan whereby the boat, in order to get it down, had to be actually forced under water by her screws, and when these screws were stopped the boat came to the top of itself.

It is extremely doubtful whether any such boat will ever be of the very least assistance to England. It is impossible to see in the sea, and, therefore, a submarine boat can only be useful, supposing a port is blockaded, by going out "awash" until as near as possible to the object of attack, sinking, then firing her torpedo and returning. It is impossible for such a boat to remain at sea. And the Admiralty well know if England were in such dire straits as to have foreign fleets blockading her home ports, then submarine torpedo-boats could not save her,

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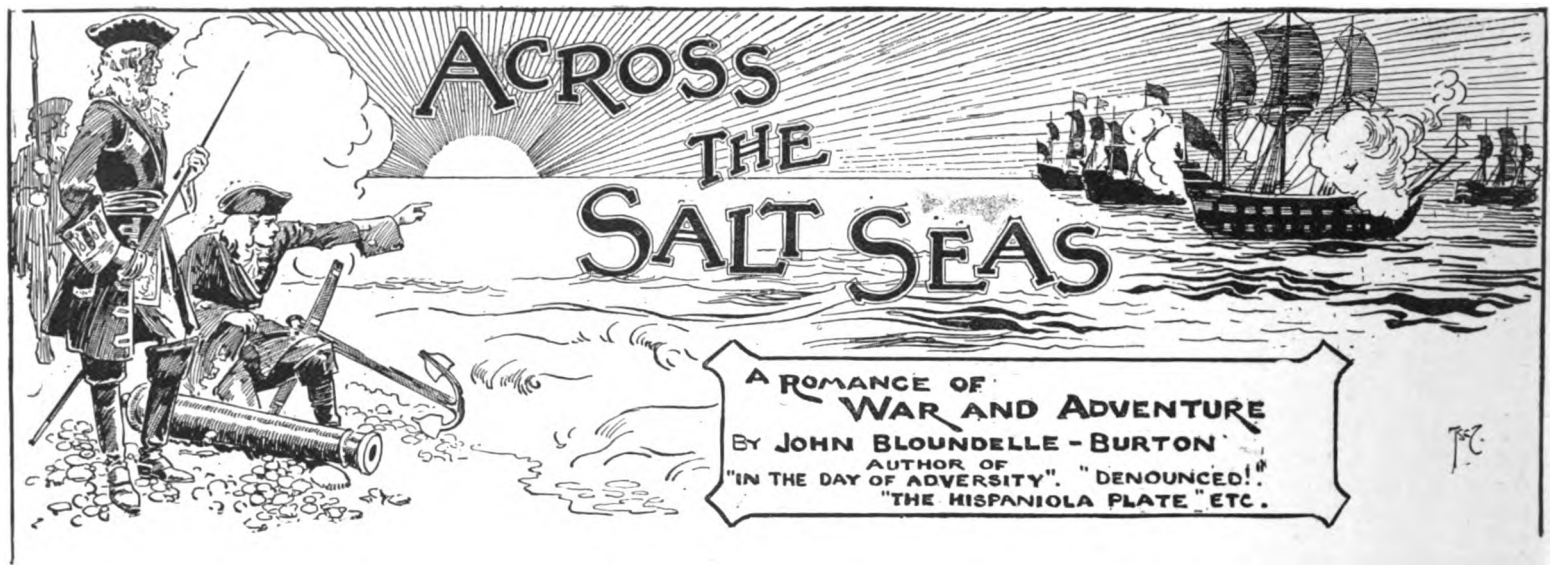

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The hero, Mervyn Crespin, who is now lying in the prison of Lugo under sentence of death, finds himself there in consequence of a hazardous ride which he set out upon from Vigo (of which town he has taken part in the capture), with the intention of joining the English forces under the command of Marlborough in Flanders. He has originally been despatched by the Earl on a mission to the British Fleet, which was expected to be at Cadiz (but which, he finds, had left for England), as the bearer of important information, to the effect that some Spanish galleons from the West Indies had altered their destination and, instead of going to Cadiz as they intended, had, on hearing that the English Fleet was in the neighbourhood, proceeded to Vigo. On his way to the former place he encounters a man whose name is supposed to be Carstairs, and whom he and the master of the ship regard as a pirate. Meanwhile, he by chance falls in with the English Fleet proceeding home, is enabled to convey the information he carries to Sir George Rooke, and goes with it to Vigo. After the battle, which is fully described, he is sent to board one of the captured galleons, and here he encounters a young Spanish gentleman, as he supposes, who has been a passenger in the ship, as well as a monk named Father Jaime. Eventually he sets out for Flanders on the above-mentioned perilous ride, the young Spaniard, who has conceived a warm friendship for him, insisting upon being his companion, to which he reluctantly consents. They encounter on their way a series of stirring adventures, culminating in a fight with the Spanish police near Lugo, and, though entering that town in safety, are followed and arrested. Father Jaime has, however, joined them and rendered great assistance in the combat, he appearing no longer as a monk (which he acknowledges himself not to be), but as a traveller, himself on the road to Lugo. As they are endeavouring, however, to escape capture, they overhear a conversation between Jaime and the man Carstairs, who has also arrived here in search of some property which he expected to come in the galleons, and from it they learn that Jaime, far from being a monk, is no less a person than the renowned Gramont—a pirate loathed in the Indies, but supposed to be long since drowned. Señor Belmonte, the young Spaniard, who has confided to the Englishman that he does not know who his father was, except that he was enormously rich, also discovers now to his horror that Gramont is the man. This, however, is not the only discovery made. As the Spaniard reels against Crespin on gleaning this intelligence, Crespin in his turn is astonished to find that his companion is a woman and not a man, who has travelled to Europe disguised thus in her hopes of finding Carstairs, whose right name is Eaton, and of punishing him for having robbed her, and also because the galleons would not take women as passengers. All are now arrested and imprisoned, Gramont and Crespin being sentenced to death, while Juana, which is the name of the Spanish lady, is protected by the Alcáide of the city, who has fallen in love with her striking beauty. He, however, agrees that her father shall be allowed to escape provided she leaves Spain with him; and, in her misery and despair over that father's crimes, she consents. Crespin is still under sentence of death at the time the narrative is resumed below, and regrets his fate the more because he has learned from Juana that her instantaneous love for him at first sight was the principal thing which prompted her to insist on accompanying him in all his dangers. Also, he knows now how fondly he has come to love her.

CHAPTER XXV. *(continued).*

THEN, all at once, as I knew that the sickly, reeking air would choke me, felt sure that, ere many paces more had been traversed, I must reel and fall upon that sanded floor—there blew upon my face a gust of air—oh! God! it was as though I had changed a monumental vault all full of festering dead for some pure forest through which fresh breezes swept—far down where my dimmed eyes gazed, I saw a glimmer of something that looked like the light of a coming dawn.

And I thanked Heaven that, at least, these horrid vaults were not to be my prison or my grave; that, let whatever might befall, my punishment was not to be dealt out here. And ever still as I went on, that stricken man walked by my side, held my arm with his hand, and directed the way towards the sombre light that gleamed afar.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

The light increased as we advanced, the space it occupied grew larger; also it seemed to be entering at what I now judged to be the mouth, or exit, of some narrow vaulted passage through which we were progressing and arriving at the end of. Almost, too, it seemed as if this passage was itself growing less dark; as if now—as I turned my eyes to where the mute walked by my side—the outline of his form was becoming visible.

What was I to find at the end of this outlet, what to see awaiting me when, at last, I stood at the opening in the midst of the wintry dawn? A scaffold, or the *brásero?* Which?

I perceived now—my eyes accustoming themselves to the dusky gloom—that this vaulted way, or corridor, was one hewn through a bed of rock, and roughly, too—blasted, perhaps, in earlier days—and that all along its sides were great slabs or masses of this rock that lay where they had fallen. Perceive l something else, also.

A man crouching down behind one of the fallen blocks, his cape held across his face by one hand, so that nought but the eyes were visible. The eyes—and one other thing that shone and glistened even in the surrounding gloom—a huge gold ear-ring of the circumference of a crown piece—which fell over the crimson edge, or guarding, of that cloak.

Where had I seen a man wearing such ear-rings as that before? Where? Then, even as I went on to my death, I remembered—recalled the man. 'Twas he who had cried out to the *Alcáide* in the court, bidding him question Eaton as to how he knew so much of Gramont's past. Yet—what doing here, why hiding behind that fallen mass? Was there someone within these dungeons whom he sought, someone for whom an attempted rescue was to be planned? I knew of none, knew of no other prisoner within these walls, since now Gramont was—must be—as far away as his unhappy child, my lost love, Juana. Yet, perhaps, it was not very like I should have known. But now the end was at hand—I scarce cared to turn my eyes to observe whether or not the mute had seen the sailor shrinking behind the stone. Instead, nerved myself by both prayer and fierce determination to meet my fate, to make my exit into the open as bravely as became a man. To let not one of my executioners see that I feared them, or the flames that were to burn the life out of me.

So we drew near the mouth of the passage—moving through the gloom that was as the gloom of a shuttered and darkened house on some wintry morn—I seeing that, beyond and outside, was a sloping, stone-flagged decline that led down to a lane which ran out into the open country beyond. We were, therefore, outside the walls of Lugo, and I deemed that it was there, unknown to the townspeople, that I was to meet my fate.

We stood a moment later on that stone-covered descent, and I gazed around it, startled—amazed. For here, upon it, was no hideous *brásero* piled up with logs of wood, and drenched with resin and pitch to make those logs burn more fiercely; no upright plank nor beam against which the sufferer's—my!—hand was to be nailed through the palm; no executioners clad in black from head to foot. Instead, a man in peasant's dress—green breeches, leather *zapátos*, and a sheepskin jacket. A peasant holding by the reins two horses, one black, the other dappled grey.

I felt almost as though once more I should faint—felt as I had done in that reeking, mouldy corridor through which I

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had come—became sick indeed at the relief, even though 'twere for an hour or so only, which was accorded me from instant death, since I knew that here that death could not be dealt out.

Then I turned to the deaf and dumb man, if such he was, who had now released my arm—had done so, indeed, since the half-light had been reached—and implored him to tell me what was intended.

For answer—he guessed, no doubt, the import of my words—he pointed to the horses and made signs I should mount one of them. And I, incredulous, asking God inwardly what was meant, went towards the black one, and, seizing the reins and twisting a lock of its mane around my thumb, prepared to do as I was bid. Yet with my nerves tingling and trembling so that I scarce knew whether I could reach the saddle or not.

Then, ere the attempt was made, as I raised my foot to the iron, the mute touched me, felt in his belt with his other hand, and, producing a piece of paper, gave it to me.

It was from Juana. Ran thus in English:

"Your road is through Samos, Caldelas, and the other Viana. At Terroso you will cross the frontier. The jailer will guide you to us. Come quickly, so that thereby my fate may be decided.—JUANA."

That was all. All—from her to me! From her to me! No word of love accompanying the message. Not one!

She had saved me in some way—had induced the *Alcáide* to bring about my escape, also—had done this, yet could send me no greeting such as she must have known I hungered for. Was it shame — remorse — that made her so silent and so cold!

Heart-broken, I thrust the letter in my pocket at a sign from the mute, and mounted now the horse, he doing the same with the other.

Then, ere we gave them their reins, he leant across and put into my hands the sword he had carried under his arm since first he opened the door of my cell. A sword, long and serviceable-looking, with a great hilt and curled quillon; one that resembled another I had seen somewhere, though where it was I could not recall.

* * * * * * *

'Twas over twenty leagues to Terroso I learnt in the course of our ride; diminishing those leagues moment by moment, we went on and on, the black horse that I bestrode never faltering in its quick pace, the grey keeping close to it.

And I, my brain whirling, my heart beating tumultuously within my breast, my whole being—my soul!—shaken by the release from an awful death which had come to me, would have given all that I was possessed of if, from that stricken, silent, terrible companion by my side, I could have extracted one word. Have gleaned from him one jot or atom of information! Yet to my repeated exclamations he, seeing that I was speaking to him, shook his head persistently; when I made signs to him in the alphabet which I felt sure he knew, he turned his face away and rode on stolidly. Had a dead man, a spectre, been riding ever by my side, swiftly when I rode swiftly, halting when I halted, neither could have been more terrible to me than this living creature so inscrutable and impenetrable.

I was sore beset—distraught. My mind full of fearful fancies! Fancies that I should find Juana dead—though, too, I imagined that she would not slay herself until she had made sure of my safety—else why her letter?—fancies that, since the letter contained no word or hint of love, she had forced herself to tear me out of her heart for ever. Forced herself to do so because now she knew she could never be aught to me again. These fancies, these thoughts were awful in their intensity—were made doubly so by this silent creature who never quitted my side.

And once my agony of nerves grew so great that I turned round upon him—gesticulating fiercely—hating myself for my brutality in doing so against one who was, in truth, my saviour—shrieking at him:

"Speak! speak! For God's sake speak. Utter some word. Give some sign of being alive—a reasoning thing. Speak, I say, or leave me—else I shall slay you."

Then shuddered, and could have slain my own self at the man's action.

For he turned and looked at me—it was in the fast gathering twilight as, side by side always, we were slowly riding up a mountain path—looked—then, as I gazed, the tears rolled down his coarse face. And, poor wretch! poor, unhappy, afflicted thing! those tears continued to trickle down that face till night hid it from my eyes.

I knew now that he understood, at least that he comprehended the words of pity and remorse I poured forth before the darkness came; at least the touch I made gently on his sleeve was read aright by him. For, on his broad expressionless face, to me for so long a stolid mask, there came a placid smile, and once he returned my touch lightly as still we rode on and on and on.

"Could dispute every thrust of mine."

We halted that night to rest our horses and ourselves at a miserable inn high up in the mountains, a place round which the snow was falling in great flakes; that seemed, indeed, up here, to be embedded in snow. A ghastly, horrid place in which, as I sat shuddering by the fire while my companion and the landlord slept near it (wondering if by now Juana had accomplished her dreadful purpose, unable longer to bear the company of the man, Morales, to whom she had sold herself, or, almost worse still, the company of her sin-stained father; wondering, too, if by now that splendid form was stiff in death), I almost cursed the escape that had come to me. In truth, I think that at last, upon this night—amidst the horrors of this lonely mountain inn—I was a madman. For the soft beat of the flakes upon the glass of the window seemed to my frenzied mind like the tapping of ghostly fingers; as I fixed my eyes upon those flakes and saw them alight one by one upon the panes and then dissolve and vanish, it looked to me as though they were fingers that scratched at the window and were then withdrawn, only to return a moment later. Also the wind screamed round the house, and I started once, feeling sure I heard a woman—Juana—shriek my name, then plucked at the sword by my side, and would have made for the door, but that the landlord laughed at me and pushed me back, saying that those shrieks were heard nightly, and all through the night also, during the winter.

At last, however, I slept, wrapped in my cloak before the peat fire, the mute in another chair by my side. And so, somehow, the night wore through; the morning came, and we were on our road once more, ten leagues still to be compassed ere the frontier was reached. With, behind us, as I gathered from my companion's manner in answer to my questions, the possibility that we might be pursued. That after us might be coming some from Lugo who had discovered our escape.

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The mountain water courses and rivulets hummed beneath the frozen snow bound over them by the bitter frost; the tree boughs waved above our heads and across our path as, gradually descending once more to the plain, the chestnuts and the cork trees took the place of the gaunt black pines left behind above. Once on this bitter morning we saw the sun steal out from amidst the clouds—it lying down low on the horizon as though setting instead of rising. Yet on we both rode for our lives, with, upon me, a deeper desire than the salvation of my own existence—the hope that I should be in time to save Juana, to wrench her from Morales ere it was too late, to bear her away at last to happiness and love unspeakable. Rode on, my black horse stumbling twice over a rolled down mass of stone from the heights above; the dappled grey coming to its haunches from a similar cause, yet both lifted quickly by a sharp turn of our wrists and rushing on again down the declivity; danger in every stride, and only avoided by God's mercy.

The leagues flew by—were left behind; a long billowy plain next arrived at, sprinkled with hamlets from which the cheerful smoke rose to the sky; the mute had passes which took us through that other town of Viana; the last spot of importance was reached—and passed!—that lay between us and the border—between us and Portugal and safety.

Then, once more, our beasts slackened in their stride, again the ground rose upwards, once more the hills were before us, above them at the summit was the frontier—Terroso. Another hour and we should be there—Juana's and my fate determined.

To use whips—neither of us had spurs—was cruel, yet there was no other way; therefore we plied them, pressed reeking flanks, rode on and on mercilessly. And now the end was at hand. Afar off I saw a cabin over which floated the banners of both Spain and of Portugal. We were there some moments later—the mute's papers again examined—our passage allowed.

We had escaped from Spain!

"You ride quickly," the Portuguese *aduanista* said; "seek some others, perhaps, who have come before you?" And he addressed himself to my companion, probably because he bore the passports. Then continued, "If 'tis a señor and señora you desire, they are in the fonda half a league further on."

"*They!*" He said "*they.*" "God be praised," I murmured. Had any tragedy occurred, it would not have been "they."

Not waiting to answer, but briefly nodding my thanks, we went on, the last half league dwindling to little more than paces now.

And then I saw the fonda, a place no bigger than a wooden cabin, I saw a woman seated on a bench outside against its wall, her elbows upon her knees, her dark head buried in her hands.

She heard the ring of our horses' hoofs upon the road, all sodden as it was with half-melted snow, and sprang to her feet—then advanced some paces and, shading her eyes, looked up the way that we were coming, dashed next her hand across those eyes as though doubting what she saw, and ran down the road towards us.

As I leapt from my horse she screamed "Mervan!" and threw herself into my arms, her lips meeting mine in one long kiss, then staggered back some paces from me, exclaiming:

"How. How, oh! my love, how—have you escaped? Found your way here—to me?"

"How!" I repeated after her, startled at the question; startled, too, at the tone of her voice. "How! Do I not owe my salvation to you—to your power over him—the *Alcáide?*"

"My God! No!" she answered. "Never would he have aided you to escape." Then suddenly, as some thought struck her, she screamed aloud, "Mervan—Mervan—where is my unhappy father?"

"Your father! Is he not here?"

"No! No! No! Oh, God! What has happened! Has he been left behind to meet his doom?" And as she spoke she reeled, and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms.

Chapter XXVII.

"LIAR, I WILL KILL YOU."

He had been left behind—and I was here! He whose escape had been arranged for was still a prisoner—I, whose doom had been fixed, was free.

What did it mean? What mystery had taken place?

One glance towards the fonda fifty yards away was sufficient to show that mystery there was—as unintelligible to another as to Juana or to me. And more than mystery!—that my presence here was hateful and unexpected, to one person at least. To Morales, the *Alcáide!*

For even as my love recovered sufficiently to be able to stand without my assistance, though still leaning heavily upon me, I—looking towards that fonda—saw Morales issuing rapidly from it, his sword carried in his left hand, his right hand plucking the blade from the scabbard. And—more ominous still of what his intentions were, as well as of his fury—as he ran towards us he flung the now empty sheath away from him and rushed forward, the bare blade gleaming.

Then, as he reached the spot where we both stood together, the mute behind us (even as I, too, plucked the sword the poor creature had furnished me with from its scabbard and stood upon my guard), I saw that his stolid face expressed not only fear but something else—astonishment! And next Morales shouted, his words tumbling pell-mell over each other so much as to be difficult of understanding.

"Wretches! Traitor! Traitress! 'Tis thus I am deceived—hoodwinked! Tricked and ruined so that your lover may be restored to your false arms. So be it—thus, also, I avenge myself," and—horror!—while he spoke he made a pass at Juana as she stood by my side. He was a Spaniard, and his love had turned to hate and gall!

Yet, ere the shriek she uttered had ceased to ring on the wintry morning air, the deadly thrust that was aimed full at her breast was parried by my own blade. Then putting her behind me with my left hand, I struck full at him, resolved that ere another five minutes were over his own life should pay for that craven attempt. Struck full at his own breast, missing it only by an inch, yet driving him back before me.

Back, step by step, yet knowing even as I did so that it was no odds on me in this encounter, that here was a swordsman who would dispute every thrust of mine; that it would be lucky if his long blade did not thread my ribs ere my own weapon found his heart.

It behoved me to be careful, I knew. Already, in the first moment, he had settled down to fighting carefully and cautiously; already one devilish Italian thrust was given—he must have crossed the Alps, I thought, to learn it!—that almost took me unawares; that, had my parry not been quick, would have brought his quillon hurtling at my breast with the blade through me. But it had failed! and with the failure the chance was gone.

"I know your thrust," I whispered—may be, hissed at him—"'twill serve no more." Though even as I said the words it came to me that I should not win through this fight, that he was the better man—my master—at the game—that I was lost. And, as I thought this, I saw—while we shifted ground a little on the sodden snow—the mute standing gazing earnestly, almost with fascination, upon us; I saw some people at the door of the fonda—a man and a woman—regarding us with horror-stricken glances—I saw Juana on her knees, perhaps praying! It might be so, since her head was buried in her hands!

And if he won, if he slew me, even wounded and disabled me, she was lost, too; with me out of the way, with her father dead or still a prisoner, nothing could save her. Her last hope would be gone.

That spurred me, egged me on; put a fierce and fresh determination in my breast—since I had not lost my courage, but only my confidence. That, and one other thing.

For I saw upon the melting snow beneath our feet, even as we trod it into water, a tinge of crimson. I saw a few drops lie spotting it—and I knew that that blood was not mine. Therefore, I had touched him, had only missed his life by a hair's breadth—next time it might not be *drops*. Might be the heart's blood of him who had sought that of my loved one!

Still I could not do it, could not thrust through and through him. Every flanconnade, every assault, was parried easily; once, when I lunged so near him that I heard his silk waistcoat rip, he laughed a low mocking laugh as he thrust my blade aside with a turn of his iron wrist. I could not even, as I tried, take him in the sword arm and so disable him.

Also I knew now what was in his mind, 'specially since, for some few moments, he had ceased to thrust back at me. He was bent on tiring me out. Then—then—his opportunity would have come, would be at hand.

"Disable him! Disable him!" Why were those words haunting my brain, ringing through it again and again; seeming to deaden even the scraping hiss of steel against steel?

"Disable him!" What memory was arising in that brain of someone, something, long forgotten? A second later, even as I felt my point being pressed lower and lower by his own blade, knew a lunge was coming—parried it as it came—safely once more, thank God!—I remembered, knew what that memory meant.

Recalled a little, hunchbacked Italian *escrimeur* who used to haunt a fence school at the back of the Exchange in the Strand; a man whose knowledge of attack was poor in the extreme, yet who could earn a beggar's wage by teaching some marvellous methods of disarming an adversary. And I had flung him a crown more than once to be taught his tricks! Now, those crowns should bear interest!

(To be continued).

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Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE GREAVES, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

SIR GEORGE received his first commission November, 1849, and became captain in October, 1859. This distinguished officer served in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-58, and performed the duties of deputy assistant adjutant-general in the Eusofzye Expedition, under Sir Sydney Cotton, during the latter year. He distinguished himself on both occasions, and was mentioned in despatches. In New Zealand, as deputy assistant quartermaster-general, 1862-66, he was conspicuous on account of his energy and personal courage. He reconnoitred the Waikato River, during which he was exposed to great peril, and was the means of effecting the passage of the gun boats "Avon" and "Pioneer," an exploit which called forth the admiration of all those engaged within the area of operations, as well as of those who, though at home in England, anxiously awaited the turn of events. He was four times mentioned in despatches, and received the brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel. As chief of the staff in the Ashanti Expedition, 1873-74, he was present at Amoaful, Ordahsu, Coomassie, and all the principal engagements. He was twice favourably mentioned in despatches. Sir Garnet Wolseley, in reporting on his soldierly qualities, said: "Colonel Greaves assumed the duties of chief of the staff on the 19th December. His great knowledge of the Army, his experience as a staff officer, the zeal and ability he brings to bear upon his work, mark him out as eminently qualified for the post he occupied. He has rendered the most valuable assistance." At the close of the expedition he was made a C.B., by no means too high a reward for the services rendered by him to a grateful country. Sir George again filled the position of chief of the staff to Sir Gerald Graham in the Soudan Campaign of 1885 Here he was again mentioned in despatches, and made K.C.B. He became lieutenant-general in 1890, and general in 1896. Sir George is in receipt of the reward for distinguished services.

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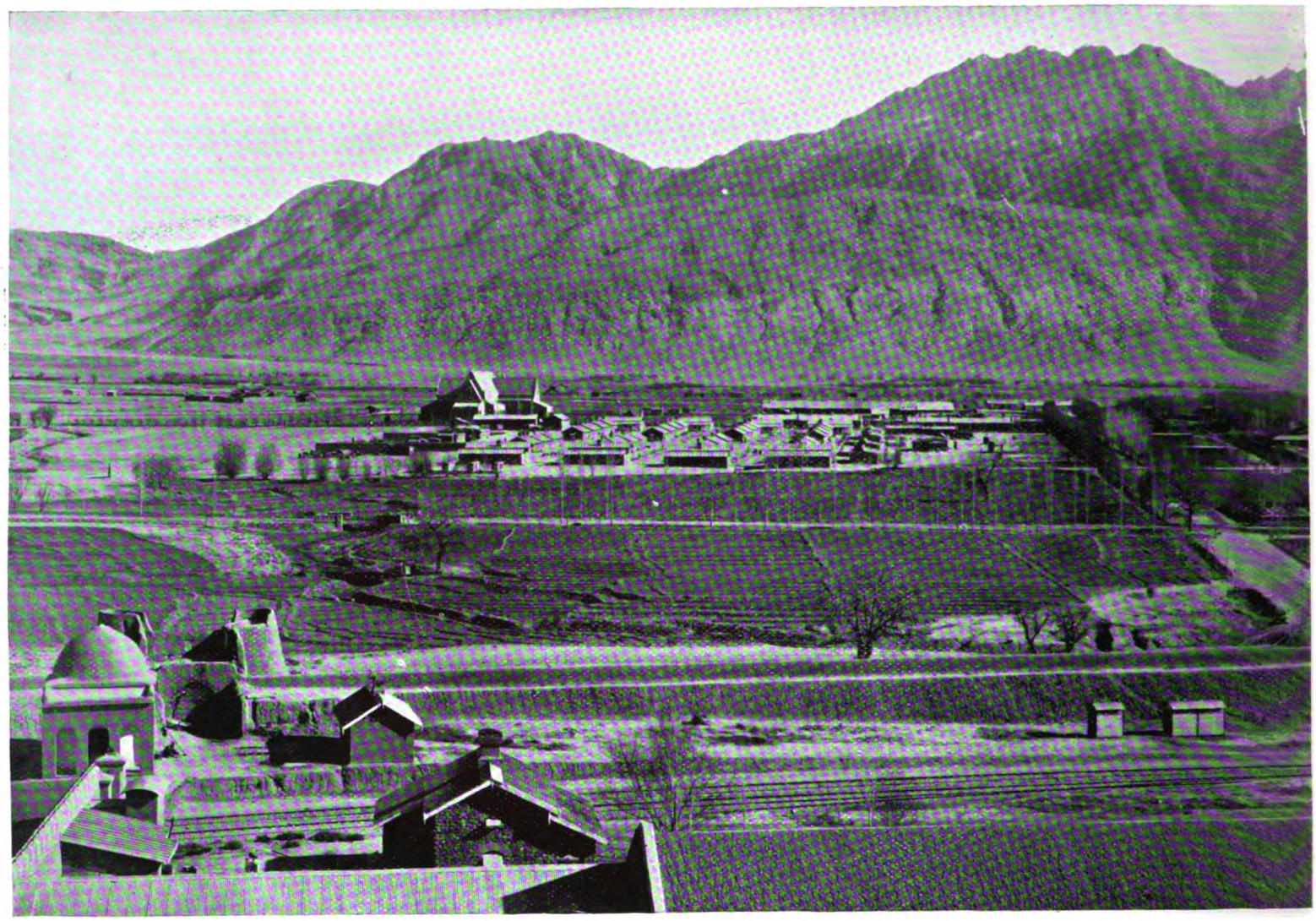

Photo. F. W. BREMNER.

QUETTA.—FORT AND MILITARY CANTONMENTS.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

THE history of our vast and wealthy Indian Empire, whether military, civil, or political, has never failed to engage the attention of British subjects in every part of the globe. A country so full of commercial resources, and on that account requiring a considerable military force for its protection, is so intimately connected with our own that there is hardly a family here in the British Isles but has contributed in some measure to the development of our Indian possessions. Some have aided in expanding the commercial relations between the two countries, others have served in the Government, and not a few have given their time, and in many instances their lives, to the protection of British interests when necessity has demanded recourse to arms. Thus it happens that the history of British rule in India has been from the outset one of "wars and rumours of wars."

Plassey, Clive's famous victory in 1757, may be justly regarded as the foundation-stone of the Indian Empire. Then followed a long list of battles. Seringapatam, with which are associated the names of Harris and Wellesley, the battle of Assaye, a victory of the latter in the Deccan, and the siege and capture of Bhartpur, so long deemed impregnable by the native population, contributed to the establishment of British sway. Sobraon, Chillianwalla (where over 2,000 British troops were lost), Lucknow, and Delhi, are all recorded in our annals in letters of blood. The several Afghan campaigns and expeditions in the north are matters of history which do not call for recapitulation here. Now, after more than a hundred years, we can lay claim to a vast possession, purchased by the lives of so many gallant soldiers—a possession which, with the exception of its northern frontiers, has been governed in peace for many years.

Chakdara Fort, Looking South-East.

Chakdara Fort, Main Gate.

The borders of Afghanistan have always been a source of trouble to the Indian Forces, as is demonstrated by our Afghan wars and minor expeditions, too numerous to mention. Nor are the tribes who inhabit the frontier to be regarded as altogether unformidable.

The late rising was chiefly among the Orakzais and Afridis. The former can, it is believed, put 20,000 men in the field. They inhabit the Tira highlands north and west of Kohat. The latter inhabit the west and south of the Peshawar district, and are a warlike people.

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Quetta.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS.

Such troubles as these are calculated to draw the attention of the Government to the necessity of guarding the frontier and of having ready at hand a force capable of contending with any emergency which may arise. The celerity with which troops can be concentrated simultaneously at any number of given points has been proved by the faultless working of the mobilisation scheme. Of course, when it is necessary to exercise military force in this part of the frontier, the troops engaged are usually taken from the Bengal Presidency, Punjab Frontier Force, and the European troops quartered in the vicinity. In the Bengal establishment there are nineteen regiments of cavalry, fifty-two battalions of infantry, including four Ghoorka regiments, as well as artillery and a corps of sappers and miners.

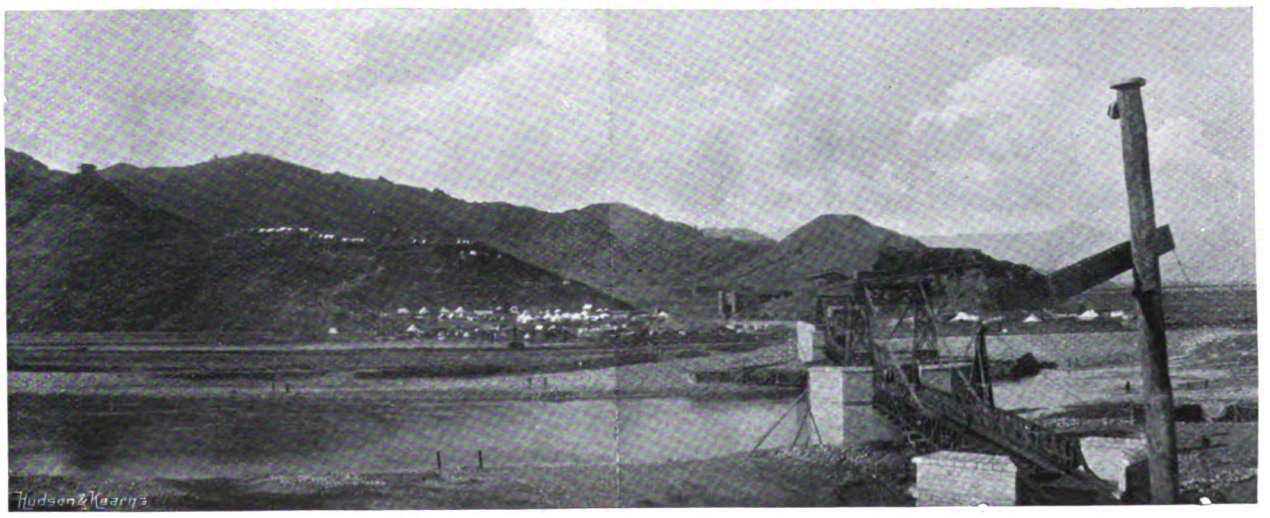
Some regiments are entirely composed of one class, others are divided, *e.g.*, four companies Sikhs, one Dogras, one Punjabi Mahomedans, two Pathans. The Punjab Frontier Force is composed of four regiments of cavalry, four mountain batteries artillery, one garrison battery, eleven battalions of infantry, and last, but not least, the Queen's Own Corps of Guides. This corps is composed of three squadrons of cavalry and a battalion of infantry, and was raised in 1846 for general service. Since then the Guides have shown themselves to be among the finest troops in India. They did good service at Delhi during the Mutiny, but out of 800 men only 350 returned to Peshawar, so hard did they suffer from their repeated fights. This gallant band was welcomed with a Royal salute as it reached the gates, and in addressing the men General Cotton said :—"We honour you and we feel proud of being associated with men whose deeds of daring have earned for themselves and for our noble profession undying fame."

The Ghoorkas, too, have ever been noted for their fighting proclivities and dogged persistence in the field. The appearance of these little warriors may be seen from the picture representing the 4th Ghoorka Rifles mounting guard at the Viceregal Lodge, Simla.

The 2nd Battalion, raised in 1886, took part in the Chin-Lushai Expedition, and formed part of the relieving column to Manipur; it also took part in the relief of Chitral.

The native troops are officered both by British and native officers. The latter are of course subordinate to the former, and are usually picked from the ranks, being men of superior education and good conduct.

Our illustration is that of a rissaldar-major of the Bengal Cavalry, the senior native officer in the regiment; under him are three rissaldars, four rissaidars, one wordie-major or native adjutant, and eight jemadars. In an infantry battalion there are eight subadars and eight jemadars. Rissaldars and rissaidars correspond to captains of different grades, jemadars to subalterns; the term subadar applies to an infantry captain.



Swat River Suspension Bridge, Chakdara.

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The North-West Frontier of India is protected by a number of frontier posts, some small and garrisoned only by local levies, others of larger dimensions and capable of sustaining a prolonged siege. Many of the former class are used principally for the protection of trade, and are in some instances untenable for any length of time, owing to the fact that the water supply is located some distance from the post.

The more important posts are garrisoned by British troops, or by those of our Native Army.

Though not, strictly speaking, in India, Quetta (in British Beluchistan) is an important frontier station. It was chosen as a base of operations in Southern Afghanistan during the campaign of 1879-80, and is now garrisoned by a mixed force of British and native troops.

The fort has of late years been greatly improved, and contains stores, etc., for use in case of necessity.

The two illustrations depict a portion of Quetta looking towards the mountains, and show the position of the fort and military cantonments.

The chief civil authority of Beluchistan, and agent to the Governor-General, has his headquarters here. Quetta has been under British administration since 1877, and in that time has seen many improvements, including the introduction of a railway, which may be looked upon as of great strategical and commercial value.

Interior of Chakdara Fort.

Photo. BARTON, SON & CO. Bangalore.

Officers, 2nd Battalion Oxfordshie Light Infantry.

Photo. HERZOG & HIGGINS. Mhow

A Council of War.

A specimen of our smaller frontier posts is seen in the four illustrations of Chakdara Fort. These pictures are of special interest, and are reproductions of photographs taken by an officer of the garrison.

At the beginning of August the garrison was closely beset and under danger of being cut off, but, by the timely intervention of a small force under Colonel Meiklejohn, was safely relieved, with a loss of only three killed and two wounded. The garrison succeeded in inflicting heavy loss, which was estimated at about 300, on the enemy. The relieving force consisted of the 11th Bengal Lancers, the Guides Cavalry, 8th Bengal Mountain Battery, 24th Punjab Infantry, 45th Sikhs, and the Guides Infantry. On its way from Malakand to Chakdara, which is situated in the Swat Valley, north of the Malakand, Shakhot, and Mora Passes, the column encountered the enemy on several occasions, and inflicted considerable loss.

The first view of the fort is taken looking south-east towards the country of the Buners, the second looking east towards Lundikai and Chaligai. Here is seen the main gate of the fort, and in the third picture is represented the bridge over the Swat River. The last of the four shows the valley of the Swat.

Jamrud, too, is another small frontier fort ten miles distant from Peshawar, and is built of mud, with double walls, surmounted by a guard-house. Here, also, are barracks for the Khyber Rifles, of whom we have lately heard so much. They are commanded by natives, and their work largely consists in escorting caravans going through the Khyber Pass. The fort proper is invariably garrisoned by Sikhs under a British officer.

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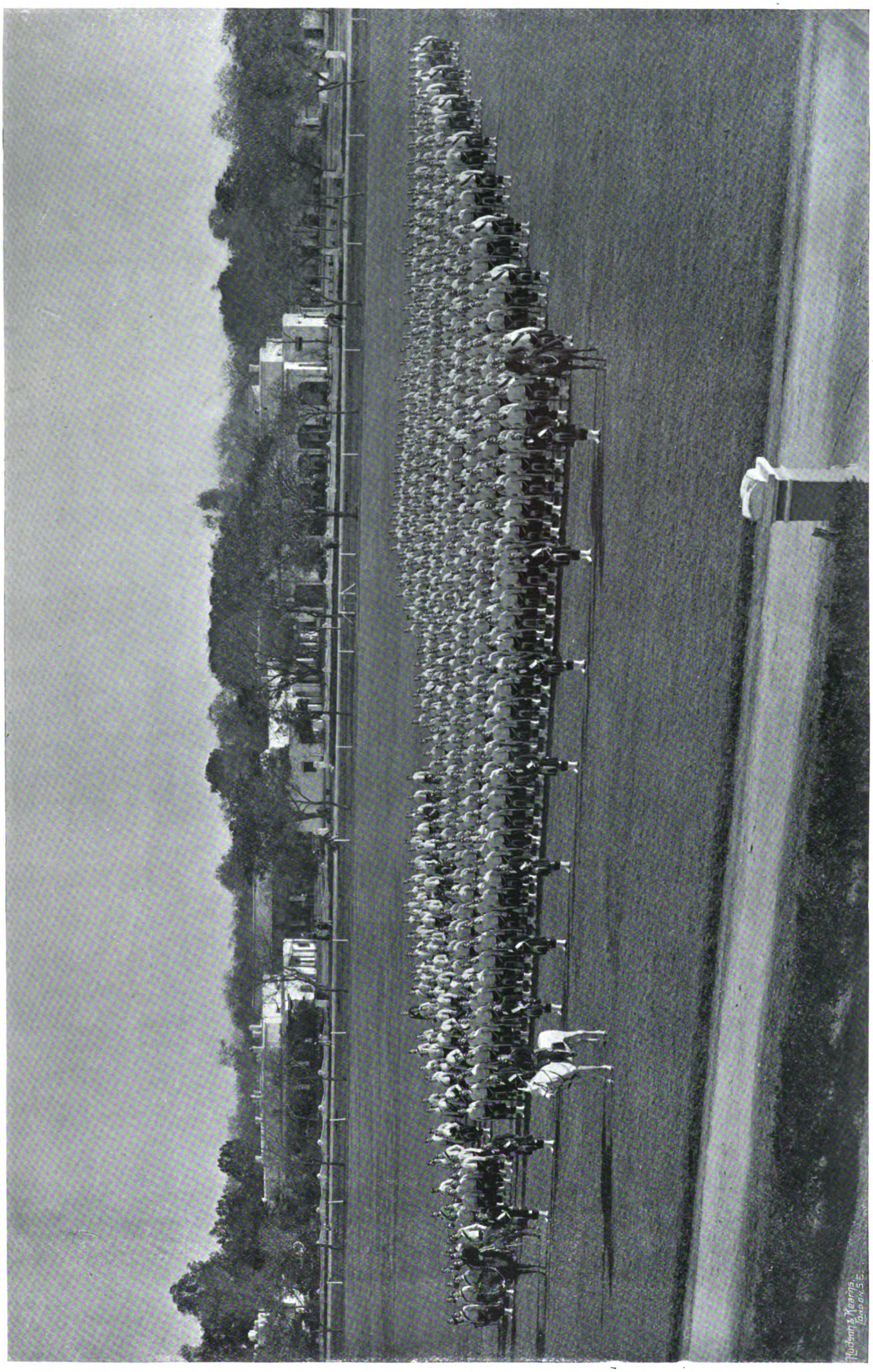

Rawal Pindi.

1st BATTALION GORDON HIGHLANDERS ON PARADE.

Photo T. WINTER.

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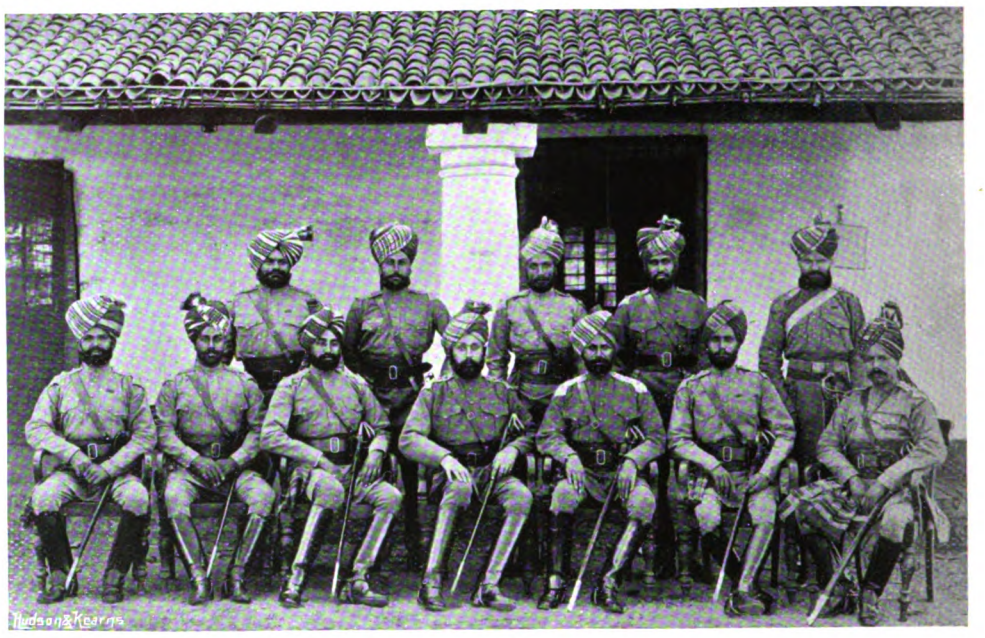
THE QUEEN'S OWN CORPS

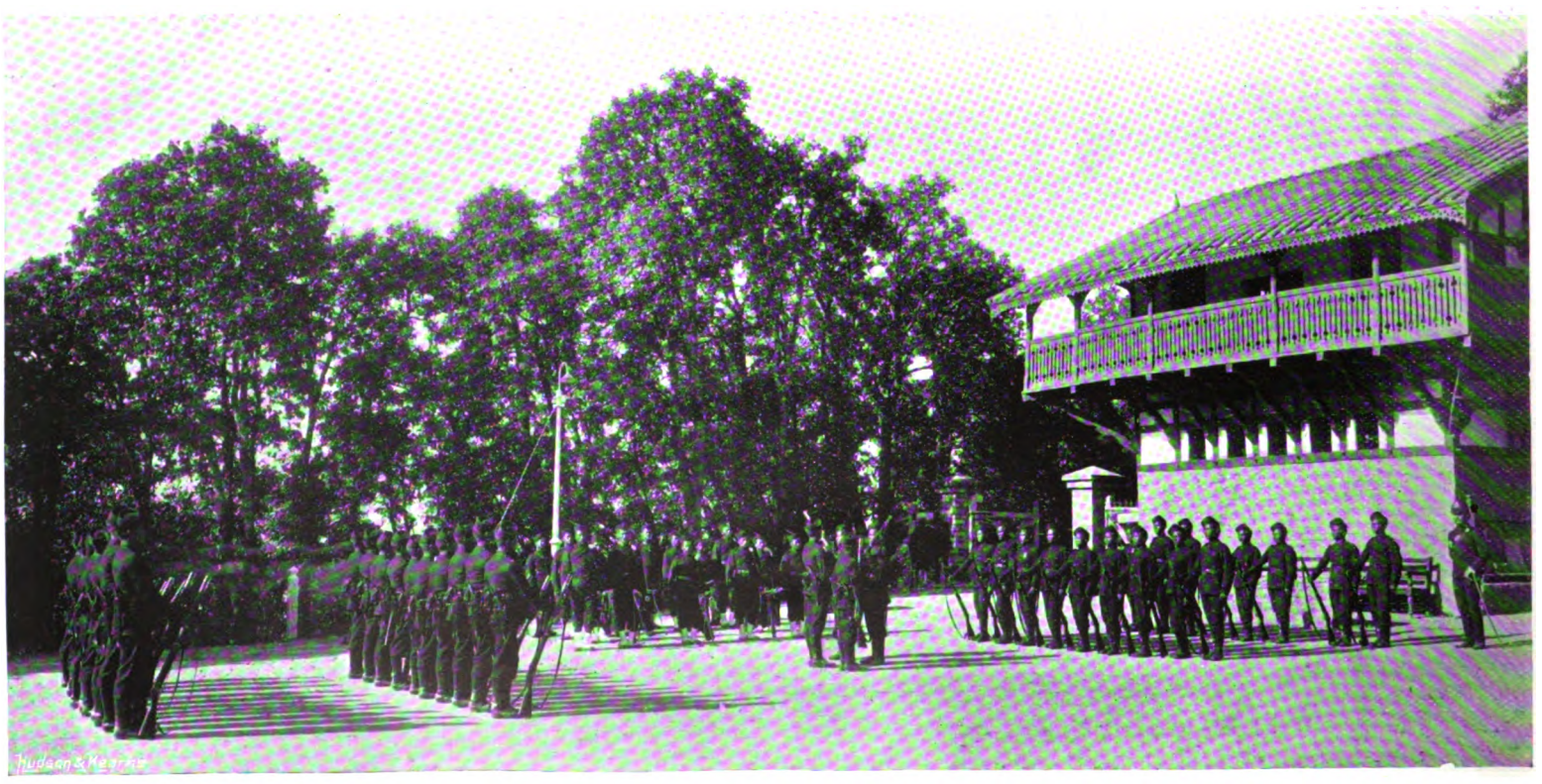
In the midst of a country peopled by tribes liable to assume an antagonistic attitude at any time when their prejudices may be disregarded, or when they believe themselves strong enough to overthrow the British yoke, our forces on the North-West Frontier are always prepared for war, and practically may be considered on perpetual active service. Nor is this the least attractive side of military life in that particular part of the Indian Empire, for the troops stationed there have the advantage over many of their comrades in other parts of India, who may be, perhaps, in an uninteresting district, without even the occasional recreation of a "brush with the enemy."

The borders of Afghanistan are, it is true, well out of the beaten track, but they are surrounded with that element of insecurity—that neutral state between peace and war—which holds the soldier in continual suspense, keeps him in readiness always, and develops in an abnormal degree his martial instincts.

These several conditions, unpleasant as they may seem to the mind of the civilian, have combined to make the frontier popular among officers and men alike; for what soldier



Native Officers Bengal Cavalry.



1st BATTALION 4th GHOORKAS RELIEVING GUARD.

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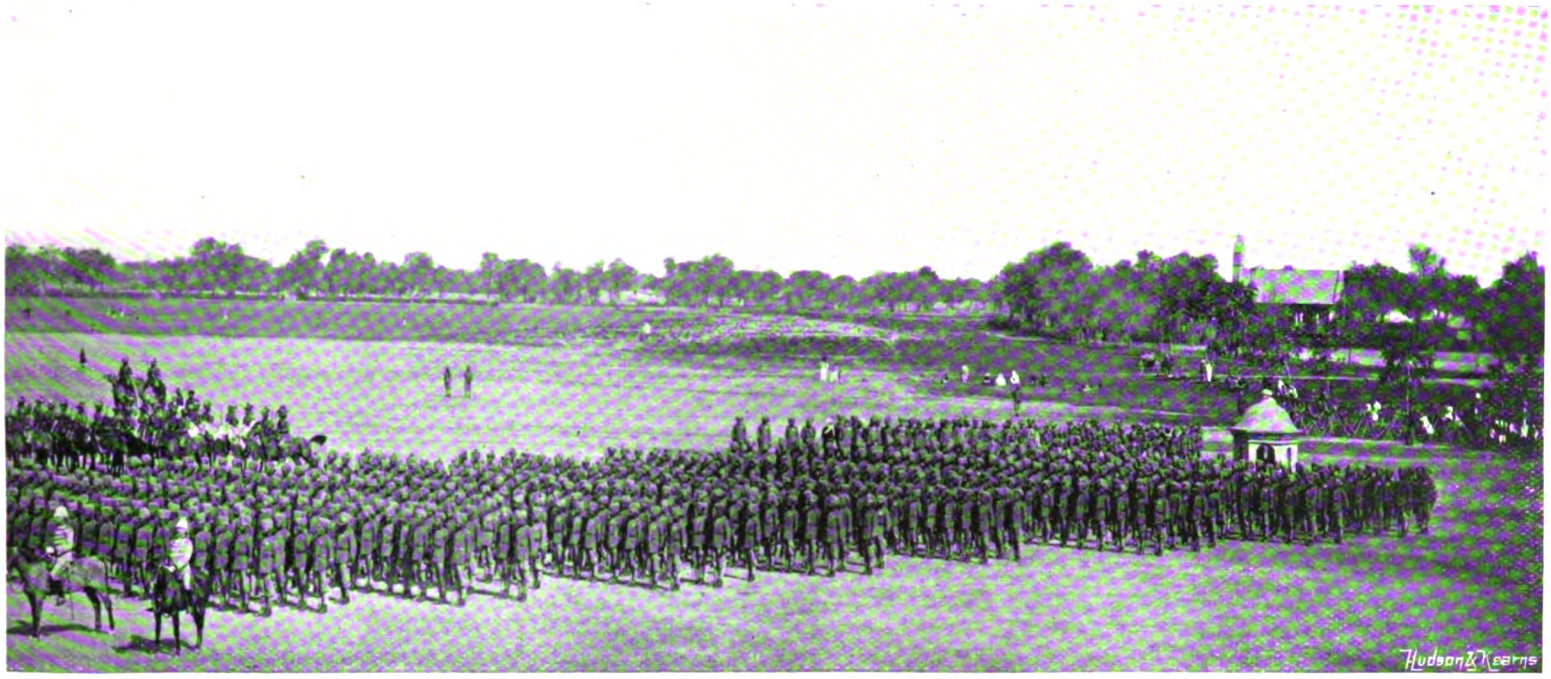

OF GUIDES ON PARADE

is there who would not rather elect to serve where chances of distinction are frequent, than among a fashionable throng at Simla or in the almost unbearable heat of some more southerly clime?

Life in the Punjab, or at least in that part of it adjoining Afghanistan, is therefore fraught with interest to the general reader, if for no other reason, on account of the presence there of so many British troops. It were impracticable here to furnish a list of regiments stationed in the vicinity, including British and native troops, but among them may be noted the 2nd Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry (52nd) and the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders.

A representative photograph of both the battalions appears in these pages. They have in former years seen good service, especially in India and the East. The first carries on its colours "Jellalabad," "Cabul, 1842," and "Burma, 1885-87." The latter glories in the names "Mysore," "Hindostan," and "Delhi."

Photo. HERZOG & HIGGINS. *Signallers at Work.* Mhow

We have said that frontier life is one of activity; indeed, there is little time for leisure. Week after week is given over to the study of the "art of war." One of the most important branches of that all-absorbing theme, although it does not entail in the majority of cases the assuming of either an offensive or defensive attitude, is the obtaining and transmitting of intelligence by means of signals. Independently of the electric telegraph (which in hostile countries is always liable to be rendered unserviceable by the cutting of the wires), there are various ways of signalling.

The instrument, however, most commonly employed for the purpose in India, and used to great advantage in the last Afghan War, is the heliograph. In the illustration a signalling party is shown at work. On such occasions a knowledge of the country through which the party is moving is absolutely necessary, that the best possible use may be made of the natural formations of the ground. This may be gathered from the attitude of the officer on the right of the party, who is studying what is usually known as a "handkerchief map," capable of being folded and carried in the pocket.

Photo. HERZOG & HIGGINS *Camp Followers.* Mhow.

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Camp life in India is always full of incident, and is usually associated with health and vigour, although there are, of course, times when cholera plays havoc with our troops.

The upper illustration to be found on this page represents a common and, withal, a most necessary part of the day's work in camp.

When a halt is made for any length of time, a "field kitchen" is made, and at intervals the cooks are seen, as they appear here, bestowing their attentions on the embryo meal. By a "field kitchen" is not meant anything in the nature of a building. It consists merely of a more or less scientific arrangement of trenches and roughly excavated fire-places, whereon are destined to be cooked the soldiers' meals. During a campaign these are neither so regular nor so substantial as at other times, if the food be scarce and the enemy show no wish to consider the usual dinner hour of the British soldier. On that account the sight of the cooks and their "mates" at work is hailed with delight by "Tommy" when employed within the area of operations, and he is more delighted if he is permitted by the opposing belligerents to consume it in peace. It is especially pleasing after a hearty meal to be permitted, even for a short time, to take one's ease, as the men in the last picture are doing. They are well sheltered from the sun, and for the time contrive to forget their troubles, if they have any—and these are often forgotten in presence of a common foe—by recourse to that valuable commodity tobacco, valuable at least when every day's march is carrying one further and further from civilisation. Truly did that immortal writer, Charles Kingsley, say: "When all things were made none was made better than tobacco." How often has the British soldier in the field echoed, perhaps in different language, the sentiments of that charming writer of fiction.

Photo. HERZOG & HIGGINS. Mhow

A Field Kitchen.

The camp follower is an important adjunct to every camp, both in peace and war, and many are his tricks to increase his coffers at the expense of others.

In the camp bazaar this worthy has his abode, distinct from the camp occupied by the troops, and is there depicted in the illustration. Space forbids a more lengthy account of the life of our soldiers on the North-West Frontier of India, but that it is eventful in the extreme is proved by the incidents which have lately been recorded in the annals of the Indian Empire.

IN CAMP.—Lowari Pass.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—No. 47.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1897

Photo. RUSSELL & SONS. *Southsea.*

REAR-ADMIRAL ERNEST RICE.

REAR-ADMIRAL ERNEST RICE, who at present is in charge of the Dockyard at Portsmouth, is an officer of high professional attainments and acknowledged merit. He has been British Naval Attaché for Europe, and displayed in that responsible post great tact and ability in various delicate negotiations, particularly at the time of the Dual Control of England and France over the Suez Canal. He was also captain of the "Iris," and senior Naval officer at Port Said during a time of great emergency after the Egyptian War. He is an *élève* of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who, when in command in the Mediterranean, expressed a high opinion of Admiral Rice, then one of his captains. Previous to his present appointment as Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, Admiral Rice held the important office of Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, the department under the Secretary of State for War charged with investigation of all questions connected with the construction and design of naval and military guns. The President is always an artillery officer specially selected, and the Vice-President always a similarly chosen Naval officer.

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The Officers of the "Pelorus."

Photo. **LAFAYETTE.** *Dublin.*

HERE we have the captain and officers of the new third-class cruiser "Pelorus," of the Channel Squadron, a vessel which is one of a new type of ship of which much useful work is expected. The "Pelorus" is the prototype of a group of eleven ships first designed and introduced into the Service some two years ago. She is a vessel of 2,135 tons, with twin screws and 2-in. steel deck protection. At her trial she made 20·7 knots speed with forced draught, a performance considered highly satisfactory. The "Pelorus" was laid down at Sheerness Dockyard on May 2nd, 1895, and was first commissioned at Chatham for the Channel Squadron on March 30th last by Captain Edward H. Bayly. She carries a total complement of 200 men all told, including the captain, four lieutenants, and one sub-lieutenant, and, in common with her sister ships of the class, is armed entirely with quick-firing guns—eight 25-prs., eight 3-prs., and three Maxim machine guns, with two torpedo tubes. In addition to acting as a scout or despatch vessel to a fleet, for which her speed is a qualification, the "Pelorus," with her sisters, is intended to replace the ships of the older types of small cruisers on distant stations, and with a view to this employment, she has large coal capacity, 250 tons—equivalent to 7,000 miles at ten knots.

We have already given an illustration of the "Pelorus," from which it will be seen that Naval officers have good cause to be pleased with the appearance of this smart little vessel.

Torpedo Practice from the "Spanker."

THE "Spanker" is a gun-boat of 735 tons, capable of attaining a high speed under forced draught. Like all other men-of-war, large and small, she is provided with the Whitehead—or "Woolwich"—torpedo, and has five tubes in various positions from which it can be discharged, these being, in a vessel of such comparatively small dimensions and light draught, necessarily above the water-line, entailing certain disadvantages as compared with the submerged tube, which have, however, been more or less successfully dealt with by modern improvements.

From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

Preparing for Torpedo Exercise.

From a Photo. *Interested Spectators.* *By a Naval Officer.*

The torpedo tube can be readily adjusted at any angle, according to the speed of the vessel and of the desired victim, and very pretty practice has been made at high speeds.

In the first illustration the torpedo is entered in the tube,

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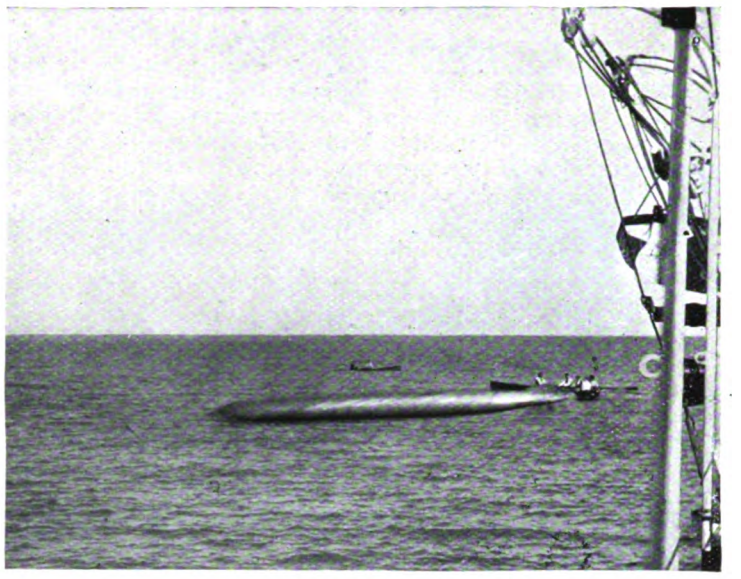
ready for charging, before laying it at the desired angle. It is started by a small charge of explosive, sufficient to send it well clear of the ship, the engines, driven by compressed air, being automatically set in motion as it shoots out of the tube. Once fairly immersed, it goes on its way at a high speed.

In the second picture some spectators are seen, who have come afloat to witness the practice; the pointed head of the torpedo projects from the tube.

As torpedoes have occasionally been known to perform strange and unexpected antics, the position of these enthusiasts might not be altogether enviable if the weapon were loaded with its destructive charge; but this is prudently replaced by a dummy for practice.

The third picture shows the fish-like form of the torpedo in its passage from the tube to the water, on entering which it adjusts itself in a very intelligent manner to a given depth, according to instructions received, so to speak, before starting, and maintains it throughout its voyage.

It will explode, of course, on striking another vessel; but it can also be adjusted either to explode or come quietly to the surface at a given range. This latter is naturally the adjustment adopted at practice, and it usually comes off successfully, though there have been failures, especially in early days.



From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

Torpedo Leaving Tube.

Esquimalt: The Headquarters of the Pacific Station.

ESQUIMALT is at the southern end of the Island of Vancouver, British Columbia. It is the headquarters station of the British Squadron in the Pacific, and possesses a well-equipped, if small, dockyard, with a graving dock 450-ft. in length (capable of expansion to 480-ft. by shifting the caisson at the entrance of the dock). The Naval station at Esquimalt has for many years past been considered a point of high strategical importance. Two of its special advantages, from a Naval point of view, are, that the dockyard is on an island—Vancouver—and can conse-

The Seaman's Canteen, Esquimalt:—"Ten Minutes' Stand Easy."

Bluejackets at Battalion Drill on the Naval Recreation Ground, Esquimalt.

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quently be only attacked by an enemy coming from over the sea; secondly, that a magnificent coal supply is at hand and always available in the apparently inexhaustible coal-field of Nanaimo, also situated on Vancouver Island. There is a third point that adds to the importance of Esquimalt. Lying as it does at the inner end of the Straits of Fuca, it is within touch of, and close to, the western terminus of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, which ends on the shore of Burrard's Inlet on the mainland of British Columbia. Thus the dockyard of Esquimalt is practically within ten days' distance of Portsmouth. The present flag-ship, the first-class armoured cruiser "Impérieuse," is shown in two of our photographs in the centre of the background. She appears lying at her buoy at Esquimalt Harbour in the photograph of the recreation ground and Royal Naval Club during a cricket match. We see her again in the second photograph, where, also on the same recreation ground, is seen a battalion of blue-jackets fallen in for drill. The electric tramcar shown in this photograph plies between Esquimalt and Cadboro Bay, Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island. Our first photograph shows a party of bluejackets in drill order rig outside the seaman's canteen, Esquimalt, during a "ten minutes' stand easy."

The Recreation Ground and Royal Naval Club, Esquimalt.

Gunnery Instructors of the "Renown."

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THESE are the gunnery instructors of the "Renown," grouped round a Maxim gun. They are typical specimens of their class, which constitutes a very fine body of men, the pick of the seamen-gunners, as the latter are of the Service. To become a gunnery instructor a man must go through a long and varied course, comprising some theory as well as practice; and he must be so absolutely at home in the detail of every kind of drill as to be able at any moment to take a class in any subject. Moreover, in these days of rapid progress, innovations are constantly being introduced, and he must keep up to date in the management of new and complicated inventions and adaptations. Much is expected of him, and as a rule he rises to the occasion. From being constantly accustomed to drilling bodies of men, he is also usually a good and trustworthy man to send in charge of others on detached duties.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

VIEW FROM THE AFTER BRIDGE, H.M.S. "RENOWN."

THE view here given of the "Renown" is taken from the after bridge, and presents a great contrast to the upper deck of the old wooden line of battle-ships, flanked by spotless hammocks and decorated with fantastic designs of ropes, carefully "flemished" down. The nearest object is a fine steam launch, resting on its iron supports, from which, by means of the big derrick and steam winch, it can be very promptly transferred to the water. Supports for other boats, vacant just now, may be seen on the left, and the big canvas-covered drum no doubt holds a flexible steel hawser. Below these boats is the upper deck, the structure on which they are placed being technically known as "the booms." The barbettes, which carry two 29-ton guns each, cannot be seen, as one is behind the spectator and the other is concealed by the fore bridge, funnel casing, etc.

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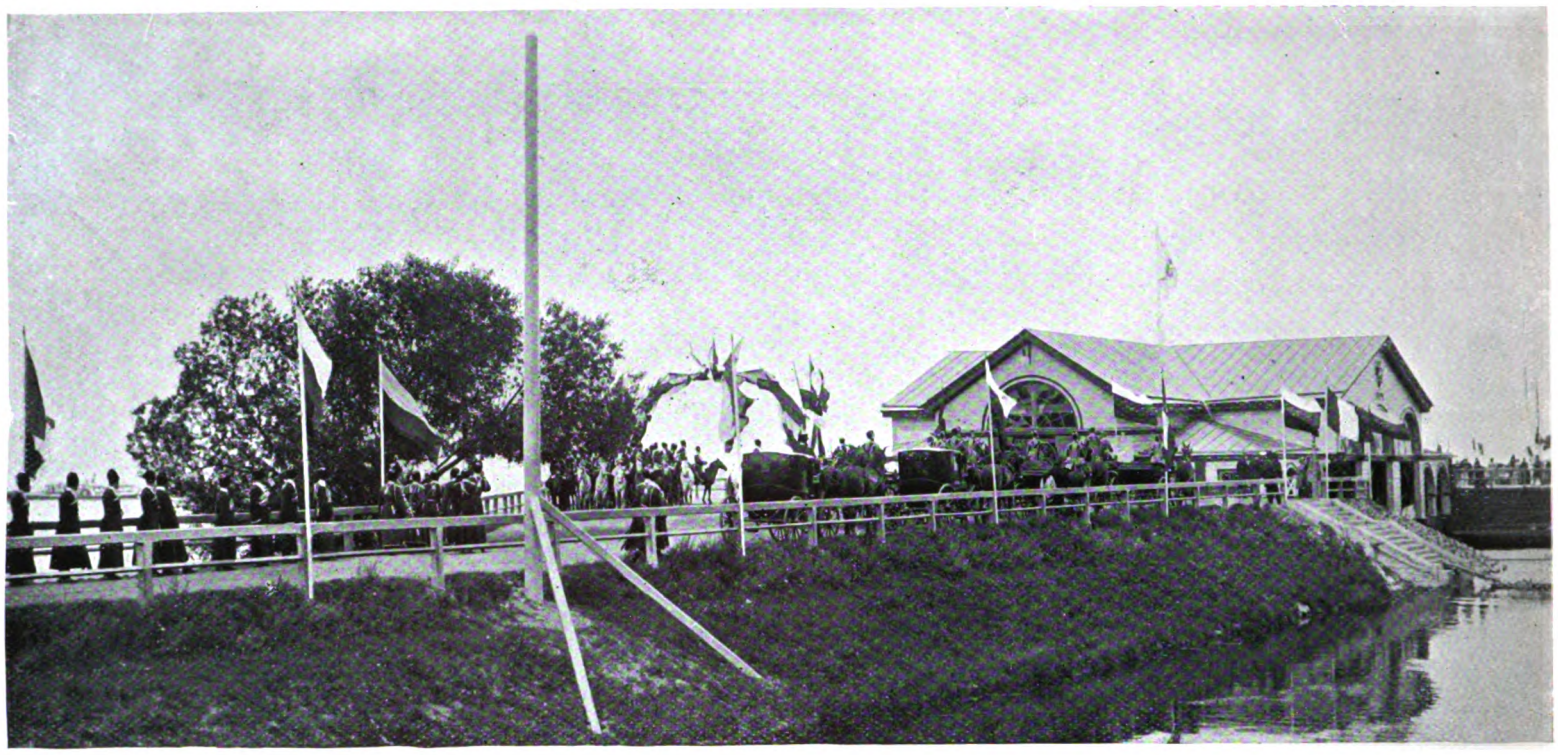
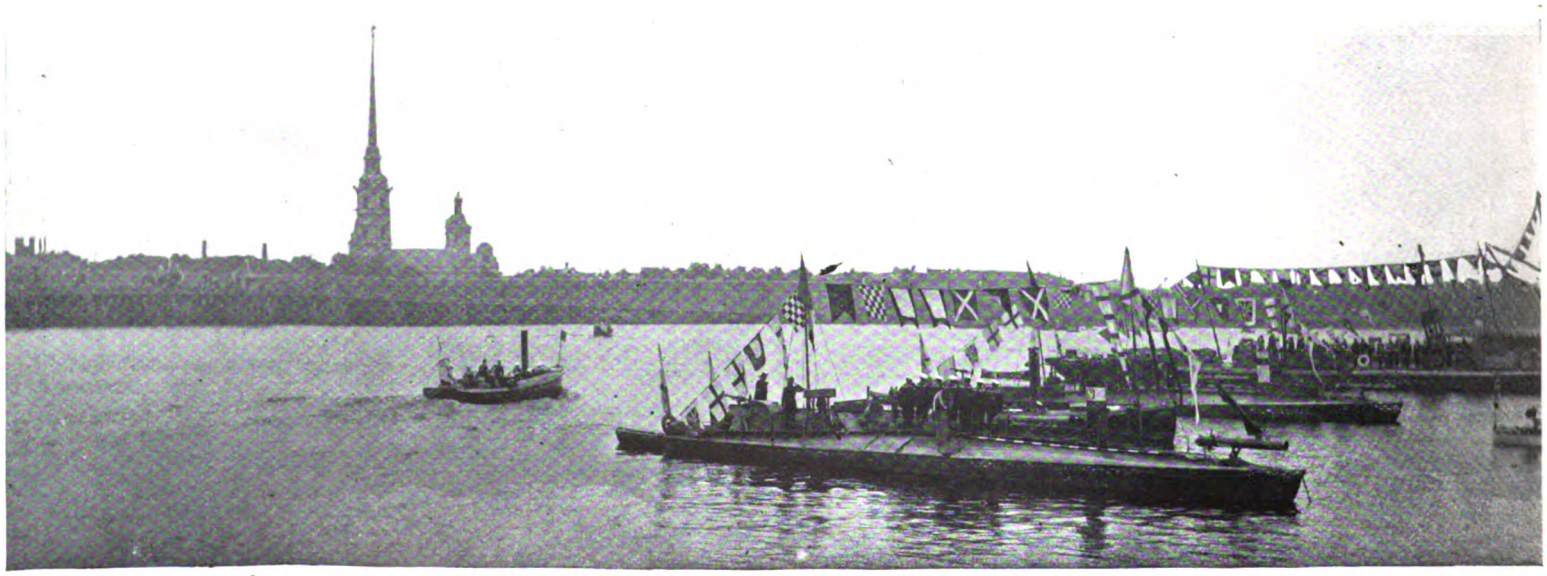
PRESIDENT FAURE AS RUSSIA'S GUEST.



The Imperial Guard Awaiting the Arrival of the President.

THE four accompanying photographs illustrate incidents in a meeting which, although it may not have the tremendous significance which enthusiastic French journalists have attached to it, is still unquestionably an event of great historical interest. There is no more prominent example of Imperial autocracy than the government of Russia, and no more striking instance of Republican freedom than the sentiment which animates the people of France. That the President of the French Republic, a citizen pure and simple, should be the honoured guest of the Great White Czar, is one of the surprises of the nineteenth century. Yet the meeting, by reason of the great interests involved, the amiability of the Czar, and the exceeding tact of M. Félix Faure, proved an unqualified success. In some respects, notably in regard to naval and military display, the attendant ceremonial fell a little short of that which a few days before had been employed to welcome the German Emperor. But in cordiality, and the genuine commingling

The President's Naval Guard.



Photos. L. S. de LEVITSKY. *St. Petersburg*

FLOTILLA OF RUSSIAN TORPEDO-BOATS ON THE NEVA.

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of Russian with French popular sentiment, the episode was a memorable one. In particular it satisfied French aspirations, because it lent the weight of the Czar's spoken words to the fact that Russia and France are not only friendly, but "allied," nations. Our illustrations show the guard of honour of Russian seamen detailed to attend the French President on disembarkation, the arrival of the Imperial yacht at Peterhoff, the Imperial escort awaiting the arrival of the Czar and President, and a scene on the Neva preparatory to one of the ceremonies observed during the President's visit.

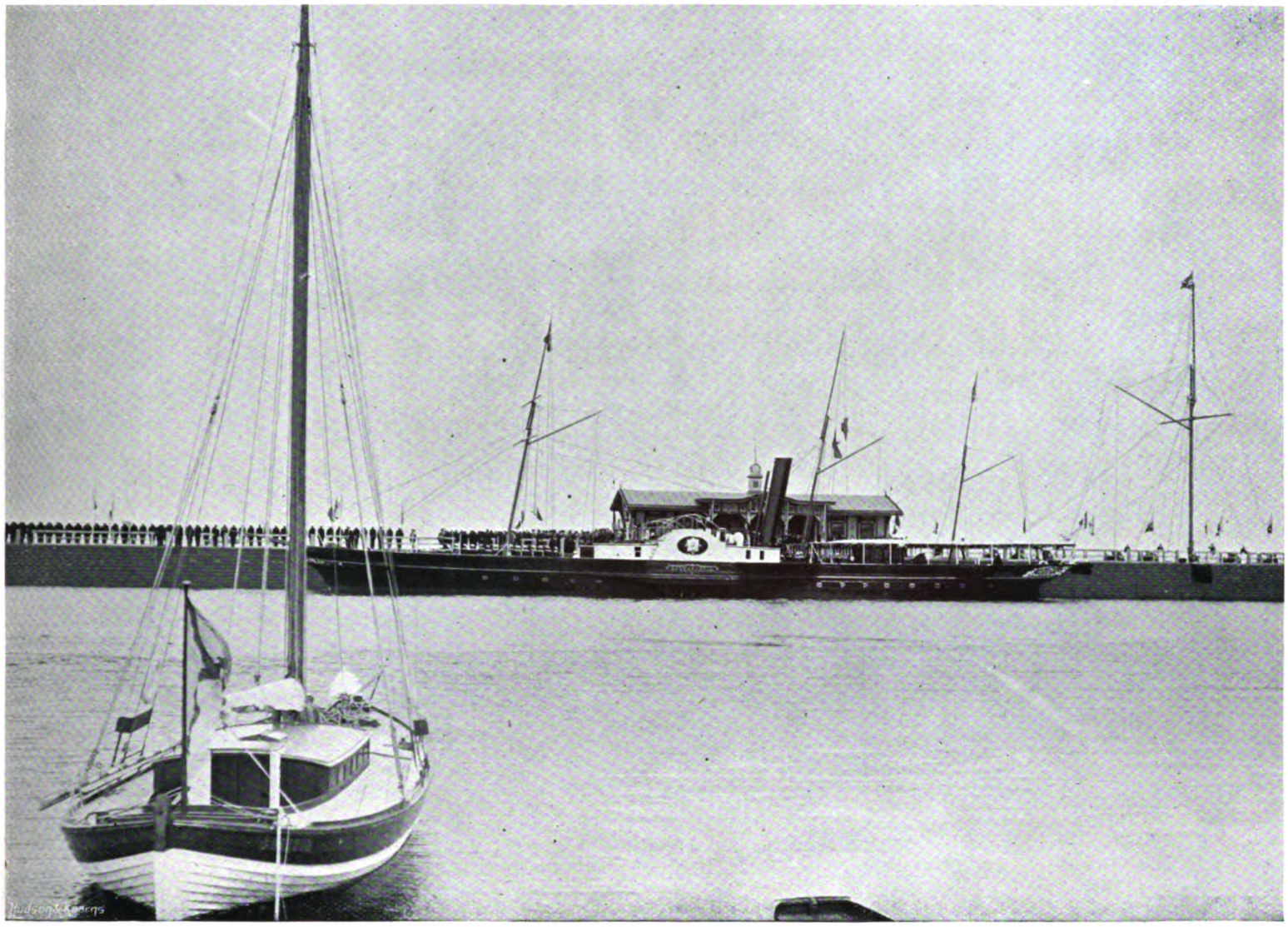
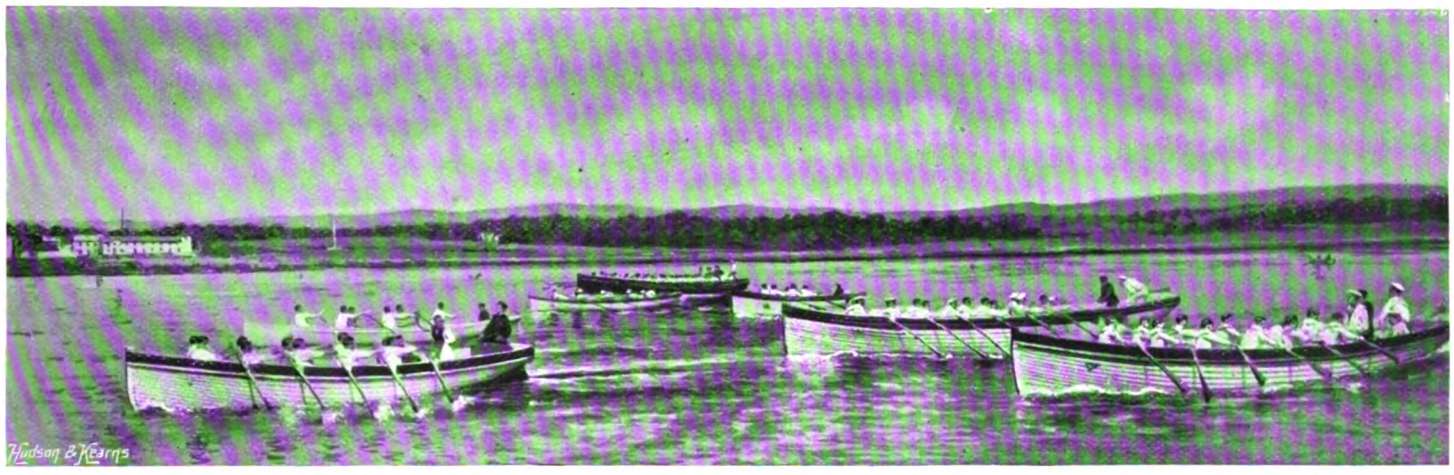


Photo. L. S. de LEVITSKY. *St. Petersburg.*

THE IMPERIAL YACHT ARRIVES AT PETERHOFF.

PREPARING FOR A NAVAL REGATTA.

NEXT to his ship's place in the fleet or squadron to which she may belong for general smartness and efficiency at drill evolutions, the sailor thinks most perhaps of his ship's boating record, if one may use the term, in the various trials and matches that periodically come off at all foreign stations. Whether in the Channel, Mediterranean, or elsewhere, the fleet or squadron regatta is always a red-letter day in Jack's Calendar, and is looked forward to with high anticipations in all ships in the command. The card of events on these occasions usually comprises competitions for boats of every kind—cutters, pulling ten or twelve oars; galleys, with six oars; launches, pinnaces, and even dinghies. Every rating on board one ship can enter against corresponding ratings in the other ships, and good and valuable prizes can be won. In addition to representative sailing or racing crews from each ship, exciting contests and fine displays of oarsmanship are always forthcoming between boats manned exclusively by officers, warrant or petty officers, marines, stokers, boys, duty crews, day men, domestics, etc. As a means of physical exercise and training also the work of the various ships' boats in preparation for the fleet regattas is looked upon by the authorities as of the highest importance in these days, when there are no spars for muscular exercise aloft as in the olden days.



From a Photo. *BOATS PULLING ROUND THE FLEET.* *By a Naval Officer.*

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

"SPELL OH!" WITH THE STOKERS.

OF all the hard workers on board a man-of-war, none perhaps have a more arduous time of it as a rule than the stokers, of whom we here see three typical examples. It is vain to say that the stoker's duties are anything else. If not engaged in a hot and sweltering stokehold, laboriously shovelling coal into a blazing furnace, he is trimming coal in an almost inaccessible "pocket," or "coal box," as it is grimly styled, situated under the armoured deck and devoid of ventilation. By way of varying his labours, he may be at one time employed as an "oiler" in the hot engine-room, and at another hard at it, begrimed in dirt, sweeping foul and sooty tubes, or cleaning out the accumulation at the backs of furnaces not yet cooled down, or scaling boilers, or cleaning out the filth in the bilge, or clearing up slush by the bucketful. The stokers, however, have their hours of recreation like everyone else on board a man-of-war, and the men we see here are evidently spinning a yarn about their former experiences over a pipe of tobacco and, at the same time, getting a mouthful of fresh air

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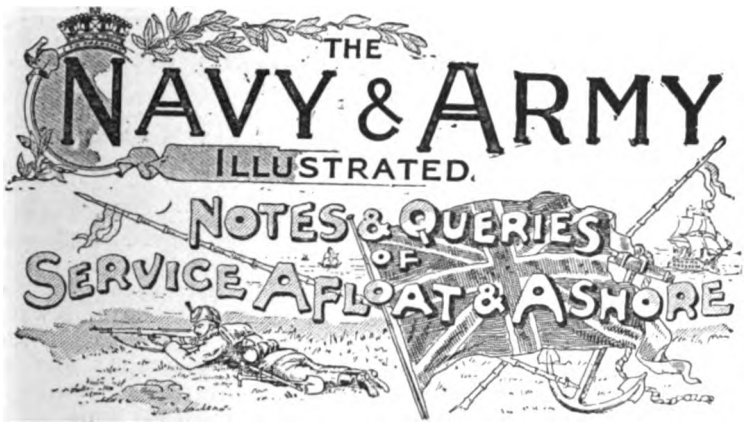

THE origin of the story of "The 'Bedford' in Chase," the name of a well-known public-house on the Common Hard, Portsea, is probably unknown to most of its customers. One night during the war with France, the "Bedford," 74, was cruising. The look-out at the lee cathead, who had fallen asleep, suddenly woke up, saw something, and sung out, "Sail on the lee bow." "Very good," says the officer of the watch, rushing forward, "where is she?" "There she is, sir." "All right, I see her." "How's her head?" to the quarter-master. "S.S.W., sir." "Keep her so. Watch make sail—topmen aloft shake the reefs out, loose topgallant sails." All sail having been made, the middle watch passed away, but no perceptible difference could be seen in the distance of the chase. The deck was relieved, the officer of the morning watch noted the position of the chase. Day broke, and then the chase was clearly made out—the "Bedford" *had chased her own jib-sheet block* nearly all night. There was so much chaff and merriment at the expense of the unfortunate "Bedford" that the name "The 'Bedford' in Chase" was given to a public-house. N.B.—From the lee cathead of the old 74 the jib-sheet block was nearly in a line with the horizon. This is the true story of "The 'Bedford' in Chase."

* * * *

JUDGING by the remarks and questions of correspondents, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that great ignorance prevails among the British public on the subject of the subsidiary services and institutions of the Army. Many who have a general idea of the three arms—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—do not recognise the fact that, to keep the military machine in order, numerous carefully-governed establishments are absolutely necessary. Still less, perhaps, is it understood how important a part is taken by what may be termed supplementary corps in securing efficiency and mobility. Those who form their estimate of our fighting power merely from the number and numerical strength of our regiments, leave important elements out of their calculation. An enumeration of various institutions may be of interest.

* * * *

OF the corps to which allusion has been made above, the most important is the Army Service Corps. On its efficiency and good organisation all other arms depend for their success. The Ordnance Store Department also does indispensable work, for which thorough instruction and a large amount of technical knowledge are required. The Army Pay Department, the Army Medical Staff, the Army Veterinary Department, and the Army Chaplains' Department are each and all responsible for duties absolutely necessary to the well-being of the troops. The Remount Establishment must not be forgotten. It has been of great advantage to the mounted services in furnishing them with the stamp of horse best suited to the work in each particular case. The Ordnance Factories deserve a separate note. It is at present only desired to point out what a complex engine the Army is, and how its welfare is affected by a vast variety of conditions, apart from regimental officers and rank and file.

* * * *

PREVIOUS to 1824 the spirit ration served out in the Fleet in lieu of beer or wine was one half-pint per man. In that year a new victualling scheme was introduced, under which one quarter of a pint of spirit was considered the equivalent of one pint of wine, or a gallon of beer. To compensate the men for this reduction in the spirit ration, a pint of tea or coffee was directed to be made a permanent addition to the existing scale, and to be served out every evening; and two shillings per month was added to the pay of all ranks affected. "It will be obvious," says the Order, "how much this is to the pecuniary advantage and comfort of the ships' companies, while it is confidently expected that the diminution in the article of spirits will conduce to the health of the people, and the good order and discipline of the ships."

"C. J."—Considering that your residence is in Belfast, Liverpool would be the most convenient place to become a volunteer. You should apply to the adjutant of the Liverpool Irish. You may find some difficulty in attending the number of drills necessary to being classed as "efficient." When a recruit (first year), one must, if present at inspection, attend thirty squad, company, battalion, or musketry instruction drills, including the inspection. If enrolled after the inspection, or absent from inspection with leave or through sickness, duly certified, one must attend thirty-two drills. During the second year of service a volunteer to become "efficient" must attend thirty squad, company, battalion, or musketry instruction drills (including the inspection), or such number, not less than twelve, of company and battalion drills (including the inspection) as will, added to the number of drills performed in the first year, amount to sixty. Three of these, however, must be battalion drills. During the third and fourth years attendance at twelve company and battalion drills is required, three of which must be battalion drills. During subsequent years the volunteer must attend seven instead of twelve drills if he has completed the necessary number of drills during his first two years of service and been returned four times as "efficient."

* * * *

A VALUED correspondent, "A. B.," corrects an error in one of my notes in the issue of 16th April, when the date of the epaulette being added to the Naval lieutenant's uniform was stated to be 1825, instead of 1812. In the "British Fleet," p. 508, the correct date is given, and my correspondent clinches the matter with the following quotation from the "Naval Chronicle" for 1812, Vol. XXVIII., p. 334:—

Lines addressed to the Lieutenants of the Navy, upon the change of uniform adopted August 12th, 1812.

Ye gallant subjects of old Davy,
The jolly "Luffs" of Britain's Navy.

* * * * * *

Your claims so often urged in vain,
To that bright prize you've bled to gain
The Regent Prince admits.
That you may be allowed to wear
The Epaulet—badge proud and fair;
He graciously permits.

* * * * * *

No more complain of luckless stars,
Of friends unkind—or bootless wars—
The Epaulet's your own.
No more shall captain, vain and stern,
Nor flippant army subaltern,
Alone the "bullion" wear.
No more marine subordinate,
On deck display the Epaulet
The while your shoulder's bare.

* * * * * *

Now with slashed sleeve and Epaulet,
And trim cock'd hat with neat rosette,
You yield the palm to no man.

* * * * * *

No longer will the fair conceal
The preference they ever feel
For Britain's brave defenders.
Since these the Epaulet display,
They' l soon "cut out" and keep away
All other gay pretenders.

* * * * * *

Right gladly would I tune my lay,
To sing of some "increase of pay,"
As well as ornament.
But such the times, so poor the nation,
'Tis even not in contemplation,
Which we must all lament.

Now let us sing—"Long live the King."
Let ward-rooms all and gun-rooms ring
With this inspiring strain.
Success attend the Epaulet,
And may you soon another get,
Nor let me wish in vain.

M. M.

By the bye, is it known who "M. M.," the poet, was?

* * * *

"F. E. G." wants to know why certain cavalry wear chain shoulder straps. In all probability the custom is merely a survival of the old days of armour, when the shoulders were specially protected by chain work from the chance of a downward sword cut. Chain shoulder straps are still rather favourite items of equipment with Eastern soldiery, and several well-known native cavalry corps wear them. It is possible that epaulettes had the same origin, and it is curious that the gold shoulder strap, which in an officer's tunic and mess-jacket carries the badges of rank, should retain to some extent the same character as the old shoulder pieces, giving the idea that they are meant to protect the shoulders from a downward sword cut. But epaulettes, which in our Army have been replaced by shoulder straps, have from time immemorial been used for marking distinction of rank rather than for any protective purpose, and at various periods have been more of the nature of a shoulder knot than of the substantial appearance they assume in Naval uniform of the present day.

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AMONGST the largest hauls of prize-money ever earned in a single operation was that gained by the force that captured Havannah, in 1762. No less than £368,092 went to the Army, and a similar amount to the Navy. The Fleet was commanded by Sir George Pocock, while the land forces were under the control of the Earl of Albemarle, and each of these officer's share amounted to £122,697. Commodore Keppel's share was £24,539, and General Elliott got the same, while the two major-generals employed received each £6,816. In the Fleet each captain received £1,600, lieutenants £234, warrant officers £118, petty officers £17, and seamen £3 14s. 9¾d. In the land forces the seven brigadier-generals employed got each near £2,000—a little more than Navy captains—and field officers £600 each. In the lower ranks, captains received £184, subalterns £116, sergeants £9, corporals £6 16s. 6d., and privates £4 1s. 8½d.

* * * *

POSSIBLY the following information may enlighten our inquiring correspondent and others with regard to the term "staff," and the composition of cavalry and infantry regiments. It is not surprising that "staff" proves a stumbling-block to the uninitiated. We have the head-quarter staff at the Horse Guards, the army medical staff, the permanent staff of the militia, and the staff of various establishments connected with the Army. Regimental and battalion staff officers, such as adjutant, quartermaster, and riding-master, have no squadron or company duty to do, and are, in fact, the regimental assistants of the commanding officer. In the same way, sergeants who are specially employed are staff-sergeants. A battalion on home strength consists of one lieutenant-colonel, three majors, six captains, eight lieutenants, four second lieutenants, one adjutant, one quartermaster, one sergeant-major, one bandmaster (the last two warrant officers), one quartermaster-sergeant, one sergeant-instructor of musketry, eight colour-sergeants, one orderly-room sergeant, one sergeant drummer, one sergeant pioneer, one sergeant cook, twenty-four sergeants, sixteen drummers, forty corporals, one orderly-room clerk, and 680 privates. A cavalry regiment has twenty-eight officers, forty-three sergeants, and thirty-two corporals.

* * * *

THE long narrow flag or streamer that flies at the main-topmast head on board all British ships of war in commission, from battle-ships to torpedo-boats, is known officially as the "pendant," or, in colloquial style, the "pennant," and in the Royal Navy is the distinguishing symbol of a man-of-war in commission. It may be called the ensign of authority on board ship. The pennant goes back for its origin to the days of mediæval chivalry, when every chieftain or knight, wherever he went, whether serving in the field or on board a ship, had his own distinguishing flag, blazoned with heraldic devices, borne at the head of a lance by a man at arms. If several knights were embarked in one ship, that ship displayed aloft the flags of all the knights as emblems of individual presence.

THE EDITOR.

Prizes for Photographs.

TWO OF £10 10S. EACH. SIX OF £2 2S. EACH.

THIRTY CONSOLATION PRIZES.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

One half of the above number of Prizes will be awarded for Naval subjects, and the other half for Military.

On the cover of this and future issues will be found a coupon, which must be cut out and sent in by those wishing to compete. Every coupon will give one chance for a Prize.

The points in each case which will be taken into consideration are, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; second, excellence of photography; and, third, suitability for reproduction; the final decision in every case resting with the Editor.

Amateurs only can compete.

Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the subject. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be packed carefully, and the package should be marked on the outside "Photographic Prize Competition." Bromide or platinotype prints are unsuitable.

The competition will close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume. For fuller details see "Notes and Queries" Nos. 38 and 39 of the present volume.

Why Do Women Marry Sailors?

By CICELY MCDONELL.

WE are told that "a sailor's wife a sailor's star should be," and surely this is a possible possibility. It must seem to the married sailor that he is always looking at his wife through the wrong end of a telescope; she is generally so far off. He has a wife, it is true, but, compared with other men, only a "little one." On the other hand, a sailor's wife has an unfair proportion of honeymoons.

Why do women marry sailors? Jack certainly has a breezy freshness about him that is very captivating, but when we remember that he is credited with a wife in every port the legal distinction is a very great point. But so many things are said that are not true. The soldier loves and rides away; the sailor cannot, perforce, see much of his wife, but, like the proverbial parrot, he doubtless "thinks the more."

Sailors are sentimental souls, and in the long night watches many tender thoughts turn to the dear women at home, who are anxiously awaiting news of their safety, and to the children, to whom "father" is little more than a name.

Sailors ought not to marry—their superior officers say so, and they must be right; but what will you? After a long voyage how delightful to feel that a pretty woman listens with breathless interest, with beating heart, and with parted lips to your tales of peril and adventure! Fairy tales, probably, but none the worse for that. "Men were deceivers ever," and who can say "That is not true"?

Besides, the best of husbands can degenerate into shocking bores, and the occasional absences are bearable. A captain's wife once remarked, "John is an old dear when he's away, but it is hard to keep him in a good temper when he's at home!" Of course it is, because belaying-pins are not handy.

Seriously, a woman who marries a sailor must be prepared for a simple, frugal, and somewhat lonely life. The pay is small, and the ship's commission generally three years; so for three years she cannot see her husband, unless she can afford to follow him at their own expense, and settle in the station to which he has been ordered. Once there, however, the officer's wife has a really good time. Her position is assured, and the residents hasten to call upon her; she is made truly welcome, and is invited everywhere. Life abroad is, somehow, brighter and easier than here in England. "It was rather amusing," said a paymaster's wife, "when I was visiting in the States. I was continually being introduced and announced as 'Mrs. Chose of the British Fleet,' just as if I had been an Admiral, and no amount of explanation could remove the misconception. But the kindness I met with was beyond praise, and all the time my husband's ship was at Vancouver Island, I had the happiest experience, and made many delightful friends."

A sailor's wife may not live on board. She can only go as a visitor to her husband's ship, and this is one of the great differences between the Services. The Navy is strong, but has no "strength"; the wives are practically ignored, though officially provided for by pension should their husbands die in active service, but not necessarily in action. Should the husband die in action, or within three months after from wounds received, his wife gets a higher rate of pension.

A bluejacket joins the Navy for twelve years, and if on completion of this term he enters for a fresh period of ten years, it may be safely assumed that his prospects are good—that he means to rise. It is probably at this critical juncture that his manly heart begins to glow, that he feels a desire to marry and "range" himself. We have heard of sailors marrying nice girls and leaving them a few hours after the ceremony, knowing full well they will not meet again for several years. Indeed, not so long ago, as a sequence to one of these strange matches, the young wife went down to Portsmouth to welcome back her errant husband, after three years more or less long. With anxious glance she scanned the ship; so far as she could see, her husband was not there. As she waited on the landing-stage *he* passed her, *she* looked at him, and neither recognised the other! And no doubt this is only one instance of many.

It has been remarked that sailors' wives enjoy things easily, that they are not *exigeante*. No doubt this is because they have to make their own life and take things as they come. They are not so dependent on their husbands for amusement and companionship as other women, and when

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they do meet again, there is so much to talk about, so many outside topics of interest, that Mary or Jane fall into insignificance, and the usual monotonous topics of children and servants do not, thank Heaven, "come aboard, sir!"

The mere fact that they themselves are here, their husbands there, make the letters written and received worth having. The rate of foreign postage (small as it is) limits us to so many sheets of paper, and there is no need to write trivialities. Surely it must be much nicer to get a letter telling of life in a foreign country than a business slip to the effect that one's husband is "sure to be late this evening, so don't wait dinner. Awfully busy; go to your mother's without me. Can't bother about theatre to-morrow. Yours in haste, JAMES." Residents in the East, say Hong Kong or Calcutta, tell us that almost everyone they meet is interesting; either just arriving or just going away, with many adventures to relate, full of topics of all sorts, not merely talking of the weather or the latest craze in art.

And, *à propos* of marrying, how much more important and romantic does a Service wedding seem compared with the ordinary everyday affair. Think of the distinction lent by the uniforms of the bridegroom and his friends, and then of the extremely prosaic effect of the ordinary frock-coat and grey trousers.

Without prejudice, one may be pardoned for thinking that the manly forms contained in those smartly epauletted coats and pledged by solemn oaths loyally to serve Queen and country—disciplined to obey even the most uncongenial orders without demur—must be tenderer and more chivalric in their bearing where women are concerned than the cool, hard-headed man of business.

Think of the delight of the bride-elect while planning the details of the all-important ceremony which is to lift her out of the money market and deposit her in the Royal Navy. "Money is cheap to-day," in her estimation, as compared with glory and renown.

"Jack will wear his uniform, of course," we can almost hear her saying to "those who don't know,' "and my bridesmaids will have white serge yachting dresses trimmed with narrow gold braid, and caps with my name on the band, 'Miranda'—won't it be sweet!" And the admiring friends declare that the idea is "quite too perfectly sweet," and that they long to see Jack in his finery.

A Service Wedding.

"Oh! his uniform's a dream," ejaculates Miranda, and straightway lapses into a rapt contemplation of her happiness.

The longed-for day arrives; and who shall say (whatever comes after) it is not the happiest in a young girl's life. The church is full of well-wishers; the bridesmaids are pretty and self-consciousness; father and mother agitated; Jack, handsome and a little nervous; the groomsmen (officers too) *débonnaire* and ready for conquest. If near enough to the port or station, the aisle is probably lined with men from the ship; and it is safe to say that any one of them would willingly, and at a moment's notice, "shiver his timbers" for the pretty bride who is about to enter the Service. Only the remembrance of the sacred building deters them from giving way to the well-known man-of-war's man salute as the young couple come down the church, "spliced" in a knot there's no undoing—at least, so Mr. W. S. Gilbert said, some years ago. "Oh! happy young hearts." May God's blessing go with them! The organ rolls out "Rule, Britannia!" (in addition to the conventional "Wedding March"), and there is an appropriateness in thinking that Britons, meaning doubtless sailors' wives, never shall be slaves; for they can do as they like during certain periods, whether they wish to or not. The wedding cake is adorned with a sugar ship; the table decorated with floral anchors or flags, and the voyage of wedded life is begun under the most auspicious surroundings; and when the happy pair depart for the harbour where they fain would be, they leave behind them good men and true, competent to play havoc with the hearts of the bridesmaids in the most approved fashion.

Then how delightful it is to be able to draw one's husband's pay. No shakes and quakes as when one has to say, "Oh! John, I want you to give me a little money to-day," and the rejoinder (in a voice like a thunderstorm) is, "Money again!" or words to that effect. The Admiralty is reasonable enough to argue that a wife must have money, so every facility is given, within limits, for a wife to draw a proportion of her husband's pay. If she spends it all at once, *tant pis pour elle*—she cannot get any more till the next time.

Sailors are generally tender-hearted and chivalrous where women are concerned, the best of good company, ready to amuse or to be amused, to sing, dance, or play.

When the moment of danger arrives there is little time for aught but action, or, harder still, a passive inaction. To meet the inevitable with a brave face needs all the courage at our command, but sailors are brave men. Let all who are spared such experiences be reverently thankful. The bitterest pang of all is the remembrance of those dear ones at home, on whom these crushing blows fall with such heart-breaking force. If only we could help them bear the shock—if only we could see them once again!

Life is made up of partings and meetings, and the return of the ship is eagerly watched for. There is much to tell on both sides; let us hope (unlike Miss Elizabeth Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice") there is not "much to conceal." A sailor's wife may become a sailor's widow, but not destitute, for a small pension is allowed by Government for her and her children, and in most cases this amounts to a sum equivalent to the maintenance of a modest home. Whatever it is, it is certain, and there are educational privileges that can be obtained, and generous purse-strings are loosened when occasion requires. To help the widow and the orphan is a noble privilege, though perhaps not sufficiently appreciated; but all can remember the ready response to the "Victoria" Fund and the good intentions of the donors.

A sailor's wife, too, has sometimes troubles to face alone, that none but her husband can adequately share. He is perhaps on a voyage or away on the usual commission; the tiny babe, that he has never seen, sickens—and dies. God's ways are the best, but sometimes difficult to understand; and the poor young mother, stricken with grief, by the little one's empty cot, knows there is only one on earth who could comfort her, and he is o'er the seas. Occasionally it happens that a change of station enables her to join her husband for a time, and the different conditions of life abroad, and new friendships, bring sunshine where all was sorrow and shadow.

Sailors are foremost in deeds of daring; and the poet tells us that they have a special little cherub doing duty on their behalf up aloft. With regard to women, we are assured in the most specific language that "they *all* love Jack"; and though that statement is open to argument, it is certain that many do, and, while fully realising the conditions of such a union, are proud to become sailors' wives.

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Stage Fights and the Duello on the Boards.

By F. Hamilton-Knight

"The West End."

"Strip your sword stark naked."

"FROM gay to grave, from lively to severe," from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the—well, from whichever opposites the platitudinarian may elect to chortle about, in the matter of variety your stage fight shall provide you with an almost endless selection to choose from. The comic, the tragic, the melodramatic, the burlesque, they are each and all delightful in their own particular ways; but taking them all round, for sheer unadulterated side-splitting fun, commend me to the real old-fashioned tragic combat, if you can get it in these degenerate days. I have seen, aye, I have even had the distinguished privilege of taking part in representations of the legitimate drama in which the terrific combat in the final act was "starred on the bills" as the great attraction of the night's entertainment. Let us suppose that the play of the evening is Richard III. Very well, the threepenny gallery and sixpenny pit have borne with exemplary patience a more or less garbled version of the text, Cibber, gags, and all the well-worn traditional business in expectation of the culminating moment of extreme excitement. Richmond, with an army of four, having marched "into the bowels of the earth," prepares for the final struggle, and at length is rewarded by meeting his horrid foe at the head of a mighty host of five. Crookback, having lost a whole stable full of horses during the fray, and having uselessly exerted himself in slaying some dozen or so wrong men, is naturally taken at a disadvantage; but, consumed by a laudable desire neither to lose his night's salary nor to baulk the gods of their enjoyment, he dashes to the wings, throws away the trusty blade, which would never stand the shock of half a dozen cuts heartily laid on, and returns armed with a terrific (property) basket-hilted broad-sword. Richmond, being of an accommodating disposition, does likewise, and the rival armies retire behind the scenes to wage the battle of Bosworth (in "another part of the field") by vigorous, resounding blows upon their tin helmets and hauberks. The champions being left alone gird up their loins and fall to with a vengeance. Round eights, fours, head cuts, leg cuts follow one another in reckless profusion, each blow striking "fiery off, indeed," for unless each stroke is accompanied by a shower of sparks the gods think they are being cheated of their full value. At length Richard is driven to his knees, yet still he fights valiantly round and round the stage, and not until their arms can no longer wag does Richmond give him the final death-dealing blow Even then the appetites of the gallery are often unsatisfied, and they clamour for the dead tyrant to "get up and have another round." I must, however, say that I have never witnessed a second set-to, altho' I believe such a thing is not unknown. Such a combat as this, and I have by no means exaggerated, done in the rough, by a scratch provincial stock company, I take to be the most humorous of all stage fights. Ten to one the actors have had but little time to rehearse it sufficiently, and to listen to their audibly-expressed maledictions at one another's forgetfulness of the hastily-arranged business of the fight is, like the late lamented Charley's Aunt, "enough to make a cat laugh."

Even when these encounters between mail-clad paladins are approached in the most correct and reverent manner, there always seems to me to be a plentiful lack of reality about them. I suppose we moderns are not attuned properly to the clash of armour and the furious hacking and hewing of two-handled swords. Any way, when the blows begin to fall, my irreverent mind all unconsciously reverts to the clatter of a tinsmith's shop.

A good story is told of a certain author whose opinion of his own work is by no way of the meanest. On one occasion he produced one of his masterpieces, in the last act of which a fight had to take place between two of the characters. These two parts were played by two eminent actors whom we will call Jones and Smith. When the time came to rehearse the fight, Jones arranged with Smith that they should only exchange a few passes and that Smith should then receive his *quictus*. So far all went well, but when the author came to see "his duel" gone through, he was horrified. "No, my dear fellows. I must have a much longer and more stirring fight than that, much longer." "Oh yes, my boy," replied Jones, "but we don't have long fights now-a-days; why even in Macbeth I only do a few passes." "Macbeth! Macbeth!" screamed the author, "Why, the fight in Macbeth is not *led up to* like mine is!" *Tableau.*

One might roughly divide stage fights into combats such as I have endeavoured to describe above, fights proper, the *fracas*, brawling and unpremeditated, as the several encounters in "Romeo and Juliet;" and the duel. It is the latter, unquestionably, I think, that is most effective. The punctilious preparations, the grave courtesy of the principals and their seconds, the examination of the pistols or the measuring of the rapiers, the silent but ominous doctor in the background: all these tend to incite the interest of the audience and work them up to the proper pitch of excitement.

I am sure that no one who has witnessed the celebrated duel scene in "The Corsican Brothers" is ever likely to forget it, more particularly if they were fortunate enough to have seen it at the Lyceum, under "The Chief's" management.

A scene to be effective from the front need not of necessity be intricate, costly or gorgeous; indeed, the tendency of managers for the past ten years or so has been to overload not only the play itself, but the treasury also, by totally unnecessary and absolutely hampering extravagance. I recall, in an unsuccessful farcical comedy produced some years back, one scene, intended to represent the drawing-room of an ordinarily well-to-do middle-class man, the furnishing of which alone cost nearly a thousand pounds.

An eminent critic once devoted an entire evening in delivering to me an enthralling disquisition upon stage cups and goblets—the good old-fashioned property goblets of our youth, from which the actors quaffed deep draughts of nothingness. He summed up thusly: "Why, I or any other fool can go on the stage and drink a glass of wine! What I delight in is the artist who persuades me that he is really drinking from a gilded cup that I know contains nothing. He is a true dramatic conjurer, and the whole art of the Drama is *conjuring*." "*The whole art of the Drama is conjuring!*" He condensed the entire philosophy of Talma, Diderot, and a hundred other writers into that one commonplace but pregnant expression. But I must ask pardon for this slight digression, it was borne upon my mind by the duel scene I referred to above, and it will serve to exemplify a matter which I have to touch upon later.

Of all the wonderful stage pictures given to the public by Sir Henry Irving I can recall nothing finer than "The Forest of Fontainebleau." One absolutely felt the icy atmosphere of the place, and the chilling keynote of the scene served its admirable purpose in accentuating the deadliness and implacability of the combat between Château Renaud and Fabien dei Franchi; and yet I dare venture to say that it was less costly and less laborious than many of the great Lyceum scenes that have succeeded it. The genius of the artist and manager conjured with our senses, and, as is often the case, by the simplest means.

And then the fight itself! Who will ever forget that stern figure of avenging destiny against whom all the powers of the accomplished duellist were unavailing? For that one scene alone one may forgive the many obvious faults of this somewhat paltry melodrama.

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But now let us cross the road and look in to witness another duel scene, which, although it does not thrill, makes our sides so to ache with laughter that we would fain cry "enough!" Was there ever a more dapper gentleman than the Châteaurenauld of the incomparable Nellie Farren? or a more dainty Montgiron than Connie Gilchrist, who provided "her own snow" in the shape of a torn-up sheet of note-paper? or a more humorous Fabien dei Franchi (a marvellous burlesque, withal in excellent taste) than "Teddy" Royce? Alas! that the recalling of bygone times should be so often tinged with regret. "Nellie," it is to be feared, will never more delight "The Boys" as in the brave days of old. Royce, though happily recovered from his dreadful illness, has never regained the position he once held (though holding it in the affectionate remembrance of his countless admirers); and "The Child" has forsaken the boards she used to grace for the glories of a coronet and the joys of a first flight in the hunting-field.

Many playgoers will recall another most effective duel: I refer to the combat in Bronson Howard's excellent play, "The Old Love and the New," between Edmund Leathes and Arthur Dacre. Again a sad reminiscence. Leathes, who was one of the most accomplished swordsmen that ever trod the boards, is no more, and the sad tragedy of the other is fresh in our minds. This duel, I need hardly say, was fought with rapiers; indeed, in the matter of picturesque effect the duel with pistols suffers in comparison with the sword duel. The combatants there have little chance for any display of emotion, save, indeed, as when Bob Acres, in an agony of comic fear, lets his valour ooze out of the soles of his boots. But taken seriously, the pistol duel seems to lack the interest and excitement of a good display of swordsmanship, although they do but fight in jest. Why! in a pistol duel the actors are compelled to aim *anywhere* except at their adversary, lest a stray wad should put out an eye or damage a nose; whereas in a cleverly-managed sword duel between first-class fencers, or between men who at least understand the rudiments of the science, the audience can be worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. At the first "affair of honour" in which I was privileged to play a part, having received my opponent's fire, I proceeded to die, more or less gracefully, but, sad to say, too near the footlights; so that when the scene was changed to an interior front, my gory body still cumbered the ground. The stage manager, in an audible whisper, called on me to "come off;" but dead I was, and dead I did remain, until, amidst the shrieks of the audience, four stolid supers marched on and unceremoniously carted the corpse away. I died "higher up" ever after.

The East End.

Of course, in stage fights, even as in the best-regulated families, accidents will happen; but it is very, very seldom that they take place between actors of experience (in fact, to revert for an instant to what I have mentioned above), actors who have learned to conjure, not only with the feelings of the audience, but, above all, that which is the whole secret of success, with their own emotions as well. Your tyro fondly imagines, because he or she feels acutely the suitable emotions or passions of a situation, that it follows of necessity that the audience is equally impressed; this, of course, is a fallacy that is only to be corrected by studious care and observation Your young actor, when he has to strike a blow on the stage, is apt to "let himself go," with the result that many a bout of real fisticuffs takes place, when the curtain has fallen, between injured experience and too energetic inexperience. I remember two actors who played "Macari" in "Called Back," both of whom made such a vigorous onslaught on the person of Anthony March that the unfortunate performer of that part had to wear, under his dress coat, which, by the way, was religiously cut to bits every night, a thick leather pad in order to protect his back. That was years ago, and I would like to wager that if either of the gentlemen I refer to were to play the part now, the assassination would prove as effective as ever, but that the Anthony March would no longer go on in fear or trembling. They have learnt to conjure by this time.

I have no doubt but that some gay controversialist will traverse my dictum and arrange against me "The Paradox" or his own opinion, or perhaps the fact (or fiction) that the great W. C. Macready was wont to wrestle with a ladder at the wings and use awful imprecations in order to work himself up to the proper degree of frenzy before dashing on the stage to astound and terrify his audience. If such were the case, I should venture to reply that that was just about the very thing one might have expected from the great Macready. A man who persistently belittled and decried the art whereby he achieved wealth and fame, the art to which he owed his very existence, may not unnaturally have been expected to resort to extraordinary measures to arrive at "the sticking point." When I see Forbes Robertson or Willard resort to fantastic monkeyings before going on the stage, in order to get into their parts, then, and not till then, shall I believe in the necessity of ladder shaking or real hard hitting. Five and twenty years ago I was whipped and sent to bed for venturing an opinion that Irving was as great an actor as Macready. I had dared to dispute with "an elder and better." Well, as I had never seen Macready and he had never seen Irving, I failed to appreciate why *I* was punished. I suppose it was because I was little. Anyway, I hadn't read Macready's diary then or I might have scored off him. Oh, what a monumental example of pharisaic priggishness is that same diary; but there—that's another article.

As for managers who allow underpaid and incompetent novices to go on and kill in earnest, their only proper place is the prisoner's dock of the nearest assize court.

In previous articles which I have had the pleasure of writing I have pointed out the impossibility of approaching any subject connected with the Stage without referring to Shakespeare; like "King Charles's Head" he will keep bobbing up, and though ostensibly only a "foil play," the duel in "Hamlet" ends in such a general slaughter that it demands some mention whilst on the subject of Stage fights. It has always appeared to me that the interchange of foils between Hamlet and Laertes, which might be made so easy, so obvious, and so natural, is always more or less bungled. I have seen the exchange done badly, ludicrously, and cleverly, but never naturally. One Hamlet stamps on Laertes' foil, and tenders his own; another, by an acrobatic performance, catches Laertes' foil behind his own back and then makes the exchange; another throws his foil to Laertes, and so on; as long as the "business" has not been done before it doesn't matter. They must *all* be *original*, if not natural. Perhaps the stage direction: "then in scuffling they change rapiers," is responsible in a great degree for this.

I venture to maintain that no "scuffle" is necessary, and that the exchange can be made with dignity, simplicity, and grace. I do not presume to offer any suggestion as to how this should be done, but I have long ago worked it out in my own mind.

I have delayed too long, however, in coming to the really serious portion of this article, "An historical review of the duello in all its various forms, as played upon 'the boards,'" a description of all the many forms and methods of duelling that have existed since the first man in the iron age dug his knife into his friend for stealing his dinner, or his wife—it didn't matter much in those days. Indeed, a full, true and particular account of "The Gentle Art of Pinking One's Friend," as practised by gentlemen and—others. At the risk of being accused of vanity, I may say I doubt whether anyone else—but, even as I write, the names of Captain Hutton and Mr. Egerton Castle come to my mind; and as I would not for the world desire to deprive either of those gentlemen of the lustre that attaches to their most able and interesting researches, I will take the advice of old Brer Rabbit "an' lie low and say nuthin'."

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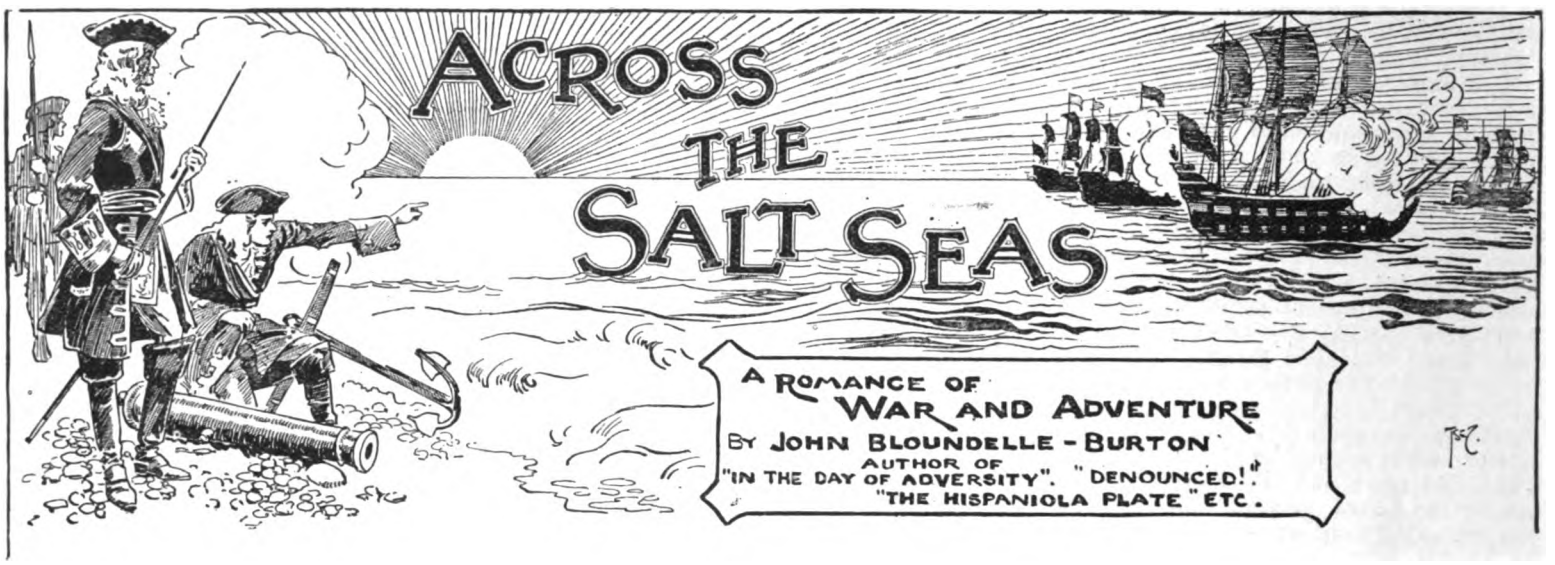

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The hero, Mervyn Crespin, has escaped from the prison of Lugo, where he was lying under sentence of death, in consequence of a hazardous ride which he set out upon from Vigo (of which town he has taken part in the capture), with the intention of joining the English forces under the command of Marlborough in Flanders. He has originally been despatched by the Earl on a mission to the British Fleet, which was expected to be at Cadiz (but which, he finds, had left for England), as the bearer of important information, to the effect that some Spanish galleons from the West Indies had altered their destination and, instead of going to Cadiz as they intended, had, on hearing that the English Fleet was in the neighbourhood, proceeded to Vigo. On his way to the former place he encounters a man whose name is supposed to be Carstairs, and whom he and the master of the ship regard as a pirate. Meanwhile, he by chance falls in with the English Fleet proceeding home, is enabled to convey the information he carries to Sir George Rooke, and goes with it to Vigo. After the battle, which is fully described, he is sent to board one of the captured galleons, and here he encounters a young Spanish gentleman, as he supposes, who has been a passenger in the ship, as well as a monk named Father Jaime. Eventually, he sets out for Flanders on the above-mentioned perilous ride, the young Spaniard, who has conceived a warm friendship for him, insisting upon being his companion, to which he reluctantly consents. They encounter on their way a series of stirring adventures, culminating in a fight with the Spanish police near Lugo, and, though entering that town in safety, are followed and arrested. Father Jaime has, however, joined them and rendered great assistance in the combat, he appearing no longer as a monk (which he acknowledges himself not to be), but as a traveller, himself on the road to Lugo. As they are endeavouring, however, to escape capture, they overhear a conversation between Jaime and the man Carstairs, who has also arrived here in search of some property which he expected to come in the galleons, and from it they learn that Jaime, far from being a monk, is no less a person than the renowned Gramont—a pirate loathed in the Indies, but supposed to be long since drowned. Señor Belmonte, the young Spaniard, who has confided to the Englishman that he does not know who his father was, except that he was enormously rich, also discovers now to his horror that Gramont is the man. This, however, is not the only discovery made. As the young Spaniard reels against Crespin on gleaning this intelligence, Crespin in his turn is astonished to find that his companion is a woman and not a man, who has travelled to Europe disguised thus in her hopes of finding Carstairs, whose right name is Eaton, and of punishing him for having robbed her, and also because the galleons would not take women as passengers. All are arrested and imprisoned, Gramont and Crespin being sentenced to death, while Juana, which is the name of the Spanish lady, is protected by the Alcáide of the city, who has fallen in love with her striking beauty. He, however, agrees that her father shall be allowed to escape provided she leaves Spain with him; and, in her misery and despair over that father's crimes, she consents. Crespin regrets his fate the more because he has learned from Juana that her instantaneous love for him at first sight was the principal thing which prompted her to insist on accompanying him in all his dangers. Also, he knows now how fondly he has come to love her. He has, however, been able to escape in the manner recently described, and to follow Juana until he comes up with her in company with the Alcáide. How he made that escape, and the commencement of the duel now in progress, have also been described in the chapters preceding the present instalment.

CHAPTER XXVII. *(continued).*

I CHANGED my tactics, lunged no more, our blades became silent, they ceased to hiss like drops of water falling on live coals or hot iron, almost they lay motionless together, mine over his; yet I still feeling through blade and hilt the strength of that black hairy wrist which held the other weapon. Also, I think, he felt the strength of mine; once his eye shifted, though, had the moment been any other, the shift would have been unnoticeable.

That was my time! Swift as lightning, I, remembering the dwarf's lessons of long ago—why did I remember also the little sniggering chuckle he used to utter as he taught them?—drew back my sword an inch, then thrust, then recovered again with a sharp wrench, and, lo! Morales' sword was flying through the air three feet above his head—he was weaponless! My own was shortened a second later, another moment I should have avenged his assassin's thrust at Juana—yet I could not do it. For he, recognising he was doomed, stood there before me, his arms folded over his breast, his eyes confronting mine.

"Curse you!" he said, "you have won. Well—kill me. At once."

No need for me to say that could not be. In the moment that I twisted his weapon out of his wrist I had meant to slay him, had drawn back my own weapon to thrust it through chest and lungs and back, and stretch him dead at my feet—yet now I spared him.

Villain as he was—scoundrel who would traffic with a broken-hearted woman for her honour and her soul as a set-off against her father's safety, and, while doing so, betrayed the country he served—I could not slay a defenceless man.

His sword had fallen at my feet, one of them was upon it; I motioned to him now to return to the fonda, to begone.

"You have missed your quarry," I said, "'twill never come to your lure again. Away!"

Yet, still standing there before us—for now Juana had once more flown to my side and was sobbing bitterly, her wild passionate words expressing partly her thanks to God for my double safety, and partly her bewailings that her father had gone to his fate—he had something to say. Could not depart without a malediction.

"Curse you both!" he exclaimed once more. "Curse you! Had I known of your trick you should all have burnt and grilled on the *brásero* ere this—ay, even you—wanton!—ere I had let you fool me so."

Then turned away, as though to go back to the fonda. Yet, re-turned again, and, striding back to where the mute stood motionless, his expression one of absolute vacancy—as though, in truth, he was only now become dumb from utter surprise!—he struck at him full in the face with his clenched fist.

"Dolt! idiot! hound!" he said, "was it to aid in such treachery against me as this that I saved you from the Inquisition? God! that I had left them to take your useless life. Dumb fool!"

I, standing there, with Juana still clinging to my neck as she had done since the duel was over, saw the man stagger back and wipe the blood from his lips, saw, too, his hands clench firmly, saw him take one step forward as though he meant to throw himself upon Morales—then stop suddenly, and do nothing. Perhaps, even now, after this foul blow, he remembered that he had once been saved from death by him who struck that blow.

But a moment later, he approached the *Alcáide*, though now humbly and like a beaten slave who sues for pardon, and entreats that no further punishment shall be dealt out to him, and, an instant after, began with fingers and hands and many strange motions to tell his master something—something in a dumb language that was, still, not the deaf and dumb language in common use, and which I myself chanced to know, yet one that none could doubt both of these men were in the habit of conversing in.

He was telling some strange tale, I saw and understood by one glance at my late opponent's face. None could believe aught else who gazed upon it!

At first that face expressed amazement, incredulity—all the emotions that are to be observed on the countenance of one who listens to some story which he either cannot credit or supposes, at best, to issue from a maniac. Yet, gradually, too, there came over the face of Morales another look—the look of one who does believe at last, in spite of himself; also there dawned on it a hideous, gloating expression, such as might befit a fiend who revels in the tortured cries of a victim.

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What did it mean? What tale was that stricken creature telling him by those symbols which none but he understood? What? What?

A moment later we knew—if Morales did not lie to us.

The mute had ceased his narrative, his hands made no further signs, and, slowly, he stepped back again to where the horses we had travelled on stood together, the reins of one tied to the other, while Morales turned to us, his features still convulsed with that horrible expression of gloating.

"I have wronged you," he said, raising his forefinger and pointing it at Juana, who shuddered and clasped me closer even as he did so, "and you," glancing at me. "The treachery was not yours, but another's, unless—unless"—and he paused as though seeking for words—"unless it should be termed otherwise. Say not treachery—but—sublime sacrifice."

"What?" from both her lips and mine. "What?"

"Your father," he said, "had his chance," and again that forefinger was pointed at her. "This poor fool, my servant, went to set him free. The horse was waiting for him, only, instead, it has borne *you* to safety." And now he glanced at me. "Also, there was his sword for him—that by your side."

"My God!—my God!" I heard Juana whisper on my breast.

"Only he, this buccaneer, would not accept it, not take it. He, stained deep with crime as he was, his name an accursed one through all the Indies—men spit upon the ground there, they say, with loathing when they hear it mentioned even now—could bear all things but one. Shall I tell you what that one thing is?" and he glanced again at Juana, a very hell of hate in his look.

But she could only moan upon my bosom and murmur—"My father! Oh! my father."

"He could not bear," Morales went on, "that his child should be what he knew she had become by now—my *friend*———"

"Liar!" I cried. "I will slay you for this!"

"Could not bear that she should bring deeper disgrace than even he had done upon your tainted name. Therefore, he refused to come; therefore, he preferred the flames to which he has gone"—a wild, piercing scream broke from Juana as he said those words--"and—so—so—that there should be nothing rise up to prevent him from going to his death, so that he should put away from him all chance of salvation from that death and oblivion from disgrace, he persuaded this fool that a mistake had been made. That 'twas you, not he, who was to be saved—allowed to escape."

"Mervan, where is that man, Morales?"

"You lie!" I said again. "You lie! Some part of this story is true, some false. Gramont never believed that she would give herself to you, knew that she meant to slay herself the instant she was assured of his safety. Spanish dog! you lie, and I will have your life for it!"

"It is true," he said, hoarsely, "as true as that an hour after you left Lugo he was led out and burnt at the *brásero*—the *brásero* that was prepared for you. Now," and once more he addressed Juana, "you have your lover back again, be happy in the possession. In the knowledge that his life is saved by the loss of your father's. Be happy in that."

Chapter XXVIII.

THE DEAD MAN'S EYES—THE DEAD MAN'S HANDS.

Was Juana dying, I asked myself that night—dying of misery and of all that she had gone through? God, He only knew—soon I should know, too.

Ere I had carried her to the fonda, Morales had disappeared—his afflicted follower with him—ere we reached the miserable room in which she had passed the two nights that had elapsed since she had come here with him who had bartered for the sacrifice of her honour against her father's safety, I heard the trample of horses' hoofs, I saw from the inn window both those men ride swiftly away, their road being that which led on into Portugal.

It was not possible that I should follow him and exact vengeance for all that he had done, or attempted to do, against her; or force him once more to an encounter, disarm him again—and, when he was thus disarmed, spare him no further. Not possible because, henceforth, my place was by her side—I must never leave her again in life—leave her who had come to this pass through her love of me, her determination to follow me through danger after danger, reckless of what might befall.

She lay now upon her bed, feverish and sometimes incoherent, yet, at others, sane and in her right mind, and it was at one of such moments as these that I, sitting by her side, heard her whisper:

"Mervan, where is that man—Morales?"

"He is gone, dear heart, he will trouble you no more. And—and—remember we are free. As soon as you are restored we can leave here—there is nothing to stop us now. My journey through Spain and France can never be recommenced—we must make for England by sea somehow. Then, when I have placed you in safety, I must find my way across to Flanders."

For a while she lay silent after I had said this, lay there, her lustrous eyes open and with the fever heightening and intensifying, if such were possible, her marvellous beauty. For now the carmine of her cheeks and lips was—although fever's ensign!—even more strikingly lovely than before; this woman on whom I gazed so fondly was beyond all compare the most beautiful creature on which my eyes had ever rested. As I had thought at first, doubly I thought now.

Presently she moaned a little, not from bodily pain, but agony of mind, as I learnt shortly—then she said:

"Mervan, why do you stay by my side—why not go at once back to your own land? Why not leave me?"

"Juana!" I exclaimed, deeming that I had mistaken her state, and that, in truth, she was beside herself. Then added, stupidly and in a dazed manner, "Leave—you!"

"Ay, why stay by me? You have heard, know all. Whose child—to my everlasting shame!—I am. The child of that blood-stained man, Gramont. Ay," she said again, "he, that other, Morales, spoke true. There is no name in all the Indies remembered with such hate and loathing as his. And I—I—am his child. Go—leave me to die here."

"Juana," I said, "can you hear me, understand what I am saying—about to say to you—is your brain clear enough to comprehend my words? Speak—answer me."

For reply she turned those eyes on me; beneath the dark, dishevelled curls I saw their clear glance—I knew that all I should say would be plain to her.

"Listen to my words," I continued, therefore. "Listen, Listen—and believe; never doubt more. Juana, I love you with my whole heart and soul—before all and everything else this world holds for me, I love you. I love you. I love

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you," and, as I spoke, I bent forward and pressed my lips to her hot burning ones. "And you tell me to leave you, because, forsooth! you are *his* child. Oh! my sweet, my sweet, if you were the child of one five thousand times worse than he has been, ay! even though Satan claimed you for his own, I would love you till my last breath, would never quit your side. Juana, we are each other's for ever now."

"No! No! No!"

"Yes, yes," I cried, almost fiercely. "Yes. We are each other's alone. You are mine, mine, mine. I have no other thought, no other hope, in all this world but you. If—if—our faith were the same, I would send for a priest now who should make us one—there should be no further moment elapse in all the moments of eternity before you were my wife." As I spoke I felt the long slim hand tighten on mine for an instant, then release it a moment later, but she said no more for a time. Yet the look on her face was one of happiness extreme. After a while, however, she continued.

"The admiral knew," she whispered. "He had found out my secret."

For a moment I could not recall what she referred to—the incidents which had happened in such quick succession since we had quitted the fleet had obliterated almost entirely from my memory the recollection of all that had taken place prior to that time. Yet, now, I remembered, and—remembering—there came back to me Sir George Rooke's strange diffidence after she had seized his hand and pressed it to her heart. Also, I recalled the deference with which he had treated her whom I thought then to be no more than a handsome, elegant youth, as well as my feeling of surprise at that deference. And still, as I reflected over this, there was one other thing in connection with him which also came back to me. His words, to wit, that there were even worse things than shot, or steel, or death to cloud a brave man's career; that many a soldier had gone down before worse than these. And I knew now against what he had meant to warn me—against the woman now lying here sore stricken, the woman whom I loved and worshipped, the girl who had been to me as faithful as a dog.

"So be it," I said to myself. "So be it. If I am to become bankrupt and shipwrecked through my love for her, I must be. Henceforth she is all in all to me, and there is nothing else in my life. Yet, up to now, the admiral's warning has been but little realised—I owe no ruin to her, but, rather, salvation."

For I could not but recall that 'twas through her that any loophole of escape had come to me in the prison of Lugo; to her unhappy father that I owed, if Morales had spoken true, the absolute escape itself.

Even as I sat there meditating thus she moaned again, "My father. My lost, doomed father," and once more I heard her whisper, "His child! His child! The Saints pity me!"

But now I set myself to place that lost father before her in a far different light from the one in which she regarded him—to make her believe and understand that, when almost all in the Indies who had their account with the sea had in their time been much such as he had been, his crimes were not so black as they appeared to her. To also paint in glowing colours that sublime sacrifice—Morales had termed it truthfully!—which he had made in remaining behind whilst I escaped, in dying while opening to me the path to life and freedom. "Juana, my sweet," I said, speaking lowly, yet as emphatically as I could to her, "Juana, you deem his sin greater than it is. Also, remember, 'tis almost certain Morales lied when he said he died, because—because of your flight with him. For, recall—what the vagabond forgot in his rage and hate!—remember that he knew of your resolve, your determination to pretend to give yourself to him in exchange for his safety."

As I said these words, I saw her eyes glisten, saw her head turn more towards me on the pillow—in her face appeared the expression of one to whose mind comes back the recollection of a forgotten fact, a truth.

"*Dios!*" she whispered, "it was so. He knew of my intention. 'Tis true; Morales lied. Yet"—she went on a moment later—"yet that cannot cleanse him from his past sins, purge his soul from the crimes with which 'tis stained."

"Crimes!" I re-echoed, "crimes! Think, recall, my beloved, what those crimes were. Those of a buccaneer, 'tis true, yet not so bad but that all like him were not deemed too sunken in sin to be refused pardon by Spain, by France, even by my own land. Those pardons were sent out to the Indies shortly before he was thought to be lost—had he returned to France then he would have held a position of honour under Louis."

"How?" she asked—and now I noticed that in her face there seemed to be a look of dawning hope, a look, too, as though, with that new-born hope, there was a return of strength accompanied by an absence of such utter despair as had broken her down. "How know that?"

"I was there in the Court when he was tried," I said. "I heard his words—and none who heard them could doubt their truth, no more than they could doubt his fierce denouncement of that unutterable villain, Eaton. Juana," I said, endeavouring to speak as impressively as was in my power, to thrust home now decisively the growing conviction to her heart that Gramont was not the devil he had been painted, "you must teach yourself to think less ill of your father than report has made him. And—and remember, he could have escaped an' he would; it was, as that man said, a sublime sacrifice when he went to his doom."

"But why?" she asked, "why?" Though, even as she did so, I saw, I knew, that in her heart there was the hope and wish to find something that might whiten his memory to her.

"Why?" I repeated, bending nearer to her, speaking as deeply and earnestly as I could—above all, the softened feeling I was endeavouring to bring about in her heart towards that lost, dead father must be made to grow, until, at last, she should regard his memory with pity, if naught else. "Why? Because, as I do believe, as I believe before God, he knew at the last that we loved each other, Juana———"

"Ah, Mervan!"

"Because his life was already far spent, because ours were in their spring, because, it may be, he knew that, with him gone and I escaped in his place, there was the hope of many happy years before you—with me. Of years always together, of our being ever by each other's side until the end. Juana, my beloved, my love, think not of him as one beyond pardon and redemption, but rather as one who purified for ever his erring past by the deep tenderness and sacrifice of his ending."

I had won!

As I concluded she raised herself from the pillows on which she lay, the long, shapely arms met round my neck, the dark, curly head sank to my shoulder. Soon, nothing broke the silence of the room but her sobs. Yet, ever and again she whispered through her tears:

"My father! My unhappy father! May God forgive me if I have judged you too harshly."

Soon after that I left her sleeping peacefully, and with, as it seemed to me, much of her fever gone. But even as she slept, I, sitting watching by her side, saw still the tears trickle forth from beneath the long, deep eyelashes that fringed her cheeks, and knew that in her sleep she was dreaming of him.

Nevertheless, I told myself again that I had won, that, henceforth, the memory of her father's erring life would not stand between her and me—between our love.

The peasants who kept the miserable inn, and whose curiosity as to all that had taken place recently—the arrival of Juana and Morales, the duel, and then the rapid departure of him and the mute, while I remained behind in his place—was scarcely appeased by my curt and stern information that the lady above was shortly about to become my wife, told me that there was no suitable sleeping place for me other than the public room. The other señor, the landlord said, had had to make shift with that, since the one spare room, which the señora occupied, was the only one available in the house. He supposed, he added gruffly, that I, too, could do the same thing? There was a bench—and he pointed as he spoke to a rough wooden thing which did not promise much ease or rest—on which the other señor had slept, also a deep chair in which one might repose easily before the fire. Would that do? Yes, I answered, either would do very well. I was fatigued, and could sleep anywhere. All I asked was that I should be left alone.

This was done, though, ere the man and his wife departed to their quarters for the night, the latter took occasion to make a remark to me. The lady, she said, seemed, if she might be so bold as to say it, to be of an undecided frame of mind. When she and the other señor arrived she had understood that he was the person to whom she was about to be married. It was strange, she thought, that the lady should elope over the border with one señor to be married to another! However, she added, it was no affair of hers.

"It is no affair of yours," I said, sternly, once more. "Leave me alone, and interfere not in our affairs. Your bill," I continued, "will be paid—that is sufficient." Whereon she said that was all that was required, and so, at last, I was left to myself.

Left to myself, to sit in the great chair before the fire and muse on all that had lately occurred to make my journey towards Flanders a failure, to muse still more deeply on the love that had come to me unsought—unthought of—that, when I had at last accomplished my task and rejoined Marlborough, would crown, I hoped, my life.

(To be continued).

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Photo. MARTIN JACOLETTE. *Dover*

Colonel H. R. ABADIE, C.B., Commandant, Cavalry Depôt, Canterbury.

COLONEL HENRY RICHARD ABADIE is well known in the Service as an able and experienced cavalry officer, and will long be remembered as a popular and successful commandant of the Cavalry Depôt, to which he was appointed in 1894. Entering the Service as a cornet of the old 14th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), he subsequently served as a subaltern in both the 17th Light Dragoons (now Lancers) and the 11th Hussars. In 1867-68 he took part in the Abyssinian Campaign, and was present at the action at Arogee and the capture of Magdala. For his services in this campaign he was three times mentioned in despatches. In 1873 Captain Abadie joined the 9th Lancers, and in 1878-79-80 served with distinction in the Afghan War, including the Cabul-Candahar march. For this he received another mention in despatches and a brevet majority. Becoming a lieutenant-colonel in 1881, he subsequently commanded the 9th Lancers, bringing them home in 1885 in splendid condition, and with a grand reputation as one of the best fighting regiments in the Service. In 1891 Colonel Abadie was made a C.B., and three years later was given the command of a regimental depôt. He will be promoted to Major-General on relinquishing his present appointment.

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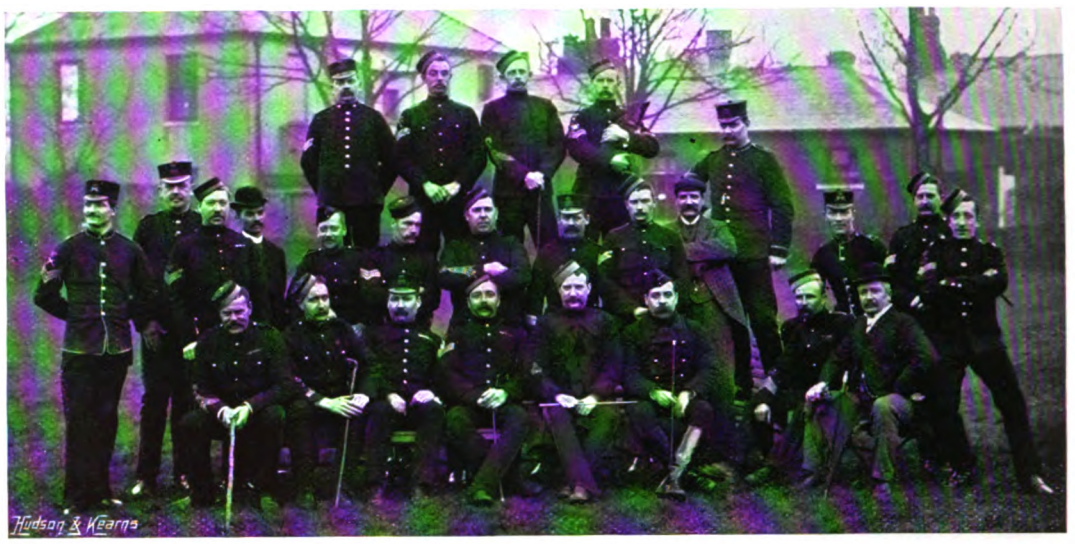
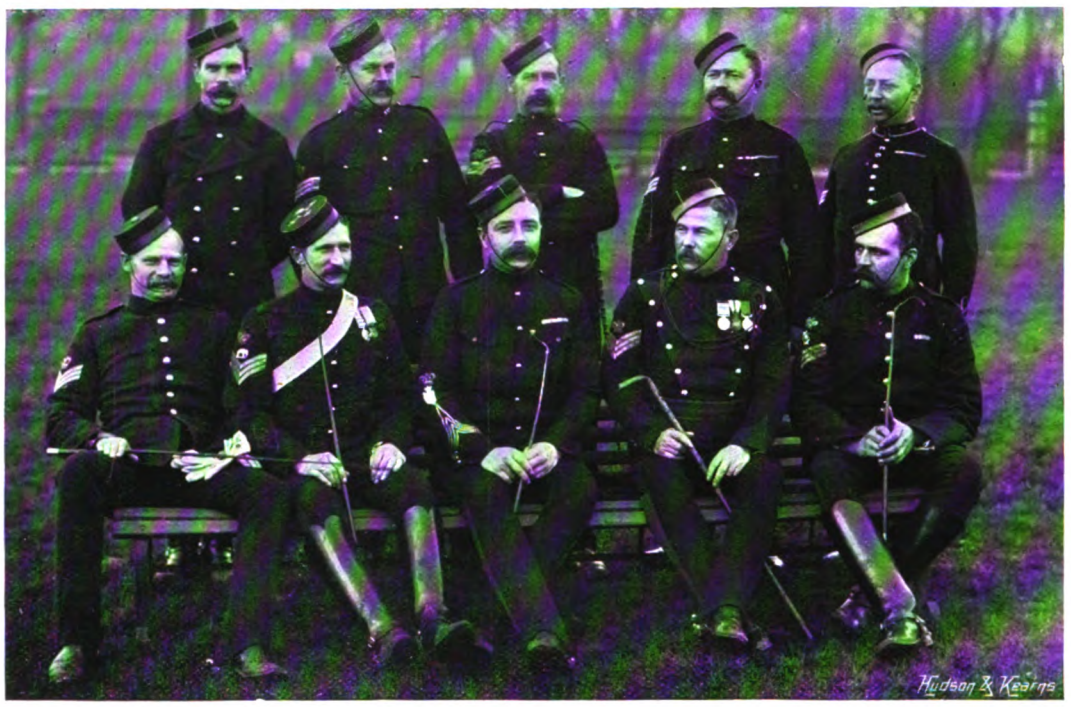
THE CANTERBURY CAVALRY DEPOT.

A RATHER melancholy interest is attached to this fine series of pictures, illustrating a number of important details in the early training of the cavalry trooper. Under the Cavalry Reorganisation Scheme the Canterbury Depôt is being abolished and its establishment dispersed, a proceeding not unnaturally attended by some heart-burning and outspoken criticism. With that, however, we have nothing to do. Our object in presenting this series is to preserve a pictorial record of an institution which in its time has done splendid work, and through which thousands of youngsters have passed from the caterpillar stage of awkward recruithood to the butterfly condition of a smart Lancer, Hussar, or Dragoon. Even to those who in days to come may receive their training on another system, it will be interesting to be taken back to the time when the peace depôts of all cavalry regiments serving abroad were united at Canterbury, and a cavalry recruit could not be drafted to a corps on foreign service without having been brought in contact with officers, non-commissioned officers, and men from nearly every cavalry regiment in the Army.



Cavalry Depôt Staff, Canterbury.



Staff-Sergeant-Majors, Depôt Troops, Canterbury.

Photos. GREGORY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Staff of Riding Establishment, Canterbury Depôt.

The Canterbury Depôt, it may be added, has not only acted as a school and a training ground for recruits destined, on attaining the age of twenty, to embark and join the headquarters of their respective corps, it has also served as a sort of convalescent home for men who have been rendered temporarily ineffective by foreign service. The system has been to allow such men to join the Depôt for a couple of years, pick up their strength, and then rejoin their corps. Doubtless a similar plan will be adopted under the new scheme, but it is questionable whether depôt service will then be quite so pleasant or profiatble as it cannot but be at a great combined establishment like that at Canterbury.

Let us now turn to our pictures. The portrait of the commandant having its own descriptive letterpress, we come first to a group of non-commissioned officers of the Cavalry Depôt Staff. The permanent staff of the Depôt has consisted of five officers, two warrant officers, and twenty non-commissioned officers and men, with twenty horses, the remainder of the establishment being made up of the depôts of the different corps which are serving abroad grouped into a kind of regimental organisation. In our second photograph we have a group of the staff-sergeant-majors of these various depôts, each normally comprising two officers, 100 or more non-commissioned officers and men, and thirty-eight horses. With ten or eleven regiments on foreign service and the depôt troops at anything like full strength, it will be seen that the Canterbury establishment has required some handling, and that without excellent organisation and first-rate non-commissioned officers there might have been constant friction, confusion, and possibly something worse.

The last picture on this page represents the staff of the riding establishment at the Depôt, the superintendent of which, Colonel G. M. Onslow, has long been a familiar figure at the Royal Military Tournaments held annually at the Agricultural Hall. Colonel Onslow is also assistant commandant of the Depôt, and probably no more fitting man for such a post could be found

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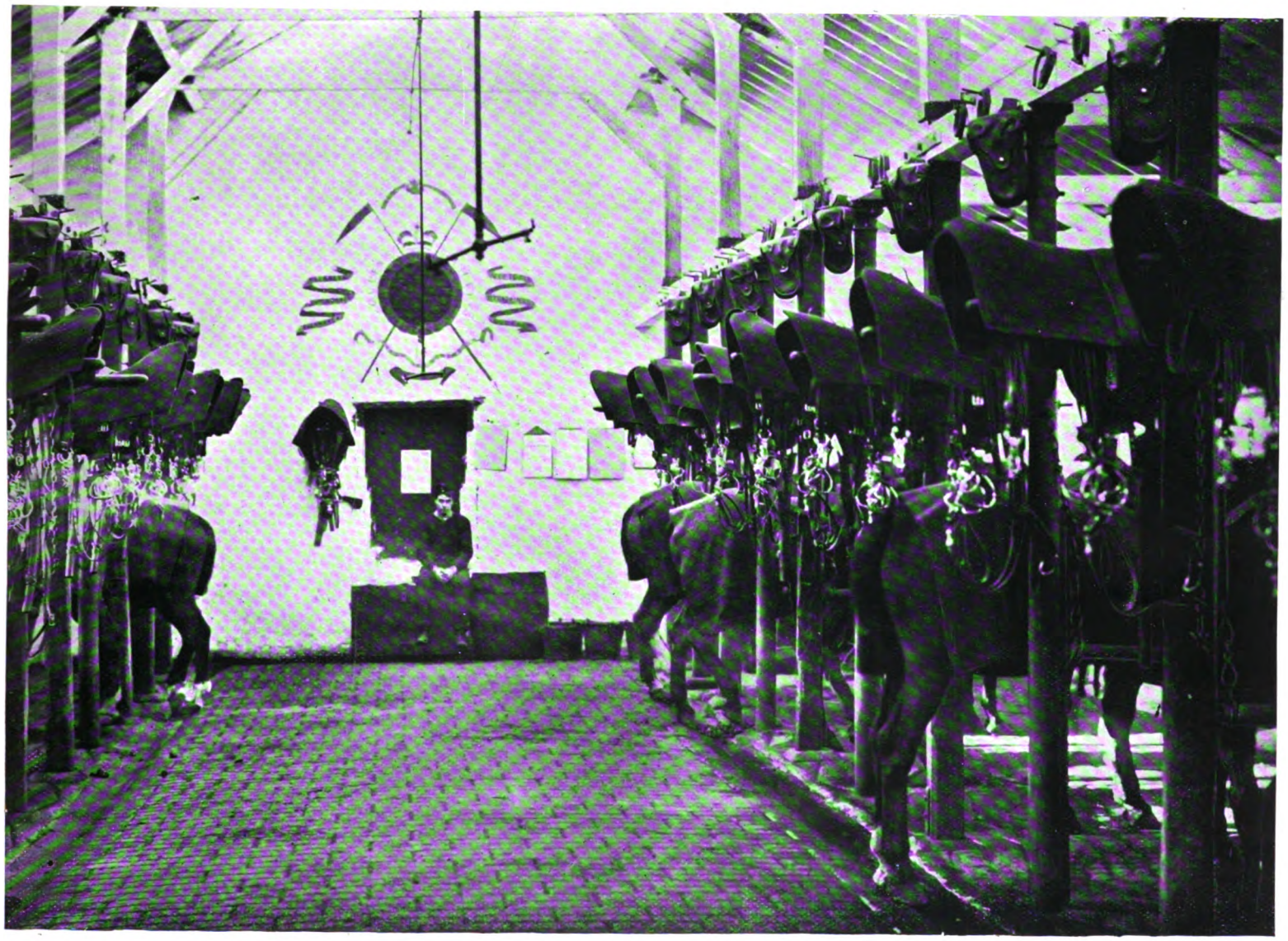
Our next three illustrations give a graphic idea of some very familiar phases of a trooper's life and training. The first brings forcibly into relief the fact that a trooper has something else to do with horses besides riding them. The second shows a trio of recruits undergoing instruction in the mysteries of polishing accoutrements—by no means the smallest or most trivial item in the cavalryman's duties. Only those who know can have any idea of the trouble a trooper has on return from a wet field-day to get his accoutrements clean and in good order for the following day. Yet one questions whether

Stable Guard.

Polishing Instruction.

with all the real fatigue involved, the smart cavalryman—and where is the cavalryman in our Service who is not smart?—would care to have his burnished stirrups or his other well-kept accoutrements replaced by articles which, while giving less trouble to keep clean, would also have an inferior appearance. The soldiers in this group, as in the "bed-filling" picture on page 301, belong to the 11th Hussars, well known wherever the British Army is familiar by reason of their cherry-coloured pants, and always acknowledged to be a pattern of a smart light cavalry corps.



Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEAENS.*

STABLE INTERIOR.

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On the preceding page we have a picture of the stable occupied by the horses of the depôt troop of the Scarlet Lancers, an interior which gives an excellent idea of the mathematical accuracy necessarily observed in everything connected with the economy of cavalry life. Whether the troop-horse enjoys the rigid routine and the uncompromising regularity of his existence it is hard to say. But he certainly becomes accustomed to it, and it is a positive fact that in no Service do horses get better and more devoted attention than they do in a British cavalry regiment.

On this page we see the recruit being trained in the use of his weapons—sword, lance, and carbine—precedence being naturally given to *l'arme blanche*, which from time immemorial has been, next to his horse, the mounted soldier's chief companion. It used to be something of a reproach to the British Army that its swordsmanship was not of a very high order, but nowadays, in the cavalry at any rate, the standard is as high as could be desired, and the training, accordingly, very thorough and complete. Naturally a good share of the credit must be given to the Canterbury Depôt, since the principle on which the latter has been worked is that the recruit should be able on leaving it to take his place in the ranks; and unless a man can use his sabre with some dexterity he can scarcely figure on parade without spoiling the appearance of a whole troop.

Of late years the lance has advanced steadily in favour, and in many regiments besides the lancer corps the weapon is now carried by the front ranks. The illustration shows a ride of Dragoon Guards delivering the first point to the right, a performance highly suggestive of the value of the lance in pursuit of a beaten enemy. It may be remembered in this connection what havoc was wrought among the Zulus after Ulundi by the 17th Lancers, who were enabled to "prod" much more effectively than mere swordsmen could have done in such circumstances. The young soldiers in this picture belong to the 5th Dragoon Guards, a regiment which until lately formed part of the "heavy cavalry" and did not in peace time go on foreign service. Within the last few years, however, it has been converted into "medium cavalry" and put on the roster for service in India and elsewhere. Although dragoons seldom carry the lance with the same ease and grace as a real lancer does, the aspect of a troop of these big men and big horses with the lances in the front rank, and the swords flashing along the rear, is very impressive. The one fault of the lance, which to some extent is indicated in the picture, is that it does not replace any other weapon, and hence causes the soldier to be rather over-armed. A sword, a carbine, *and* a lance together make up an armoury which at any rate the horse who carries them probably thinks at times a little superfluous.

Sword Exercise:—Fourth Guard to Left.

Lance Drill:—Right Front, First Point.

Photos. GREGORY. *Aiming Drill.* *Copyright.—H. & K.*

Here is a group of young—some of them very young—soldiers being instructed in the art of taking aim with the carbine. The latter is rested, as will be seen, on a bag loosely filled with sand and supported on a tripod. The recruit is then told to take aim at some object, moving the butt of the carbine until what he imagines to be the right elevation and direction are attained. When this is done, the instructor takes the recruit's place to see whether the aiming has been properly arranged.

To some young troopers, perhaps, it may be irksome to have to spend so much time over a weapon which is never so dear to a cavalryman as a lance or a sword. But in after years, when his horse has been shot under him, he may be thankful for the instruction.

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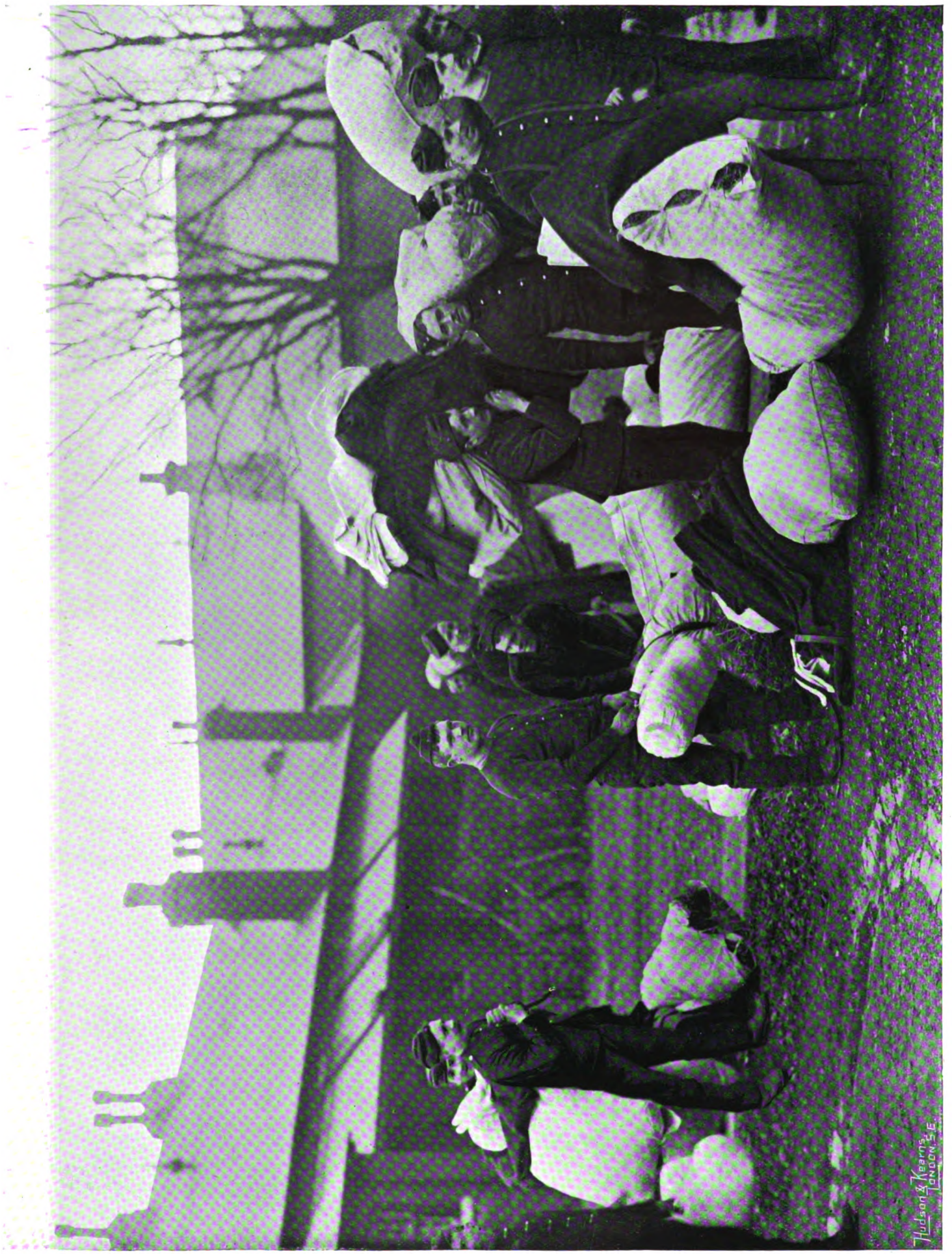

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

BED FILLING, 11th HUSSARS.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand.

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Even healthy young troopers sometimes require medical attendance, and, although the Military Station Hospital at Canterbury is not intended solely for the use of the Cavalry Depôt, no account of the latter would be complete without some mention of this important institution. Description, other than that provided by our picture, is unnecessary, but one may be pardoned for dwelling on the fact that it must surely impress young soldiers to find, on the threshold of their military careers, what care is taken nowadays of the man who falls sick in the service of his country. There were advantages, no doubt, in the old system under which each regiment had its own medical arrangements, but there is no question that the station hospital of to-day is, as regards appliances and nursing and other facilities, very far in advance of any regimental hospital of twenty years back. In the fine building of which we give a photograph the recruit sees an excellent

Military Station Hospital, Canterbury.

example of the class of hospital to be found at home military centres. Later on it is possible he may become acquainted with the sick bay of a troop-ship, with the hospital bungalow in India, or the hospital tent on the field of battle. And in each and every case he will find himself as well cared for and, nature permitting, as skilfully restored to health as he was in the days of his "rookie" service in dear old Canterbury.

The next picture represents an immensely important institution in the British Army, one, too, which is of comparatively recent growth. In the old days one of the blots upon the Service was that for the private soldier all roads seemed to lead to the canteen, just as nowadays they do to Earl's Court. In the evening, in particular, there was practically nothing left for him to do except to turn in or join the festive throng in a bare, uncomfortable room reeking with beer and bad language, and utterly repellent to any but coarse or blunted feelings. This was doubly objectionable, inasmuch as it led the soldier to spend on drink what might be, and now is, much better spent on food. Excellent and satisfying as the rations supplied to the soldier are, there is no gainsaying the fact that an awkward hiatus occurs between tea one evening and breakfast the next morning, a hiatus which ought not to be filled with beer alone. A glance at the photograph of the supper room of the Cavalry Depôt will show how this difficulty has been met, and if it had been possible to secure a picture of this pleasant institution during the hours of business, we may be certain that the scene would have been an animated and cheerful one. For the soldier appreciates as much as anyone, and more than many, the attractions of good, cheap food served amid bright surroundings and with an attempt at refinement as well as solid comfort.

Supper Room, Cavalry Depôt.

Photos. GREGORY. *Officers' Mess, Cavalry Depôt.* Copyright.—H. & K.

The interior of an officers' mess-room is always a pleasant sight, and in this case it is a particularly interesting one. For by reason of its constitution the Canterbury Depôt has always been a temporary home to perhaps as great a variety of uniforms as is to be found for a year at a time in any other military institution except the Staff College. Dragoon Guardsmen, Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars have all been here in their respective war paints, and even the mess dress of some of them is sufficiently gorgeous. Apart from this circumstance, it must have been an exceedingly pleasant interlude in many a cavalry officer's career to have met at one

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time so many men from other corps in his own branch of the Service. There was a time, to be sure, when cavalry officers were not supposed to have many ideas worth exchanging, but nowadays we have altered all that, and in the cavalry are some of the most thoughtful and progressive minds to be found in the Army. Although "shop" is not often talked in a mess-room, it may well have occurred that the

that ambition it is hard to say. Perhaps the sergeant-major himself will cruelly, but in the interests of the Service in general and of his own corps in particular, nip the aspirant's fond hopes in the bud, and send him back with a friendly admonition to try the infantry—or, peradventure, the Militia. But, on the other hand, since very smart cavalrymen have been made out of very much more unpromising material than this,

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

RAW MATERIAL AND THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

forward movement observable in cavalry circles to-day is partly due to the attrition of ideas which is a necessary accompaniment of bringing officers together from a number of different corps.

Here we have Sergeant-Major Johnstone, of the Cavalry Depôt, making a few enquiries of an aspirant who thinks he would like to become in due course something resembling the smart figure before him. Whether he will ever achieve

the man in mufti may be willingly accepted and prove to be a real acquisition to Her Majesty's Army. In point of actual physique he does not seem greatly inferior to his keen-eyed interlocutor, but in other respects it must be confessed that there is a chasm of difference which will take some bridging. Yet, assuming the would-be trooper's ability to stand a not very serious test, the Cavalry Depôt, whether at Canterbury or, under the Reorganisation Scheme, elsewhere, is fully

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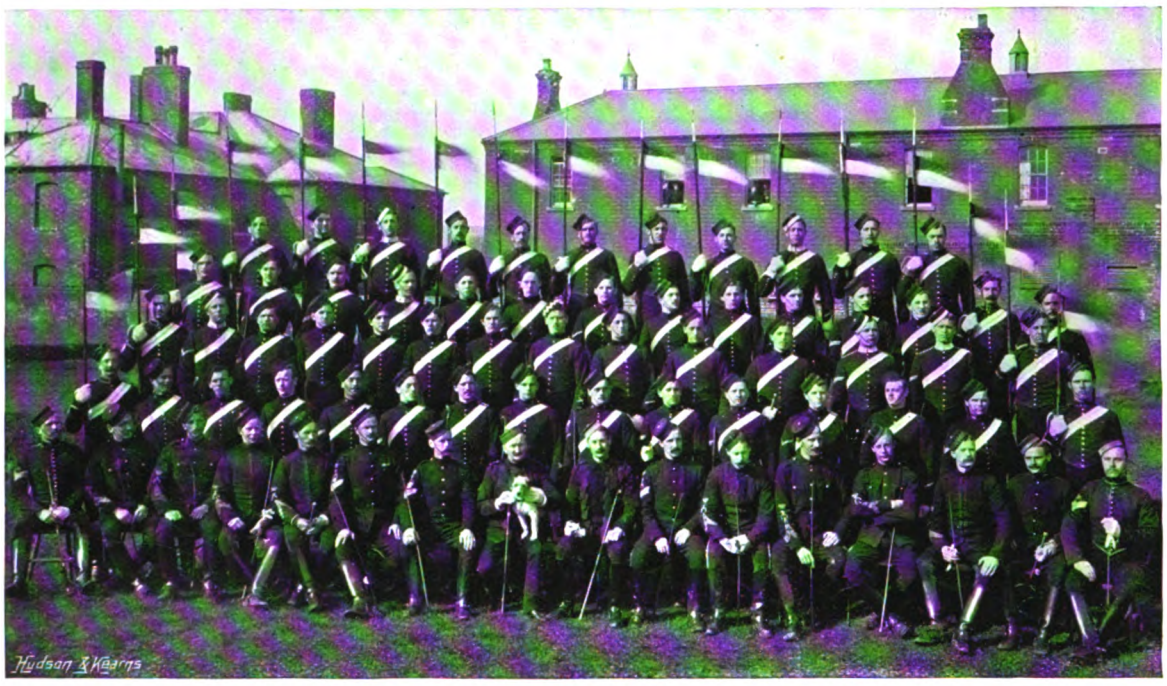
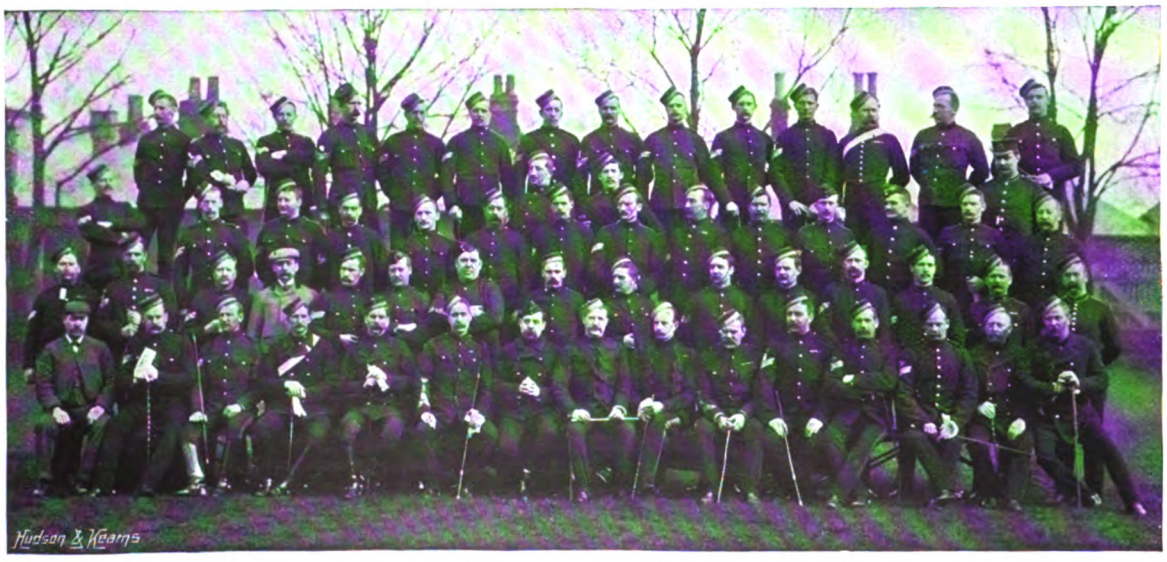
Vaulting Team and Instructors.

equal to the task. It should not take many months of "swagger drill" to give this youngster the easy assurance of the sergeant-major, though it may take some years to produce the same evident capacity to make a private "sit up" and wonder where on earth superior officers learn how to be all smiles and good-fellowship one hour, and a little tornado of inflammatory language the next. Speaking seriously, these two figures are highly typical. Take any single point except height and breadth, and note what has to be done before, even to outward seeming, one can distantly resemble the other. But the difference does not only lie here. The recruit may know as much about horses as the sergeant-major, but it is highly improbable that in any branch of useful knowledge he can come within miles of him. A cavalry sergeant-major nowadays is a man who has seen a great deal, learnt a great deal, and taught others a great deal, and of the class it will be admitted that Sergeant-Major Johnstone seems a first-rate specimen.

"Vaulting ambition," Shakespeare tells us, "sometimes overleaps itself, And falls on t'other side." But when a cavalry recruit is undergoing vaulting instruction, he sometimes finds the obstacle before him much too serious to permit of any excessive acrobatism. To vault upon the back of an upstanding troop-horse is easy enough for a fairly agile man, but to do so with that grace and finish which is required of the cavalry soldier demands, as a rule, a fair amount of careful training and practice. Luckily the horses, especially at Canterbury, are pretty well accustomed to the performance, and will generally stand like a rock, even when the most awkward recruit is sprawling over them. And there is much virtue in the example of a smart instructor such as the one in the picture, who looks as if he could vault on to the back of a giraffe, and in an instant be seated upright with his heels drooping and his knees at the exact angle—if the exigencies of the Service required it.



United Rides:—Staff of Riding Establishment, Cavalry Depôt.



Photos. GREGORY. Copyright.—H. & K.

Major Knox, Adjutant; Major Matthews, Riding Master; and Group of Sergeants, Cavalry Depôt.

The titles of the two concluding pictures are self-explanatory. But a word may be usefully added as to the evident value to the recruit of such excellent training as he receives and such excellent associations as he enjoys at a great depôt like this. A cavalry riding school is not exactly a bower of bliss, and it not unfrequently happens that a recruit after a few weeks' experience of it may sometimes fondly wish that he had never been born. But the surroundings of an establishment like that at Canterbury of themselves constitute a useful corrective to any vain regrets of this sort. In the first place they afford so many examples of the condition of smartness and contentment to which persevering attention to rudimentary instruction may bring even the most hopeless recruit. Secondly, there is always consolation in the thought that there are numerous other fellows in precisely the same plight, coming the same daily "croppers," and being adjured in exactly the same tone of voice to explain why they have had the impertinence to dismount without orders. Lastly, it is always an advantage of a mixed establishment that the men should feel that any incidental severity—such as is sometimes necessary—is not a matter of regimental peculiarity.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—NO. 48.] *FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1897.*

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

Lieutenant-General SIR HENRY TUSON, K.C.B., D.A.G. Royal Marines.

SIR HENRY BRASNELL TUSON'S distinguished career began in April, 1854, when he first joined the Royal Marine Artillery. As a lieutenant he saw a good deal of fighting in the China War of 1858-60 in the coast operations against the Chinese piratical flotillas, and was at the capture of the Peiho Forts. As a major he had charge of the Royal Marine Artillery attached to the battalion of the Royal Marines employed on special service in the Zulu War and in the Egyptian War of 1882; as lieutenant-colonel he commanded the battalion of the Royal Marine Artillery which did such good service throughout the campaign against Arabi. Colonel Tuson and his men were present at every action fought, rendering special service themselves at the advance guard affair at Tel-el-Mahuta on August 24th, where they greatly helped the Horse Artillery against the Egyptian guns, and at the two fights at Kassassin and at Tel-el-Kebir. For his services in Egypt Major Tuson obtained the brevet of colonel, and was appointed Extra A.D.C. to the Queen. He added to his reputation during the Suakin campaign in 1884, when he was present in command of the Marines employed at El-Teb and Tamaai and the relief of Tokar. His services on these occasions were officially acknowledged by the Admiralty and publicly notified at the headquarters of the four divisions of the Royal Marines. General Tuson was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General Royal Marines in 1893, and made K.C.B. in 1895.

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A NAVAL REGATTA AT MALTA.

PREPARING TO SLIP.

A FLYING START.

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SERVICE BOATS TO THE FRONT.

THREE illustrations are here given of the pretty and animated scene presented at the Annual Sailing Regatta held at Malta, on the 31st July last. In the first may be seen competing vessels, of various rigs and tonnage, clustered round the flag-boat, their helmsmen clamouring, no doubt, for a final ruling on some knotty point. The cutter, dressed with bunting, is the "Shooting Star," lent by Captain Dean Pitt for the occasion. Next comes the start for the first race, for yachts of five tons or over—a "flying" start, of course, as is the invariable modern custom. The vessels have to cross an imaginary line between the two mark-boats as soon as possible after the second gun fires, but no one must cross it before, or he will find the "imaginary" line emphasised by a very realistic recall signal, and have to execute a retrograde movement. The further mark-boat is the old man-of-war schooner "Azov," used for many years past as a yacht for the admiral. The third picture shows the start for the second race, for men-of-war's boats. Captain Robinson, of the "Vulcan," won this race in his cutter—a popular victory.

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OUR NEW SOUTH WALES NAVAL FORCES.

EACH of the Australian Colonies has its own Naval Defence Force, but some have gone in for it more extensively than others, notably, New South Wales and Victoria. The latter has a permanent Naval Force of officers and men, and the turret-ship "Cerberus," two gun-boats, and several torpedo-boats, besides the training-ship "Nelson," an old wooden "liner" cut down. New South Wales has a large partially paid force of the Naval Brigade, and, in addition, a force of Naval Artillery Volunteers. The Sydney Naval Brigade has been in existence for several years, the Naval Artillery Volunteers having been formed later. They have two torpedo-boats, built in the Colonies on Thornycroft's lines, and in 1881, when H.M.S. "Nelson" relieved the "Wolverine" as flag-ship on the Australian station, the latter was sold to the New South Wales Government for the use of their Naval Brigade, but about 1893 she was again sold to a private firm, and the engines taken out of her.

A Stretcher Party at Drill.

The accompanying illustrations all refer to the New South Wales Naval Defence Forces. Captain Hixson, commanding the force, has been for many years in the Colony as harbour master and president of the Marine Board, and was originally in the Royal Navy. Commander Lindeman, who commands the Naval Brigade, was also in the Royal Navy, and retired as a lieutenant in 1871—he is secretary to the Marine Board of New South Wales. Commander Bosanquet, also late Royal Navy, commands the Artillery Volunteers. The Naval Defence Forces, officers and men, wear the same uniform as the Royal Navy, with the exception of the distinctive lace on the sleeves, which, in the volunteers, is in two interwoven wavy lines, and in the brigade has a square instead of a loop above the stripes.

In the first illustration the stretcher party is shown drilling in the Domain at Sydney, a large park adjoining the Government House Grounds.

The next shows a party

Cutlass Drill.

Photos. L. ATKINSON. *Sydney.*

THE GUNS OF FORT MACQUARIE.

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OFFICERS, NEW SOUTH WALES NAVAL DEFENCE FORCES.

of men at cutlass drill, under a lieutenant. This is an exercise the brigade are particularly good at, and they generally take the prize in the annual military tournaments.

In the next illustration, crews are shown at their guns in Fort Macquarie, Sydney (one of the old forts named after Governor Macquarie), the officers standing in rear.

In the group of officers, Captain Hixson is seen in the centre, with four stripes on his arm and gold peak to his cap, also wearing medals. Commander Lindeman is sitting the second on his right. The front row is composed of midshipmen, as shown by the white patches on their collars. With few exceptions these officers are colonial born.

The next illustration shows the Naval Defence Forces drawn up by the "man-o'-war" steps just outside Fort Macquarie. This illustration gives one of the many lovely views of Sydney Harbour. In the foreground is the man-of-war anchorage, the larger vessels, like the "Orlando" (flag-ship), lying out on the left, the smaller ones being more in the recess of Farm Cove, the sweep of which is seen on the right. It is hardly possible to conceive, without having experienced it, the pleasure of anchoring in this lovely cove, with the most beautiful gardens all round it, after being storm-tossed in a small craft outside. Bad weather is certainly frequent on the Australian Coast, which enhances the sweetness of Farm Cove; and then, also, after being amongst niggers and foreigners of all sorts, it is an additional charm to see English faces and houses on shore so very close to you.

Photos. L. ATKINSON. Sydney.

MEN OF THE NAVAL DEFENCE FORCES.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

HEAVING THE LIFE-BUOY.

THIS illustration of a seaman, clad in waterproofs, in the act of throwing a life-buoy to some unlucky shipmate, will suggest reminiscences to all who have passed their lives at sea. Someone has fallen overboard, in obviously dirty weather. The boat is called away; there are plenty of brave volunteers willing to risk their lives in saving his. Meanwhile, a steady quartermaster, with his wits about him, seizes a round life-buoy and coolly throws it as near as possible to the man as he floats by—an accomplishment requiring some art, if he is quite close under the ship's side, for it may hit him on the head, with disastrous results, or you may misjudge the speed and send it some distance from him. If you can make it fall right over him, like a "ringer" at quoits, he will bless you, for then he has only to get his arms through it. Such a life-buoy is, however, very far from being a comfortable or efficient support in a seaway, though it may, and often has, saved life if handled properly, and if a boat be promptly at hand to complete the rescue. Every man-of-war is, of course, provided with life-buoys of a much more elaborate description, which are let go from the stern, and display a bright light at night; and some have been devised which contain a small supply of provisions for the unfortunate man, in case he should remain many hours in the water.

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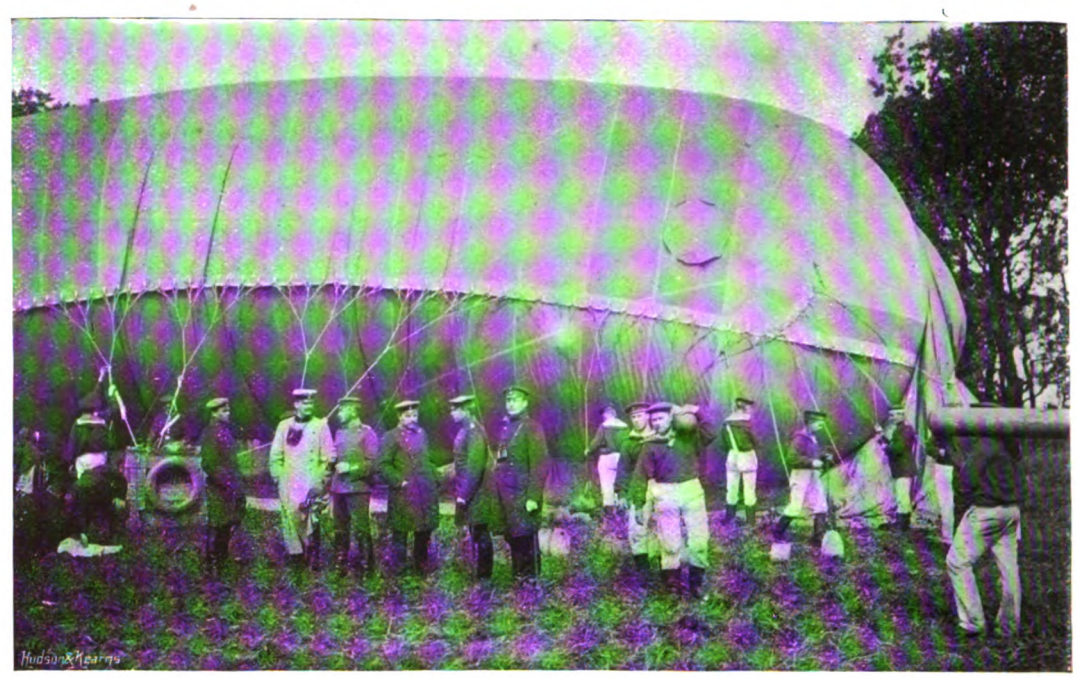
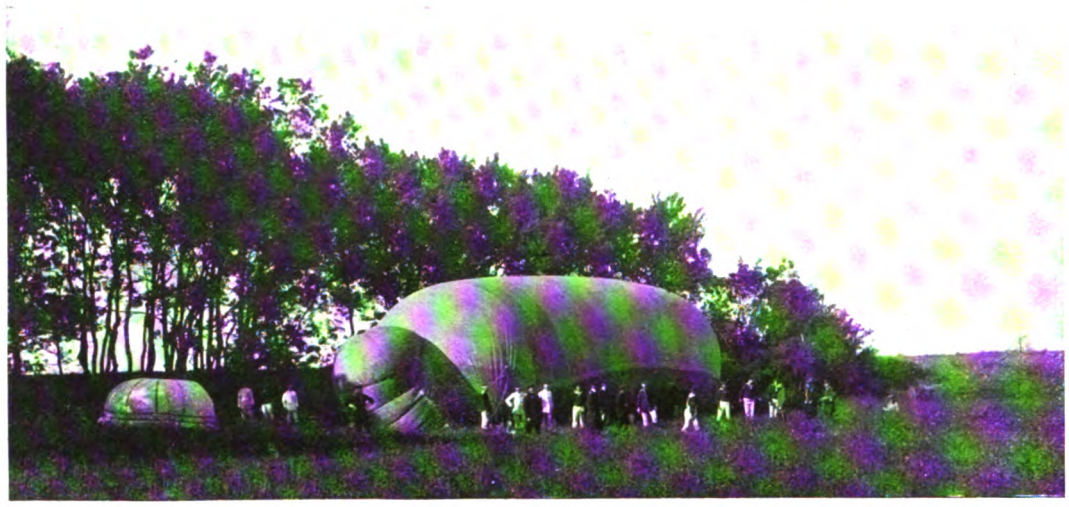
BALLOONING AT SEA.

THE vast importance of being able to tell what your enemy is about is sufficiently patent to all, and it is to fit soldiers for the work of scouting and obtaining this information that a considerable part of military training is devoted. Afloat, too, it is not less necessary to discover the whereabouts and purposes of an enemy than it is ashore, and we speak of scouting ships as the eyes of the fleet just as we do of cavalry as the eyes of forces on land. In order that he may know what is going on, the military commander ascends a hill—he has even been known to climb a church tower or a windmill—while in the fleet extraordinary ingenuity has been devoted to devising the best form for scouting formations and plans for linking ships, and in laying down lines and curves of search. But in military operations, at least, the balloon has long been recognised as a first-rate means of surveying large areas of country and the particular details of fortified places. Hence, every army has its ballooning section or detachments, and our own, in particular, possesses a most efficient organisation, directed by officers of the highest professional and scientific attainments. The sphere of the balloon in Naval operations must necessarily be a good deal restricted, though it is still possible to conceive that, under special circumstances, good and useful work might be done. The French, at any rate, some time ago took advantage of the enthusiasm of a few officers at Toulon to experiment with balloons towed at sea, and they have a small establishment at the port which continues the work.



The German War Balloon being Inflated.



Ready to Ascend.

Photos. SCHMIDT & WEGENER, Berlin

The Car and Its Attachments.

The Germans, who are ever ready to seize or introduce novelties, have not been behindhand in the matter. Indeed, they appear to have shown a breezy freshness of ideas in regard to it. If they have looked askance a little upon the cycle in its employment for military purposes, they have been foremost in applying many ingenious devices, and have brought about a host of improvements in the equipment and supply of the forces. The employment of folding boats, and the appearance of cavalry swimming rivers, and of trotting horsemen laying wires across open country, or even through thickets, are not unfamiliar to Germans. It may be doubted, however, whether they have shown anywhere such originality as in their war balloons To an Englishman a balloon is an object of rotund, or rather pear-like, character, as indeed its name implies, but the German looks upon it from a different point of view. He will call it a "Luftschiff," or air-ship—an aërostat—and his language even conduces to a certain freedom in the design of his floating machine.

As will be seen in the pictures, the particular war balloon depicted resembles, in its general contour, the "wurst," or sausage, which is such a delicacy in the Fatherland. It has been designed by the officers of the "Luftschifferabtheilung," or special ballooning section, and is a somewhat complicated apparatus, designed for a particular object. In addition to the balloon proper, which, as we have suggested, is cylindrical, with obtuse ends, there is a smaller balloon of similar, but more slender, shape, with an end that approaches to a point; and this curious object embraces the lower end of the large balloon, giving it an aspect which has caused the military balloonists to describe it, with Teutonic pleasantry, as a "Raupe," or caterpillar. The

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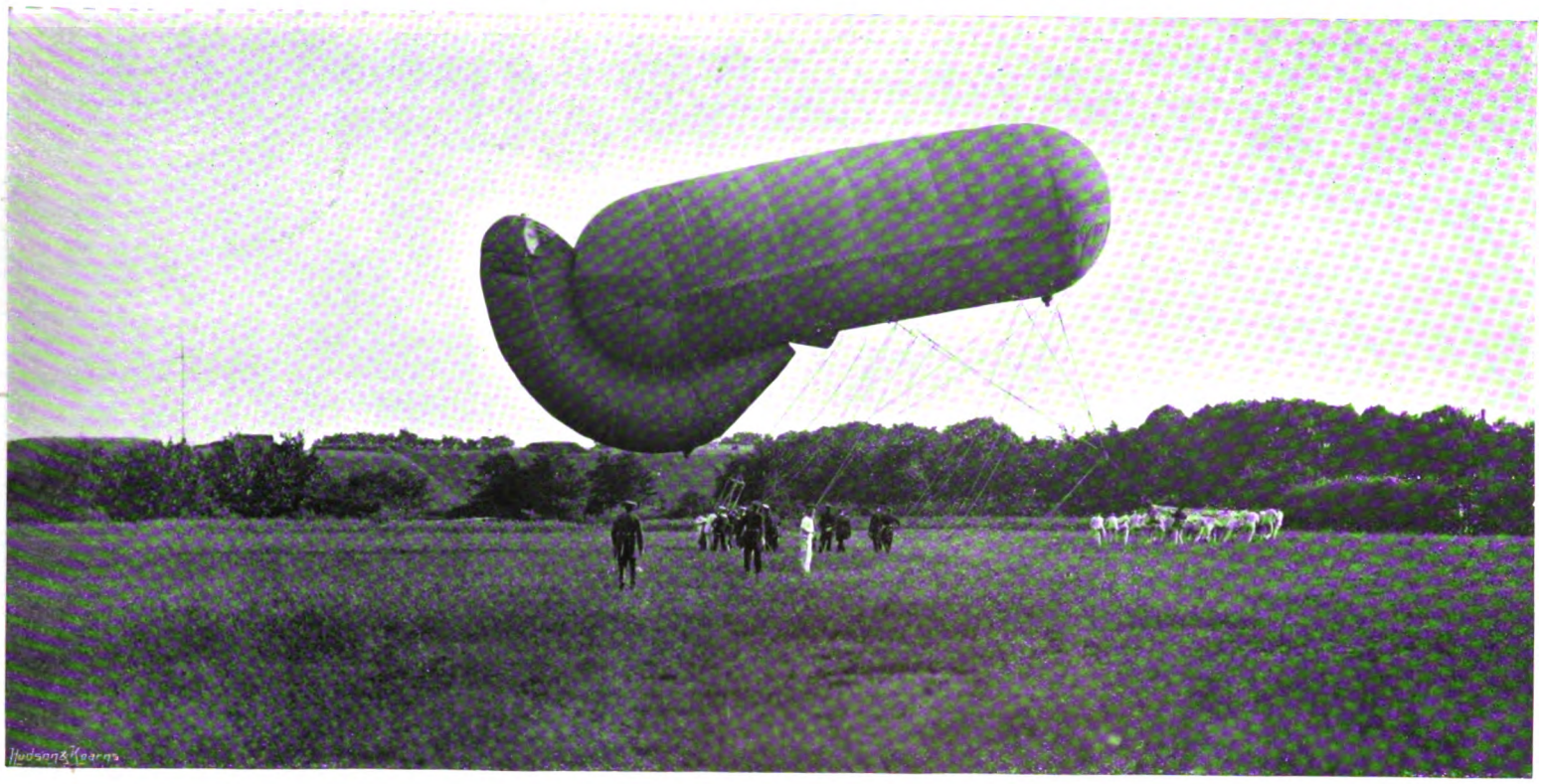

THE GERMAN WAR BALLOON AFLOAT UNDER CONTROL.

illustrations show admirably the character of the compound structure, but some points need to be explained In the air the balloon assumes an angle of about 45 degrees from the vertical, and the car hangs below the middle point by sufficient cordage, and is fitted up with everything that can be necessary for observing the country passed over and for photographing it.

It will be observed, also, that a third balloon, resembling an exaggerated football, is part of the apparatus. This is towed astern of the larger "Luftschiff," and has the purpose of keeping the latter in the particular attitude it assumes and of maintaining its steadiness. In short, the smaller balloon—which is known as the "Hat"—acts much like the tail of a kite in steadying the larger object to which it is attached. Its peculiar form is given to the balloon proper in order that it may be towed, or held captive, without the oscillation which attends the movements of ordinary balloons under such circumstances, and the particular shape probably causes it to offer less resistance to the air than is the case with a large round balloon. Again, the smaller balloon which floats astern enables the head of the cylindrical apparatus to be kept always in a fixed direction towards the point at which it is held, or the ship by which it is towed, and, if it should be set free, the triple balloon must necessarily go before the wind in the same relative position, the smaller ball being always astern to steady the "Luftschiff." It is held that many advantages result from the peculiar disposition adopted, and that it offers special advantages for photographing objects below.

The "Luftschifferabtheilung," or ballooning section of the German Army, is attached to the Railway Brigade of the Engineering branch. It is under the command of a staff officer, and has a captain, one first and three second lieutenants, a paymaster, a technical officer, and 140 non-commissioned officers, men, and others. Those who belong to it are distinguished by the letter "L" upon their shoulder-straps, and the whole section is under a department of the general staff, which has charge of its inspection, as also of the Railway Brigade to which it is attached.

It will be seen by the pictures that the ballooning section is carrying on its work in connection with the exercises and training of the bluejackets of the Fleet. The pictures were, indeed, taken near the great Naval harbour at Kiel. The first of them shows the great balloon being inflated with hydrogen gas, which the bluejackets are carrying in cylinders. Then we see it completely filled, with the caterpillar arrangement attached to it, and the "Hat" behind. The next picture illustrates the method of attaching the car to the balloon, the latter being depicted ascending, and it will be noticed that the Bülk Lighthouse is in the background. The great balloon, and the system of attaching the "Raupe," are excellently seen in the next picture, in which the whole apparatus is shown being handled by bluejackets, who are hauling it towards the place of its attachment, as they draw it down. Next we witness the whole of the floating apparatus at a considerable altitude, with the smaller balloon attached to its larger companions.

What excellent photographic work can be done from the car may be seen in the admirable picture of the Bülk Lighthouse, with the buildings round it, the breakwaters, and the waves rolling upon the spit of land upon which it stands. Then, again, we see the apparatus being used for special Naval purposes, attached to a steaming torpedo-boat, at a height of over 500 yards. The last picture illustrates the particular method of attaching the balloon to the vessel, and the apparatus by which it is drawn down and its movements are controlled.

The whole arrangement we are able to depict so completely is exceedingly ingenious and interesting, though, perhaps, it is not very easy to see how a balloon is to render

Photos. SCHMIDT & WEGENER, Berlin.

At Work.

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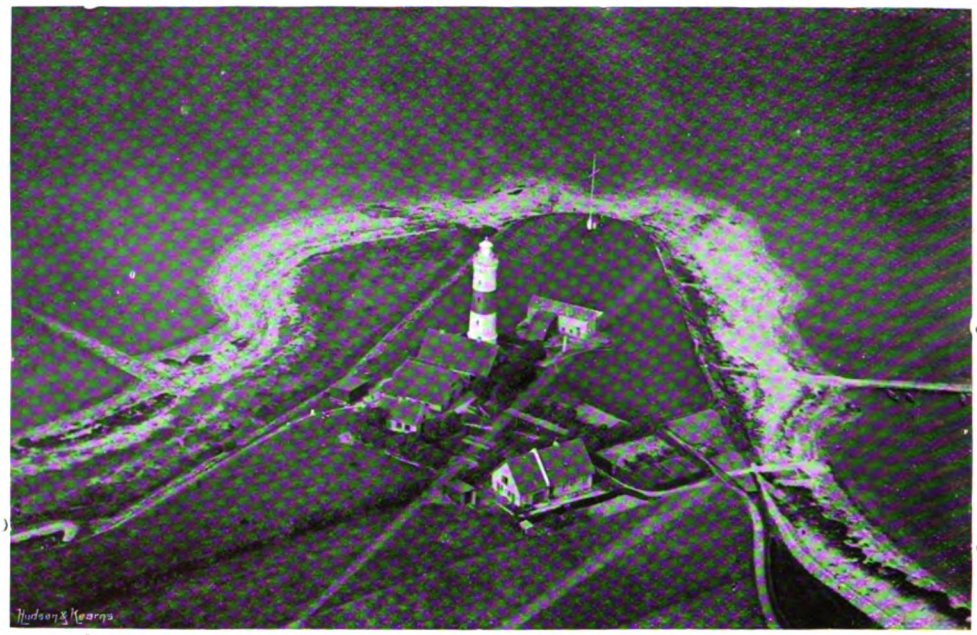
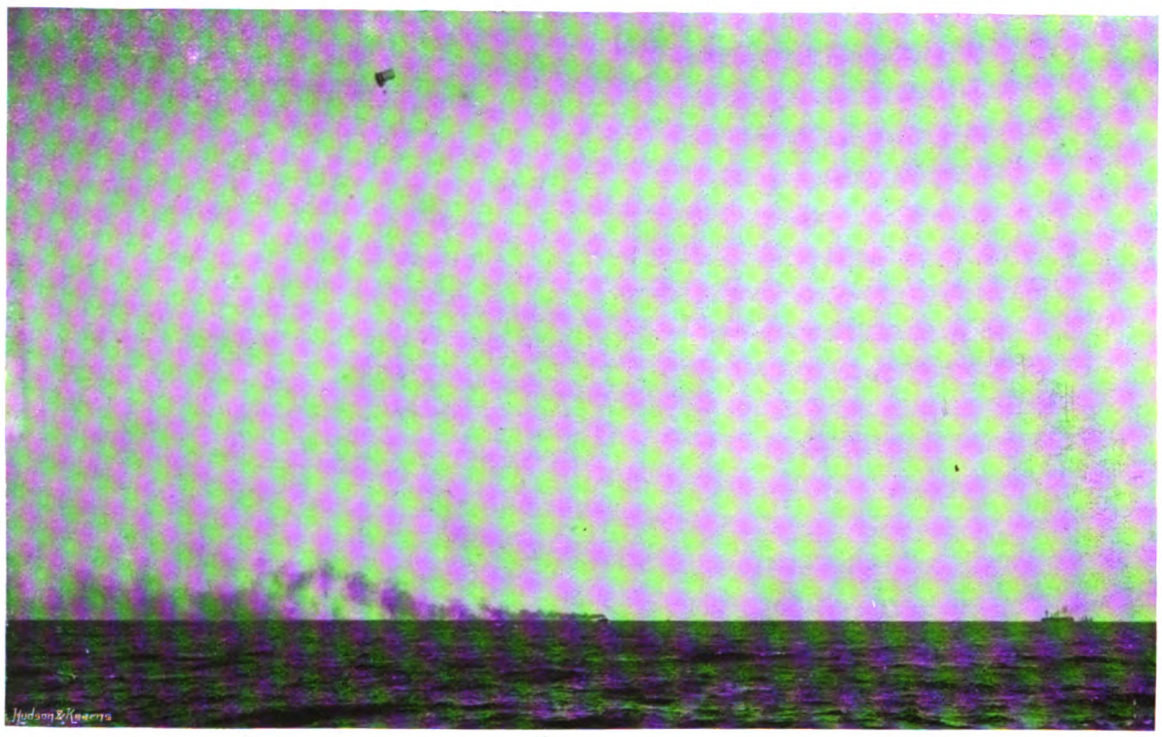
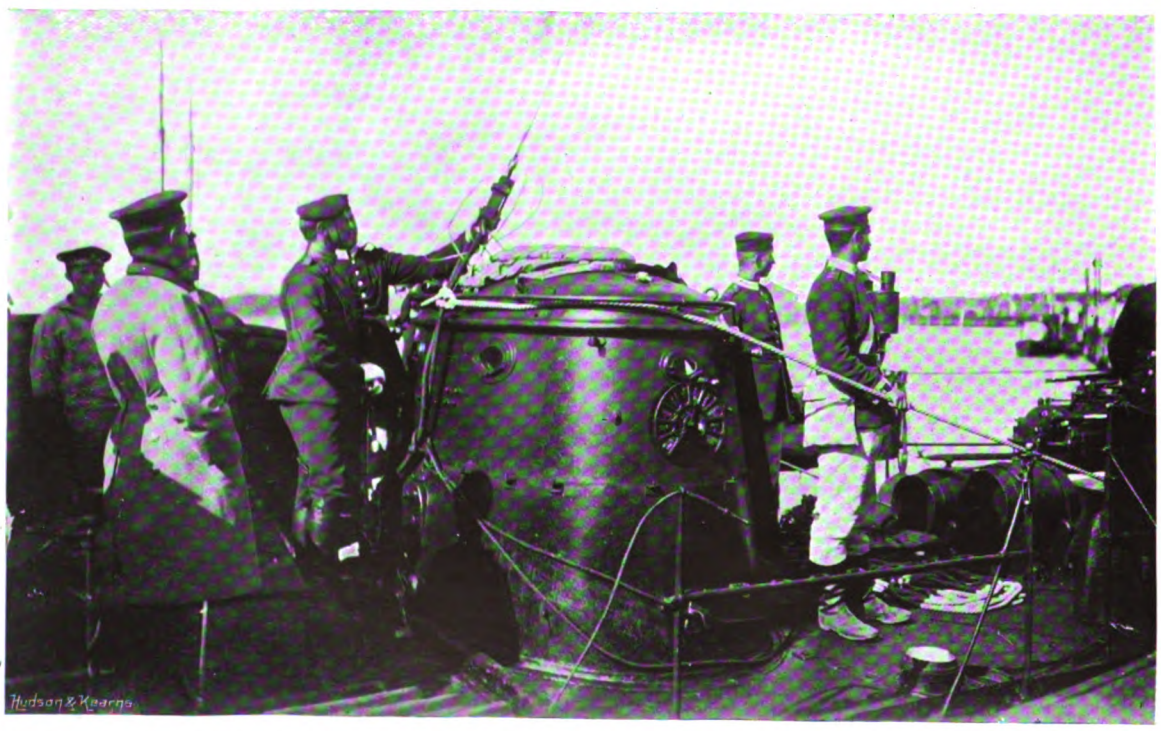
efficient service to a fleet in war. The apparatus is, of course, a particularly vulnerable object, and it would be an operation of extreme peril to attempt to tow it within efficient observing distance of an enemy's port or fortifications. The occasions upon which this venture could be made would be extremely rare, and it may be surmised that a ship hampered by such a companion would probably have to cut it adrift in order to attain her own security. Moreover, it would surely be exceedingly difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to handle the silken bags if they could be hauled down on board. But we suppose this is not contemplated, and that the hauling cable must be made fast ashore before the balloon can be brought to the ground. It is true that a cruiser scouting, if she could have a balloon in tow aloft, would vastly increase her range of vision, and might by signals keep touch with ships at a great distance; but here serious difficulties in regard to the handling of the balloon would probably deprive it of practical value save under exceptional circumstances. We can, however, conceive cases in which a steamboat might usefully tow a balloon over a river course. If, for example, a Nile steamer towed a balloon, the valley and country surrounding would be clearly opened to view for great distances, and communication might be maintained with forces stationed far away. It is, perhaps, in this direction that the balloon has its chief field of usefulness.



Work Done from the Car.



The Triple Balloon being Towed at Sea.



Photos. SCHMIDT & WEGENER. Berlin.

The Cable Attachment of the Balloon at Sea.

There is something fascinating in the idea of navigating the air, but it is yet possible that some less complicated and less vulnerable apparatus than is required for ballooning may suffice to take photographs from above. In this country very little is known about the flying of kites, but in Japan the art is cultivated and brought to a degree of great perfection. In some senses kite flying may be regarded as a national pastime, just as yachting and hunting are with us. These kites are not flown singly, but are grouped together somewhat upon the principle of the German war balloon, and, being thus linked, the fluctuation of the angle of elevation, and the vibration of the cable, are reduced. An American gentleman—Mr. G. T. Woglom—has taken up this system of kite flying, and has devised an ingenious camera by which he has taken excellent bird's-eye views of New York city. He began by sending up a basket with pigeons, which were ingeniously released at a height of 300 yards, and thus arrived at the conclusion that the kites would carry his camera steadily, and that he could operate it from below. In general, he has employed about five of what he calls his "parakites." It will, therefore, be seen that the art of observing a country from above is likely to make strides, and when the history of this kind of exploration comes to be written, the curious German war balloon, with its "Raupe" and "Hat," will certainly occupy a prominent position.

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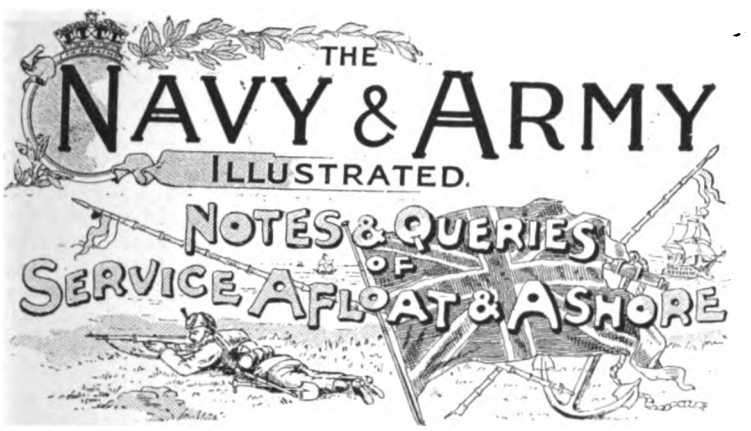

"THE offer of a battle-ship to Great Britain made by the Premier of Cape Colony," writes a correspondent, "is not without precedent in our Naval annals. As long ago as Charles II.'s reign, in the Dutch War of 1665, the City of London presented to the Royal Navy a first-rate man-of-war, the 'Loyal London,' destroyed by the Dutch in the Medway. Again, a little more than a hundred years ago, during the American War, several counties raised subscriptions locally, in order to build men-of-war to be presented to the Navy. One county, Suffolk, in August, 1782, set about building a 74, while another 74 was in September, 1782, begun, out of his own pocket, by Sir James Lowther, on behalf of the county of Cumberland. The Treaty of Versailles, in 1783, however, stopped work on the ships, and we hear no more of them. The City of London at the same time again offered a man-of-war to the Government, a special meeting being held in November, 1782, under the Lord Mayor, to consider the building of a first rater with that idea. The East India Company, however, did still better. Of themselves they built and completed three seventy-fours for the Navy out of their own funds—the 'Bombay Castle,' 'Carnatic,' and 'Ganges'—from which last our present Falmouth training ship inherits the name. Later, also, during the war with Napoleon, the Colony of Barbados purchased a captured French 28-gun vessel, named her the 'Barbados,' and presented her to the Royal Navy."

* * * *

"C. S." asks: "Is it possible to live as a gentleman without unnecessary luxuries on a C.O.'s pay in an infantry regiment?" This is indeed a hard question to answer. It is doubtful, in the first instance, whether "C. S." refers to a *commissioned* or *commanding* officer. It is quite impossible for a subaltern at home to live on his pay. The latter does not even suffice to meet his mess bills, be he ever so economical. Formerly a subaltern could manage, with care, to subsist on Indian pay in a British regiment, but now that is almost, if not quite, impossible. It is *possible* for a captain or major to live on his pay either at home or abroad, but anyone who tried the experiment at home would have to deny himself all but the bare necessaries of life. How far either of these officers could live "as a gentleman" (to quote "C. S.") on Indian pay would to a great extent depend on the regiment. Some (and not always the best) are so much more expensive than others. A commanding officer (lieutenant-colonel) could, too, if he liked, live on his pay at home if a bachelor, but without private means he could hardly live as is usually expected of a colonel commanding a battalion. It would be easier for him to do so in India, but in every case it depends largely on the way in which the mess and entertainments are managed. The average mess bill at home may be put down in an infantry regiment at about £12 or £13, but it may be said to vary, according to individuals, the station, and the regiment, from £9 to £20.

* * * *

MATCHES of any sort or kind are not, strictly speaking allowed to be carried on board a man-of-war. "How then," asks my correspondent, "G. K.," "are fires and lamps lighted from time to time?" The explanation is simplicity itself. From the date of a ship's commissioning to the day of her paying off, she is never without a light of some description burning on board. If the furnaces in the boilers are not alight, the galley fire by day, and lanterns by night, supply the fiery element. Although, since the introduction of the numerous brands of safety matches, the regulation is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, still, on board troop-ships—as many military readers of this journal may have reason to remember—it is enforced as regards soldiers when taking passage in any of the few now remaining of that useful class of vessel.

SOME time after the division of English fleets at sea—in the first half of the seventeenth century—into Red, White, and Blue Squadrons, pennants of the three colours with triforked tails were introduced, to be worn at the maintop-gallant masthead, and these continued in use in all commissioned ships until well into the present century. At the present day the pennant is a long white single-tailed streamer with, at its widest part next the flag-staff, a red St. George's Cross. The pennant is hoisted at the masthead on board a ship on her being first put into commission, and is continued there until the close of the commission, when on the ship being paid off it is hauled down.

* * * *

EARLIER in our history, pennants, usually swallow-tailed, were flown by men-of-war bearing the colours of the reigning Sovereign. Thus Queen Elizabeth's war-ships wore pennants and streamers of green and white, and the ships of James and Charles I. pennants and streamers of yellow and red, the colours respectively of the Tudor and Stuart liveries. These streamers and pennants were displayed all over the ship at the masthead and yardarms, and were quite distinct from the ship's national ensign, the red St. George's Cross, that all Englishmen bore as a mark of nationality.

* * * *

FOR the information of non-military readers the following list of Army educational establishments is supplied: The Staff College, Sandhurst, to prepare officers for the duties of the staff; the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, for cadets seeking commissions in the cavalry and infantry; the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, for those preparing to enter the Artillery and Engineers; the Artillery College, Woolwich, for the higher instruction of officers in subjects bearing on the manufacture and use of ordnance; the School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, for the instruction of officers and men of the Artillery in the principles and practice of gunnery; the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, "for instructing the corps in military field works"; the School of Musketry, Hythe; the School of Signalling, Aldershot; the School of Ballooning, Aldershot; the Schools of Submarine Mining at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham; the Army Medical School, Netley; the School of Music, Kneller Hall; the Duke of York's and Royal Hibernian Military Schools, and the ordinary Army schools under their own inspectors.

* * * *

FOOT-TONS AND FOOT-SECONDS.—A foot-ton is the co-efficient usually applied in this country to indicate the energy of striking or lifting force. Thus the blow delivered by a projectile is represented as so many—say 12,000—foot-tons. It means that the force of the blow is equivalent to that of the energy required to lift a weight of 12,000 tons to a height of one foot above the ground. The hitting power of the twenty-one British battle-ships and forty-four cruisers of the fighting line which were present at the recent Naval Review, for *only ten minutes' consecutive fire* from all their guns combined, computes to no less than 128,299,186 foot-tons. The Great Pyramid contains 100,000,000 cubic feet of stone, and weighs 8,500,000 tons. Nevertheless, the gun power developed by the guns of the sixty-five ships mentioned, as exemplified by their muzzle energy in foot-tons, would suffice—in ten minutes—to lift the Great Pyramid of Cheops 15-ft. above the level of the sands of Memphis! Yet the Great Pyramid is eight and a-half times heavier than the French and Russian Fleets united. Foot-second is the co-efficient usually applied in this country to denote the speed of a projectile whilst travelling. It means that the projectile travels so many feet in one second of time. Of course, the speed is liable to degradation as the projectile proceeds on its course, and the usual plan adopted is to give the muzzle velocity of the projectile—that is to say, the number of feet which it is travelling in one second at the moment of leaving the gun.

* * * *

THE steadiness and regularity with which the Shoeburyness annual meeting has increased in importance must be most gratifying to the volunteer force in general. Nearly 1,500 artillery volunteers were in camp for this year's competitions, and not a single entry was made in the defaulter book. Indeed, it is three years since there was any such entry. It should also be remembered that duties are carried out in a strictly military manner at Shoeburyness, and that the competitions are not so much for individual profit or distinction, as for the honour of the corps or team to which competitors belong. In these circumstances the soldierlike conduct of the volunteer gunners must be regarded as highly creditable, and it is to be hoped that the good work done by the National Artillery Association will be better supported by the public.

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PRIVATE, "M" COMPANY.—All volunteer battalions (*i.e.*, infantry, excepting Honourable Artillery Company) have always drilled like rifle battalions, or, if not, should have done so according to regulation, having been raised as *rifle* corps. If your battalion marched past at the "long shoulder," your commanding officer was at fault. The volunteer regulations distinctly state: "All orders contained in the manual exercises for the guidance of *rifle* battalions are applicable to volunteers." As regards the uniform of sergeant-instructors, the regulations admit of no doubt. If the battalion be clothed in scarlet, the instructors are supplied with clothing of the pattern, and according to the scale applicable to the territorial regiment of the district to which the corps belongs. If, however, the uniform of the corps differs considerably from that of the territorial regiment, the instructors may, on application to the War Office, through the general officer commanding the district, be permitted to draw 2d. a day as an allowance in lieu of clothing. If the uniform is provided by the corps, the allowance may be charged in the volunteer accounts; if by the man himself, the money may be paid to him. As your uniform is similar to that of the line battalions, the sergeant-instructors wear the pattern of clothing issued to them, and are right in doing so.

* * * *

A MOST handy book of reference is that published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co., entitled, "The Royal Navy." The information it contains is fairly correct, and Admiral Sir E. Commerell, in the "forewords" which he has written for the book, declares it to be most useful and reliable. Such an opinion places the book above the reach of adverse criticism. But there is no need for this, and the fact of the work being only a compilation does not at all detract from its interest or value. The author, a Naval officer, did not intend it to be otherwise than supplementary to existing works on the same subject, and is to be congratulated on the result of the time and labour which he must have expended in collecting such a store of information. The reader will find in it descriptions of the construction, armament, and duties of the various classes of war-ship, of gunnery and torpedo work generally, and an analysis and list of the vessels of the Fleet. All grades of the Service have a mention, and a short description of their duties, rank, and pay is also given, the last chapter dealing with life aboard ship. It is a book which will very often be referred to by the searcher after Naval knowledge.

* * * *

NEXT week we shall issue a Special Double Number, in two colours, entitled, "Nelson and Trafalgar." It will treat of the great Admiral's life from a boy upwards, and I trust will achieve the same meed of popular favour as the Special Jubilee Number, "The Queen's Navy, 1837-1897," which is now in its 5th edition. "Nelson and Trafalgar" will be a pictorial record of the life and achievements of the famous sailor. The Number will contain more than one hundred illustrations relating to Nelson, his companions and contemporaries. The most well-known portraits of the great hero by the famous painters of the time will be reproduced, in addition to numerous portraits of Lady Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Horatia, and others. It will be a complete, concise, and accurate account of Lord Nelson and his times, and cannot fail to be a lasting memento and constant reminder of the greatness of the British Empire and those whose efforts mainly contributed to the peace during which its consolidation has been brought about.

THE EDITOR.

Prizes for Photographs.

TWO OF £10 10S. EACH. SIX OF £2 2S. EACH.
THIRTY CONSOLATION PRIZES.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

One half of the above number of Prizes will be awarded for Naval subjects, and the other half for Military.

On the cover of this and future issues will be found a coupon, which must be cut out and sent in by those wishing to compete. Every coupon will give one chance for a Prize.

The points in each case which will be taken into consideration are, first, the interest and rarity of the subject; second, excellence of photography; and, third, suitability for reproduction; the final decision in every case resting with the Editor.

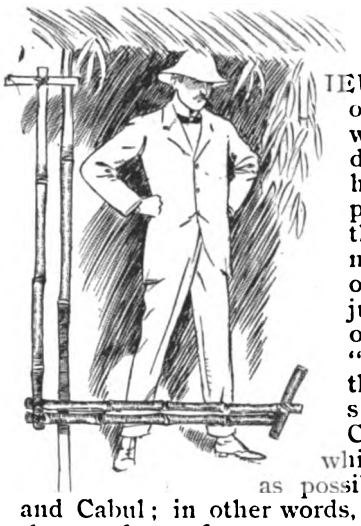
Amateurs only can compete.

Every photograph sent in should have the name, occupation, and address of the competitor written clearly upon its back, and should be accompanied by a full description of the subject. Prints need not be mounted, but they should be packed carefully, and the package should be marked on the outside "Photographic Prize Competition." Bromide or platinotype prints are unsuitable.

The competition will close on the day of publication of the last number of the present volume. For fuller details see "Notes and Queries" Nos. 38 and 39 of the present volume.

An UNRECORDED BATTLE

By SPEX.



LIEUTENANT ANTHONY DREW, of H.M.'s 120th Foot, was a man with a grievance. In the opening days of the war against Shere Ali, he had volunteered for the transport service, for no better reasons than that his own regiment was not among those selected, and his own desire to see active service just as keen as a British soldier's ought to be. His notions of "seeking a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" had had a speedy disillusionment. Pir Chowki, the forsaken spot to which he had been sent, is as near as possible equidistant from Jellalabad and Cabul; in other words, he had landed halfway between the comforts of cantonments that he had discarded and the excitement of war that he so longed to share. Companion he had none. They had even withdrawn the half-caste apothecary who was there when he first arrived, alleging that six or seven hundred native followers counted for nothing, and that the charge of one European officer was not sufficient to tax the energies of a whole medical man. Moreover, the water was so indifferent, and the place so hot, that "By Order" troops were forbidden to halt there, doing a double stage instead. As for the individual officers who were for ever passing up and down the line, they only stopped long enough to change their baggage animals at Tony's depôt, and then, countering Drew's offer of a drink with the excuse that it was a long way to the next stage, they would gallop off, and leave him to the society of his beasts once again.

Tony was on one occasion making his way to his hut when something caught his eye—a cloud of dust that was moving on the Cabul road. Twelve long miles of a plaguey bad road lay between them and the next post, and the stage was one that no man in his senses would attempt on a moonless night. The unknown was near enough for Tony to see that he was a European, and on the instant the full significance of his coming burst upon the lonely man—here was someone who must perforce dine and sleep that night as his guest. With a wild whoop of triumph he quickened his pace, gained his hut, bade his cook make ready for two, and then, with a sickening dread that it might not be an officer after all, he hurried towards the spot where the stranger had pulled up his panting steed, and was carrying on an excited conversation with the crowd of native followers whom his arrival had called away from their proper work. Tony Drew very speedily made out that the newcomer was in want of a horse to carry him further on his way. In a jargon that was half English and half Hindustani (which last he spoke "after the way of Stratforde-atte-Bowe") he was cursing and storming at the unlucky natives, who, for their part, were humbly trying to make him understand that the only riding horse available was the private property of their sahib. The unknown's only idea was that they should show him where this beast was stabled, in order that he might give them practical proof how little he respected the rights of private property. Tony Drew saw that it was time that he interfered, and as he stepped forward the stranger for the first time noticed him, and threw himself off his horse.

"Are you in charge of this post, sir?" he demanded.

"I am," replied Drew.

"Then I must trouble you for a horse and a guide to the next stage."

The last thing in Tony's mind was any idea of helping his prospective guest to escape. "I can give you neither horse nor guide," he answered firmly.

For a brief space the pair stood and looked at each other in silence. What the stranger saw was a slim, well-set-up young officer. What Tony Drew saw was a tall thin man of some forty years of age, with a wiry figure and a hard-bitten face framed in iron-grey hair. The stranger's dress, too, was peculiar, for while from his boots to his waist he did not differ essentially from the officers who were for ever passing up and down the line, above his belt he was unmistakably a civilian.

"For what reason do you refuse to help me?" asked the unknown, and his face fell when Drew retorted, "Have you a permit to use Government carriage?"

The unknown admitted he had not, and he did not know what a listener is to a man who has not had a real one for weeks past.

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"You have yet to satisfy me that your business is urgent," was what the commandant of Pir Chowki said.

"Urgent," cried the other. "Why, bless the man, he will keep me here half the night giving him excuses for being in a hurry Let me introduce myself. My name is Trywell—Alexander Trywell of the *Daily Express*, and I am riding as hard as I can to the nearest place where I can telegraph———"

"You could have done that at Cabul," said Drew, quietly.

"With the wires cut in a dozen places," retorted the stranger. "I had better enlighten you, sir. There has been a battle, sir—the biggest thing of the war, so far. Thirty thousand tribesmen—perhaps forty would be nearer the mark—against every man that Roberts could muster, not a third of the number, though they emptied the hospitals to swell the fighting line. They attacked at eight o'clock, and it was touch and go for four hours—in fact, the nearest thing that I have seen in all my life, and I've seen everything since the Danish war. Our losses have been dreadful. Dunham Massey was killed, charging at the head of the cavalry, Macpherson was left for dead, Gough and the chief both wounded, as well as heaps of others that you'd know if I had time to tell them to you. I came away in such a hurry that I had not time to get returns of the casualties, but you may take my word for it that the butcher's bill will be a terrible one. It was cleverly planned, too, for they have cut the wires all along the line, and if they had not had to deal with Englishmen, led by the finest fellow that ever wore shoe-leather, you'd have had your own throat cut by this."

"Are you in charge of this post, sir"

"Where did this happen?" asked Tony, who was sick at heart at the thought of all that he had missed.

"At Sitabasti, eight miles from Cabul on the Ghuzni road. I came away as soon as the result was sure, and must keep going till I find a place where I can wire. With luck I shall get my message home four-and-twenty hours ahead of the rest."

"You are at my mercy," answered Tony with a laugh, "and I mean you to dine with me before you attempt the stage."

"You are defrauding the British public of their news."

"And you would defraud me of my guest," said Tony, as he passed his arm through the other's, and led him, resisting feebly, towards the hut where the dinner was already laid.

Drew's cook had risen to the occasion, and there was whiskey ample for the pair of them—a bottle that Tony had nursed as one might nurse a magnum of choice champagne. He had always meant that when he got a listener he would keep his tongue on the stretch all the time, but he had not anticipated having to deal with a man of Mr. Trywell's calibre. It was a question which the correspondent did with most energy—eat, drink, or relate in vivid fashion the details of the great fight that he had just witnessed. Indeed, so striking, so precise was his account that Tony grew sick with anger at the thought of how he had been defrauded once again.

It came as a surprise that after dinner his guest seemed in less hurry to move. When Drew, laudably anxious that his countrymen should have early news of this momentous fight, suggested ordering out his horse, Mr. Trywell replied that the long ride and the heavy meal had made him sleepy, he would get a nap while he could. This seemed reasonable enough, so Tony hospitably gave him up his own bed, and stretched himself out in a rough lounge chair that one of his workmen had made for him. He also undertook to keep awake and to call his guest when a couple of hours had passed.

* * * * *

"The best laid schemes of men and mice aft gang agley." The pair had dined well and sat late, and after watching for barely a quarter of an hour Tony in his turn fell fast asleep.

When he awoke it was to find the grey light of another day streaming into the hut. Horror-stricken at his lapse, he sprang forward and shook his still sleeping guest by the arm.

"Damn you, Jenkins, can't you let me sleep on," said Mr. Trywell, gruffly. "There is never anything going on in this confounded hole, and I'll take it out between the blankets."

The remark about the confounded hole applied admirably to Pir Chowki, and "Jenkins" *might* have been a term of endearment, yet somehow it struck Tony that his guest's manner was not what it had been on the previous night. However, he did his duty and shook Alexander Trywell back to consciousness all the same.

"Well, what is it?"—a pause—"and who the devil are you?" asked the great man as he sat up on the side of the bed and stared at his host. "You take a damned liberty with me, sir, when you shake the sleep out of me unbidden. Don't stand there gaping like a stuck pig."

"You asked me to wake you," stammered Tony.

"I did what?" roared the other. "I never set eyes on you before. Where am I, and who are you?"

"My name is Drew," said poor Tony, with what little dignity his bewilderment had left to him, "and this is Pir Chowki. You rode up here last night, asked me to lend you a horse and a guide, stayed to dine with me, and after telling me all about the battle, went to sleep on my———"

"What battle did I tell you of?" demanded the other, fiercely.

"Sitabasti, where Dunham Massey waskilled——"

He broke off suddenly, for his guest had fixed him with a stony stare.

"How did I get here?" he asked. "Was I riding a camel, a rhinoceros, or a giraffe?"

"You rode an Arab that you said had cost you 1,200 rupees six months ago———"

"I am glad that you stick at something," said Alexander, sarcastically. "I was prepared to be told that I had arrived astride of a polar bear. If that horse is still above ground, I'd like to see him saddled and at your door."

There was nothing more said—no explanation attempted or asked. Ten minutes later, Alexander Trywell was in the saddle again. He pushed his horse close up to his late host.

"Look here, Mr. Whatever-your-name is," he said, almost menacingly, "it is quite clear that someone has been romancing—either you or I. Now I have a reputation to lose, and I doubt whether you have. Anyway, my word is as good as yours, and if you don't want to be known as the biggest liar in India, I recommend you to hold your tongue."

Turning his head towards Cabul once again, he galloped off in the same headlong fashion that he had arrived the night before. Nor did Tony Drew ever set eyes on him again, nor learn whether he was mad, or had had a sunstroke, or had been drinking, or what. But Tony is a wise man. He took that hint, and the only reminder that he ever had that such a person as Alexander Trywell existed was an account of Pir Chowki which he read in the columns of the *Daily Express*—an account of that place, its management and its chief, all couched in language so laudatory that it made him blush.

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The Vital Importance of Our Naval and Military History.

By T. MILLER MAGUIRE, ESQ., LL.D.,

INNS OF COURT RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

THERE might be some excuse for Frenchmen, Russians, or Germans, who, absorbed in business, pleasure, or metaphysics, forgot to study the records of their Fatherland. But they do nothing of the kind; on the contrary, all of them are enthusiastic enquirers into the annals of their past history, which is an obligatory subject in every public school, from the Adour to the Neva. Indifference to national history is synonymous with sordid ignorance, both in continental Europe and in the United States. Even a small realm like Belgium is alive to the value of a careful study of its military experiences, and the King has recently offered a valuable prize—£1,000—for a description of the wars of which Belgium was the theatre, and the influence of these wars on the destinies of the country.

Strange to say, the history of our most magnificent Empire is a sealed book to all classes of our peoples, and yet we have no excuses such as might pass among self-contained nations that can live on their own products, if they were stupid enough to be indifferent to the only true guide for statesmen and voters. With Frenchmen and Germans, empire, sea power, a great Navy, numerous colonies, subject lands in Asia and Africa, are mere incidents of the national life, things more or less desirable, but not vital. With us, foreign trade, command of the sea, colonial Empire, are vital; they are the breath of our nostrils. Without them we perish. We live on the world at large, not on the produce of our little isles. To every Briton, therefore, his national history, how we won his Empire, how to retain it, the origin of our Naval power, its present requirements, how our soldiers acquired India, how India may be lost, the distinction between our military conditions and those of our neighbours, the nature and needs of combined naval and military expeditions, the cultivation of patriotic sentiments, and a readiness for self-sacrifice among the rising generation, are as absolutely indispensable as our daily bread. Each citizen should feel that the efficiency of our Navy and Army comes home to his "business and bosom" with as much force as how to secure a comfortable living wage, or how to insure his life, his furniture, and his house.

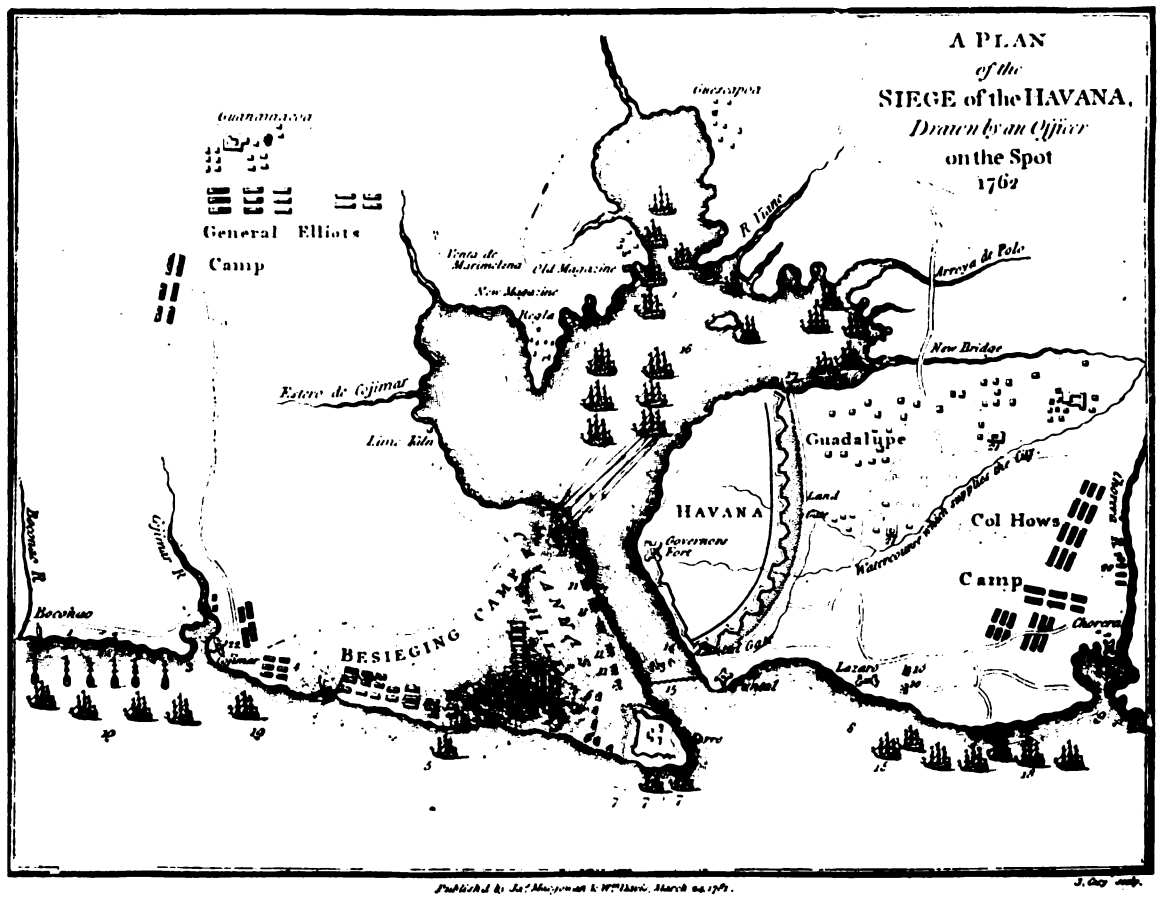
Schoolmasters who forget to teach British history to their pupils are, beyond doubt, a disgrace to their profession and a danger to their nation, and a civilian who is not fairly "well up" in our modern military records is quite unworthy of a place in any public body, and unfit to vote on any great political issue.

It may be safely laid down that if our so-called educated classes only knew as much modern history as is contained in the French textbook "Histoire Contemporaine, by Maréchal, not one tenth of the folly about Armenia, Crete, and the Eastern Question, which has recently rendered political platforms ridiculous, could have been conceived or uttered. If our democracy be not educated—and without history, which "makes men wise," there is no education worthy of the name—the results to our State in any serious crisis may be disastrous.

But to come to the professional fighting classes, to those whose duty it is, whose daily toil it is, to prepare themselves and their subordinates for meeting our enemies in the gate. It seems very clear that all Army officers should have a general idea not only of actions by land but of the conditions of Naval success, and that officers of the Navy should be familiar with the outlines of the leading operations of our Army. With our vast land empire in different continents, linked together by sea communication, the Navy and Army are equally essential; therefore each branch of the Service should be well versed not only in its own history but in that of the sister Service. As Lord Roberts says, "Let us regard them as a combination so dependent upon each other that one without the other would be like a body without its arms or legs. We cannot put one above the other in importance." Let us also regard them as the conscientious parents of a large and growing family.

Some striking examples will illustrate this position. Undoubtedly our Army won India from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, but it was our Naval power that, during the Wars of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War, enabled us to act in, and to send reinforcements to, India. The position of our land forces during this period then, if studied apart from sea power, would be quite unintelligible. Again, at the same period, the captures of Quebec and Montreal were heroic actions by our soldiers, but inconceivable without the skill of sailors like Boscawen and Hawke. On the other hand, the victories of the latter, if no land forces had been available, could never have given us Canada. Further, Sir Eyre Coote would have struggled in vain against Hyder Ali, 1780-2, had De Suffren beaten Admiral Hughes in the Indian Seas. Again, take the interesting campaign of Cornwallis against Washington and Lafayette in Virginia, 1781. No soldier can understand how Cornwallis was compelled to surrender at Yorktown unless he is versed in the Naval history of the time; but pages 387-393 of Mahan's great work make the whole transaction perfectly clear.

When Franklin issued his pompous image of the infant American Hercules strangling the British snake he laid his nation open to ridicule. In point of fact the Hercules would soon have been crushed to death but for the aid of his French nurse. De Grasse's Navy, by driving away Admiral Graves, saved the new Republic. How command of the sea affected this Yorktown Peninsula is well illustrated again in 1862. McClellan's base was on the York River; he was beaten by Lee and Jackson on his inner flank, but the Federal ships came up the James, and he was able to regain security by making a "strategic movement to the rear," to use his own words, which have become a familiar quotation as applied to recent operations in Greece.



The expeditions to the Philippines and to Cuba, in 1762, planned by the "Great Commoner," not only made the Spanish very sorry for their foolish coalition with

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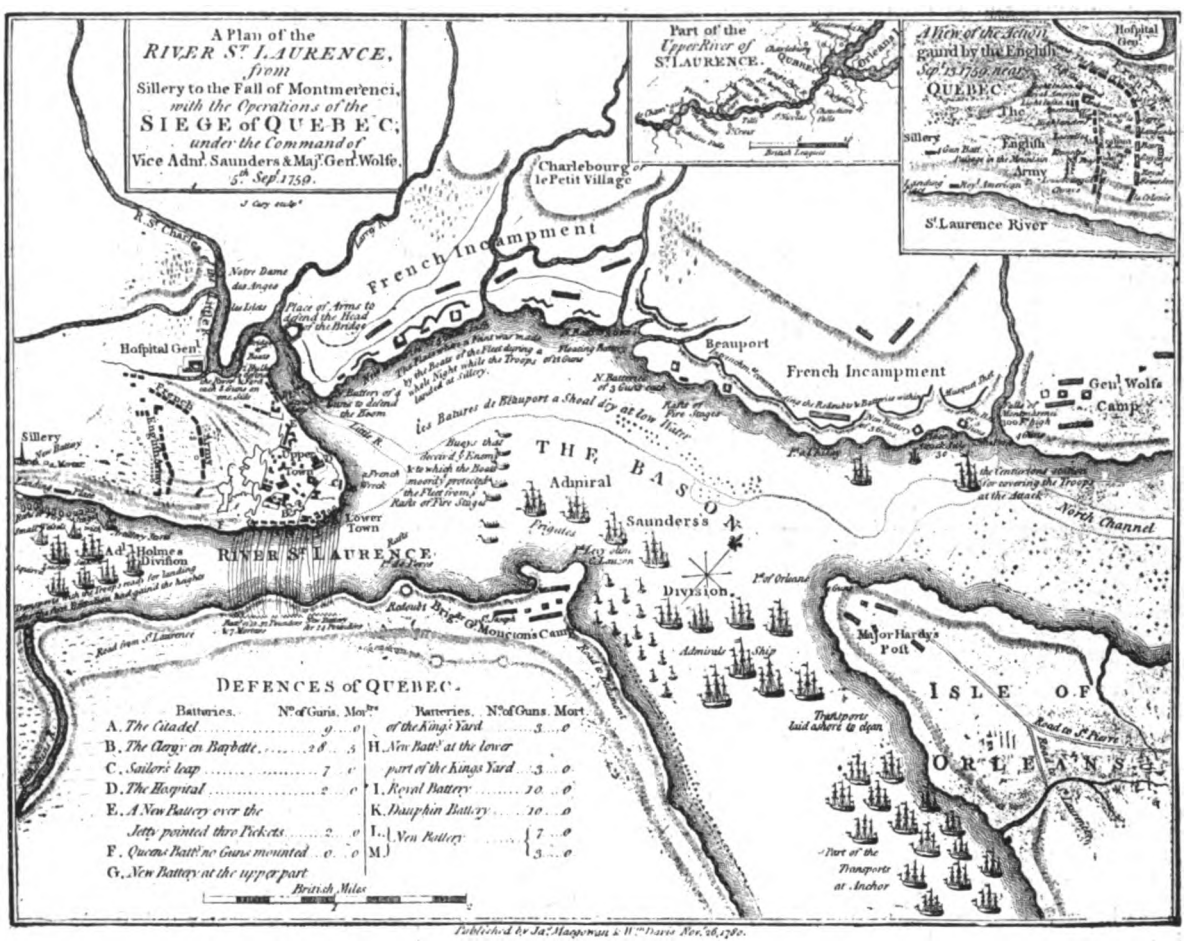
France, but proved how promptly and heavily our combined Services could strike in both hemispheres. Admiral Sir S. Cornish and Colonel Draper set sail from India with fourteen ships of war, the 79th Regiment, 600 sepoys, detachments of Marines, gunners, sappers, etc., and took Manilla and 3,000,000 dollars in treasure on land, as well as 3,000,000 dollars more from a treasure ship. A more splendid success was the capture of Havana. Admiral Pocock and Lord Albemarle led nineteen ships of war, with many transports and 10,000 soldiers, against the famous Spanish emporium. After a siege of forty days Moro Castle was taken, and the city surrendered soon afterwards. The Spanish lost not only the city and the port, but twelve ships of the line, besides £3,000,000 in money and merchandise belonging to the Spanish King. When the absolute and relative wealth, population, and other resources of the United Kingdom in 1762 and in 1897 are compared, the "Little Englander" seems to have deteriorated sadly from the energy, enterprise, and daring of his progenitors.

Turkey had command of the sea in 1877, and, therefore, Suleiman was able to transfer his troops from Montenegro to Enos Bay, and thence to lead them to the Shipka Pass. In the same campaign, when the Grand Duke Nicholas was within touch of Constantinople, he was obliged to halt. Why? Because Admiral Hornby commanded the Sea of Marmora. This is an excellent example of the power of sea force as against mere land force in regard to a peninsular. To quote Pfeil, "The Grand Duke was wanting in resolution; he might have seized Buyukdere on the Bosphorus and thus have closed the channel to British warships, and have had Constantinople at his mercy. A few hours more and it was too late, for English ships had approached so near that they could have reached the Bosphorus before the Russians, and would have thus been in a position to force an entry into the Black Sea. This deprived Russia of all the fruits of the war." Suppose a strong Greek Fleet conveying a respectable expeditionary force had been between Volo and Salonica in the April of this year, would Edhem Pacha have made a military promenade to Pharsala?



Leaving the Mediterranean and going to the Yellow Sea, the same phenomena are repeated. Take the Korean Campaign. In spite of all their enormous population, their inexhaustible material resources, and their antique philosophy, the Chinese failed for lack of military efficiency, while the well-organised Japanese were able to combine military and naval forces against Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. Very clear details of these operations can be found in Admiral Colomb's "Naval Warfare," and in Mr. H. W. Wilson's "Ironclads in Action."

Taking advantage of ice for purposes of invasion is a risky operation, yet there have been celebrated examples in modern times. Count Barclay de Tolly, in the severe spring of 1809, led the Russian Army across the ice to Golby, on the road to Stockholm. The political result was the annexation of Finland. Similar incidents took place during the conquest of Holland by the French Revolutionary Army. The left wing passed the Lake of Biesbosch on the ice and captured the arsenal of Dordrecht, and a body of cavalry and "flying" artillery crossed the Zuyder Zee on the ice and took the Dutch Fleet, lying frozen in the Texel.

The effect of combined naval and military expeditions on great rivers was well illustrated in the American Civil War, 1861-5. The wide and deep rivers of the South were avenues into the heart of the Confederate territory For example, in 1862, Admiral Farragut and General Butler took the forts near New Orleans, and thus commanded the mouth of the Mississippi, and in 1863, Admiral Porter, with gun-boats and transports, ran the gauntlet of the Vicksburg guns from the North, and Grant's army being transferred from the right to the left bank of the river, invested the great Confederate fortress from the land side. Its fall was then only a matter of time. Thenceforth, the mighty "Mississippi ran unvexed to the sea."

Much energy and ability have recently been devoted by civilians and naval and military officers to the problems upon the solution of which our Imperial position depends. Indeed, with the exception of public schoolmasters, school boards, military examiners, and Government officials, everyone seems eager for information concerning them. Professor Laughton and the Navy Records' Society are doing yeoman service, and the Navy League is educating the populace. How could time be more pleasantly spent than in perusing the Indian experiences of Lord Roberts? The popularity of his writings is as creditable to his fellow-citizens as it must be gratifying to himself. Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood have displayed high military qualities in the field against civilised as well as barbaric foes; they are also distinguished authors.

Major Callwell, in his "Small Wars" and "Effect of Maritime Command," has produced two treatises which ought to be in every public library; they would enlighten casual readers who have no taste for elaborate histories. Two volumes have been recently published by Col. George Furse, entitled "Military Expeditions Beyond the Seas," conveying much information in simple form, with excellent illustrations. Much ground is covered, from the campaigns of Hannibal and Charles V. to modern European and Colonial enterprises. Some critics complain that Colonel Furse is discursive, but these critics have gone into raptures over Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe's "Letters on Strategy." Now Colonel Furse's pages, compared with Prince Kraft's strategy, are sweetness and light compared with a smoke-laden fog. Moreover, the facts discussed in "Maritime Expeditions" are more instructive to our race than all the details of every battle won by the North Germans since the defeat of Varus.

But my space is exhausted, and I cannot more fitly close this article than by a quotation from the Elizabethan sage, Lord Bacon:—"To be master of the sea is an abridgment of a monarchy. We see the great effects of battles by sea: the battle of Actium decided the Empire of the world; the battle of Lepanto arrested the greatness of the Turk. There be many examples where sea fights have been final to the war; but this much is certain, that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will, whereas those that be strongest by land are, nevertheless, many times in great straits. Surely at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal dowries of this kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea most part of their compass, and because the wealth of both Indies seems, in great part, but an accessory to the command of the seas."

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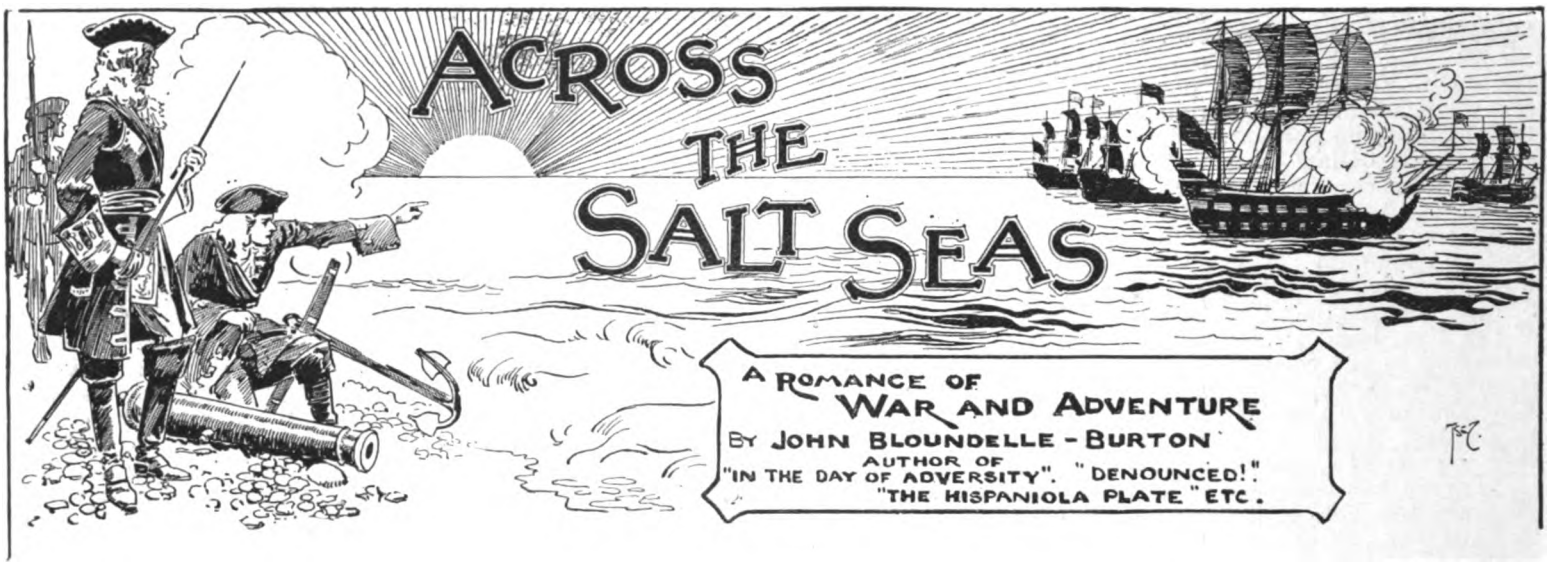

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The hero, Mervyn Crespin, who was lately lying in the prison of Lugo under sentence of death, found himself there in consequence of a hazardous ride which he set out upon from Vigo (of which town he has taken part in the capture), with the intention of joining the English forces under the command of Marlborough in Flanders. He had originally been despatched by the Earl on a mission to the British Fleet, which was expected to be at Cadiz (but which, he found had left for England), as the bearer of important information, to the effect that some Spanish galleons from the West Indies had altered their destination and, instead of going to Cadiz as they intended, had, on hearing that the English Fleet was in the neighbourhood, proceeded to Vigo. On his way to the former place he encounters a man whose name is supposed to be Carstairs, and whom he and the master of the ship regard as a pirate. Meanwhile, he by chance falls in with the English Fleet proceeding home, is enabled to convey the information he carries to Sir George Rooke, and goes with it to Vigo. After the battle, which is fully described, he is sent to board one of the captured galleons, and here he encounters a young Spanish gentleman, as he supposes, who has been a passenger in the ship, as well as a monk named Father Jaime. Eventually, he sets out for Flanders on the above-mentioned perilous ride, the young Spaniard, who has conceived a warm friendship for him, insisting upon being his companion, to which he reluctantly consents. They encounter on their way a series of stirring adventures, culminating in a fight with the Spanish police near Lugo, and, though entering that town in safety, are followed and arrested. Father Jaime has, however, joined them and rendered great assistance in the combat, he appearing no longer as a monk (which he acknowledges himself not to be), but as a traveller, himself on the road to Lugo. As they are endeavouring, however, to escape capture, they overhear a conversation between Jaime and the man Carstairs, who has also arrived here in search of some property which he expected to come in the galleons, and from it they learn that Jaime, far from being a monk, is no less a person than the renowned Gramont—a pirate loathed in the Indies, but supposed to be long since drowned. Señor Belmonte, the young Spaniard, who has confided to the Englishman that he does not know who his father was, except that he was enormously rich, also discovers now to his horror that Gramont is the man. This, however, is not the only discovery made. As the young Spaniard reels against Crespin on gleaning this intelligence, Crespin in his turn is astonished to find that his companion is a woman and not a man, who has travelled to Europe disguised thus in her hopes of finding Carstairs, whose right name is Eaton, and of punishing him for having robbed her, and also because the galleons would not take women as passengers. All are arrested and imprisoned, Gramont and Crespin being sentenced to death, while Juana, which is the name of the Spanish lady, is protected by the Alcáide of the city, who has fallen in love with her striking beauty. He, however, agrees that her father shall be allowed to escape provided she leaves Spain with him; and, in her misery and despair over that father's crimes, she consents. Crespin regrets his fate the more because he has learned from Juana that her instantaneous love for him at first sight was the principal thing which prompted her to insist on accompanying him in all his dangers. Also, he knows now how fondly he has come to love her. He has, however, been able to escape in the manner recently described, and to follow Juana until he comes up with her in company with the Alcáide. How he made that escape, and how he and Gramont have once more met, has also been described in the chapters preceding the present instalment.

CHAPTER XXVIII. *(continued).*

YET, as the snow beat against the window—for once more it was a rough night, and the wind howled here as it had howled the night before across in Spain, while, as before, the flakes falling on the rude panes seemed to my mind to resemble ghostly finger-tips that touched the glass and then were drawn off it back into the darkness without—I thought also of the now dead and destroyed man, the buccaneer who, all blood-guilty as he was, had yet gone to a doom that he might have escaped from.

And other thoughts prevented sleep, too—even though I had not now slept for many, many hours. My terrible reflections unstrung me—it seemed almost as if the spirit of that dead man had followed me, was outside the rough wooden door; as if, amidst those falling and swift vanishing snow-flakes on the glass, I saw his eyes glaring out of the blackness into the room. And soon I became o'erwrought, the gentle beat of the snow became the tap of a hand summoning me to open and admit his spectral form—an awful fantasy took possession of me!

Was (I asked myself—as furtively I turned my eyes to those solemn, silent flakes that fell upon the window pane, rested there a moment, gleaming white, then vanished into nothingness); was the lost soul of that man hovering outside the door or that window—the soul that, but a few hours ago, had but quitted his body? If I looked again at the casement, should I see, as though behind some dark veil, the eyes of Gramont glaring into the room; see those flakes of snow take more tangible form—the form of a dead man's fingers scratching at the panes, tearing at them, to attract my attention?

Distraught—maddened by the terror of my thoughts, fearful of myself, of the silence that reigned through the house, I sprang to my feet—I *was* mad!—I must go out into the gloom and blackness of the night———

God! what was that?

There *was* a tapping at the door—a footstep—next a tap at the window. The hands were there! I saw the fingers—the snow falling round them—on them.

I saw, too, the eyes of Gramont peering in at me.

"What is it?" I said hoarsely. "What? What?"

Then, through the roar of the tempest without—through the shriek of the wind—above the loud hum of the torrent—I heard—or was I mad, and dreaming that I heard?—the words:

"Open. To me—her father!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"LET US KISS AND PART."

As I unbarred the door that gave directly from the miserable living-room of the house to the outside, he came in, the snow upon the shoulders of the cape he wore, some flakes even upon his face.

"You are alive! Escaped!" I whispered, recognising that this was no phantom of my brain, but the man himself. "Safe! Thank God!"

"Where is she?" he asked, pausing for no greeting, giving me none. "My child—is *she* safe? Or—have I come too late?"

"She is here. Safe. Saved. It is not too late."

His eyes roamed round the room, then, not seeing her, he continued:

"Where? I must see her. Once."

"*Once!*"

"For the last time. After that we shall never meet again. The shadow of my life, my past, must fall on her no more. Yet—once—I must see her. Lead me to where she is."

"She has been ill—delirious—is crushed by all that has happened, by———"

"All that she has learnt!" he interrupted, his voice deep and solemn—broken, too. "Yet I must see her."

"She is asleep above."

For answer to this he made simply a sign; still, one I understood very well. A sign that I should delay no longer.

"Come," I said, "come," and together we went up the narrow stairs to the room she occupied, stole up them as though in fear of waking her.

Pushing the door open gently, we saw by the rays of the *veilleuse*, which I had ordered to be placed in the room, that she was sleeping; observed, also, that our entry did not

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disturb her; also, it was easy to perceive that she was dreaming. Sometimes, as we standing there gazed down, the long dark lashes that drooped upon her cheeks quivered, from beneath them there stole forth tears. Once, too, the rosy lips parted, and a sigh came from between them.

"My child—my child!" Gramont whispered to himself. "Child of her whom I loved better than my life. That we should meet at last only to part for ever!"

And from his own eyes the tears rolled down. From his!

He stooped and bent over her, his face approached hers; his lips touched that white brow, over which the short cut hair curled in such glorious dishevelment, while he murmured:

"Unclose those eyelids once. Look for the last time on me," then half turned his head away, as though to prevent his own tears from falling on, and awakening, her.

Was he a sorcerer, I wondered even as I watched—a sorcerer as well as other things unnameable? Had he the power over his own child to reach her mind and brain, even though both were sunk in a deep feverish sleep? In truth, it appeared so.

For, even as he spoke, those eyelids did unclose, the dark, dreamy eyes gazed up into his, while, slowly, the full, white, rounded arms encircled his neck, their lips met, and from him I heard the whispered words come:

"Farewell! Farewell! For ever! Oh! my child—my child!"

Yet—and I thanked God for it then, as always since I have thanked Him again and again—he had turned away ere the answering whisper came from her lips; had not heard the words that fell from them—the words:

"Mervan—Mervan—my beloved!"

Thanked God he had not known how, in her sleep, she deemed those kisses mine, and dreamed of me alone.

* * * *

As the night went on the storm increased; the snow no longer came in flakes against the window of the room below in which we sat, but, instead, lay thick and heavy in masses on the sill without. Was driven, too, against the window by the fierce tempestuous wind that howled down from the mountains above and rocked the miserable inn.

"There is no going on to-night," Gramont said, coming in out the storm after having gone forth to attend to the horse that had brought him from Lugo, and having bestowed it in the stable where were the animals on which Juana and I had also ridden. "No going on to-night." Then, changing the subject abruptly, he said: "Where is that man?"

Not pretending to doubt as to whom he made allusion, I said: "The *Alcáide*."

"Ay, the *Alcáide*."

Whereon I told him of all that had transpired since my arrival with the mute, and of his immediate departure, on further, into Portugal.

"You should have slain him," he said, "the instant you had disarmed him. You loved Juana and she you—she told me so when she divulged his scheme to me in the prison—he should never have gone free with life."

"I *had* disarmed him. I could not slay a weaponless, defenceless man."

"One slays a snake—awake or sleeping. He merited death."

"Yet to him, in a manner, we all owe our lives. Juana—I—you."

"Owe our lives! Owe our lives to him! To one who trafficked with my girl's honour as against her father's freedom, a man who betrayed his trust to his country as a means whereby to gratify his own evil desires. And for you—for me—what do we owe him? The chance of my escape came from another hand than his."

"From another! You could have escaped even without that vile compact made between—God help us!—Juana and him?"

"Ay—listen. You stood by my side in the court when they tried us—you heard a voice in that court—saw the man who called out in loud tones to the man Morales. You saw him, observed, may be, that he bore about him the signs of a sailor."

As he spoke there came to me a recollection of something more than this. A recollection of where I had seen that man again, of how it was he who crouched behind the fallen masses of blasted rock in the passage beneath the bed of the river, through which I had passed to freedom. Also, I recalled the great gold rings in his ears and the glistening of one upon the guarding of his cloak as he shrank back into the darkness.

"I remember him," I said, "very well—I saw him again, too, on the night that the mute led me forth, helped me to escape."

"'Tis so. That man saved me, was bent on saving me from the moment he saw my face in the court. He is a Biscayan—yet we had met in other lands; once I had saved his life—from Eaton. He—that doubly damned traitor—that monster of sin—had taken him prisoner in a pink he owned, yet had not captured her without a hard fight, in which this man, Nuñez Picado, nearly slew him. Then, this was Eaton's revenge. He bound him and set him afloat in a dismantled ketch he had by him, the stake to which Picado was bound being a barrel of gunpowder. And in that barrel was one end of a slow match, the other end alight and trailing the length of the ketch's deck."

"My God!"

"So slow a match that it would take hours ere it reached the powder, hours in which the doomed wretch would suffer ten thousand-fold the tortures of the damned. Yet, one thing Eaton forgot—forgot that those hours of long drawn out horror to his victim were also hours in which succour might come. And, it was so. I passed that craft drifting slowly to and fro off Porto Rico, in the blaze of the noontide. I saw a brighter, redder light than the sparkle of sun on counter and brass. When I stepped on board the ketch there was not a foot of the slow match left—not an hour longer of life left to that man. Only—the bitterness of death was over for him then—he was a raving maniac, and so remained for months."

"Will you hear my story?"

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"He has at last repaid you in full"

"Ay, ay; in full. He knew the secret way into the ramparts; all was concocted, all arranged for our escapes."

"For your's and her's?"

"For her's and mine. Had it not been that you had to be saved also—that the freedom which Juana had obtained from Morales for me must be transferred to you, since I needed it not, she would never have been allowed to go forth with him. I, or Picado, would have slain him in the prison and escaped with her."

"I begin to understand."

"'Twas best, however, to let her go forth unknowing—at least it removed him away from what had to be done—made it certain that he could not impede your escape. The rest was easy. I persuaded the mute that 'twas you, not I, whom it was intended to save, that 'twas for you her letter was meant, that it was I who was doomed."

"And Eaton? Eaton?" I asked,

"Eaton has paid the forfeit of his treachery," he said. "It has rebounded on his own head. The *brasero* yawned for its victim—the populace for its holiday. They have had it. Trust Nuñez Picado for that."

He said no more, neither then nor later; and never yet have I learned how that vilest of men was the substitute for those whom he had hoped and endeavoured to send to the flames. Yet, also, never have I doubted that it was done, since certain it is that from that time he has never again crossed my path.

"The storm increases," Gramont said, as he strode to the window and peered out into the darksome night. "Yet—yet—I must go on at daybreak. I—I have that which needs takes me on."

"Stay here with us," I cried, "stay here. Juana will be my wife at the first moment chance offers. Stay."

"Nay," he said, "nay. She and I must never meet again. That is the expiation of my life which I have set myself—I will go through with it. In that last kiss above I took my farewell of her for ever in this world."

"What will you do?" I asked, through my now fast rising tears; tears that none needed to be ashamed of; tears that none, listening to his heart-broken words as they dropped slowly from his lips, could have forborne to shed. "What is your life to be?"

"God only knows," he replied. "Yet one of penitence, of prayers for forgiveness so long as that life lasts. Thereby—thereby—I may be fitter for the end. I am almost old now, it may not be far off."

Silence came upon us after that—a silence broken only by the howl of the wind outside the lonely house, by the thud of snow falling now and again from the roof and eaves—blown off by the fury of the tempest. But broken by scarcely aught else, unless 'twas a sigh that occasionally, and all unwittingly, as I thought, escaped from that poor sinner's overcharged breast. Yet, for the rest, nothing; no sound from the room above where she lay sleeping; nothing but sometimes the expiring logs falling together with a gentle clash on the hearth.

Then, suddenly, as almost I dozed on one side of those logs, he being on the other, I heard him speaking to me—his voice deep, sonorous, and low—perhaps he feared it might reach her above!—yet clear and distinct.

"Evil," he said, "as my existence has been, misjudge me not. None started on life's path meaning better than I—God help me!—none drifted into worse extremes. Will you hear my story—so much as 'tis meet you should know—you who love my child?"

I bowed my head; I whispered "Yes." Once, because I pitied him, I gently touched his hand with mine.

"I was a sailor," he went on, his dark eyes gleaming tenderly at that small offering of my sympathy, "bred up to the sea, the only child of a poor Protestant woman. Later—when Louis the King first fell under the thrall of the wanton, De Maintenon, my mother died of starvation, ruined by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, ruined, ere that revocation, by the shadow it cast before it upon all of our faith. Think you that what was doing in the Indies by the Spaniards made me love the followers of the Romish Church more?"

He paused a moment—again he went on:

"In the Indies, to which I had wandered, I met with men who had sworn to extirpate, if might be, every Spaniard, every one of those who, in their turn, swore that there was to be no peace beyond the Line. That was their oath—we helped them to keep it, made it our watchword, too. All of us, Morgan, Pointis, Avery, Lolonois, your countryman, Stede Bonnet, a hundred others. All of different lands, yet all of one complexion—hatred against Spain. And, there *was* no peace beyond the Line. You are a soldier, may be one for years, yet you will never know blood run as blood ran there. You may sack cities, even Louis' own capital, yet you will never know what sharing booty means as we knew it. Ere I was thirty I possessed a hundred thousand gold pistoles; ere another year had passed I owned nothing but the sword by my side, the deck I trod."

"Yet," I said, "when you were lost—disappeared—you left your child a fortune—which Eaton stole."

"I did more," he answered, "I left her that—but—I left her another which Eaton could not steal. She has it now; it is, it must be safe. Do you know your wife will bring you a great dowry? I have found wealth again and again."

I started—I had never dreamed of this!—yet, ere I could say aught, he went on once more:

"I pass over years. I come to twenty years ago. Eaton was my lieutenant. We were about to besiege Maracaibo, were a gallant company three hundred strong. Well, let me hurry—see, the daylight is coming, I must away—Maracaibo fell, our plunder was great. Also we had many prisoners. Amongst them one, a girl, young and beautiful. Heaven! she was an angel———"

'Juana's mother that was to be," I whispered, feeling sure.

"Hear me. She was my prize—there were others, but I heeded them not, had eyes only for her. Her ransom was fixed at five thousand pistoles, because she was the niece of the wealthiest man of all, to be paid ere we sailed three days later. And I prayed that they might never be forthcoming, that I might bear her away with me, teach her to love me as I loved her."

"And they were not paid?" I asked, breathlessly.

"We did not sail in three days' time—the money of the place had been sent away inland on our approach, also one half our body were mad with drink ashore; 'twas more nigh three weeks ere we were ready to depart."

"And the lady?"

"Her uncle had died meanwhile of a fever—yet—yet—the ransom was forthcoming. She was affianced to a planter. He came on board my ship, and, with him, he brought the gold."

"Ah!"

"My oath bound me to take it. Had I refused, my brethren had the right—since we had laws regulating all things amongst us—to remove me from my command. I had to see him count the gold out on the cabin table, to tell her she was free to go."

"And she went?" I asked again, almost breathlessly.

CHAPTER XXX.

GONE.

"She went," he continued, "and I thought that she was gone from me for ever, since, as I say, filibuster though I was, my oath to my companions bound me to set her free upon payment of the ransom. Yet, by Heaven's grace, she was mine again ere long."

He paused—looking out of the snow-laden window, through which there stole now a greyness which told of the coming of the wintry day; pointed towards it as though bidding me remember that his time was growing short; then went on:

"I was ashore for the last time before we sailed for Port Royal; those of us who were something better than brutish animals seeking for those who were wallowing in debauchery. Finding them, too, either steeped in drink or so overcome by their late depravity that they had to be carried on board the ships like logs. Then, as we passed down a street seeking our comrades, I saw her again—saw her lovely face at the grilled window of a house that looked as though it might be a convent, at a window no higher from the ground than my own head. And she saw me, too, made a sign that I should stop, should send on my company out of earshot. Which done, she said:

"'Save me. For God's sake, save me.'"

"'Save you, Señorita,' I whispered, for I knew not who might be lurking near, might be, perhaps, within that dark room to which no ray of the blazing sun seemed able to penetrate; 'save you from what, from whom?'

"'From him who ransomed me—*Dios!* that you had not taken the money. I hate him, was forced to be affianced to him, am a prisoner here in this convent until to-morrow, when I am to become his wife.'

"'Yet, Señorita,' I murmured, 'how to do it? These walls seem strong, each window heavily grated, doubtless the house well guarded—and—and—we sail at daybreak.'

"'Yet an entrance may be made by the garden,' she whispered in reply. 'The house is defended by negroes only—my room is at the top of the stairs. Save me. Save me.'"

(To be continued).

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Photo. ELLIOTT & CRY, Baker Street.

Field-Marshal Sir DONALD MARTIN STEWART, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E.

SIR DONALD STEWART first saw service in the field as a captain in the Bengal Army forty-three years ago, on the Indian North-West Frontier, against the same hill tribes who are now causing such trouble, and was twice mentioned in despatches for his share in the operations. The Indian Mutiny gave him the opportunity of making his mark, first through his daring ride with despatches from the Governor of the North-West Provinces to the camp before Delhi, through a country swarming with mutinied sepoys; after that, on the staff, as D.A.G. to the Delhi Field Force, and then as A.A.G. before Lucknow, and in the Rohilcund campaign that followed. The Mutiny gave Sir Donald two mentions in despatches and two brevets. Ten years later—in 1868—he again saw field service, in command of the Bengal Brigade with the Abyssinian Expedition, and ten years after that he took command of the invading army in Southern Afghanistan. At the head of the Candahar Field Force Sir Donald performed a feat that, at the least, deserves to be remembered side by side with Lord Roberts's great exploit—the earlier march from Candahar to Cabul, in April, 1880, with its two desperate actions at Ahmed Kheyl and Urzoo, near Ghuzni. Sir Donald Stewart's rare self-denial in, of his own accord, offering to Lord Roberts the command of the column that made the heroic march from Cabul to the relief of Candahar, instead of, as he might have done, taking it for himself, deserves far greater appreciation than it has received, except from Lord Roberts himself. Sir Donald, who was created a baronet for his Afghan services, held office from 1881 to 1884 as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India. He was promoted field-marshal in May, 1894, and in March, 1895, was appointed to the governorship of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, which distinguished post the veteran soldier now holds.

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Centenary of 3rd Batt. Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

THIS regiment was raised at Preston in 1797, under the Supplementary Act, and was embodied for service in the following year. It was stationed at Sunderland, Tynemouth, and Durham, and remained embodied until 1802. In 1800 it had been numbered the 3rd Lancashire Militia, and was twelve companies strong, under Sir Henry Hoghton. The regiment was embodied again in 1803, and was practically on service until 1816.

In 1813 the former title was changed, and the regiment was known as the 3rd (Prince Regent's Own) Regiment of the Royal Lancashire Militia. It bore this title until 1831, when it became the Duke of Lancaster's Own Regiment of Militia.

In 1855 it was afforded an opportunity of seeing foreign service, which has fallen to the lot of few regiments of Militia, and embarked for Gibraltar in April of that year. There it undertook the duties of the garrison until 1856, and so well acquitted itself as to call forth the merited praise of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief. To commemorate its stay at "The Rock," the Duke of Lancaster's Own was granted the privilege of bearing "Mediterranean" on the colours of the regiment.

In 1872 it took part in the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, and in the same year was associated with the 47th and 81st Regiments of Foot. In 1881, under the new scheme, the regiment became the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and was thus organised until 1896, when both were turned into one battalion of ten companies, under its present title. As was befitting, the centenary was celebrated this year when the battalion was in training at Fulwood Barracks, Preston. The officers gave a ball in the Public Hall, and extended their hospitality to over 400 guests. To this all the former officers now alive were invited, and numbers of them availed themselves of the invitation. Nor were the rank and file forgotten, for whom the officers provided a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding. In the evening, too, the men gave a sing-song, at which all the officers were present.

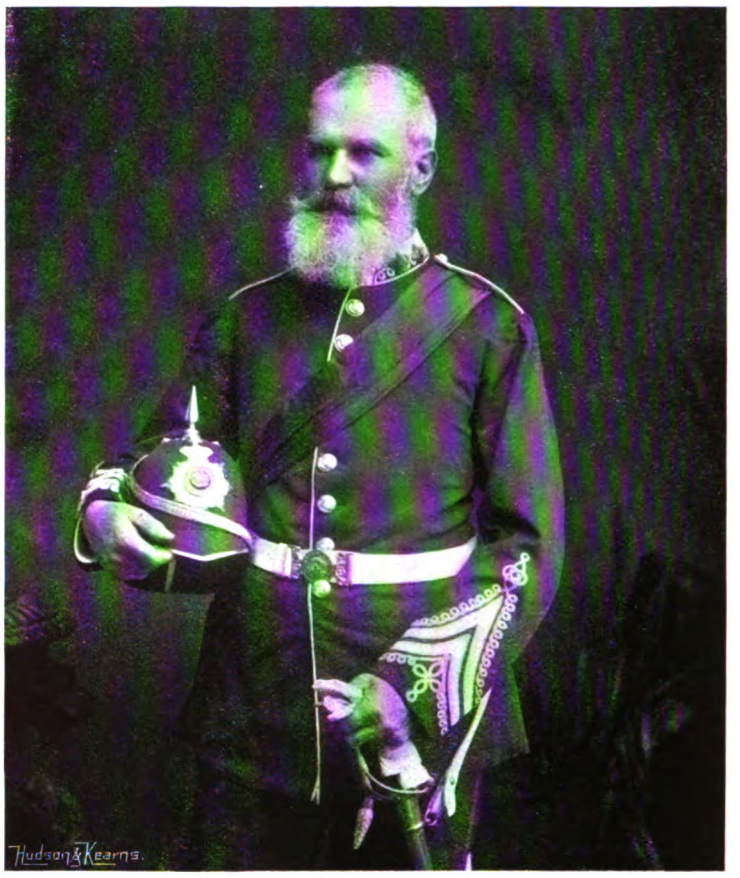

Photo. DOWNEY. *London, S.W.*

Colonel T. R. Crosse.

Officers, 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

The 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment is one of the smartest battalions of Militia in the North, and well known for its good behaviour in camp and barracks.

Notwithstanding the fact that the temptations at a large town like Preston are so many, not one man came in contact with the civil power during the training.

This in itself testifies amply to the admirable sense of discipline and *esprit de corps* which exists among the ranks of the 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

Colonel T. R. Crosse, now honorary colonel, commanded the regiment from 1874 until 1892, when he was succeeded by Colonel T. M. Sandys, M.P., who has recently resigned.

Photos. A. WINTER. *Preston.*

ON PARADE, FULWOOD BARRACKS, PRESTON.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

FORAGE CART.—ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.

EVERY regiment of cavalry and battalion of infantry has its own regimental transport, which may be used as the commanding officer directs. It is always under an officer directly responsible for its care and efficiency. The above illustration depicts the forage cart of the Royal Scots Greys (part of the regimental transport), drawn by two horses. The many uses to which it is put are not implied in its official title, which would give one to understand that its province is entirely connected with the stable. This cart, however, is employed to carry anything connected with the public service, from boxes of clothing from Pimlico to the baggage of the last non-commissioned officer ordered to proceed to Hythe for a course of musketry. These carts are painted a greyish-blue—the distinguishing colour of Government vehicles. The men forming the transport detachment are drawn from the regiment, and are immediately under a transport sergeant. They are in no way connected with the Army Service Corps, as the white zigzag band round the driver's cap in the picture shows.

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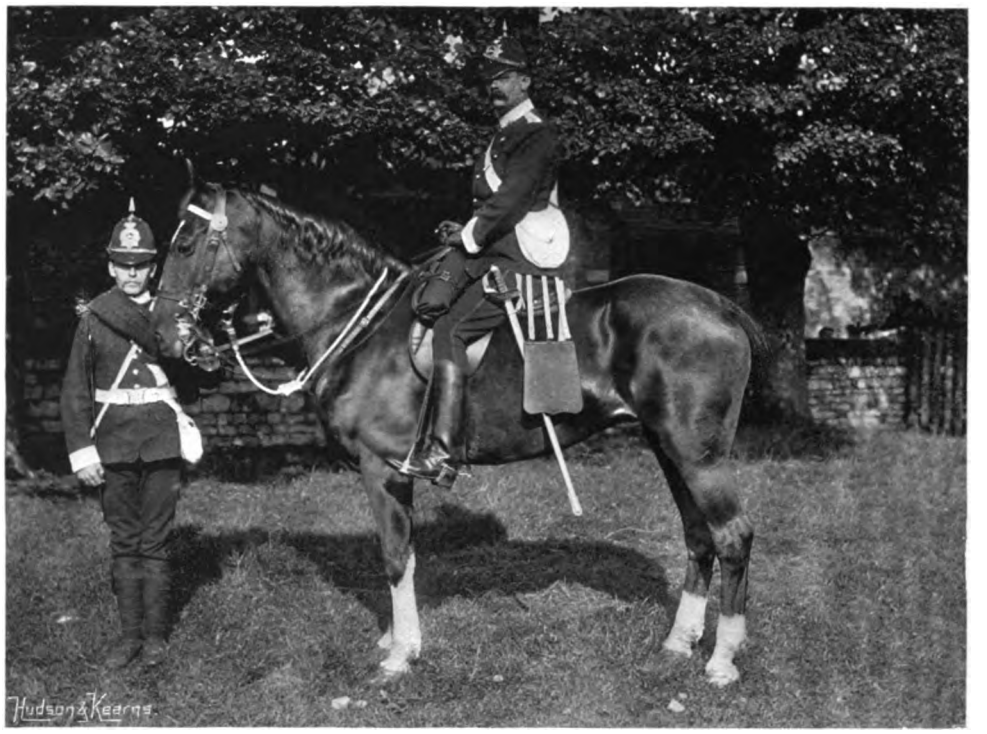
Through Lincolnshire Lanes with the Old "Tenth."

THE object of the Territorial System is to connect each regiment of infantry with a particular county or district, and by this means obtain the greatest possible number of recruits from the county which gives the regiment its designation. With this object a recruiting depôt is established in each district, where recruits (except those who join at headquarters) undergo their preliminary training.

At some of the large manufacturing centres there is no lack of recruits; indeed, recruiters are often enabled to pick and choose, but in thinly-populated agricultural districts the case is very different. In some parts it is found practically impossible by ordinary means to enlist a representative number of native recruits, and the particular regiments the depôts of which are in those districts are obliged to take men who have no local connection. Though often necessary, under the present *régime*, this state of things is undesirable, and does not tend to foster local sentiment, which must always go far to build up a reliable system of *esprit de corps*. This is not an age of sentiment, but it is acknowledged by every great military commander that local associations may often be made to play an important part in the history of a regiment.

The strongest advocates of the Territorial System could not term it a success, but the Government are slow to undertake radical



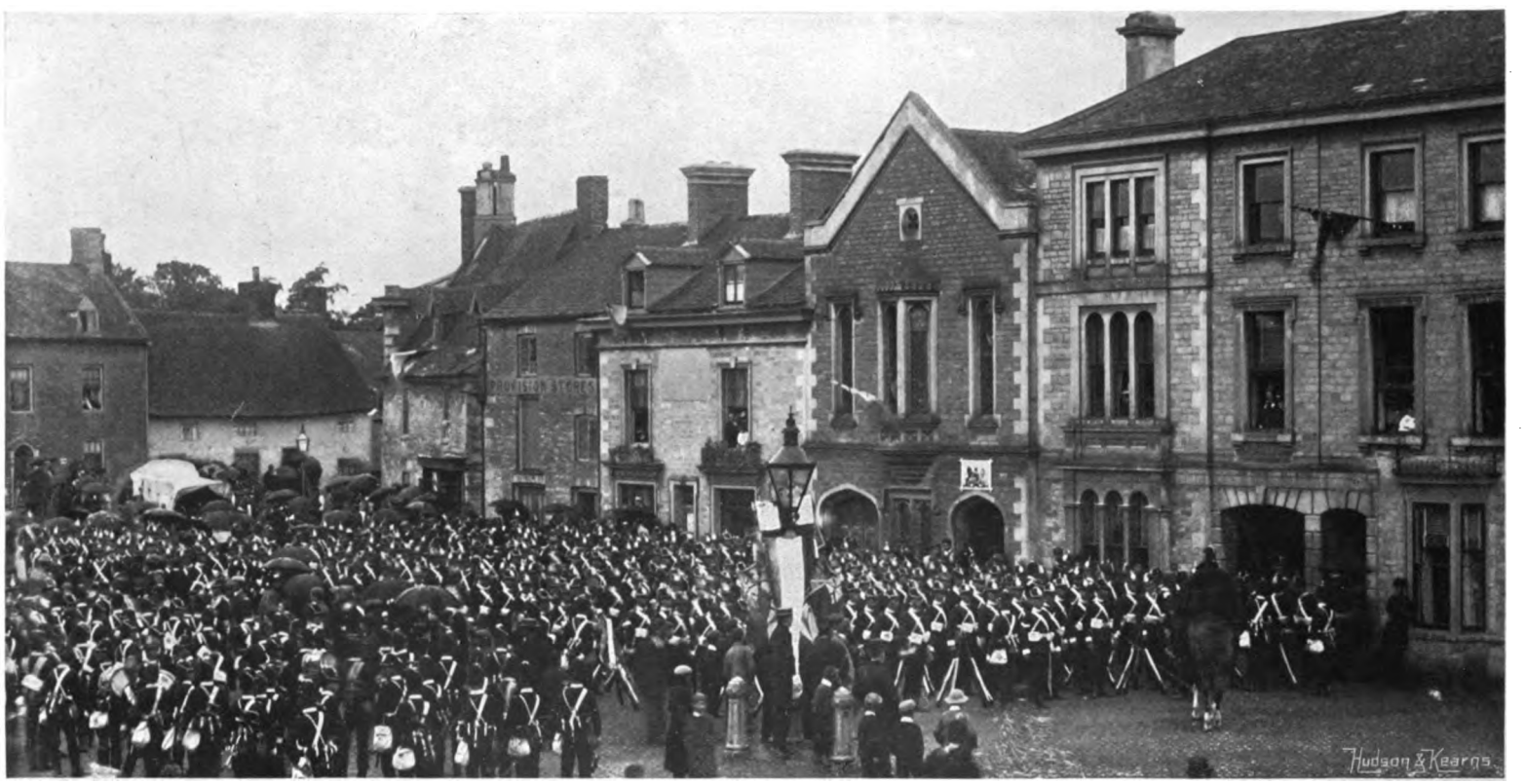
Lieut.-Colonel H. R. Roberts, Commanding 2nd Batt. Lincolnshire Regt

A Glimpse of the Camp at Stamford.

military changes, and so it happens that in many cases the depôts established at no small expense are practically useless, and if recruits be wanted from the districts it is necessary to have recourse to some other method.

To obtain the result desired, the authorities have recently permitted one or two battalions to march through their territorial districts, with a view to attracting desirable young men to the colours.

As to the utility of such a course there are many differences of opinion, but critics of this scheme should remember that immediate results are not expected. The



Photos. H. J. BLISS. *Grantham.*

ENTERING MARKET DEEPING.

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2nd Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment, after being employed at the manœuvres, was recently ordered to march through Lincolnshire. This news was hailed with delight in the county, and preparations were made all along the route to welcome the battalion. On the last day of August the battalion entrained at Aldershot for Ryhall, and arrived there in the afternoon. Here the march began, which was to terminate at Sheffield (the present headquarters of the battalion).

The first halt was made at Stamford, three miles distant, where the battalion was enthusiastically received by the mayor and the inhabitants. It is not to be wondered at that the presence of soldiers in the district created a great sensation, for the custom of marching infantry from one station to another has long sunk into disuse. The introduction of railways is responsible for this. The battalion encamped near Burghley Park, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, who entertained the officers at his house. The same evening the men were entertained at a smoking concert by the inhabitants of Stamford, and on Wednesday morning marched for Bourne.

Detailed for Fatigue Duty.

With the Food and Baggage Waggons.

The moving off of a battalion is not such an easy thing as it sounds. The men must be astir at an early hour. Breakfast is eaten sometimes against time, and then the tents are struck. The preliminary work does not end here. Each tent is neatly packed and taken to the waggon in which it is to be carried until the next halt. For this object, as well as to carry other baggage, the column is accompanied by a detachment of the Army Service Corps with their waggons (in this case No. 29 Company, A.S.C.). In time of peace the waggons are sent on in advance, and are seen on the march in the fifth illustration.

When the baggage has been loaded the men prepare for parade, and before the "fall in" sounds have done a hundred and one little things which are necessary previous to a march.

The march was broken about midday at Market Deeping, and here again the inhabitants showed signs of pleasure at the presence of the regiment. The officers were entertained to luncheon, and the men were

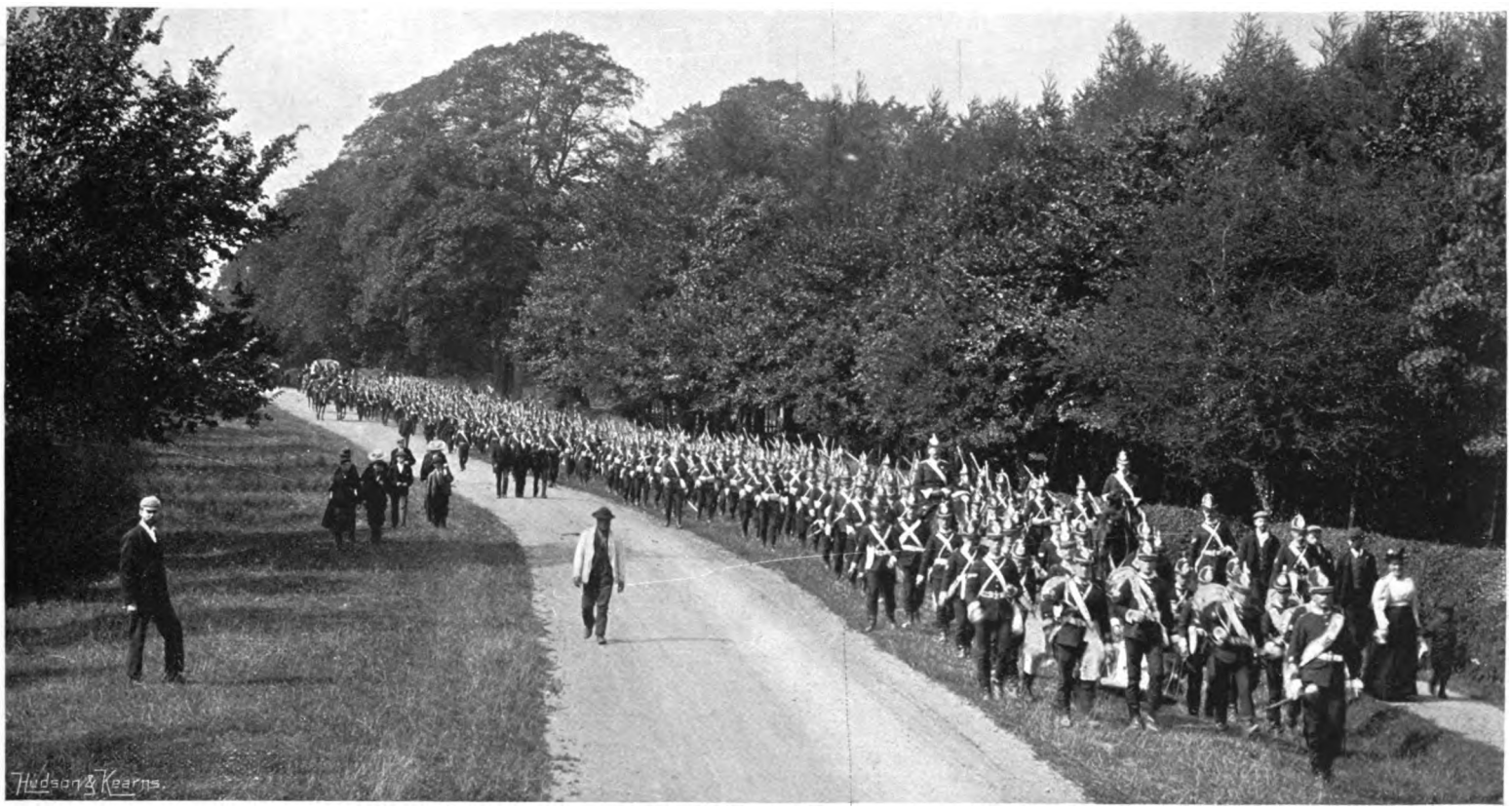

Photo. H. J. BLI[illegible] Grantham.

MARCHING AT EASE, ON THE ROAD TO STAMFORD.

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refreshed with bread, cheese, and beer. On the way from Market Deeping to Bourne the troops were drenched with rain, but those who know Tommy Atkins and his ways are aware that the weather has little effect on his spirits. Bourne was reached about four, and here there awaited a royal welcome. The men encamped in the ancient trenches, to which is attached some historic interest, and dined on their arrival. In the evening they were entertained by the inhabitants in the Corn Exchange. Next morning the battalion set out on its march to Spalding, and here again the military were well received. In the evening an open air concert was given round a camp fire—a species of entertainment very popular with soldiers.

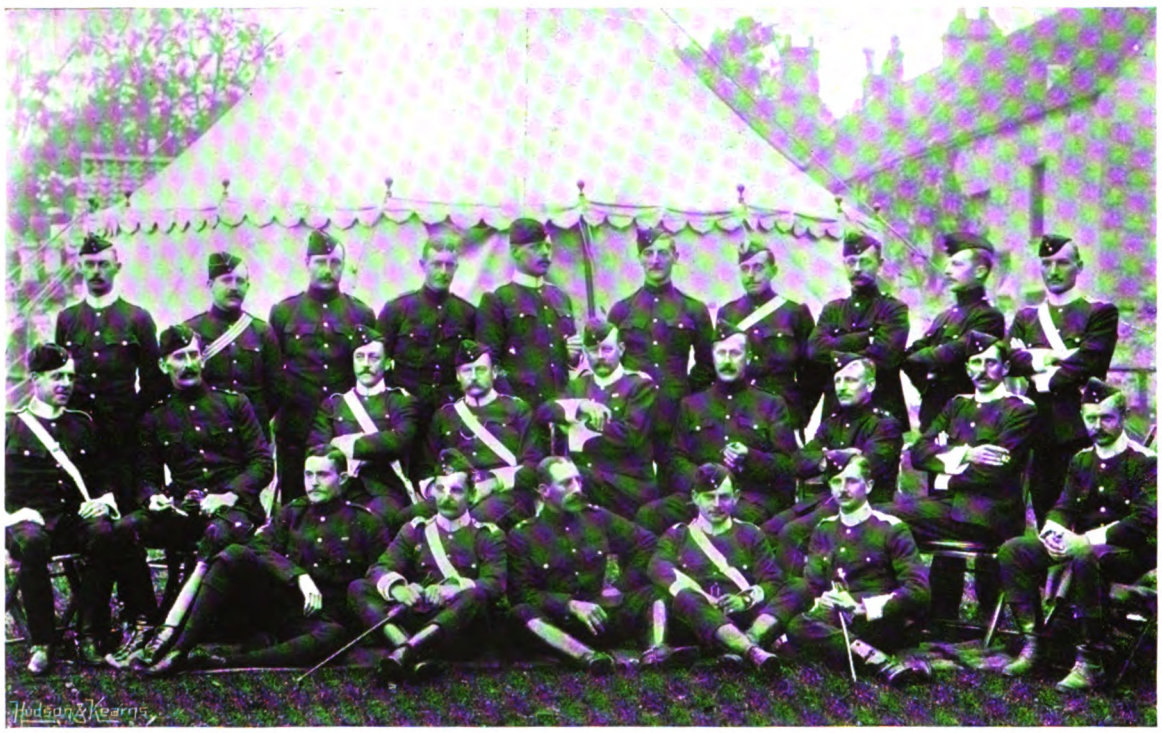
Any Recruits for the Colours?

During peace much can be done to increase the comfort of the troops which is often impossible on active service. For instance, the sending on of an advance party to the next halting-place to prepare the camp and food for those following, is always a great advantage, and saves time as well as much grumbling. The next day's march to Billingborough was seventeen miles in length, but the men arrived in good spirits. Everywhere along the route they were greeted with enthusiasm, and the officers were entertained on their arrival to a garden party at Buckminster Hall.

The following day (Saturday) the battalion marched to Grantham, where it remained over Sunday and attended Divine service.

On Monday it marched to Sleaford, on Tuesday to Boston, on Wednesday to Spilsby, on Thursday to Louth, where it was received by the Mayor and Corporation, on Friday to Wragby, and on Saturday to Lincoln to terminate the march. There it attended Divine service on Sunday at the Cathedral, and on Monday entrained for Sheffield.

The hearty welcome which was accorded to the troops all along the route may, it is hoped, lead the authorities to sanction such marches more frequently than formerly; and, judging from the friendly spirit of the inhabitants, one may well look for an increase of Lincolnshire lads in the old "10th."



Photos. H. J. BLISS. *Grantham.*

Officers of the Lincolnshire Regiment.

The N.C.O.'s of the New Zealand Defence Forces.

IN honour of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee a special parade, representative of all arms of the Service in the Defence Forces of New Zealand, was held in Dunedin, and after it, in memory of the august occasion, the photograph that we here present to our readers was taken outside the Dunedin District Non-Commissioned Officers' Club, Garrison Hall. Typical members of each of the branches of the Colonial Forces are shown in our photograph.

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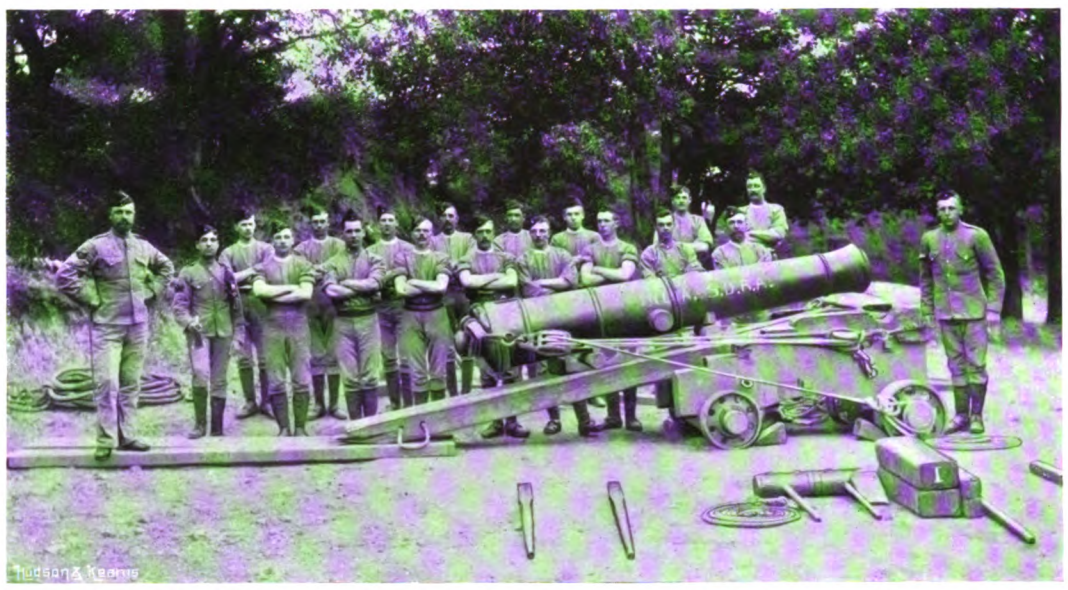
ARTILLERY IN THE MUREE HILLS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to parade grounds well laid out and sufficiently extensive to allow at least of a battalion drilling without difficulty, we find it hard to realise that in certain parts of India a piece of ground sufficiently level and large enough for the drill of one company cannot be found.

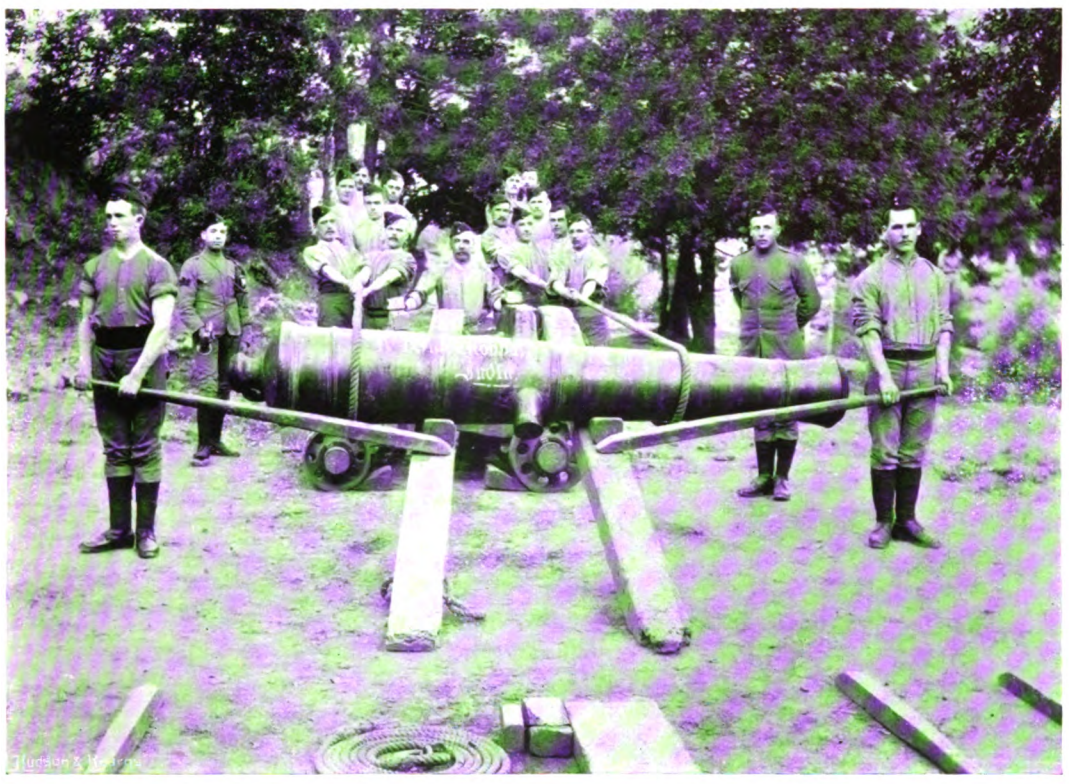
Such, however, is the case at Thobba, in the Muree Hills, India, where the 33rd Company Southern Division Royal Artillery is stationed this summer. Indeed, so limited is the available space, that the spring course of drills was carried out by half companies.

The programme of work, therefore, is very limited (for heavy guns cannot be conveniently taken to the hills), and comprises a weekly route march to keep the men in training, and a periodical pitching and striking of tents.

Some time ago a 64-pr. was, not without difficulty, conveyed to Thobba,



Mounting a 64-pr. from Rear of Carriage.



Parbuckling a 64-pr. into Position.

and through its medium the men are kept in training.

This gun is placed under the trees, protected from the rays of the sun, on an artificial terrace commanding a most beautiful expanse of country, which tends, in some measure, to sweeten the lot of "Tommy" in a lonely hill station.

The first picture represents the 64-pounder being mounted up the rear of the carriage on long skids and rollers.

This process, as may be seen, is facilitated by an arrangement of blocks and ropes. The men at work are one and all well-developed specimens of humanity.

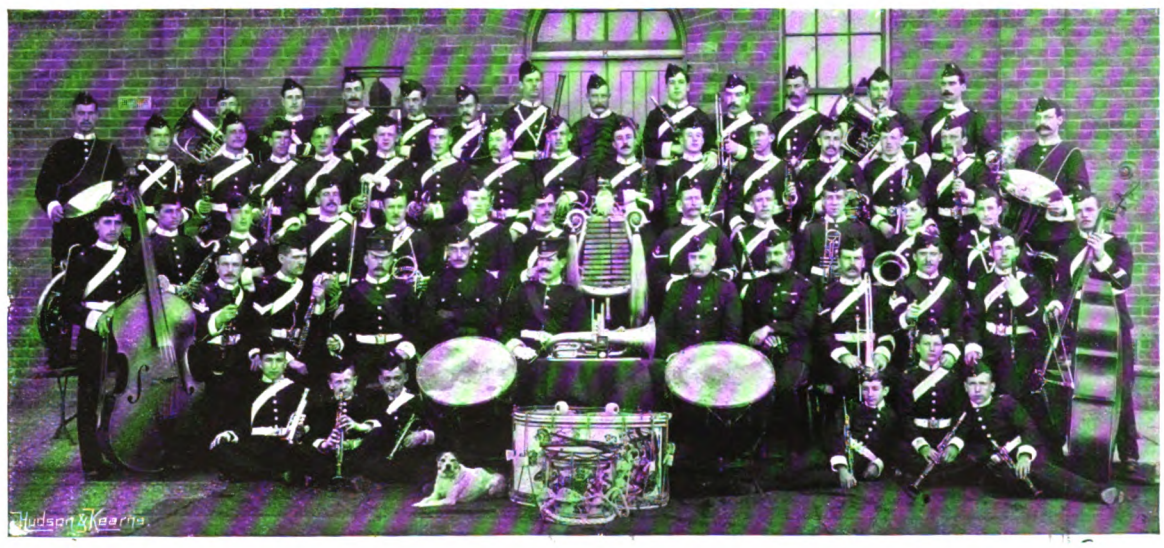
The second illustration depicts a similar exercise, but in this instance the men are parbuckling the gun up the side of the carriage.

This type of ordnance appears somewhat unwieldy, but strength and skill combined contrive to make the 64-pounder extremely mobile.

The climate of Muree is genial, and much more enjoyable than the intense heat of the plains, which next year the 33rd will in all probability experience while luckier men are enjoying a change in the Hills.

SOME "CRACK" ARMY BANDS.

A SPECIALLY attractive feature of the Music Trades Exhibition, held at the Agricultural Hall this year, was the series of military band competitions, which filled the programme on two days of the fortnight during which the exhibition was open. Fourteen regiments in all competed, the two winning teams whose portraits we give being the bandsmen of the 1st Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, the takers of the first prize, and the bandsmen of the 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, the takers of the second prize. The first-mentioned band made the highest score, being five marks in front of the 1st Battalion



The Band of the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment.

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South Staffordshire Regiment (Mr J. Matthews), who made 375. The highest possible score was 400, but the winners fell twenty points short of this. The third band on the card was the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers (Mr. E. M. Rogers). The judges were Mr. C. Hall, 2nd Life Guards; Mr. J. Sommer, Royal Engineers; and the adjutant (Captain F. Mahoney) and director of music (Lieut. A. J. Stretton) of the Royal School of Music at Kneller Hall, who watched the competitions and marked the results, giving points in particular for *ensemble* in playing, precision, tune, tone, and balance. Their reports were handed to Col. Farquhar Glennie, the commandant at Kneller Hall, who, as presiding judge of the displays, at the close of the exhibition declared the results and made the final award, giving to the first six bands on the list the allotted prizes, which included instruments, batons, and cheques, to the total value of £150.

Photo JULES DAVID Paris.

The Band of the 1st South Staffordshire Regiment.

OUR CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

THE types below represent the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, and the 21st Lancers (late Hussars). The former were raised in 1685, and known as Coy's Horse. They saw service in Flanders, and were distinguished under Marlborough at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. About 1747 the regiment was styled the 2nd or Green Irish Horse, from its facings, and in 1788 became the 5th Regiment of Dragoon Guards. In 1804 it received its present title. The 5th Dragoon Guards won laurels in the Peninsula and Crimea. The private of the regiment here shown carries a lance (with which the front ranks of all regiments of Dragoons and Dragoon Guards are armed), and is in riding school order. The forage cap is trimmed with yellow braid, and the overalls have a broad yellow stripe. The uniform is red, the facings dark green. In full dress a helmet with a red and white plume is worn

When the East India Company's troops were transferred to the Crown, the 21st Lancers were made up of volunteers from Bengal European regiments. They were first equipped as Hussars in 1862, and continued as such until, under the cavalry reorganisation scheme, they this year became Lancers. They are stationed in Egypt, and have not yet been served out with their new uniforms. The representative in the illustration appears therefore in the uniform of an Hussar. The tunic has now a scarlet plastron and facings, and the lancer cap bears a white plume.

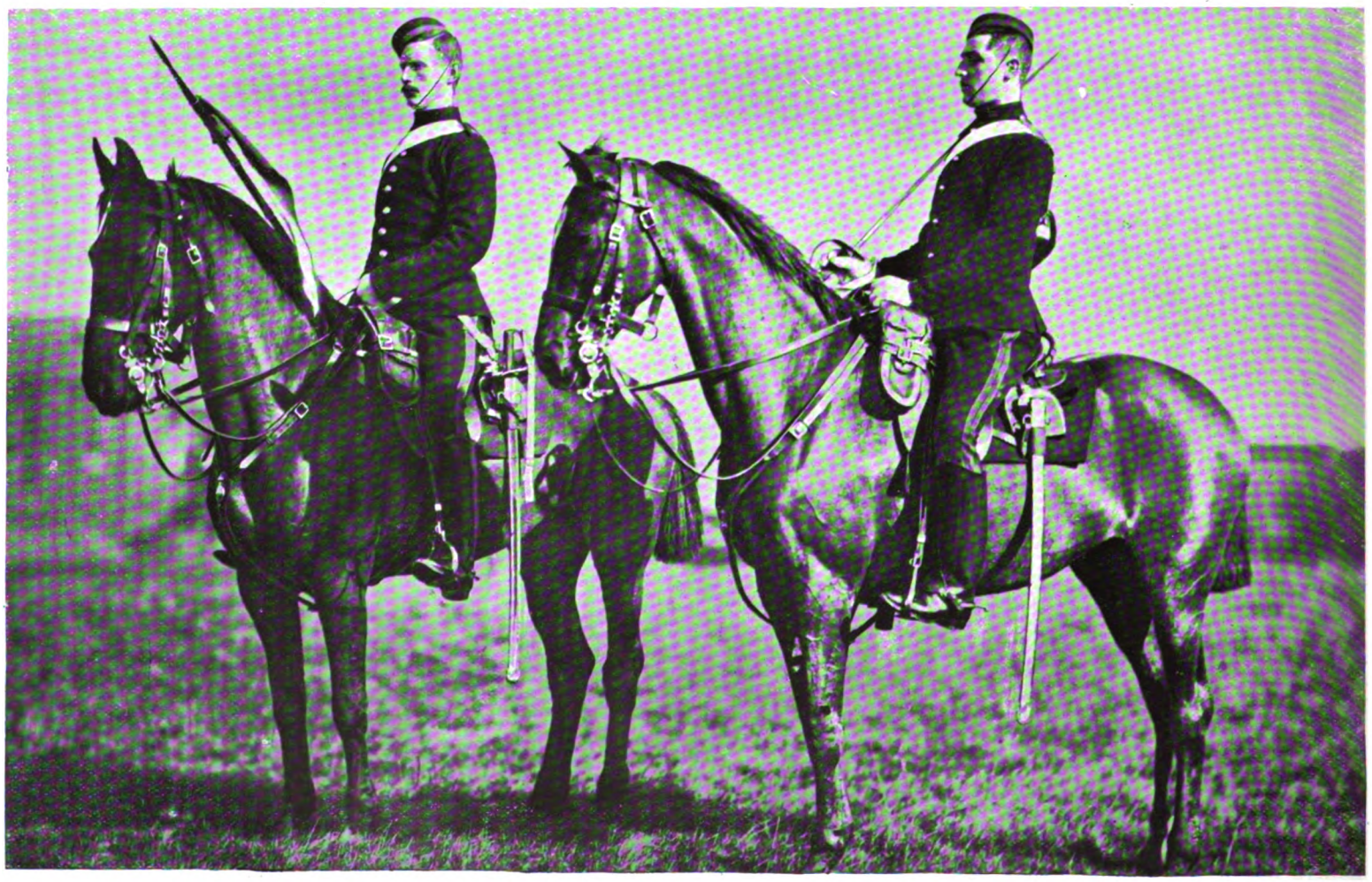

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

Privates 5th Dragoon Guards and 21st Lancers (late Hussars).

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The NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED

NELSON AND TRAFALGAR

By John Leyland & Commander C.N. Robinson R.N.

EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY

THAT ENGLAND EXPECTS

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT

COLOURS OF FLAGS

RED — YELLOW

BLUE — BLACK

NILE MEDAL

TRAFALGAR MEDAL

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BURNHAM THORPE RECTORY.
after F. Pocock.

BISHOPS BRIDGE NORWICH

NORTH WALSHAM SCHOOL

NORWICH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

NELSON AND TRAFALGAR, 1758—1787.

TRAFALGAR it was that set the final seal upon the Sea Power of England, and, very fortunately for themselves, as each recurring anniversary of the famous day comes round, Englishmen learn to look with broader and clearer vision at the victory wherein Nelson fell. Nothing in our history can at all compare in vivid and thrilling interest with the successive acts of the great drama in which he had played the crowning part; and we follow with absorbing attention the career of one in whose single dominating personality were embodied, in extraordinary degree, the masterful qualities which, as Englishmen, we value most in ourselves. Perhaps never before had there been a man so thoroughly animated with all the active characteristics of his race. There was in him splendid imagination, combined with restless ambition and unquenchable energy in the pursuit of determined objects. Decisive intuition was supplemented by abundant fertility in the conception of means for securing his purpose, and resolute force in the striking of decisive blows; and he went forward with unfailing confidence in himself, inspiring command over others, with caution as his servant, but never his master. Other men have outlived their triumphs, and lost the brilliance of their fame in the dull round of daily occupations; but it was the fortune of Nelson to fall in the supreme hour of his life, and we believe he would not have wished to survive the splendid victory that marked the close of his career.

Such, in a word, was the man whose life is sketched in these pages. Whence came the unquenchable spirit that inspired his fragile frame? From what fount did he draw his noble qualities of heart and intellect? What had the son of a Norfolk parson to do with the supreme dominion of the sea? Many have thrown out a theory of atavism to account for it all, and it does, indeed, seem strange that the son and grandson of clergymen, the great-grandson of a farmer, who had besides other kinsmen in the pulpit and the field, not to speak of a brother who was a linen draper, and sisters who lived by millinery and lace, should have been filled, before all other men, with the conception of

"England bound in with the triumphant sea."

But not all these Nelsons had been humdrum vicars and

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traders. There was a spice of adventure in them, after all. Our Hero had a cousin, one William Nelson, who, "proving irregular, was sent to sea, under Admiral Geary, and died"; an uncle, too, John Nelson, who, after some evil courses, enlisted as a soldier, embarked for foreign service, and was heard of no more. Aunt Alice married one Rolf, a clergyman, who, says her brother, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was "collaterally related to Admirall Lord Shouldham." But it was, perhaps, chiefly from his mother's side that the seafaring spirit was derived. The name Horatio came, at least, from that quarter, for Catherine Suckling's great-uncle was Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, whose brother and nephew were both Horatios, and whose son was the admirable gossip, Horace Walpole. There were seamen, too, in that family, and Catherine Suckling's brother was stout Captain Maurice Suckling, afterwards Comptroller of the Navy, who took the youthful Nelson to sea, and gave a clerkship in the Navy office to his brother Maurice.

Many a tale has been told as presaging the greatness of Nelson's career—how, for example, he rode manfully through a snow-drift, while the heart of his brother quailed, and how he stole the famous pears, not for the sweetness of them, but because of the boldness of the deed. Something certainly stirred within the boy at home in the vicarage of Burnham Thorpe, where he was born on September 29th, 1758, and in the grammar school at Norwich. Like Cook, in the Yorkshire village of Staithes, he had listened, perhaps, to tales of strange happenings at sea, until the pulses of ambition were stirred. The radiant orb, of which he afterwards spoke to Captain Hardy, was already, we think, before him, beckoning him onward to renown. Then there was poverty at home, and the need to be provided for. The Rev. Edmund Nelson, with practical sense, in the conditions of the time, had looked for help to his children from kinsmen. A child named Horatio, who died in the year of his birth (1751), had—like his brother, the second and great Horatio—Lord Walpole for a godfather. But it was not to the Walpoles that the thoughts of the boy turned. "Do, William," he said to his brother, "write to my father, and tell him that I should like to go to sea with Uncle Maurice." The missive came as a surprise to the gallant seaman, who had, perhaps, lent a hand to the boys at Burnham Thorpe before. "What," he exclaimed, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea?" He was thinking, perhaps, of the cousin who had died under Admiral Geary. "But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once!"

It was on a gloomy morning, in or about the month of January, 1771, that an intimation reached

Captain Maurice Suckling (1774).
From an Engraving by Ridley.

Nelson as a Midshipman (1775).
From a Miniature.

Captain William Locker (1790).
From an Engraving by H. T. R,all, after G. Stuart.

little Nelson, at his school at North Walsham, that he was to join the "Raisonnable," 64, at Chatham. Captain Suckling had been appointed to the ship in the previous November, and, on January 1st, he entered his twelve-year-old nephew, by a well-sanctioned abuse, in her books as a midshipman. The picture of his joining the ship is all before us. The little fellow, with tears in his eyes, says a long farewell to home. For a moment he half repents his resolve, but the coach is at the door, and he journeys silently with his father to London; then alone in the lumbering Chatham stage. Amid strange and unfamiliar sights the travel-worn child seeks his ship; an old officer gives him confidence; he walks alone on the "Raisonnable's" deck, for Uncle Maurice is not there, the live-long day, with a benumbing feeling at his heart that was never afterwards effaced.

The "Raisonnable" had been commissioned on the intelligence of the seizure of the Falkland Islands by the Spaniards; but the trouble presently blew over, and Suckling was transferred to the "Triumph," guard-ship in the Medway. There he entered his nephew, by a customary fiction, implying no discredit, as a 'captain's servant." But Nelson was not well content to hug the shore when he had expected active service at sea, and welcomed an arrangement by which he was lent to a merchant ship trading to the West Indies, under command of one John Rathbone, late master's mate of the "Dreadnought," who had left the Naval Service. The cruise was of immense advantage to the boy. When he came back he had good sea legs on, and had learnt a great deal of the practical work of seamanship; but Rathbone had poured discontent into his ears, and he had picked up the old forecastle saying, "Aft the most honour, forward the better man." With such boyish vapouring Uncle Maurice had little patience, but he knew that the twelve months' cruise had given his nephew a sound knowledge both of the sea and seamen; and he supplemented the training by practical navigation, sending the boy in the decked long-boat to sound the channels of the Thames and Medway.

But there now came the opportunity of adventure. An Arctic expedition was being fitted out, under command of Captain Constantine Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, who had with him the "Racehorse" and "Carcass," bombs. The boy pleaded with his uncle to get him appointed to it, and Captain Lutwidge, second in command, in the "Carcass," consented, at Suckling's earnest request, to take him on board as coxswain. We may picture the enthusiasm of Nelson—he was not yet fifteen—when the intelligence reached him. His share in the work of the expedition could not be great; yet, when the ships were blocked in the ice, he exerted

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himself to get command of a four-oared cutter, and prided himself he could navigate her "better than any boat in the ship." Here we get a glimpse of Nelson's assertive self-confidence, which never forsook him. Southey has gathered some incidents of the time. Once the boy so cleverly brought his boat through the ice that he saved a boat of the "Racehorse" which was beset by furious walruses. Again, on a foggy night, with a companion, he stole away from the ship during the mid-watch, in pursuit of a bear, and was called back, after running imminent peril.

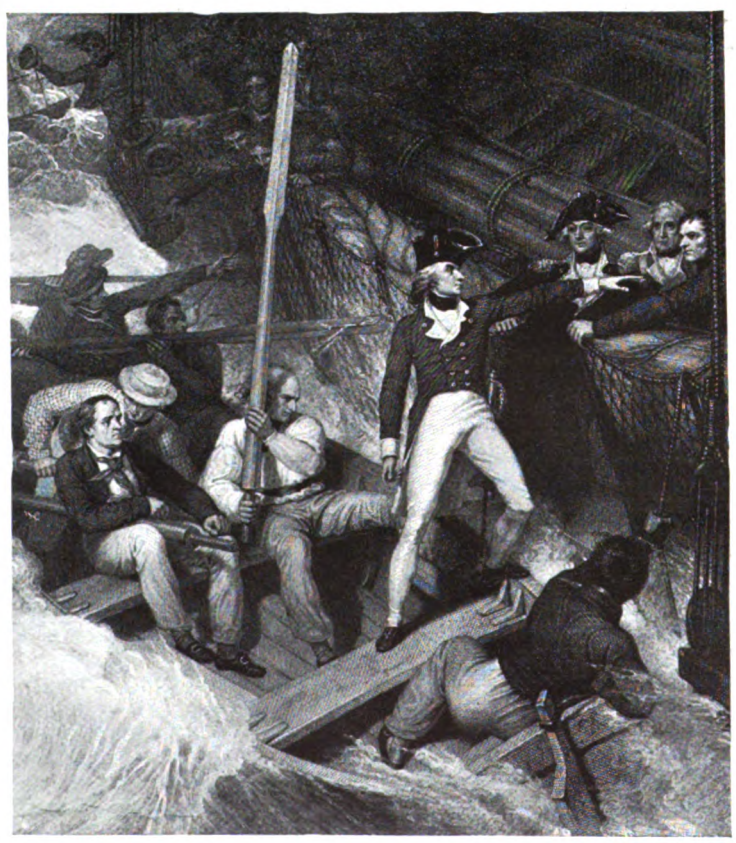
We see, therefore, the boy's character developing, and he has himself left it on record that he sought eagerly for all seafaring knowledge. The Arctic ships were paid off at Deptford in October, 1773, and he was almost immediately rated as midshipman of the "Seahorse," 20, which was fitting out to accompany Sir Edward Hughes to the East Indies. "Nothing less than such a distant voyage," says Nelson, "could in the least satisfy my desire for maritime knowledge." Thus his own zeal employed his uncle's influence for his advancement. It was in the "Seahorse" that he met Thomas Troubridge, with whom he was afterwards so intimately associated in his victories. During an absence of three years, Nelson worked aloft in the foretop, and walked the quarter-deck as an officer, thus showing how a young gentleman in the Service learned in those days both to serve and to command. The "Seahorse" visited every port from Bengal to Bussorah, but the climate told on Nelson's delicate frame, and he came home invalided in the "Dolphin," in 1776.

If his early biographers are to be trusted, he suffered at this time grievously from despondency, and we are invited to contemplate him possessed with the idea that he should never rise in his profession. At his return, however, in September, 1776, he found his Uncle Maurice Comptroller of the Navy, and possessed of abundant influence. Never has influence been exercised for the advancement of so worthy an object.

From an Engraving by P. C. Canot, After John Clevely.

THE "RACEHORSE" AND "CARCASS" IN THE ICE.

Nelson was serving as Captain's Coxswain on board the "Carcass."



From an Engraving. After R. Westall, R.A.

Lieutenant of the "Lowestoft" (1777).

Volunteering to Board a Prize.

It gave Nelson now his first promotion, as acting lieutenant of the "Worcester," a small line-of-battle ship of sixty-four guns, and he speedily gained, by his professional abilities, the confidence of Captain Mark Robinson, in command of her, who immensely gratified him by saying, as Nelson recorded, that "he felt as easy when I was upon deck as any officer in the ship." From the "Worcester" Nelson came back to pass his examination for lieutenant, which he did on April 9th, 1777.

On the next day, being then in his nineteenth year, he was appointed lieutenant of the 32-gun frigate "Lowestoft," then fitting for the West Indies, under command of Captain William Locker. Nelson's friendship with Locker was one of the great good fortunes of his life. Good nature and sterling qualities beam out of the honest face of that gallant seaman, and the Hero never forgot his obligations to the friend of Hawke. For Locker, after having boarded and captured the "Télémaque," when first lieutenant of the "Experiment," had witnessed the glorious fight at Quiberon, and, in the "Royal George," had won the confidence of the great admiral, receiving from him the traditions of command, and maturing professional knowledge. The "Lowestoft" went to Jamaica, but the young lieutenant did not find even frigate service sufficiently active for his mind, and, therefore, was allowed to go in a schooner, and made himself a complete pilot in the passages on the north side of Hispaniola. One incident in the "Lowestoft" deserves to be recounted in his own words, because, as he said later on, it "presaged my character." "Blowing a gale of wind and very heavy sea, the frigate captured an American letter of marque. The first lieutenant was ordered to board her, which he did not do owing to the very high sea. On his return on board, the captain said, 'Have I no officer in the ship who can board the prize?' On which the master ran to the gangway to get into the boat; when I stopped him, saying, 'It is my turn, now, and, if I come back, it is yours.' This little incident has often occurred to my mind; and I know it is my disposition that difficulties and dangers do but increase my desire of attempting them."

From the "Lowestoft" Nelson was transferred to the "Bristol," and then to the "Badger," and as captain to the "Hinchinbroke." In the last he made several prizes, contracted his friendship with Cornwallis, and had the Naval command of an expedition against the Spanish possessions on Lake Nicaragua. This was an arduous business, undertaken too late, in a pestilential climate; but Nelson showed the qualities for which he was afterwards famous, and described his service in terms that came spontaneously to his lips: "I boarded, if I may be allowed the expression, an outpost of the enemy, situated on an island in the river; I made batteries, and afterwards fought them, and was a principal cause of our success." He did not over-estimate what he had done. "I want words," said Colonel Polson, who commanded the troops, "to express the obligations I feel to Captain Nelson."

But, when all was over, Nelson reached Jamaica half-dead from fever, which laid low more than half the complement of his ship, and if it had not been for the tender nursing of Lady

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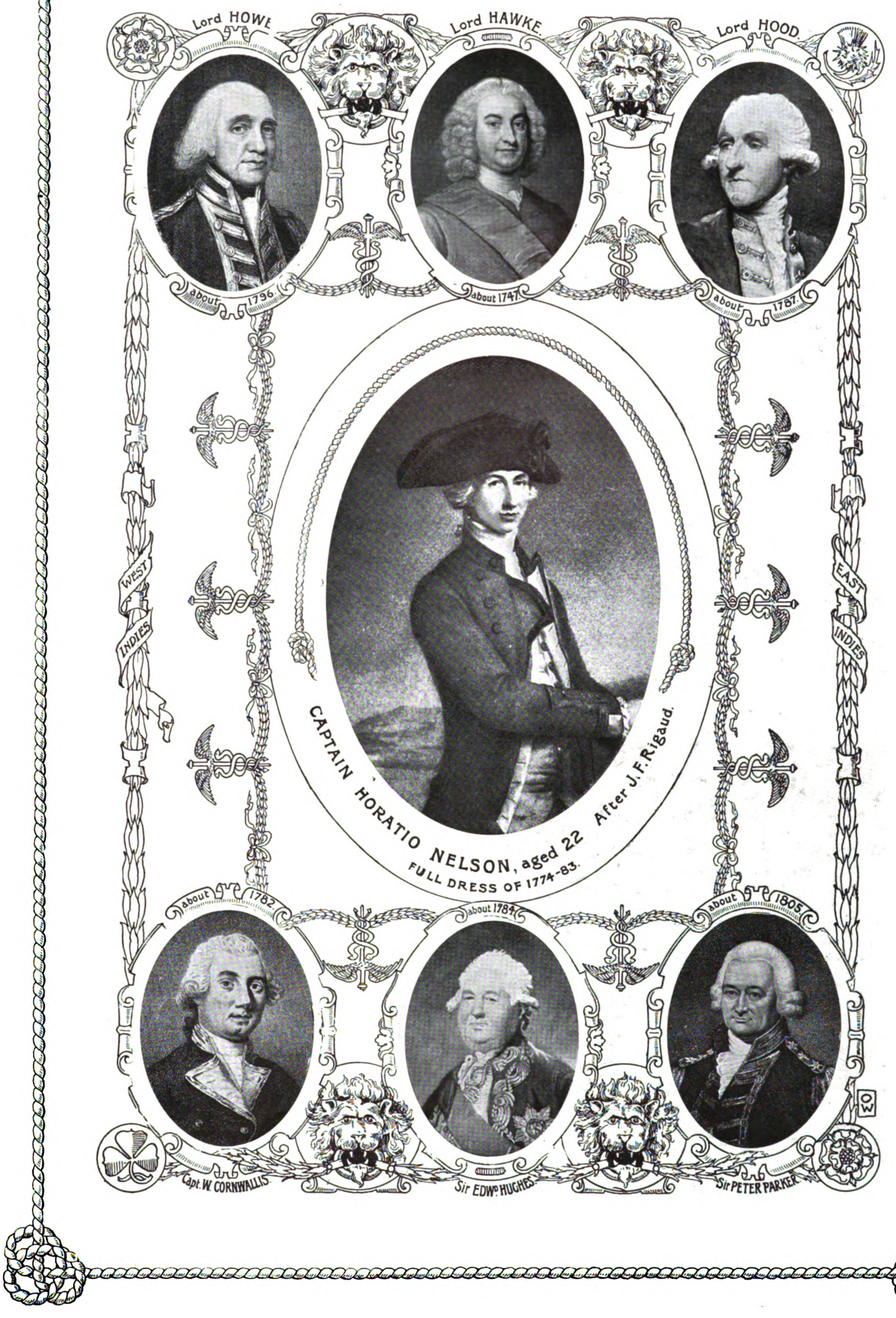

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STORMING AN OUTPOST OF THE ENEMY IN THE RIVER SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA.

Captain of the "Hinchinbroke," 1780.

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LORD HOOD MAKING NELSON KNOWN TO THE PRINCE ON BOARD THE "BARFLEUR."

Captain of the "Albemarle," 1782.

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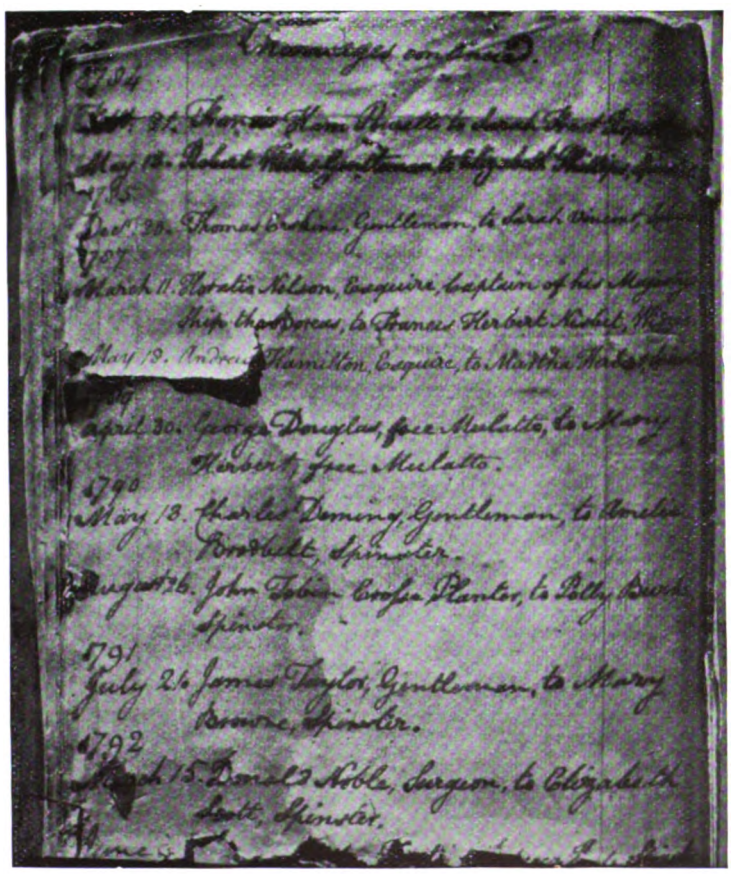
Parker, wife of Sir Peter Parker, the kindly admiral commanding on the station, he might never have returned alive. His friend, Cuthbert Collingwood, who succeeded him in command at Trafalgar, followed him in the "Hinchinbroke," and he came home in 1780, to find kind friends, but not his uncle, Captain Suckling, who had died three years before.

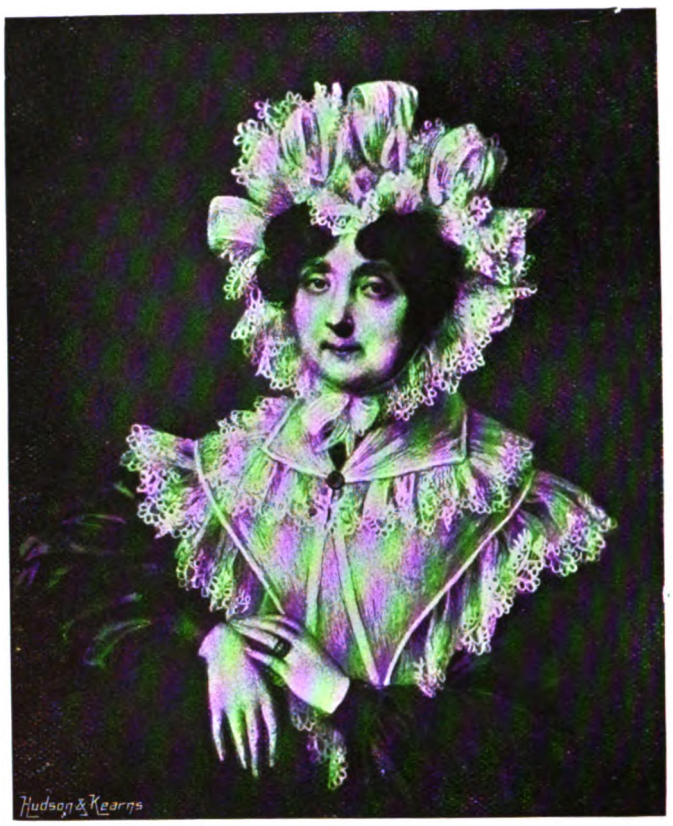
Restoration to health came, and in August, 1781, we find Nelson in command of the "Albemarle," a frigate of twenty-eight guns. She was all he could have wished her, and her company, he said, consisted of the finest fellows in the world. Here, again, we find the wonderful confidence of the Hero in himself and his associates, which was the harbinger of success. He went to the St. Lawrence with a convoy, and a tale is told of a love affair of this time. The captain of twenty-four fell a victim to the charms of a lady of Quebec—not a surprising thing, let us admit, for Nelson was of a highly-emotional cast, and had often drunk to "the wind that blows, and the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor." He resolved to offer his heart and hand to the fair lady, but revealed his purpose to his friend, Alexander Davison, whom he met on the beach as he came ashore for the purpose. Davison counselled prudence, and pointed out that professional ruin would follow a hasty entanglement. "Then let it follow," exclaimed Nelson, "for I am resolved to do it." "And I," replied Davison, "am resolved you shall not"; and so, taking the captain by the arm, he led him to the water, and, by combined moral and physical force, urged him into his boat, where the brawny arms of his seamen soon pulled him out of range of the lady's bewitching artillery.

We can picture Nelson at this time from a description given of him by Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV., then a midshipman of the "Barfleur," who saw him come alongside that ship in his barge, "the merest boy-captain I ever saw." He wore a full-laced uniform, and lank, unpowdered hair, tied in a stiff Hessian tail of great length. Old-fashioned flaps to his waistcoat contributed to the quaintness of a figure that particularly attracted the Prince's attention. "I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation, and an enthusiasm when speaking on professional subjects that showed he was no common being." A warm friendship sprang up between Nelson and the Prince, and the former, too, stood high in the favour of Lord Hood, under whose fine leadership he ripened his conception of command and the handling of fleets, of which hitherto his experience had been small.

When the "Albemarle" was paid off at Spithead in July, 1783, her captain paid a visit to France, where he fell in love with a Miss Andrews, at St. Omer; but, as she turned a deaf ear to his protestations, he was not sorry to be appointed



Nelson's Marriage (1787).
Copy of the Entry in the Parish Register at Nevis, W.I



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Lady Nelson.

Reproduction sanctioned by Mrs. F. H. B. Eccles, Sherwell House, Plymouth.

to the "Boreas," 28, then fitting out for the Leeward Islands.

The "Boreas" sailed in May, 1784, and we once more catch a glimpse of Nelson among his officers, encouraging the young midshipmen to climb to the masthead by himself springing into the lee shrouds and meeting them at the top, then supervising their nautical studies, and again taking some of them with him on visits of ceremony. It was thus he welded those under him by a bond of affection and confidence to himself. His inflexible disposition and readiness to accept responsibility were presently shown in differences with Sir Richard Hughes. The admiral was of an easy-going temperament, and had allowed the island governors, in certain matters, to violate the Navigation Act, in favour of trade with the United States. This brought Nelson into conflict with the governor of St. Kitt's. To Sir Richard Hughes he demonstrated the illegality of the action, and, in face of almost universal disapproval, save from Cuthbert and Wilfred Collingwood, and some other captains, held to his point; and the admiral had afterwards the generosity to thank him. Nelson also came into conflict with Sir Richard concerning the hoisting by Captain Moutray, commissioner at Antigua, of a broad pennant as commodore, contrary to regulations. In such matters he showed a strength of character and of will, with a fearlessness of responsibility, that were at the very root of his triumphs.

The attitude he had assumed made him an object of universal curiosity in the islands, and it was remarked that he would sit taciturnly at table, with a strange manner, but would fill his glass at "The King," "The Queen and Royal Family," and "Lord Hood," saying that these were always bumper toasts with him. But Nelson was not morose. On the contrary, he was at the very time allowing free play to the subtle promptings of his emotions. "Do not be surprised to hear I am a Benedict," he wrote to his brother William. The niece of the President of Nevis, and widow of Dr. Josiah Nisbet, a pretty young lady with a little boy, had caught his susceptible fancy, and determined his choice.

At the time his devotion was ardent and sincere, but his "love and esteem" for his wife were yet, as we shall see, to be swept away by the great passion which afterwards disastrously absorbed the energies of his soul. The depth and complexity of Nelson's character cannot be seen as we witness his marriage with Mrs. Nisbet, and the placid domestic life that followed. The wedding took place on March 12th, 1787, Prince William giving the bride away, and Nelson and his wife came home in the following July. He was at the time in his twenty-ninth year, and certainly the most popular captain in the Service. By charm of personal manner, and the real interest he took in the professional repute and advancement of his companions in arms, as much as by the sterling qualities he had consistently displayed, he had gained the loving confidence and respect of the officers and men of the Fleet.

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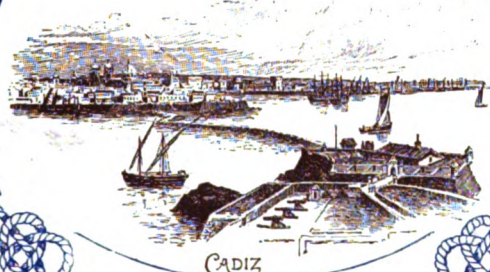
BATTLE OF CAPE ST VINCENT.
after N. Pocock

O. WHATELEY.

BASTIA



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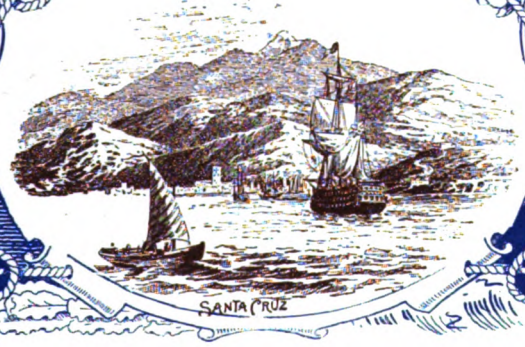

SANTA CRUZ

O.W.

NELSON AND TRAFALGAR, 1788—1797.

NEVERTHELESS, when the "Boreas" reached Spithead on July 4th, 1787, to be kept in commission until November, owing to the threatening state of affairs, her captain found himself in official disfavour. He had suppressed the contraband trade, but it was by breaking through vested interests, and his fearless denunciation of abuses had startled the sluggish official mind. He retired, therefore, with his wife to Bath, and afterwards to his father's parsonage at Burnham Thorpe, sore at heart, but interesting himself, as best he could, in country pursuits, though ever repining at the neglect from which he suffered. Five years now ensued, in which the political distemper of France was working towards the catastrophe that was to set Europe once more in a blaze. Nelson was watching the gathering of the storm, and many a time he applied to the Admiralty for a ship. At length, on January 30th, 1793, twelve days before the declaration of war, he was appointed to the "Agamemnon," 64. "*Post nubila Phœbus*," he said to his wife, delighted into Latin. "The Admiralty so smile upon me, that really I am as much surprised as when they frowned."

Nelson's appointment to the "Agamemnon" was another great landmark of his career. The weapon which had been forged, tempered, and sharpened in the East Indies and the West, was now to be drawn, as it were, in readiness for the great work to be done. The Hero loved with enthusiastic devotion this ship, with which he was most identified as a captain. He gloried in her perfections and her achievements: her officers and men were as brothers; and he never forgot his "old 'Agamemnon.'" Now, for the first time, in its ripeness, was to be seen his power of influencing and

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shaping men. His enthusiastic temperament led him, as in the "Albemarle," to consider those under him the finest fellows in the world. If any other than Nelson had told them so, they might well have settled down to smug contentment with themselves; but, where the Hero was, rust was impossible His supreme enthusiasm for thoroughness of work filled him with the idea that nothing was well done when aught remained undone, and fired his associates with zeal akin to his own. He entered upon the war with mild contempt for the Spaniards, with whom we were yet at peace, and positive detestation of the French. Every man who spoke ill of the English king, he said, was to be considered an enemy, and a Frenchman was to be hated as the devil.

Lord Hood, with the "Agamemnon" and fourteen other sail-of-the-line, left Gibraltar for Toulon on June 27th, and instituted a close blockade of the port. It surrendered within a few days, partly owing to want of supplies, and partly to national revolt against the despotic acts of the Convention. Nelson would have liked the Frenchmen to come out and fight. When it was rumoured that they were filling their ships with furnaces, wherein to bring shot to a red heat, which should set fire to our vessels, he wrote, true to his downright character, "We must take care to get so close that their red shots may go through both sides, when it will not matter whether they are hot or cold."

Toulon taken, troops were needed to hold it, and Nelson was forthwith despatched in the "Agamemnon" to Naples, in order to urge upon the Government the necessity of furnishing a contingent. Sir William Hamilton, the statesman and dilettante whose relations with Nelson were afterwards so extraordinary, was at that time British Minister at the Neapolitan Court. Through his influence a promise of 6,000 troops to sail under Nelson's convoy was at once procured, and Nelson wrote: "I have acted for Lord Hood with a zeal which no one could exceed." We must guard ourselves against giving credit to all the exclamations attributed by the old biographers to Nelson, and there is surely a savour of the unreal in his commendation of Hamilton: "Sir William, you are a man after my own heart—you do business in my own way," with the addition, "I am now only a captain, but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree." Sir William is said to have introduced Nelson to his wife—the woman of extraordinary loveliness who was yet to cast her spell over the Hero—with the remark that he was a little man, who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would one day astonish the world. What Nelson then thought of Lady Hamilton we do not know. Certainly his letter to his wife at the time bears no mark of a perturbed spirit. Lady Hamilton had been very kind to Josiah Nisbet, his stepson, who was with him as a midshipman in the "Agamemnon." "She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she is raised."

Nelson had no further concern with the occupation of Toulon, and saw nothing of the terrible scenes that attended its evacuation. Hood had recognised his fitness for independent and responsible work. Cruising on the coast of Corsica, he fell in with five French ships, cut off a frigate, and only drew off when her consorts came up, and damaged him severely. He joined Commodore Linzee, and went to overawe the Bey of Tunis, but it was more a matter of negotiation than fighting, and he never thought an Englishman the equal of a Frenchman in that. Then came the business of Corsica. Nelson inspired Hood with confidence that Bastia could be reduced. The general in command did not think so, and in the end, while the Fleet closely blockaded the coast and the Corsicans the land side, about 1,200 marines and soldiers serving as such were landed from the Fleet, with 250 seamen under command of Nelson and other captains, and compelled the surrender of the fortress. Words fail to express the splendid confidence with which Nelson went to this work. One Englishman, he said, was equal to three Frenchmen. "We must, we will, have it, or some of our heads will be laid low. I glory in the attempt. What would the immortal Wolfe have done?" True heroism rings in such words of dogged purpose. Nelson had been the moving spirit, but, unfortunately, Hood did him scanty justice in his despatch. Yet the patriotic spirit of the Hero may be discovered in his words: "However services may be received, it is not right in an officer to slacken his zeal in the cause of his country."

This was what Nelson never did. The siege of Calvi followed, in which he displayed again his qualities in action, and his eager thirst for glory linked with honour. It was there, working at the front, in the most exposed position, that a shot, which just cleared his head, violently drove sand into his right eye, inflicting an injury to which he attributed no great importance, but which ultimately led to the permanent loss of sight in that organ. He was glad to be in the "Agamemnon" once more, and wrote that, of 2,000 men, he was the most healthy.

After the reduction of Corsica, Hood went home, and Hotham succeeded in command. Now Hotham was a cautious seaman, in whom all the fiery confidence of Nelson was wanting. He had suffered a part of the French Fleet to escape from Toulon after the fall of Bastia, and now inconclusive actions ensued. On March 8th, 1795, he learned that the French Fleet was at sea, and on the 13th, with thirteen British sail-of-the-line and a Neapolitan 74, ordered a general chase. The "Agamemnon" was the only British ship

THE AGAMEMNONS IN THE BATTERIES AT CALVI.

Here it was that Captain Nelson lost his eye, July 12th, 1794.

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seriously engaged. When the "Ca Ira," 80, fouled the vessel next ahead of her in the French line, she lost her fore and main topmasts over the lee side, and dropped astern. Nelson saw his opportunity. By dexterous handling he brought the "Agamemnon" into the "Ca Ira's" wake, and overhauling her gradually, by use of helm and sails, poured a raking fire into her from his starboard batteries, and then resumed his course to make up distance lost. The enemy was effectually crippled, and had suffered heavily, while the "Agamemnon" had received a furious hail from her stern guns. On the next day the fight was renewed, and the "Ca Ira" and the "Censeur," 74, which had her in tow, were cut off and struck; but Nelson could not prevail on Hotham to leave the prizes and crippled ships and attempt the destruction of the whole French Fleet. If he had had his will "we should have had such a day," he said, "as I believe the annals of England never produced."

"BY GOD, I'LL NOT LOSE HARDY; BACK THE MIZEN TOPSAIL."

Commodore Nelson in the "Minerve" (1797).

Quite unaccountably six French ships were now allowed to come round from Brest, and Hotham permitted them to enter Toulon. A second partial action took place on July 13th, when Hotham once again allowed the French Fleet to

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ST VINCENT AND HIS CAPTAINS.

Feb., 14th. 1797.

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elude him, to the disgust of Nelson, who loudly deplored the absence of Hood, and said that Hotham had no head for enterprise, and was content if months went by without losses. There can be no doubt that Nelson—who declared that, if eleven ships were taken and but one escaped, he could never say the thing was well done—would have acted very differently. The French Fleet would have been annihilated, and the subsequent course of the war would have been vastly changed.

Nelson was, in fact, not sorry to escape the inactivity forced upon the Fleet by Hotham. He was despatched to co-operate with the Austrians on the Riviera, by cutting off the French coasting trade and military transport at sea, but at the same time was not to offend the Genoese by violating their neutrality. Here was a work that demanded all his untiring energy and sagacity. He was successful, but deplored the absence of Hotham's Fleet, which he believed could have prevented the invasion of Italy.

THE BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14th, 1797.
Commodore Nelson in the "Captain."

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Sir John Jervis, afterwards Lord St. Vincent, arrived in November, 1795, to assume command. He was a seaman possessed of many of the qualities of Nelson himself, who never failed to recognise the splendid abilities of the Hero, and now immediately gave a new impetus to the work of the Fleet. Nelson, flying a distinguishing pennant as commodore, was in the Gulf of Genoa, constantly filled with the thought that the French would seek to force the passage by sea. Into the events of that time we will not enter here. They gave much scope for his many-sided genius, but he began to question the use of the Fleet in Italian waters, while the Levant and Spain called aloud for ships. Then, again, if peace should ensue in Italy, and the French should possess themselves of Leghorn and other places in order to cut off the supplies of the Fleet, Corsica alone, he said, would keep the Fleet in the Mediterranean. With keen regret, at this time, Nelson shifted his pennant from the old "Agamemnon," which was in a state that made it essential for her to go home before the winter, to the "Captain," 74, in which he established a blockade of Leghorn, then threatened by the French.

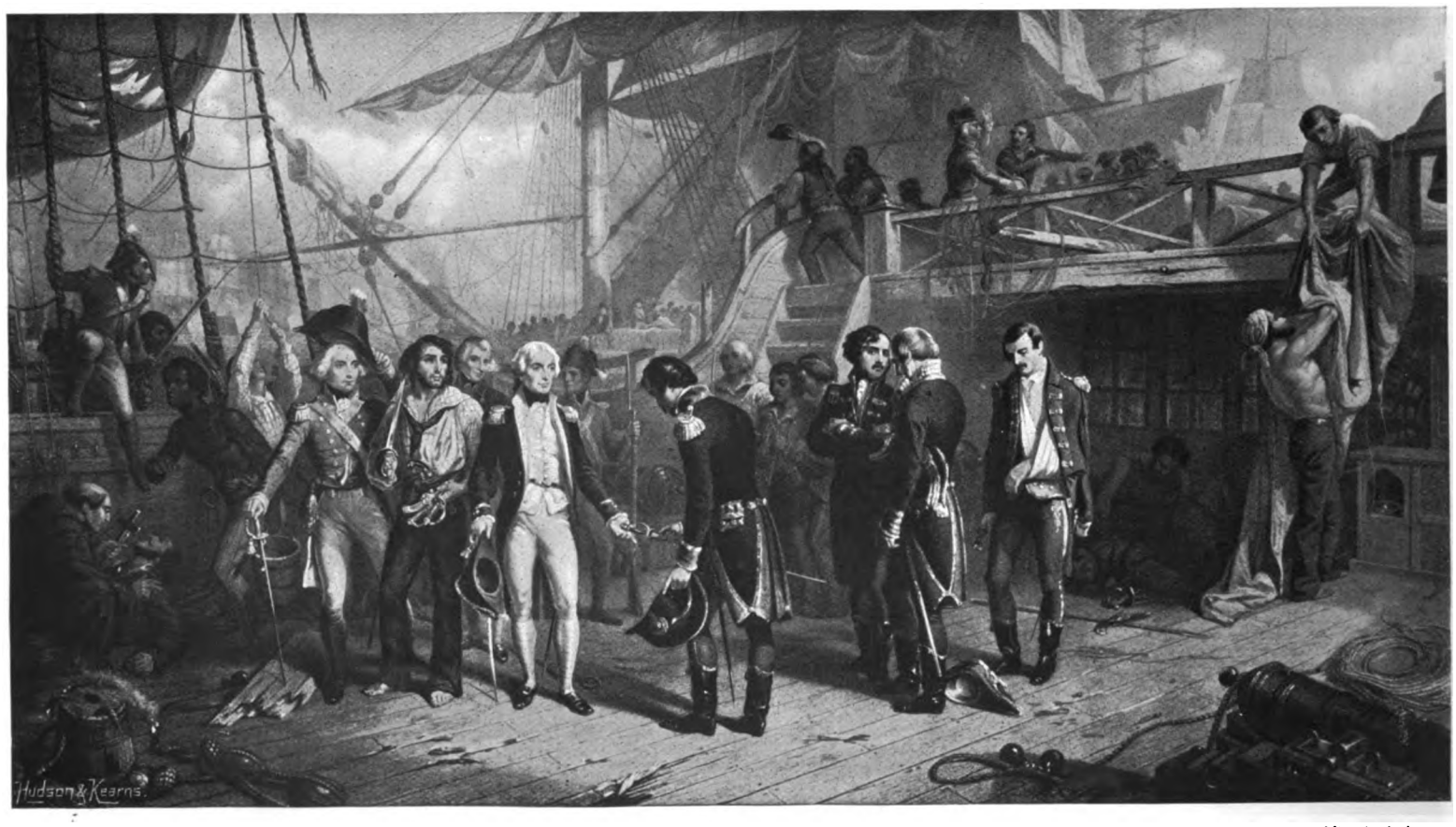
But political events were developing rapidly. It had long been foreseen that Spain would be driven into alliance with France, and, though Nelson vowed he would venture his life that Jervis would have defeated the combined Fleets, the admiral received an order, on September 25th, 1796, to co-operate with the viceroy in the evacuation of Corsica, and to retire down the Mediterranean. Nelson was not unprepared for the measure, but he bitterly deplored it as "dishonourable to the dignity of England, whose fleets are equal to meet the world in arms." Corsica was evacuated, but, save for the faint-heartedness of Admiral Man, who left Gibraltar with his squadron for England, Jervis might have continued to hold the Mediterranean, with Elba and Gibraltar as bases. Man's defection, however, made this impossible, and the squadron reached Gibraltar on December 1st.

The successes of Bonaparte, the defection of the Italian States, the hostile purposes of Spain, and the danger that threatened our communications off Cape Finisterre, had dictated the abandonment of the Mediterranean, and Nelson completed the operation by bringing about the evacuation of Elba. On his way thither, flying his broad pennant in the "Minerve," with the "Blanche" in company, he had an engagement with two Spanish frigates, which were captured, but abandoned next day on the appearance of overwhelming force. On his return to Gibraltar prisoners were exchanged with the Spaniards, bringing about the release of brave Lieutenant Hardy—Nelson's captain at Trafalgar—and Lieutenant Culverhouse. The haunting dread was sometimes with Nelson that the great fight which was imminent might take place in his absence. Again he had a prevision of destiny, as he wrote to his wife: "I will have a long gazette to myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight."

But not a day was to be lost. The Spanish grand fleet had already passed the Straits, and Nelson weighed from Gibraltar on February 11th, 1797, to seek the admiral. Two Spanish ships from Algeciras immediately slipped out in chase, and all sail was crowded on. Then came one of those moments of sudden decision which were a splendour of Nelson's moral endowment. A man fell overboard, and Hardy, without a moment's hesitation, was lowered with a crew in the jolly-boat to save him. The man was lost, and the towering Spaniards, driving the foam high from their cutwaters, were coming up astern, while the easterly current was carrying the boat almost into their jaws. "By God! I'll not lose Hardy; back the mizen topsail!" cried Nelson. It was done, and, as the ship's way was stopped, the headmost Spaniard, thinking Nelson prepared to engage him, shortened sail for his consort to come up. He had lost his opportunity, for, while the Spaniards wondered, the jolly-boat was picked up, and the "Minerve" was forging ahead again under a full press of sail. On the night of the 12th of February, in a fog, she actually passed, in imminent danger, through the midst of the Spanish Fleet, and on the next day joined Jervis's flag off Cape St. Vincent, when Nelson shifted his broad pennant into the "Captain."

The opportunity for which the Hero had been longing was now approaching. In the famous victory of St. Valentine's Day were to be displayed his consuming love of renown, his unquenchable thirst for glory—for the glory of honourable deeds—his readiness to assume responsibility, his swift decision, his downright fury of attack, the confidence which he inspired in his brother officers, and his own intrepid spirit, which caused him to defy personal danger when decisive advantage was to be won. But it is not the purpose to describe the battle of St. Vincent here. We shall be content merely to illustrate Nelson's share in it.

At daylight on February 14th, the Spanish Fleet—twenty-seven sail-of-the-line to Jervis's fifteen—was sighted in two irregular groups endeavouring to form line, and looking "a complete forest huddled together." The course of the British squadron was southward, and Jervis, seeing his advantage, hastened to form in line ahead in order to cut off the leeward ships of the enemy. He made, therefore, straight for the gap in the line—three of the Spanish ships crossing to join the lee group as the leading ship, the "Culloden," commanded by Troubridge, Nelson's old comrade in the "Seahorse," came on. Nelson's "Captain" was the thirteenth ship in Jervis's line, followed by the "Diadem," and the "Excellent," commanded by Collingwood, brought up the rear. The Spanish weather ships—the wind was west by south—finding they could not join their comrades, steered to northward almost parallel, but upon an opposite course, to the Englishmen



From an Engraving by C. G. Lewis. After J. Barker

ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "SAN JOSEF."

Commodore Nelson receiving the Spanish Officers' swords.

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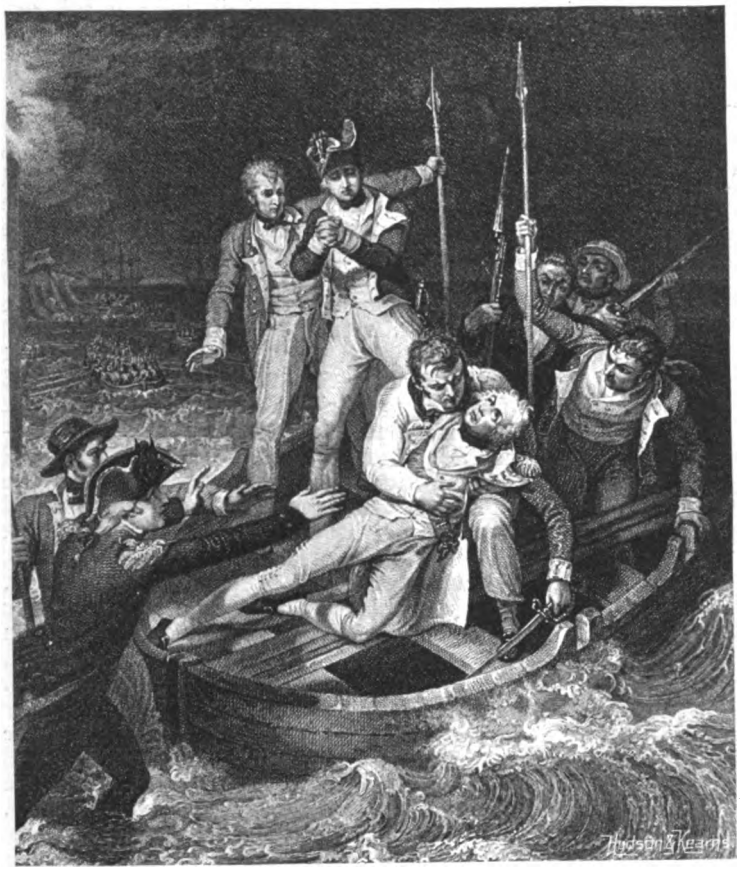
When Troubridge came into the wake of the Spaniards, Jervis hoisted the signal to tack in succession, which was immediately obeyed by the "Culloden." The effect was to bring the British ships upon the same course as the Spaniards, but astern of them, and it would have led to a long-range and perhaps indecisive engagement.

This was Nelson's opportunity. Instead of following in the wake of the "Barfleur," which was next ahead of him, he ordered his ship to be wore. She thus crossed directly from one arm to the other of the V round which the ships were tacking, and came into conflict with the Spanish Admiral, the "Santisima Trinidad," 126, reputed to be the largest ship afloat, and compelled the other ships, which were heading to join their lee companions, to haul to the wind again. For this action Nelson had no warrant save his own quick perception and fearlessness of responsibility, but the course he took was amply justified, for it gave the "Culloden" time to come up, and Jervis signalled Collingwood in the "Excellent" to tack for the same purpose.

The "Captain," which had fallen under the fire of several, was soon in close action with the "San Nicolas," 84, and was partially disabled, when the "Excellent" steered between the two, and poured a tremendous broadside into the Spaniard at a distance of ten feet, passing on then to engage the "Santisima Trinidad." The "Captain" had lost her fore-topmast, and had not a sail, shroud, or rope left, and her wheel was shot away, when Nelson ordered Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, bringing her alongside the "San Nicolas," her spritsail-yard linking the other's mizen shrouds. Commander Berry, who was serving as a volunteer, thereupon leaped into the Spaniard's mizen chains, followed by Lieutenant Pierson, of the 69th Regiment, which was serving on board as Marines. Captain Miller was about to lead in his men, when Nelson exclaimed, "No, Miller, I must have that honour." He entered through the upper quarter-gallery window, and resistance was broken down, for Berry hauled down the colours and Nelson received the officers' swords.

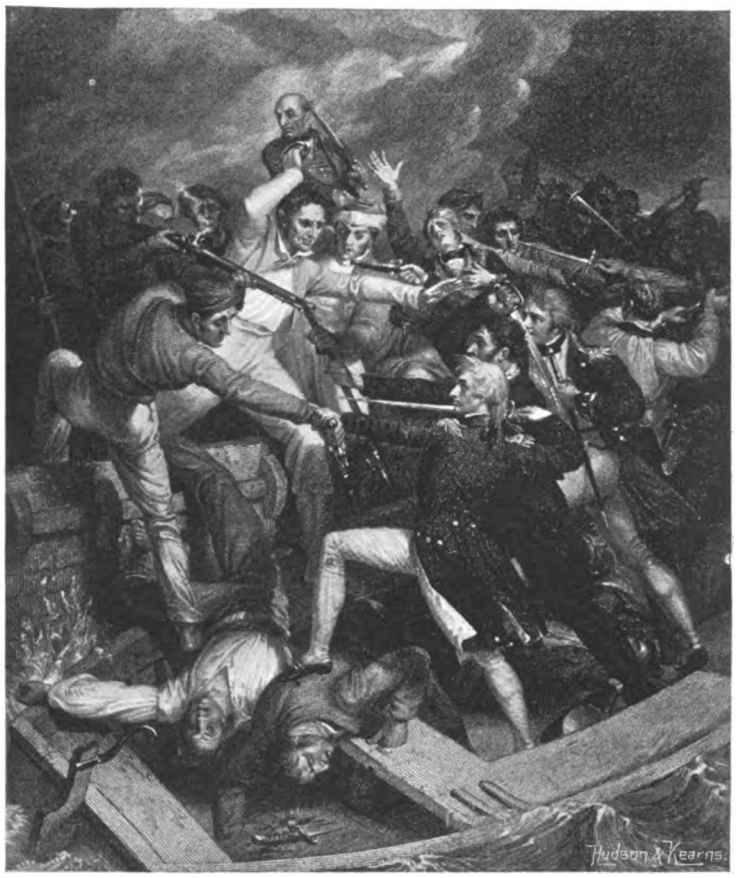
At this time, from the stern walk of the "San Josef," 112, which had clumsily fallen on board the "San Nicolas," a small-arm fire was poured, whereupon Nelson, calling for boarders, was helped into the mizen chains of the big Spaniard, and soon was on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish captain intimated his surrender. "On the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate," says Nelson, "extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them with the greatest *sang-froid* under his arm." As Captain Mahan says, this boarding of a first-rate ship over the deck of another hostile ship was "a big thing." Further we shall not describe the battle. The Spaniards were shattered, and Jervis withdrew



From an Engraving. After R. Westall, R.A.

The Attack on Santa Cruz, Teneriffe.

Here it was that Nelson lost his right arm.



From an Engraving. After R. Westall, R.A.

Rear-Admiral in the "Theseus" (1797).

Sharp conflict with a Spanish gun-boat.

with the "San Nicolas," "San Josef," and other two prizes. Nelson's fame now rose to a splendid height, and he was made a Knight of the Bath, and received numberless rewards, while stout old Jervis worthily became Earl of St. Vincent.

The Hero had been promoted rear-admiral of the blue before he had largely helped to win the battle, and presently hoisted his flag in the "Captain," which had been refitted at Lisbon. He was employed in bringing back the troops left in Elba, and in the blockade of Cadiz, where he said, "Perhaps my personal courage was more conspicuous than at any other part of my life." His barge, with a crew of thirteen all told, was boarded by a Spanish boat with a crew of thirty. "This was a service," wrote Nelson, "hand-in-hand with swords, in which my coxswain, John Sykes, now no more, twice saved my life. Eighteen of the Spaniards being killed and several wounded, we succeeded in taking their commander."

We pass on now to the sharp reverse of Santa Cruz, in which Nelson lost his arm. The idea of seizing Spanish treasure—he spoke of six or seven millions sterling—had long been in his mind, and he had prepared a plan for an attack on Teneriffe. St. Vincent now recurred to it, and three ships-of-the-line and three frigates were detached for the purpose, though without the troops upon which Nelson had counted. On July 27th, 1797, the ships were off Santa Cruz, but the attack was deprived of the character of a surprise owing to adverse weather. Though foiled in his original plan, Nelson "considered it for the honour of our king and country not to give over the attempt." It was made at 11 o'clock on the night of June 24th, but, in the darkness, many of the boats missed the mole, and went ashore "in a raging surf," every one being stove and the ammunition wet. Those which reached the mole were even more unfortunate, for a pitiless fire was poured upon their crews as they landed, "We could not advance," said Nelson, "and were nearly all killed and wounded." He himself was wounded by a grape shot in the right arm immediately after landing—the arm that held the sword of his brave uncle, Maurice Suckling. "I am shot through the arm! I am a dead man!" he cried out. Afterwards he said he owed his life to his stepson, Lieutenant Nisbet, who tenderly bound up the almost severed limb.

At this moment, Nelson exhibited his tremendous fortitude. They brought him first, in the darkness, to the "Seahorse," but he would not be put aboard, lest he should alarm Mrs. Freemantle, the wife of her gallant captain, who was fighting ashore. Then they pulled him to the "Theseus." Midshipman Hoste saw him arrive, "his right arm dangling at his side, while with the other he helped himself to jump up the ship's side, and, with a spirit that astonished everyone, told the surgeon to get his instruments ready, for he knew he must lose his arm, and that the sooner it was off the better." The attack had been a failure, but Nelson lived to reach the height of his glory as a one-armed admiral.

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NELSON'S FLAG-SHIPS.
after N. Pocock.

O·WHATELEY·

Arms of Lady Hamilton

NELSON & TRAFALGAR
1798 -1802.

AM become a burden to my friends and useless to my country. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world; I go hence and am seen no more." So wrote Nelson despondently before he rejoined St. Vincent's flag. And again, "A left-handed admiral will never again be considered as useful, therefore the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a better man to serve the State." But left-handed admirals, when they are Nelsons, cannot be dispensed with. When they are inspired by the fiery spirit of courage and purpose that animated him, they cannot be extinguished, even by misfortunes such as had stricken him. In the murky cockpit of the "Theseus" the surgeon had clumsily tied up a nerve with the humeral artery, which gave the Hero spasms of agonising pain, and, when at length the ligature came away, left him subject to neuralgic attacks never to be got rid of. He reached Spithead in the "Seahorse" on September 1st, 1797, and joined his wife and father at Bath. "I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection," he had written to her. He had received a pension of £1,000 a year, and came to London to be invested with the Order of the Bath. There, Sir Gilbert Elliot and Colonel Drinkwater, who had been of Elliot's staff as Governor of Corsica—both of whom had been with Nelson in the "Minerve" when Hardy was

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BLOCKADING THE ENEMY'S PORTS—A THREE-DECKER AFTER A GALE.

"Those far distant storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world."—MAHAN.

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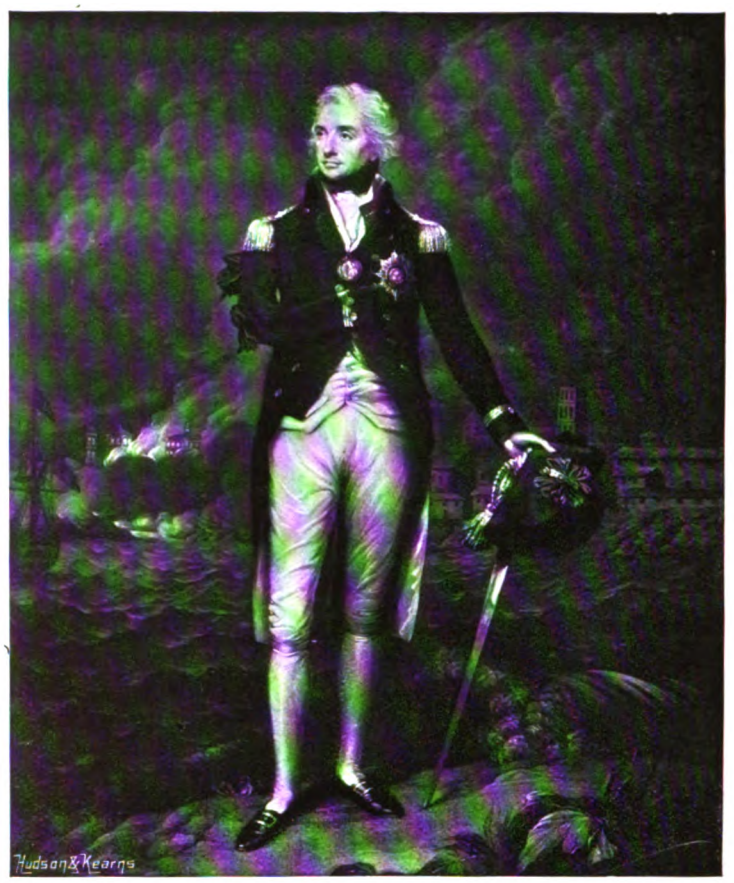
saved from the Spaniards—came to see him. The latter gave him tidings of a reported meeting of the British Fleet with that of the Netherlands, a few days before the actual battle of Camperdown. "Drinkwater," he exclaimed, starting up with his accustomed fire, "Drinkwater! I would give this other arm to be with Duncan at this moment." Such was the unconquerable spirit of the man who is rightly described as the embodiment of our Sea Power.

Although Nelson had spoken despondently, he knew that, where the path of glory was open, he could not be kept back; but he did not know, probably, the very high value which the British Government set upon his services. St. Vincent, that admirable seaman, might be depended upon to grapple with difficulties, and to overcome them as they presented themselves; but Nelson was the man of action, and action had become imperatively necessary. The French were known to be getting ready, for some purpose unrevealed, a powerful armament at Toulon. Whatever that purpose was, they must be crushed. It had been intended that Nelson should go to sea in the "Foudroyant," 80, then upon the stocks, but time pressed, and he hoisted his flag instead in the "Vanguard," 74, with Berry—the same officer who had distinguished himself in boarding the "San Nicolas"—as his captain. The ship left St. Helens on April 10th, 1798, and joined St. Vincent off Cadiz on the 31st. Nelson was now about to enter upon the great campaign which culminated in the battle of the Nile. It was a series of events in which he showed again his wonderful prescience and tenacity, his marvellous grandeur of conception, and his unrivalled force of character; but its consequences laid him open, as we shall see, to the enervating influences that inherently haunted his love of glory, and that ultimately sapped his moral fibre, leaving him blind to the shame from which other men shrink. Never before, perhaps, had such strength and weakness been exhibited in a great character in such marked degree as in Nelson, and we stand amazed and perplexed at the strangeness of the psychological problem involved.

But, for the moment, we have only to study the extraordinary tenacity of Nelson in pursuing a purpose based upon his intuitive perception, and adopted as a huge responsibility upon his single shoulders. The Admiralty, in conveying to St. Vincent the intentions of the Government, indicating to him that the appearance of a British squadron in the Mediterranean was a condition upon which the fate of Europe might depend, said they scarcely needed to suggest to him the propriety of giving Nelson the command, "whose acquaintance with that part of the world, as well as his activity and disposition, seem to qualify him in a peculiar manner for that service." Where Jervis was, there could be no hesitation in giving full initiative to Nelson—such was the honesty of that grand old seaman. Indeed, he had already anticipated the purpose of the Admiralty by sending Nelson

From a Mezzotint by H. Hudson. After Sir J. Reynolds P.R.A.

Sir William Hamilton.



From an Engraving by W. Barnard. After L. F. Abbott.

Sir Horatio Nelson (1797).

Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

in the "Vanguard," with the "Orion" and "Alexander," line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and a sloop, to observe the French at Toulon, where they were discovered, apparently ready to sail—fifteen sail-of-the-line with transports and troops. But misfortune checked the usefulness of the little squadron. A heavy wind from the shore came on to blow on May 18th, which, while it grievously hampered Nelson's movements, gave Napoleon the opportunity, on the next day, of leaving Toulon with all his forces. He shaped his course eastward, so as to pass between Corsica and the mainland, and on the 20th, under stress of weather, the "Vanguard" carried away her main and mizen topmasts and foremast, leaving the bowsprit badly sprung. The "Alexander" towed the flag-ship to the anchorage of San Pietro, Sardinia, where the hospitality of the port was refused, but, by strenuous efforts, jury masts were fitted, and the ships returned to Toulon, to find that the French had escaped. Nelson's frigates, seeing the damage done to his ship, had foolishly sailed for Gibraltar, believing that the "Vanguard" would call for repair at an arsenal. Their absence was a grievous loss to Nelson, and probably affected the whole subsequent course of operations.

Off Toulon the admiral learned that his mission was changed. From a duty of mere observation he was given one of daring action, and he was exultant at the opportunity that at last was offered. A reinforcement of ten 74-gun-ships and the "Leander," 50, preceded by the "Mutine," under Hardy, joined him on June 7th. It was not known whether the French purpose was against Naples or Sicily, or Portugal or Ireland, but Nelson's prescience soon led him to the conclusion that it was Egypt. He was to discover the French Fleet, bring it to action, and destroy it, and to remain upon the service as long as the provisions of the Fleet would last, or so long as supplies could by any means be obtained. Never was a commander chosen so well fitted for the work committed to him as Nelson for this great chase of the French. "You may be assured I will fight them at the moment I can reach, be they at anchor or under sail," he wrote to St. Vincent. "Be they bound to the Antipodes," he said to Earl Spencer, "your Lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action, and endeavour to destroy their transports." In other words, the great commander was possessed with the cardinal maxim of our Naval policy in all warlike operations—to seek out and destroy the enemy wherever he is to be found. This was the grand idea that illuminated him throughout his great search for the French in the Mediterranean, which was to end in the triumph of Aboukir Bay.

But, as a preliminary to Nelson's plans, it was essential that he should know his resources. It was necessary that he should be informed if the Sicilian and Neapolitan ports were accessible to the Fleet, and if supplies could be freely obtained at them. Further, he needed pilots, and he sent Troubridge

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to conduct the negotiations with Sir William Hamilton, assuring him that, if the French Fleet should not be moored in a port as strong as Toulon, nothing should hinder him from attacking it. Troubridge came back in the "Mutine," bringing intelligence that, save at Naples, supplies would be furnished, and that orders had been sent to the governors of the ports to that effect. This matter, in the light of subsequent events, deserves to be noted, though, at the same time, it must be observed that Nelson's orders authorised him to exact supplies by hostile action, if the need arose, except in the case of Sardinia, and assuredly he was not the man to hesitate. Troubridge also brought information that the French Fleet was off Malta and was about to attack it. As a matter of fact, the island ingloriously surrendered on June 15th. Nelson with his fleet passed through the Straits of Messina five days later.

It was supposed by some that Napoleon meditated a further purpose against Sicily, but it was the opinion of Nelson himself, supported by four of his most experienced captains—Troubridge, Saumarez, Ball, and Darby—that, with the prevailing winds, they could not get to the westward, and that, if they had done so, they must have been heard of at Syracuse already. They had therefore gone eastward. "If they have concerted a plan with Tippoo Saib, to have vessels at Suez," wrote Nelson, "three weeks, at this season, is a common passage to the Malabar coast, where our India possessions would be in great danger." His fertile imagination and keen perception of the essentials of an intricate problem had led him intuitively to the right conclusion. "I made use of my understanding," he said at the time, "and by it I ought to stand or fall." There was no shrinking from the immense responsibility assumed, and how tremendous it was we may see when we read of the anger at home at the appointment of so young a flag-officer to so important a duty. Nelson's work was a work of action; he could not linger idly off the ports of Sicily. He accordingly shaped his course for Alexandria.

During the cruise through the Mediterranean he was in constant communication with his captains. He summoned or invited them on board as occasion offered, and discussed with them all the problems that arose. They were inspired by his ideas, and a single thought ran through the whole Fleet. "It was his practice," wrote Berry, his flag-captain, "during the whole of his cruise, whenever the weather and circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the 'Vanguard,' where he would fully develop to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack in all possible conditions." His energetic mind was constantly occupied with the points that arose in his threading of the

Lady Hamilton.
As a Sibyl, after Madame Lebrun.

Lady Hamilton.
As Diana, after Romney.

involved maze, and we may witness him pacing his quarter-deck, at that anxious time, deeply pondering upon his work, now silently brooding, and again his countenance lighting up with the ray of some happy inspiration. Here was the ideal leader, the man who could animate others, working towards the solution of one of the greatest problems that ever taxed a leader, and under a sense of personal responsibility that would have crushed any but himself.

On June 22nd Nelson reached Alexandria, to find that the French were not there. The want of frigates, which he continually deplored, had deprived him of information. He did not know that he had outstripped the French. The two bodies had actually crossed the same tract of sea, in a haze, on the night after the British squadron sailed, on diverging courses. It is easy to be wise after the event, but we cannot surely attribute blame to Nelson, who had acted on direct information that the French had six days' start of him. As a matter of fact, they had but three. The British ships, however, unhampered by transports, had actually gained six days, so that Bonaparte did not reach Aboukir Bay until three days after Nelson's arrival, when the transports entered the harbour and the troops were put ashore. Meanwhile the active mind of Nelson would not allow him to remain idle. He searched for the French along the shores of Asia Minor, and then beat back to Syracuse on July 19th, apprehensive for the fate of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

At Syracuse the Fleet watered, and took in fresh meat, vegetables, and wine. The Governor protested, but though willing to disobey the order of Ferdinand's Minister, he had no choice but to submit at Nelson's forcible demand. This refreshing of the Fleet at Syracuse occupied a prominent place in Nelson's later history.

The Fleet left the port on July 25th, and proceeded to the south of the Morea, where Troubridge gained information in the Gulf of Koroni that the French Fleet had stood south-east from the island of Crete four weeks before. There could now be scarcely a doubt as to its destination, nor that Nelson's first intuition had been right; and at 2.45 in the afternoon of August 1st, the look-out man at the masthead of the "Zealous" signalled the long-sought enemy lying in Aboukir Bay, fifteen miles east of Alexandria. Nelson in the "Vanguard" had with him the "Goliath" (in which Captain Foley led the line in the subsequent battle), "Zealous," "Orion," "Audacious," "Theseus," "Minotaur," "Defence," "Bellerophon," "Majestic," "Swiftsure," "Alexander," "Leander," and "Culloden."

All the fourteen ships were 74's, except the smaller "Leander." Admiral Brueys, commanding the French

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Fleet, had under his flag the huge "Orient," 120, which was blown up, three 80's, nine 74's, and four smaller vessels. It is to be observed, however, that the French superiority was increased by the fact that the ratings of their ships represented greater power than in the case of our own; though, on the other hand, the British ships had been brought to a state of high efficiency, while some of the French vessels were old and badly manned.

Nelson saw that the enemy could not be reached before nightfall, and there was a possibility that some ships might not have daylight to take their positions, the difficulty being made greater by the fact that the coast was almost unknown. But Nelson, as Berry, his flag-captain, and our best witness, said, looked on the difficulties with "the eye of a seaman determined on attack." It was a grim and splendid spectacle as the British line bore down towards the Frenchmen, who were lying in a line almost north and south, their van, in which were the "Guerrier," "Conquérant," and "Spartiate," all 74's, being protected by a dangerous reef which ran north-east from Aboukir (or Nelson's) Island, at the western end of the bay. The various contingencies of the action had been discussed among the captains. Each knew Nelson's mind, and, as the French order was made out, the signal flew for the ten ships which were entering action—for the "Alexander," "Swiftsure," and "Culloden" could not yet come up—to get ready their ground-tackle, so as to be ready to anchor by the stern, and that the attack was to be made on the van and centre. As the ships floated down to the Frenchmen, they carefully sounded with the lead.

From an Engraving by J. Fittler. After N. Pocock.

IN ABOUKIR BAY, 6.30 p.m., AUGUST 1st, 1798.

The "Goliath" crossing the bows of the "Guerrier."

The "Goliath" was leading, followed by the "Zealous," and as these swept round the shoal and turned in on the enemy, the wondering Frenchmen, who saw the huge ships looming silently through the evening air, said amongst themselves that experienced pilots were on board. They little knew that it was British seamanship and pluck and British gunnery that were to win the day. Foley, in the "Goliath," with the idea that the French would fight best on the off-shore side, steered with splendid intrepidity—perhaps with him had originated the conception, as certainly with him rests the credit of the execution, of the manœuvre, though this cannot derogate from the fame of Nelson—straight between the French headmost ship, the "Guerrier," and the shore. The Frenchman was in five fathoms, and Captain Hood, who followed in the "Zealous," expected the two ships to stick on the shoal at every moment. As the "Goliath" came abreast of the "Guerrier" she poured a tremendous broadside into her, and dropped her stern anchors, but they dragged, and she brought up alongside the second ship, the "Conquérant," the "Zealous" taking her place, while the "Orion," "Theseus," and "Audacious" followed inside the French line and poured a murderous fire into the "Aquilon," "Peuple Souverain," and "Franklin." The "Audacious" raked the "Conquérant," which received the "Goliath's" broadside, and, within ten minutes, the two leading French ships were reduced to hulks, all the masts of the "Guerrier" going overboard. Thus was shown the tremendous weight of those British broadsides which always gave us victory.

Meanwhile Nelson had ranged the "Vanguard" on the outer side of the French line, abreast of the third ship, the "Spartiate," followed by the "Minotaur" and "Defence," which engaged the succeeding vessels, the whole five being thus subjected to a withering fire, while the leeward ships looked on helpless. The "Bellerophon," groping her way, came alongside the huge "Orient"—seventh in the French line—which punished her most severely, and ultimately compelled her to cut her cable and slip out of action, while the "Majestic" anchored on the bow of the "Mercure," tenth in the line, and maintained a deadly action with her unaided.

In this way the grim struggle went on in the growing gloom until after eight—the sun had gone down at a quarter to seven—and at about this hour Nelson, who had been eagerly watching the success of his concentrated fire, was severely wounded on the forehead by a piece of iron, which cut him deeply and blinded him with blood. Stunned by the heavy blow, he thought himself for a time a dead man, but Captain Berry caught him as he fell, and he was carried to the cockpit, where—in his turn, as he requested—his wound was attended to. The surgeon counselled repose, but the fiery spirit of the Hero would not permit him to be still. He longed for physical exertion, and, even in that hour, his secretary being too agitated to write, sat down, more than half blind, to begin a despatch to the Admiralty, expressing his dependence for victory upon the Almighty. We gain a new conception of Nelson as we witness him in this tremendous hour of his triumph, overwrought, and yet fully self-possessed, while fainter spirits quailed.

Meanwhile the battle was proceeding. The "Culloden," which brave Troubridge had at length brought up, ran, despite all care, upon the shoal, and though the "Leander" and "Mutine" went to her assistance, and all that seamanship could do was done to warp her off, she remained fast until the morning, and her gallant commander had no direct share in the triumph. The "Swiftsure" and "Alexander," too, had at length reached the scene of action, and ranged up one on each side of the huge "Orient," which, in the French centre, with the "Franklin" and "Peuple Souverain," now received a concentrated fire from these ships and the "Orion," "Leander," and "Defence." It had been splendidly done, and the three Frenchmen would doubtless soon have been reduced to hulks, if the dire effect of fire in the "Orient" had not already contributed to the result. A little before nine her poop burst into flames, and as the British ships directed a pitiless fire upon the conflagration, it rapidly gained hold, and huge tongues of flame were soon licking the rigging, and leaping up higher and higher. The destruction of the ship was inevitable. Long before, Admiral Brueys, whose flag she flew, had been killed. Berry carried to Nelson news of the conflagration, and he requested to be led on deck, where he directed the first lieutenant to go in the only available boat to the assistance of the unhappy wretches who were flinging themselves into the water. Precautions were taken by the ships for their safety, and at a quarter to ten the "Orient" blew up with a tremendous detonation, and a lurid effulgence lighted the scene, to sink soon into appalling darkness. It was a decisive catastrophe for the French.

Thus was won the glorious victory. Nelson afterwards expressed the belief that, if he had been unwounded, not a ship would have escaped to tell the tale to the French. But the triumph was sufficiently conclusive to crush for ever the eastward progress of Napoleon and to prepare for his final disaster. The "Orient" was blown up, the "Timoléon" and "Artemise" were burned, and nine ships were taken, while only the "Guillaume Tell" and "Généreux," with the frigates "Justice" and "Diane," got away. To Nelson, who on another occasion had said that if ten ships were taken and the eleventh escaped, he should never consider the thing well done, such a victory might not be wholly satisfying, but it was enough to lift him to immediate and enduring fame.

The success which the Hero had won at the Nile was, indeed, without any parallel in modern history. If wanting in technical completeness, it was, none the less, an irreparable

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After J. P. de Loutherbourg, R.A.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, 10 *p.m.*, *AUGUST* 1*st*, 1798.

Rear-Admiral of the Blue in the "Vanguard."

From an Engraving by J. Fittler.

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NELSON

about 1798, from a drawing made at NAPLES by C. GRIGNON.

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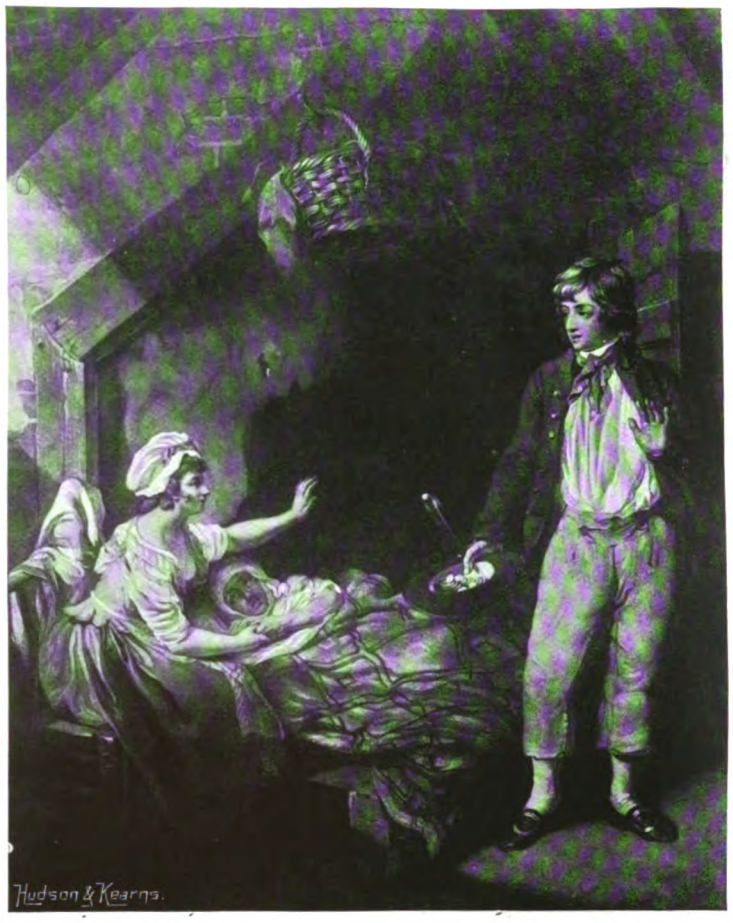
disaster to the French. Its strategic bearing was enormous. But such victories are not won without severely taxing the victors. Nelson was left shaken by his triumph. With agonised head and constant sickness, he laboured to gather up the fruits of his victory, and to award praise to whom it was due. In the case of none did he make exception. If he believed that he himself might have done more, with native generosity he recognised the limitations of others, and freely declared that no individual was to blame, and that, on his conscience, he believed greater exertions could not have been. That, indeed, was true, for Lord Howe soundly distinguished the unparalleled character of the Nile in pointing out that there every captain distinguished himself. Most simply and naturally did Nelson, as one speaking to those who shared his labours and his triumph, in an order to all classes in the Fleet, give them his "most sincere and cordial thanks for their very gallant behaviour in this glorious battle."

The Hero was, indeed, generous in his regard for others. When it was intimated that the first lieutenants of the ships "engaged" were to be promoted, he thought he saw a purpose of passing over the unfortunate "Culloden." "For Heaven's sake, for my sake!" he wrote to St. Vincent, "if this is so, get it altered. Our friend Troubridge has suffered enough. His sufferings were in every respect more than any of us. He deserves every reward which a grateful country can bestow on the most meritorious sea-officer of his standing in the Service." "I have felt his worth every hour of my command; I well know he is my superior," he said, on another occasion, "and I so often want his advice and assistance. I have experienced the ability and activity of his mind and body. It was Troubridge that equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse; it was he that exerted himself for me after that action; it was Troubridge that saved the 'Culloden,' when none that I know in the Service could have attempted it; it was Troubridge whom I left myself at Naples to watch movements; he is, as a friend and an officer, a *nonpareil!*" Troubridge was indeed, perhaps, chief in that gallant "band of brothers." Berry, Nelson's own flag-captain, was reputed to have fought in more general actions than any other officer in the Service. Foley, of the "Goliath," had been with



From a Mezzotint. After G. Wheatley.

Jack's Welcome Return (1800).

His prize-money relieves the necessities of his mother and sister.

From a Mezzotint by W. Ward. After J. C. Ibbetson.

A PARTY OF SEAMEN CAROUSING (1797).

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From a Mezzo. by T. Cheeseman. After Romney.

LADY HAMILTON.

At the Spinning Wheel.

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From an Engraving by P. and D. Colnaghi. After J. Hoppner.

LORD NELSON, K.B.

Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

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Rodney in his famous action of April 12th, 1782; so, too, Samuel Hood, of the "Zealous," a distinguished cousin of a distinguished admiral, and Sir James Saumarez, of the "Orion," who had fought gallantly in many an action, and Miller of the "Theseus" and Ball of the "Alexander." But we might go on to recount at length the brilliant services of the "band of brothers" at the Nile.

These were the men who had helped him to win the victory, but with him alone had rested the responsibility of it all. Think what it must have been for that young flag-officer—he was not yet forty—to assume the responsibility for that daring movement eastward when all the instructions from home were that Napoleon's purpose was towards the west, and, through the long discouragements of the chase, to pursue his purpose to the end; then, as the night fell, to snatch his victory in shoaling water, where danger to others would have been appalling, from the superior enemy and the unknown shore. At Naples, where some hesitancy had clouded the Hero's preparations, tidings of his victory were received with the wildest enthusiasm, and Lady Hamilton drove about wearing a bandeau round her head with the words "Nelson and Victory." At home the enthusiasm for the Hero was immense. He was created a peer by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile—he would have been a viscount but that Lord St. Vincent was his senior officer in the command—and received from Parliament a pension of £2,000 a year, while the East India Company presented him with £10,000, and the City voted him a sword of honour. Other distinctions were conferred upon him and his officers, too numerous to be recounted here, by Royal and official persons, and bodies at home and abroad.

But Nelson himself had been a good deal weakened by his wound. The extraordinary hardships of recent months enforced repose, and a very slow passage to Naples in the "Vanguard," whither the "Culloden" and "Alexander" also proceeded, gave him some time for progress towards recovery. Captain Hood, in the "Zealous," remained behind to maintain the blockade of Alexandria, and Sir James Saumarez took the seaworthy prizes to Gibraltar. When the "Vanguard" approached the beautiful Bay of Naples, there burned within Nelson the pure flame of patriotic delight at the affection with which he was regarded at home, of deep satisfaction that his honour brought equal honour to his wife and equal pride to his father, and he cannot but have felt the keenest pleasure in knowing that he had won from Hood, Howe, and St. Vincent, and from all the chiefs of the Navy, the highest commendations of the Service to which he had devoted his life.

He had feared that it would be necessary for him to come home and leave his work uncompleted, that work being, as he said, the destruction of Napoleon's army by the blockade, and the recovery of Malta and Corfu. But, as he neared Naples, the "splitting" head to which he often referred grew better, and his active mind turned with eagerness to the prospect of sending bomb-vessels to Alexandria in order to shell the French transports crowding the harbour. His work was on the eastern side, and Syracuse was to be the port of refreshment. "Nothing but absolute necessity," he wrote, would drive him to the port to which he was going. "I detest this voyage to Naples," he wrote to St. Vincent two days before he arrived there; and to Sir William Hamilton he said: "I hope not to be more than four or five days at Naples, for these times are not for idleness."

But when the wounded "Vanguard" was sighted from the mole at Naples, the enthusiasm of the populace, which had waited eagerly for its approach, knew no bounds. Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister, with his wife, came off in a boat to welcome the Hero, and was followed by the King of Naples. It was, indeed, a moving time. "The scene in the boat was terribly affecting," Nelson wrote to his wife. "Up flew her ladyship, and exclaiming, 'O God, is it possible?" she fell into my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights."

JACK BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS SWEETHEART (1798).

"The hope of return, Takes the sting from a lieu."

We are now about to witness a sudden change in the character of Nelson, almost inexplicable. Before, he had been an officer burning with consuming zeal for his work. Time after time he had written home saying that duty was the only path for the officer to tread. Other men might be led, even by the innocent pleasures of life, to relax their efforts for the country; but for him there could be no delusions. His devotion must be complete and unstinted. It was upon this whole-hearted fulfilment of his duty to his country that his craving for glory was based. He would have no glory that was not merited, no honour that was not his due. How came it, then, that Nelson, who had this great ideal worked into the very fibre of his being, incorporated, if we may so say it, into the body of the mental endowment that urged him forward, became enervated in the luxurious atmosphere of the corrupt Court of Naples, enslaved in ignoble bondage to an unworthy woman? Between the Nelson of September 22nd, 1798, and the Nelson of two years later, there was, indeed, a marked contrast. Yet, if we examine his character closely, we shall discover that, among the strong and virile strands with which it was intertwined, there was one of weaker sort that had the power to drag him down. To say this is to say no more than that Nelson was a man, possessed with the strength and weakness of man, but so possessed in stronger degree by virtue of the force of his greater personality. It was his desire for glory, even for glory splendidly earned, that worked the disastrous change.

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It was said by Macaulay of Voltaire that from no other hand but his could so much sugar be swallowed without making the swallower sick. But to the battered sea-officer, who had worn out his days by ceaseless watching, beaten about by the elements, and subjected to continual danger, whose pre-occupation from boyhood had been to perfect himself in the means of his seaman's art, who had been beckoned forward by a high ideal, and to whom the opulent enjoyments of life had scarcely been unfolded, praise, enthusiastic praise, from a being of perfect loveliness such as Lady Hamilton, supplemented by bonfires, illuminations, and popular rejoicings, which the pen is powerless to pourtray, was very sweet indeed, and was little likely, as soon appeared, to cloy.

There was a common characteristic in Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Both had an eager thirst for admiration, a veritable passion for fame. But in one the craving for renown was based upon honourable deeds; in the other it was factitious, resting upon a vulgar love of parade. Captain Mahan well says, that unfortunately Nelson was not able to stand the heavy dose of flattery "administered by a woman of such conspicuous beauty and consummate art; nor was his taste discriminating enough to experience any wholesome revolt against the rankness of the draught she offered him." Lady Hamilton, once Amy Lion, afterwards Emma Hart, had risen from a low grade by her beauty, by a certain subtle cleverness, and by her talent of ambition. Mr. Charles Greville, who regarded her with such tenderness as was possible under the circumstances, had taken her, from the degrading surroundings of her girlhood, under his protection. She was to him "a charming creature" and an agreeable companion. He had trained her in part from the vulgarity of her beginning, and she responded to his efforts. Possessed with great histrionic talent and power of adaptation and imitation, she assumed a character that fascinated the fine taste of Sir William Hamilton, the diplomatist, connoisseur and art-lover, Greville's uncle. When the transfer from one to the other was proposed, the girl received a shock, for there can be no doubt that she was genuinely attached to Greville; but the Court of Naples to which she was brought opened out for her a new sphere of ambition, and she set her foot firmly upon the ladder to social distinction. That she was a clever woman there can be no doubt, for, despite her antecedents, she attained it. She made herself essential to Hamilton, and he married her. She became the friend and confidante of the Queen of Naples, and the great leader of Neapolitan Society; and, when the battered "Vanguard" and the battered admiral whose flag she flew arrived in Naples Bay, she resolved to parade herself in the glory of Nelson's fame.

There were few who denied her beauty. We may see to-day how she inspired the pencil of Romney, and was a pleasing model to Reynolds, Hoppner, Lawrence, and others. But those who had lived in good society ascribed to her, like Sir Gilbert Elliot, the manners of a barmaid. Nelson, as we have seen, had begun by considering her "a young woman of amiable manners." Beckford, who spoke of Nelson as "her dupe," did not consider her even fascinating. "She was somewhat masculine, but symmetrical in figure, so that Sir William called her his Grecian. She was full in person, not fat, but embonpoint. Not at all delicate, ill-bred, often affected, a devil in temper when set on edge." One English lady, two years later, spoke of her outrageous manners. "Her dress is frightful. Her waist is absolutely between her shoulders." But Lady Malmesbury had declared in 1791 that never anything was seen so charming as Lady Hamilton's "attitudes." "The most graceful statues or pictures do not give you an idea of them." They came up to the expectation even of Sir Gilbert Elliot in 1796. These famous "attitudes," or poses of the figure, were engraved by one Rehberg, and published in 1794, with a dedication to Sir William Hamilton, and again, vulgarised, in 1807. But, whatever other men, and whatever women, might think, there never was any doubt in Nelson's mind, when once Lady Hamilton had brought him under her spell, as to her supreme merits. "In every point of view," he said, "from Ambassatrice to the duties of domestic life, I never saw your equal. That elegance of manners, accomplishments, and above all your goodness of heart, is unparalleled." The consequence of such infatuation was inevitably disastrous. It drew Nelson away from single-hearted devotion to his country, it debased his moral fibre, temporarily obscured his fame, and inflicted irreparable injury upon the wife to whom he had written so often and so contentedly about "duty."

But we must turn from the picture of Nelson, flattered and tended in his weakness by this lovely woman, surrounded by all the appanages of luxury and wealth, in the house of Sir William Hamilton, and thinking, perhaps, little of the frugal home at Burnham Thorpe, to Nelson the commander. The duties that had been formally committed to him were firstly the protection of the coasts of Sicily, Naples, and the Adriatic, and in the event of war being renewed in Italy, active co-operation with the Austrian and Neapolitan Armies. Secondary objects were the isolation of Egypt and Malta, and co-operation with the Russian and Turkish squadrons, which were expected in the Archipelago. There was thus no reason for him to abandon Neapolitan waters, though obviously his relation to the place had changed since the time when he told Sir William Hamilton that he hoped to leave within four or five days. He put to

Admiral Lord Keith (1807).
From an Engrav ng by W. Holl, after J. Hoppner.

Admiral Lord Hotham (1800).
From a Painting by Dance, in the possession of Lord Hotham.

Admiral Sir Hyde Parker (1802).
From an Engraving by C. Townley, after Romney.

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sea in the "Vanguard," with three other ships-of-the-line, for Malta, on October 15th, but was back again on November 5th, having meanwhile placed in the hands of Captain Ball, of the "Alexander," with whom was associated a small Portuguese force, the arrangements for the blockade of the island.

The Neapolitan Government had committed itself to the folly of declaring war upon France, demanding the withdrawal of the troops then in the Papal States, which were unreasonably regarded as a danger. There is ground for believing that the combined influence of the Hamiltons and Nelson, with the ardour of the Queen, precipitated the action.

Events marched rapidly. Nelson captured Leghorn, where he left Troubridge in charge, but the Neapolitan troops, seized with panic, ignominiously retreated upon the capital, where the King and Queen, in alarm, were taken on board the "Vanguard" and conveyed to Palermo. Lady Hamilton accompanied them, and Nelson was captivated by her womanly solicitude and charm in this trying emergency. "Our dear Lady Hamilton," he curiously wrote, "whom to see is to admire, but, to know, are to be added honour and respect; her head and heart surpass her beauty, which cannot be equalled by anything I have seen." The scandal continued to grow when the scene was removed to Palermo, and paragraphs began to appear in the papers, which gave anxiety to Nelson's friends, and awoke grave misgivings in Lady Nelson at the injurious reports concerning her husband's character. It would appear that at one time she contemplated joining him at Naples or Palermo, but that he discouraged her.

Several uneasy months were passed by Nelson at Palermo, but, in the spring of 1799, a sufficient force was got together for the blockade of Naples, which Troubridge undertook. By the end of April, Procida, Ischia, Capri, and other islands were in his hands. The people were clamouring for the King, and stern justice was meted out to many who had had dealings with the French. Success succeeded success, and at length it seemed that royal authority would be restored, and the Parthenopeian Republic, which had been set up, overthrown. It was at this time that intelligence reached Nelson that a French Fleet, which proved to number twenty-five sail, had escaped under Bruix from Brest. At this intelligence his zeal kindled, though we cannot read his letters without seeing how closely he felt himself bound to Palermo. It was expected that the French would join the Spaniards, and that an attempt would be made to recapture Minorca, though St. Vincent, in communicating intelligence to Nelson, expressed his belief that Alexandria was the object. Outlying ships were called in, and ordered to join Rear-Admiral Duckworth at Port Mahon, but, when Nelson, a little later, conceived Sicily to be threatened, they were instructed to meet him at Marittimo. Duckworth declined, without superior orders, to make for that rendezvous, and Nelson braced himself, with his old fixity of purpose, to wage an unequal fight. "Your Lordship may depend," he wrote to St. Vincent, "that the squadron under my command shall never fall into the hands of the enemy; and before we are destroyed I have little doubt that the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they may be easily overtaken."

In this way Nelson exhibited his fidelity to his guiding principle of fearless attack, knowing well, in capable hands, the value even of a lost battle. But, in the result, Bruix's mission was a failure. He was so closely beset and watched that his plans were disconcerted, and ultimately he had no choice but to escape from the Mediterranean and return to Brest. Lord Keith at the time succeeded St. Vincent, much to Nelson's grief and resentment, in the Mediterranean command. "You are our father," he said, "under whose fostering care we have been led to fame. Be again our St. Vincent!" Meanwhile the Hero had shifted his flag into the "Foudroyant," 80, which had been intended for his flag-ship before he left England for the Mediterranean—the same splendid vessel that was lately rescued by patriotic liberality from the hands of a German shipbreaker, to whom she had been sold, and that was seen by English people again, restored to the aspect she bore when Nelson trod her quarter-deck.

We now come to the case of Caracciolo. On June 22nd, Nelson learned that an armistice had been concluded between the King's forces and the rebels, and he found a flag of truce flying in the "Seahorse." This he immediately ordered to be hauled down, and, forthwith, denounced the treaty, on the ground "that it could not be carried into execution without the approval of his Sicilian Majesty." He would have nothing from rebels,

From an Engraving by J. Fittler. After N. Pocock.

IN COPENHAGEN ROADS, 11.30 *a.m.*, *APRIL 2nd*, 1801.

The British ships anchoring by the stern.

he told Lord Keith, but unconditional surrender. The forts were delivered up, and of the prisoners handed over to the civil power, many were executed for their part in the rebellion. Nelson has been much censured for his share in this business, but there can be no question that he acted earnestly, and under a conviction that he was doing his duty at the time. That he overstrained the work of a British admiral can, however, scarcely be denied. The case of Caracciolo, the Neapolitan commodore, does not essentially differ from the others. He had left the Royal Service for that of the Parthenopeian Republic, and had fled from the sea-fort into which he had thrown himself, before its surrender. He was tried on board the "Foudroyant," for rebellion, and for firing at his King's colours hoisted on board the "Minerve," and, being convicted, was hanged at the fore-yardarm of that ship. That Nelson voluntarily surrendered his discrimination between right and wrong in this matter cannot be held. But he had lived for months in close contact with the woman who had won his passionate devotion, and who was practically the representative of the Court whose interests were involved. We may see now that he was necessarily steeped in all its prejudices, and that his own strong hatred of Jacobinism was strengthened by sympathy with those who had suffered from it.

There had already been friction between Nelson and Keith, in relation to the incursion of Bruix, and to inadequate reinforcements sent by Keith to Nelson; and now, when Keith, for the purpose of the general operations he was conducting to bring Bruix and the Spaniards to action, ordered Nelson to detach part of his force to Minorca, he was met by the reply that the safety of Sicily and Naples demanded that Nelson should stay where he was; while to Lord Spencer Nelson wrote that, though fully sensible of the consequences of disobedience, he declined to part with a single ship. A second order from Keith met with a more emphatic answer. Nelson was prepared to act, as on other occasions, upon the warrant of his own judgment, and, in this case, in absolute defiance of his superior. "I have no scruple in deciding that it is better to save the Kingdom of Naples and risk Minorca." But at this time, Bruix and the Spaniards, with forty ships, to which Keith could only oppose thirty-one, were contemplating a dash for Brest. Keith followed them, but without result, while Nelson was censured, though, at the same time, placed in command in the Mediterranean during Keith's absence. Into the motives that underlay Nelson's disobedience we need not enter here. That they were bound up with his devotion to Lady Hamilton and to the interests of the Sicilian Court is probable, but, at the same time, it is equally certain that his position at Palermo must have been a

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN, 2.30 p.m., APRIL 2nd, 1801.

Vice-Admiral of the Blue in the "Elephant."

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From an Engraving by J. R. Smith. After Sir J. Reynolds

Lady Hamilton.
As a Bacchante.

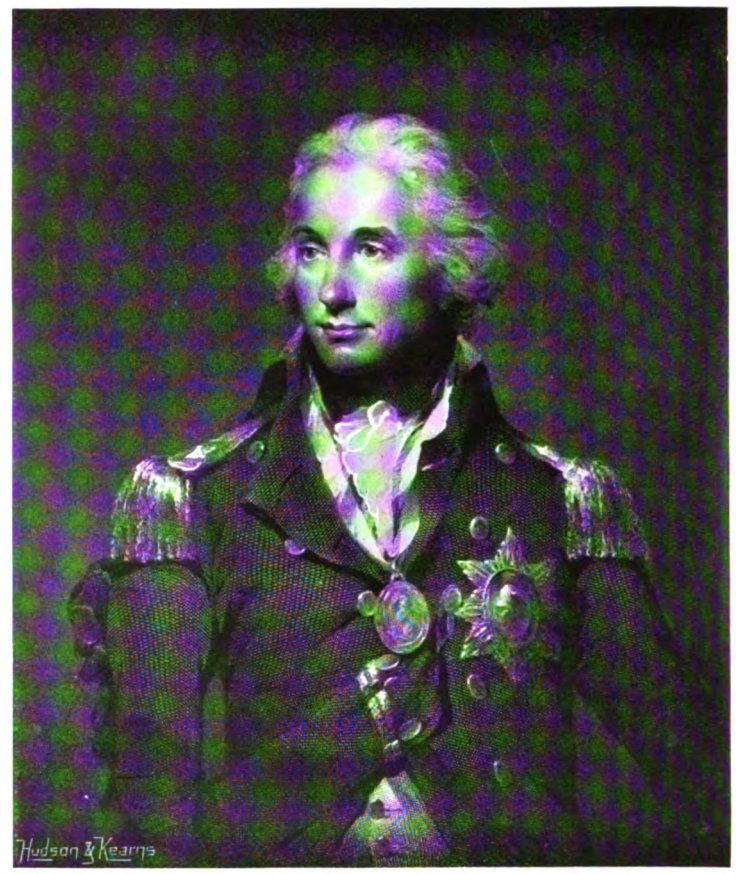
determining factor in the retirement of Bruix. On August 1st, 1799, the anniversary of the battle of the Nile, there were great rejoicings at Naples, which Nelson described in glowing terms to his wife, and it was at about that time that he was made Duke of Bronte, in Sicily, with a territorial grant estimated at the value of £3,000 a year.

But, at this period of feverish excitement and emotional exaltation, Nelson's health gave way. He constantly complained, and recuperation did not come so readily as of old. He chafed, too, under the censure he had received, and was not pleased when the return of Keith to the Mediterranean in December removed him from supreme command. "I have serious thoughts of giving up active service," he wrote to Lord Minto. "Greenwich Hospital seems a fit retreat for me, after being evidently thought unfit to command in the Mediterranean." But these, after all, were only fits of temporary depression.

Nelson took exceeding pride in the capture of the "Généreux," near the Sicilian coast, in February, 1800. She was one of the ships that had escaped from the Nile.

A little later the "Guillaume Tell," the last of the French Nile ships, trying to escape from Valetta, was pluckily engaged by Captain Blackwood, in the "Penelope" frigate, and the "Lion," 64, and Nelson's own ship, the "Foudroyant," came up to participate in the victory. It was the very completion for which he had longed, and he sometimes spoke of his work as done.

Nelson's health at the time seemed very much undermined, and partly owing to this, partly to natural resentment at the appointment of Keith, he begged to be allowed to come home. Lord Spencer would have had him remain to complete the reduction of Malta, and he went thither in the "Foudroyant"—the Hamiltons on board—in April, 1800, but was at Palermo again in June. His return to England was at length arranged. The "Foudroyant" could not be spared, and he travelled with his friends, by way of Leghorn, Ancona, Trieste, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Hamburg. During some part of the journey he was very ill, but the change of scene restored him, and he landed at Yarmouth, in his native county, on November 6th, declaring that his health was then perfect, and



From an Engraving by R. Graves, A.R.A. After L. F. Abbott.

Sir Horatio Nelson (1797).
Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

From an Engraving by C. Holl. After Romney.

Lady Hamilton.
As a Bacchante.

that he was ready to serve again immediately. An enthusiastic reception was his welcome, and local honours were freely bestowed. His fame had preceded him throughout the land, and, wherever he went, ringing plaudits greeted the Hero of the Nile.

But glorious as was Nelson's home-coming there were some things wanting to its completeness. Lady Nelson was not there. At this we need not wonder, for the scandal concerning his relations with Lady Hamilton had occupied the tongues of all gossipers. Besides, Lady Nelson was tending his aged father, and, in any case, she would not have chosen to meet him, after their long separation, before the public gaze. "God bless you, my dear husband, and grant us a happy meeting," she had written to him in her last letter. But he seemed to think of nothing but Lady Hamilton, and on their arrival in England at once presented her to his wife. It is a miserable story, and the rapid widening of the breach to absolute separation shall not be described here. Yet it is pleasant to remember that a little granddaughter of Lady Nelson remembered to have often seen her take a miniature of Nelson from a casket, and, after kissing it, put it away, saying, "When you are older, little Fan, you, too, may know what it is to have a broken heart."

The final parting took place when Nelson left on January 13th, 1801, to hoist his flag in the "San Josef"—his prize at St. Vincent. "I call God to witness," he said, "there is nothing in you or your conduct that I wish otherwise." It

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was on board the "San Josef," at the end of the same month, that Nelson received intelligence of the birth of the child Horatia, whose parentage has led to so much discussion. Beckford roundly stated his belief that Lady Hamilton never had a child at all, and that Nelson was duped. Certain it is, from all evidence, that he believed Horatia to be Emma's child, and that he was her father, and there is no reason to doubt that he was right.

It is far more agreeable to consider Nelson as a great seaman than in such conditions of life as these. The "San Josef" was to join St. Vincent's flag in Torbay, but Nelson was ordered to shift his flag into the "St. George," with Hardy as his captain, and to put himself under the orders of Sir Hyde Parker at Yarmouth. The business was to vindicate the right of search, and to crush the "Armed Neutrality" of the Baltic powers, behind which was the hand of Napoleon, building up a league of strength against us.

It was appropriate that Nelson should have a share in shattering his combinations. He was eager for action, and could not tolerate delay. With his old spirit of seizing the essentials of a situation, he roundly declared that the negotiations would be conducted much better with the British Fleet before Copenhagen. Sir Hyde Parker treated him frigidly, but there is an amusing story that the admiral was thawed by the present of a turbot which had been caught in the "St.

From an Engraving by J. Golding. After L. F. Abbott.

Lord Nelson (1801).
Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

George." Nelson was all for immediate action. When the ships were near Kronborg, he urged Parker to pass through the Belt, and either to go with the Fleet, or to detach ships to destroy the Russian Fleet at Revel. Thus, with profound and incisive grasp, did he hold the essentials of the problem, proposing to throw the force where it might have instant and crushing power. "The measure may be thought bold," he wrote, "but I am of opinion the boldest measures are the safest." Some difficulty, however, arising about the passage of the Great Belt, the way of the Sound was adopted, and Nelson, being informed, characteristically replied, "I don't care a d——n by which passage we go, so that we fight them." Parker, he wrote to Lady Hamilton, "has by this time found out the worth of your Nelson, and that he is a useful sort of man on a pinch."

This was true. The main recommendations of Nelson were adopted. He had shifted his flag to the "Elephant," with Foley, of Nile fame, for his captain, and was to pass, with twelve ships-of-the-line southward behind the Middle Ground shoal, which faces Copenhagen. He had examined the position in the "Amazon" frigate, and was in high spirits when, on the evening of April 1st, he anchored at the south-east corner of the shoal, and gave a dinner to his captains. That evening every preparation was made; the clerks were busy writing out minute orders through the night, and Nelson, from his cot, continually called out to hasten them with their work. Captain Hardy had sounded with a pole as far

From an Engraving by J. Jones. After Romney.

Lady Hamilton.
A Portrait.

as the leading ship of the enemy, and the passage was known to be practicable.

At half-past nine in the morning the order was given to weigh in succession, and to proceed northward up the King's Channel between the Middle Ground shoal and Copenhagen. The only men who hesitated were the pilots, and Nelson growled at the misery of entrusting the honour of the country to men whose only thought was to keep the ships clear of danger and their silly heads clear of shot. It was Mr. Brierley, master of the "Bellona," who piloted the ships in. Unfortunately Nelson's old "Agamemnon" stuck on the shoal, while the "Bellona" and "Russell" took the ground further up the channel, though still able to use their guns. At this anxious moment Nelson's agitation was extreme, but it was the agitation of a man panting for action, and filled with a sense

From an Engraving by J. R. Smith. After Romney.

Lady Hamilton.
As Nature.

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of great responsibility. Captain Riou, afterwards killed, was engaging the Trekroner battery at the further end of the channel, and the nine other ships ranged alongside the Danes.

The battle raged furiously. As Nelson said, "Here was no manœuvring; it was downright fighting." But Parker, to the northward, as he beat up to come into action on that side, could see that no decisive effect had been made, that signals of distress were flying in the "Bellona" and "Russell," and that the "Agamemnon" was aground. It was, indeed, tremendous work, and as the splinters flew in the "Elephant," Nelson said to Colonel Stewart that any moment might be the last—"but, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands." Misgiving, however, was in the mind of Parker, and Otway, his flag-captain, came off to learn how things were in the "Elephant." Meanwhile, on board the flag-ship, the signal to discontinue the action had been hoisted. The lieutenant asked if he should repeat it. "No," said Nelson with a hasty gesture; "acknowledge it." "Leave off action! d——n me if I do," he said to Stewart. "You know, Foley, I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes!" saying which, he put his glass to his blind eye, exclaiming, "I really do not see the signal!" It has been contended that the signal was in fact merely permissive, by prearrangement, so that Nelson might discontinue the action if he pleased; but some other circumstances would tend to show that Nelson's action was not pantomime. At any rate, it was fully consistent with his character.

Fortunate it was that the signal was not obeyed, for, within an hour, the Danish ships were ceasing fire, and the "Dannebrog" was drifting along the line in flames, and finally blew up. Then it was that Nelson stepped in to stop the butchery, by writing his famous letter to the Crown Prince, through which an armistice was arranged and Denmark detached from the Northern Confederation. A very characteristic incident is related by Stewart concerning the despatch of this letter. Nelson wrote the original with his own hand, and his secretary, having copied it, was about to seal the letter with a wafer. But Nelson interposed. He would have wax and a taper. The man was killed as he went for them. "Send another messenger," he said. A perfect impression of his own seal being made, Stewart inquired the reason for this punctiliousness under such circumstances. "Had I made use of the wafer," said Nelson, "it would have been wet when presented to the Crown Prince. He would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry; the wax tells no tales."

It was the old Nelson. He had managed the business with equal dash, decision, and adroitness. A "Nelson touch" surely was there. "All agree there is but one Nelson," St. Vincent wrote to him. Parker came home at the time, and he was left in command. "Nelson will be first; who can stop him?" he wrote to Lady Hamilton. But this was not empty boasting. Once, when it was rumoured the Swedish Fleet had put to sea, he jumped into an open boat for a six hours' pull without a cloak, or a morsel to eat or drink, against wind and tide, to join his ships. It was part of the character of the man. He received his reward by being raised

Mrs. Philip Ward (1870).
From a Photograph from life in the possession of Mr. Nelson Ward

"*My daughter Horatia*" (1823).
From a Miniature by Sir C. Ross in the possession of Mr. Nelson Ward.

to the dignity of a viscount for his services, but was angry at the neglect of others.

Before he came home—much did he long for the hour when he should rejoin Emma—Nelson went to Revel, but the Czar Paul had been murdered, and hostilities were averted. We have a picture of his life on board from the pen of Colonel Stewart. He rose at four or five o'clock, and retired at ten. He had always a midshipman or two at his breakfast table, and would enter into their boyish jokes like a very boy again. The officers of the ship dined with him in succession, and generally he made all pleasant in the ship. But his health nevertheless, was bad, and he said that the Northern air "killed" him.

He landed at Yarmouth again on July 1st, 1801, but it was not for respite. Throughout the Baltic campaign there had been running through his mind the thought of placid days at home. Nelson had never made a tame second in command. His dominant spirit could not brook control. If his superior's views coincided with his own, as had been the case with St. Vincent in the Mediterranean, all went well. But if the Commander-in-Chief were not a friend of Nelson's, if he did not know the Hero's qualities, and his crowning fitness for independent duties, differences arose, and Nelson fretted under the curb. In the Baltic he had, in large measure, forced his will upon Sir Hyde Parker, but still the sluggish spirit of his chief, and the opportunities he saw lost, had caused in him a constant chafing against his environment, and the spirit of unrest, combined with the rude northern blasts, had seriously affected his health.

It was not, therefore, with welcome that Nelson received the intimation that he was to be given a new and local command. There were rumours of an invasion. Napoleon had his huge flotilla of flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne, and he was expected to push across, and make an attempt upon the Thames, or the south or east coast. It is curious to see how the master of the sea regarded his new and unfamiliar work, but his views cannot be entered into here. He was all fire and activity. Men wondered to see the great admiral bustling through the press of this business. If the enemy should attempt to land, "the moment they touch our coast, be it where it may, they are to be attacked by every man afloat and on shore; this must be perfectly understood." Nelson hoisted his flag on board the "Unité" frigate, at Sheerness, hastening on board, he said, to show that all must get to their posts as speedily as possible. "To-day I dined with Admiral Graeme, who has lost his right arm, and, as the commander of the troops has lost his leg, I expect we shall be caricatured as the lame defenders of England." We have an amusing picture of him endeavouring vainly to inspire that strange body, the Sea Fencibles, with his own spirit. But they were not to be deluded, even by the wiles of Nelson, from going in numbers on board ship. "This service," he wrote to St. Vincent, "would be terrible to me—to get up and harangue like a recruiting sergeant; but, as I am come forth, I feel that I ought to do this disagreeable service as well as any other." It is the old Nelson who speaks, ever ready to tread the path of duty.

He shifted his flag into the "Medusa," and directed an attack in boats on the French flotilla, at Boulogne. It was a failure, but instructive as showing how Nelson was prepared

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to carry the war into the enemy's country. Yet, in truth, the whole business was distasteful to him. The long watch in the Downs fretted his spirit, and he constantly saw in his old friend Troubridge, who was now at the Admiralty, the spirit that separated him from Lady Hamilton. It was Troubridge who raised obstacles, Troubridge who was now glorying in "cowing the spirit of Nelson"—but "I have wrote to him and the Earl my mind." Nelson's feeling against his gallant comrade broke out in odd ways, and it is comical to witness his exasperation when Troubridge recommends him to take walks on shore, and to wear flannel shirts. And Nelson, in his own mind, was perfectly convinced that invasion was impossible. "Where is it to come from?" he wrote to St. Vincent. "The time is gone." His flag flew, however, until the Peace of Amiens had been signed. "Thank God! it is peace," he had exclaimed, but not without anger of spirit, at the boisterous joy of the populace. "There is no person in the world rejoices more in the peace than I do, but I would burst sooner than let a d——d Frenchman know it."

The separation from his wife was now definitive, and it was to the house of the Hamiltons, in Piccadilly, that he had gone. But Lady Hamilton had now selected for him a house at Merton, concerning which he made but one stipulation, namely, that everything in it should be his "to a book or a cook," or "a sheet or towels." But he added, "You are to be, recollect, Lady Paramount of all the territories and waters of Merton, and we are all to be your guests, and to obey all lawful commands." So the extraordinary household was created. Poor Sir William Hamilton, protesting that Nelson was his best friend, went there, resolved that his quiet should not be disturbed, "let the nonsensical world go on as it will." Not everything went so smoothly as he would have wished. He made few complaints, however, save that, as he said, "the whole attention of my wife is given to Lord Nelson and his interest at Merton." As to the house itself, Lord Minto described it as a sort of reflection of Nelson himself, hung with portraits of him and her, and with pictures of actions, and adorned with pieces of plate in his honour, etc. with the comment that "to make his own house a mere looking-glass to view himself all day is bad taste." Minto describes a dinner-party at Merton, from which he came away angry with the establishment, and melancholy. "But I cannot alter it, and I do not think myself obliged, or at liberty, to quarrel with him for his weakness, though nothing shall ever induce me to give the smallest countenance to Lady Hamilton." Such was the view of a man of the world of the extraordinary domestic establishment which Lady Hamilton had created for Nelson at Merton.

LADY HAMILTON AS CASSANDRA

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BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
after N. Pocock

O. WHATELEY.

O. WHATELEY

NELSON AND TRAFALGAR, 1803—1805.

N this rapid sketch of the career of our famous seaman we now approach the final act of the great drama. We have seen the Hero in his strength and his weakness. In virile character where was there like to him? At every step in his career we have witnessed him inspired to his acts by the purest patriotism. Never did he swerve from loyal and unstinted service to his country. If for a moment, as it were, in the Mediterranean, he seemed tardy in his movements, if he lingered too long in the enchanted waters of Naples and Palermo, it was not by any conscious lapse from duty. Rather, we may be sure, as he ever declared, did he see his chief obligation in the protection of the State that had, in effect, been committed to his charge. It was a period in which he looked upon events no longer in the pure light of his far-seeing intellect, but in the unhappy glamour of his infatuation. Yet, let it never be forgotten that, when the supreme call of duty sounded, it rang through his being like a clarion, and raised him to the accomplishment of superlative deeds. We marked, in fact, on the tremendous day of

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TEA IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT MERTON PLACE.

"In the glimpses we get of the family life at Merton during the winter months of 1801-2, Nelson is seen discussing strategy with Hood, Ball, and other Naval officers; Barham, the tenor, drops in to assist Lady Hamilton in entertaining the company; and the circle includes at times not only Sir William Hamilton, with Nelson's brother and sisters, but many men distinguished in the professions of statecraft and arms."

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Copenhagen, how he delighted in his danger, and declared that not for thousands would he be away. It was the same spirit that, long before, in his West Indian days, had caused him to claim the first place where peril was the pathway to honestly-earned renown. And now we shall witness, in the glorious close of his career, how he rose to an unexampled height of achievement, breaking the trammels that would have held him down, and making England his debtor, for his great service, evermore.

Nor was the life at Merton wholly deplorable. The general condition of it was, indeed, pitiably degrading, and some things in it fairly pass comprehension. We cannot discover how Nelson could describe Lady Hamilton as "the most virtuous of women." We are absolutely lost in amazement to find Sir William Hamilton—the man of the world, well versed in its wickedness, the old observer of men—declaring his knowledge of "the purity of Lord Nelson's friendship for Emma and me"; leaving to him, in a codicil to his will, an enamel copy of Madame Lebrun's portrait of her, as "a very small token of the great regard I have for his Lordship, the most virtuous, loyal, and truly brave character I ever met." But, if these things are astonishing, what shall we say of the strange death-bed scene, for the aged knight died on April 6th, 1803, "in Lady Hamilton's and my arms," said Nelson, "without a sigh or struggle." And he added, "The world never lost a more upright and accomplished gentleman," while the widow, in copious tears, melting with ready emotion, recorded that "unhappy day for the forlorn Emma—ten minutes past ten dear blessed Sir William left me." From these things we turn perplexed, for here, surely, are all the moral rules and conventions upon which men shape their lives turned upside down.

Yet Mr. Matcham, a nephew of the great admiral's, has left us a most pleasing picture of Nelson's own life at Merton. He was remarkable, we are told, for quiet, sedate, and unobtrusive demeanour, was anxious to please all about him, and sought opportunities of doing kind acts in turn to each. In this little circle he delighted in quiet conversation, with an undercurrent of pleasantry, not unmixed with caustic wit, and never at home did he voluntarily refer to his own actions. Long afterwards the daughter of the vicar of his parish recorded that she revered his memory for his charitable spirit, and constant readiness, with liberal hand, to alleviate want and suffering. These are pleasing features disclosed in his character at that time, and place him in a light in which we have scarcely yet found him.

We are not, however, surprised to discover him taking up the cause of his companions in arms at Copenhagen, just as, a little earlier, he had pleaded with St. Vincent for Troubridge, and the people of the "Culloden," at the Nile. He was wounded that, for some obscure reason, no public recognition should be made of the services of those of whose characters, he said, he was the natural guardian. He protested to the Lord Mayor against the neglect of the City. He had a serious difference with St. Vincent concerning the omission to award a medal. "If Lord Nelson," he wrote, "could forget the services of those who have fought under his command, he would ill deserve to be so supported as he always has been." Nelson himself was at the time comparatively poor, partly owing, no doubt, to the settlement which he had made upon his wife, but largely owing to the expense of his establishment at Merton, and he put forward an application for an increase, with the pertinent question, "Was it, or not, the intention of His Majesty's Government to place my rewards for services lower than Lord St. Vincent or Lord Duncan?"

But the menacing condition of European affairs was once more opening the field of employment. Diplomatic discussions grew more bitter. Nelson was on the alert, watching the portents of the storm, and on March 8th, 1803, leaving the House of Lords, where the King's message concerning war preparations had been read, he wrote to the Prime Minister: "Whenever it is necessary, I am your admiral." War was declared on May 16th. Nelson was to be Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and on the 18th he hoisted his flag on board the "Victory," of 100 guns, at Plymouth, and two days later put to sea. People crowded to see the great admiral as he went away, and he shrank from the public gaze. There was a tugging at his heart-strings, unfamiliar, but, once on board, it was over, and he was the great commander again.

"If the devil stands at the gate," he wrote picturesquely to St. Vincent, "we shall sail to-morrow forenoon." Nelson's precise instructions were to establish a close blockade of Toulon, to detain any Dutch ships, to watch the conduct of Spain and movements in Spanish ports, and to prevent any Spanish squadron from entering a French port or joining a French or Dutch squadron. His old friend Cornwallis was blockading Brest, and he was instructed to meet him and leave with him the "Victory," if Cornwallis should have need of her. As it happened, Cornwallis could not be met, but Nelson, chafing under the delay imposed, left his ship behind and pushed on in the "Amphion" frigate with all his staff. The "Victory" did not rejoin him until two months later. Hardy, Nelson's old friend, was her captain.

Now was to be instituted that close blockade of the French coasts, which—the prelude to Trafalgar—was to have a far-reaching strategic effect by exercising "noiseless pressure upon the vitals of France." No man knew better than Nelson the immense value of blockade in the training of

From an Engraving by J. Bragg. After G. Romney.

LADY HAMILTON.

As Ariadne.

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seamen. Weary work it was, but the constant occupation, the riding out of gales at sea, the regular watering and refreshing of the Fleet, were the exercises that gave our seamen their immense superiority over the French Fleet, long confined to harbour. The patient care with which Nelson organised his blockade, the minute attention he paid to the sweetness of the ships and the health of their companies, the base he established at Maddalena, the fertility of resource that enabled him to maintain a blockade of unparalleled stringency, without dockyard or storehouses to fall back upon, all speak to the seamanlike character of the man, and, once for all, put to confusion those who have regarded him merely as a fighting hero. He was, on the other hand, a sagacious and laborious organiser of his victories, and was ever in readiness for opportunities he foresaw. He was prepared to pursue the French to the Antipodes. Accordingly he did not lie near the port, and did not even closely watch it with frigates. "My system is the very contrary of blockading," he said to Admiral Pole. "Every opportunity has been offered to the enemy to put to sea, for it is there we hope to realise the hopes and expectations of our country." Here, again, we see a "Nelson touch," the masterful grasp of essentials, the fine directive idea of being "at 'em."

When the winter came on he took a somewhat more sheltered situation, protected by the Spanish shore, bearing up for every gale, and exercising his seamanship to keep the crazy ships all sound, for he had neither port nor spars near, and when the French blundered in a futile effort to leave Toulon, he remarked, with excellent knowledge of the conditions, that those gentlemen were "not accustomed to a Gulf of Lyons gale, which we have buffeted for twenty-one months, and not carried away a spar." The winter tried Nelson very much, and at one time he feared blindness. But his unconquerable will carried him through. "*I* must not be sick until the French Fleet is taken."

From a Painting in the possession of the United Service Club

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.

As a Captain of three years' post, about 1799.

The difficulties that Nelson had before him were, indeed, very great. That the French were meditating something all evidence showed, but nowhere could he glean the smallest indication of their particular object. Generally he was inclined to think they would go westward. At times he believed they had a purpose in Egypt. Latouche-Tréville, whom he regarded with something like personal enmity, began to cut what he called "capers" just outside Toulon, and "to play bo-peep like a mouse at the edge of her hole." The means at his disposal were almost inadequate, and, in the hands of a less efficient seaman, would have been wholly so, for the ships were in a bad state, and once he wrote that all but four needed docking, and there was no dock open west of Constantinople. We may smile now at an incident that vexed him then. The Frenchman reported that he had come out, and that Nelson had run away. With a big writter oath he swore to make Latouche eat these words, but before the opportunity came, the Frenchman died. He was succeeded, after an interval, by Villeneuve, who had brought the French remnant from the Nile, and was to be the victim of Trafalgar.

In the summer of 1804 Nelson's health was better, but it speaks volumes for the arduousness of his task, and the strength of purpose with which he pursued it, that, from going ashore at Malta in June, 1803, to his landing at Gibraltar in July, 1805, when he came from the West Indies, he never was on dry land, and that he was never outside the "Victory" after July 30th, 1803, the day on which he went aboard her from the "Amphion," up to the same time. No wonder that seamen loved the gallant admiral whom they saw sharing their long watches, as he walked his quarter-deck six hours or more every day. Small wonder that English people love so dearly that old "Victory," splendid type of our wooden walls, which lies at Portsmouth to-day. There were times off Toulon of savage winter, when Nelson's feeble body suffered keenly from the hardships, days when the masts creaked and the cordage strained, when the long swish of the water along the sides was alternated with the roaring blow which sent the driving spume high over the ship.

There is a very pleasant picture of Nelson's life on board, in better weather, however, by Dr. Gillespie, a member of the admiral's mess. At six o'clock in the morning the servant would bring a light and indicate the wind, weather, and course, and the doctor would rise and repair to the deck. Breakfast was then announced in the admiral's cabin. The company were Nelson himself, Rear-Admiral Murray, the captain of the Fleet, Captain Hardy, Dr. Scott, the chaplain and private secretary, Mr. Scott, the public secretary, and one or two other officers, who, after discussing hot rolls, toast, cold tongue, etc., would go on deck to witness the majestic spectacle of sunrise. From seven to two was the time for business, study, writing, and exercise, and at two o'clock the band played, "The Roast Beef of Old England" announcing the admiral's dinner, which was served precisely at three, and consisted of three or four courses, followed by a dessert of fine fruit brought from the shore, with various wines, including claret and champagne. If a person was not at his ease, says Dr. Gillespie, it was his own fault, for urbanity and hospitality reigned. Coffee and liqueurs closed the repast

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after which the company walked on deck to the strains of the band, and at six o'clock tea was announced, a sociable meal which lasted until seven, and was generally followed by chat. A rummer of punch at eight o'clock, with a biscuit, closed the day, for the admiral retired before nine. Such is a journal of a day in moderate weather—of a red-letter day, one would say—on board the "Victory" off Toulon, and it is pleasant to think that such social enjoyments, with excellent friends, brightened that lonely watch.

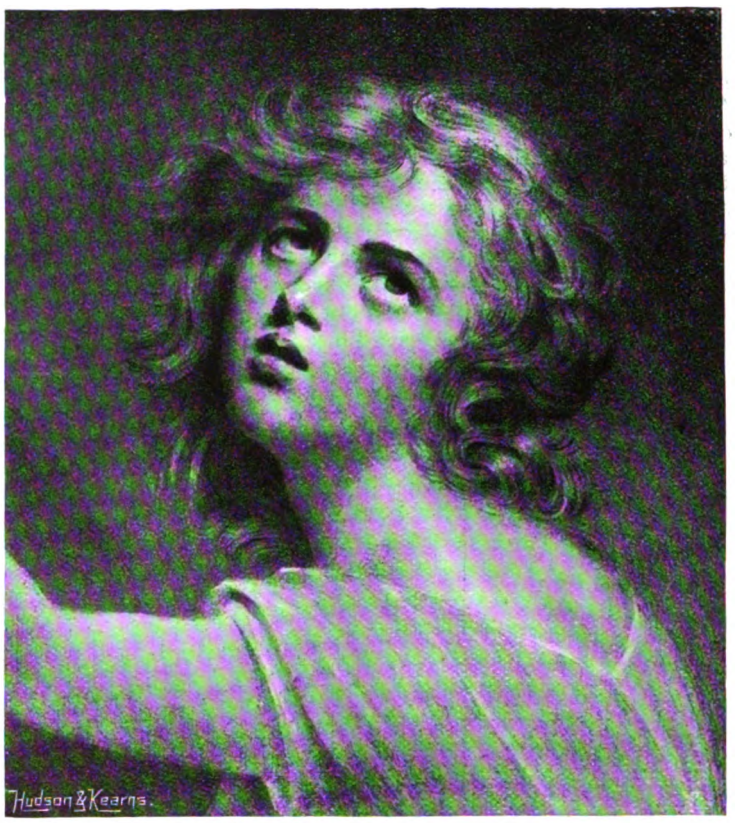
In the autumn of 1804 Nelson craved to go home, declaring that his health demanded it, and leave was granted him for the purpose. But his ardent spirit telling him that at length the French were about to move, he reconsidered his decision, and at last, on the afternoon of January 19th, 1805, the long-looked-for signal was seen flying from the "Active" that Villeneuve was actually at sea. Nelson did not know, as we do, that Napoleon's plan, which was one of deceit and evasion, was to despatch squadrons from Toulon, Rochefort, and Brest, as nearly as possible at the same time. These were to proceed to the West Indies, and undertake offensive operations, attracting, as Napoleon supposed, thirty ships-of-the-line in pursuit, and then to unite and return in order to convoy the great flotilla to England. It has sometimes been contended that this wily scheme duped Nelson, but that is certainly not the case, for, with customary prevision, he had divined the chief move in the game. "I should think the West Indies the more likely place for the French to succeed in," he had written in the previous September. Where the Toulon fleet went, there would he follow.

After an attempt rendered futile by the disablement of some ships, on March 30th Villeneuve put to sea for his famous cruise, and intelligence of the movement reached Nelson four days later. Villeneuve took a wide sweep in order to elude pursuit, touched at Cartagena on April 6th, pushed through the Straits, picked up Spanish reinforcements at Cadiz, and on the 9th left, with eighteen sail-of-the-line, for Martinique. It was the first move in Napoleon's great strategic game of evasion, but Villeneuve's false start caused him to miss Missiessy, from Rochefort, in the West Indies, and Ganteaume could not get away from Brest, for Cornwallis was strong in the Channel.

For some days Nelson was at fault, and contrary winds hampered his progress. Indications of the westward course reached him at Palermo on the very day that Villeneuve sailed from Cadiz, but it was not until April 18th that he got to the south of Sardinia, where suspicion was converted into certainty. He regarded the escape of the French Fleet from the Mediterranean as a "severe affliction," and was apprehensive it might be thought he had protected Sardinia, Naples,

From an Engraving by J. W. Slater. After Romney

Lady Hamilton.
As Miranda.



From an Engraving by R. Earlom. After Romney.

Lady Hamilton.
As Sensibility.

Sicily, the Morea, and Egypt "too well." This was a time of keen anxiety, and every hour's delay was bitterness to him. His chafing of spirit sometimes almost approached to fury. It was not until May 11th that he was able to leave Lagos Bay, where definite information reached him of the course to the West Indies taken by the French. More than a month before, with the Spaniards, they had set sail from Cadiz, and arrived at Martinique on May 23rd. Whatever seamanship could do to hasten the departure of the Fleet and carry it forward was done. The spirit in which Nelson entered upon the chase was well expressed to his old friend Davison, the same who had averted matrimony from him at Quebec. "Salt beef and the French Fleet," he said, "is far preferable to roast beef and champagne without them."

Nelson reached Barbadoes on June 4th, after a remarkably rapid passage, with his ships very foul at the bottom, one scarcely seaworthy. There he added two ships to his ten, and would have gone on at once to Martinique, but that General Brereton misled him into thinking an attempt was to be made on Trinidad. From Trinidad he sailed to Martinique, to find Villeneuve gone, and hearing he had been seen standing to the northward, came to a rapid decision, quite characteristic, that his coming had driven the Frenchman to Europe. With full confidence in his intuition—though the final object of the French was not yet discovered—he despatched the brig "Curieux" with intelligence to the Admiralty, and himself left, with all possible speed, for Gibraltar, where he landed on July 20th, having met Collingwood at Cadiz. There was brought to an end the great pursuit to the West Indies which was to have beguiled our seamen from their task, and laid England open to invasion, but which, in fact, was the mere chase by Nelson of the squadron he had been instructed to destroy. Of invasion there never had been the least chance, for Cornwallis was in great force in the Channel, where he had sealed Ganteaume in Brest, and the French had no force to convoy their unwieldy flotilla. The futility of his scheme was swiftly borne in upon Napoleon, and, before the day of Trafalgar, he had turned his face to the Rhine.

Meanwhile Villeneuve, steering to the neighbourhood of Cape Finisterre, had been sighted by the "Curieux," and, upon intelligence being conveyed to the Admiralty, Sir Robert Calder, with the ships from Rochefort and Ferrol, had been deputed to intercept him. They met on July 22nd, but Calder's ships were short of supplies and sickly, and the French, being to windward, were able to avoid an engagement, and Villeneuve made off to Vigo, and afterwards Cadiz. Heavy denunciation was poured upon Calder for his incomplete action, but here it is enough to observe that Nelson wrote of it with sympathy. "Who, my dear Fremantle," he said, "can command all the success which our country may wish?" It was upon hearing of Villeneuve being to the northward that the Hero sailed from Gibraltar, and on August 18th, to Spithead, where he struck his flag on the following day, and proceeded to Merton.

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But now were all things tending to the great and solemn end. We follow the story of Nelson's last days ashore with wistful sympathy, for we cannot but feel that the strong spirit, ripened for its latest and triumphant work, was being girt up to the accomplishment of the appointed deed. The plaudits of the vast crowd that welcomed him were the token of the love and confidence of the people. There is always prescience in nations and certitude in the worthiness of those, wrought out from among themselves, who are chosen to work their destiny before the world. Such a man was Nelson. Less than a month was allotted to that last stay in England. It was given up, so much of it as was possible, to the placid enjoyments of Merton, where it is pleasant to find the great man's kindred gathered about him. Minto dined with him at home, and thought him looking remarkably well, and full of spirits and confidence. In those dark and doubting times, his conversation, he said, was a cordial. Minto seemed content even with Lady Hamilton. "She is a clever being, after all; the passion is as hot as ever."

Many stories are told of that time which cannot be repeated here. Once Nelson met Wellington at the Colonial Office, neither knowing the other, and, when he had revealed the vainglorious side of his character, he surprised the Indian veteran by turning to broad questions and discussing them, with knowledge, "like an officer and a statesman." Much as he would have liked, he said, to lay up his old bones for the winter, he was resolved to hoist his flag afresh in October. As it was, the call came earlier. At five o'clock in the morning of September 2nd, a fortnight after Nelson had landed from the "Victory," Captain Blackwood, of the "Euryalus" frigate, reached Merton. Nelson was up and dressed. "You bring me news of the French and Spanish Fleets, and I think I shall yet have to beat them." This was the intelligence sent by Collingwood that Villeneuve had entered Cadiz. "Depend on it, Blackwood," he said later at the Admiralty, "I shall yet give Mr. Villeneuve a drubbing."

The story is told, upon Lady Hamilton's authority, that Nelson paused for a moment irresolute. We do not believe it, for it was not consonant with his character, and the source, as later events proved, was tainted. But this is the episode as related. He walked, brooding, the "quarter-deck," as he called it, in his garden. She divined his doubts and fears. "Offer your services; they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it; you will have a glorious victory."

From an Engraving by Reynolds. After John Prescott Knight.

THE MEETING OF NELSON AND WELLINGTON.

In the waiting-room at the Colonial Office, September, 1805.

He looked at her with tears in his eyes: "Brave Emma! Good Emma! If there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons." However it may have been, there was certainly within him something of a solemn foreshadowing of death, and we can well believe the story that he went up before leaving his home to breathe a prayer over the sleeping child Horatia. There is that memorable entry in his private diary, dated "Friday night, September 13th," recording his departure from "dear, dear Merton," where he declared he left all he held dear in the world to serve his King and country. There was, too, in this entry the solemn prayer of trust and submission to the Providence to which in such

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"I HAD THEIR HUZZAS BEFORE, I HAVE THEIR HEARTS NOW."

Nelson embarking in the "Victory's" barge at Southsea beach, September 14th, 1805.

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From an Engraving by W. Miller. After C. Stanfield, R.A.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The original picture belongs to the United Service Club.

moments he always turned. Crowds gathered about him, some crying, a few kneeling, many blessing, as he embarked on the next day, when his flag was hoisted on board. "Hardy," he said, with emotion, to his old flag-captain, who was in the boat, "I had their huzzas before; now I have their hearts."

On the 15th the "Victory" sailed in company with the "Euryalus," but Nelson sent the latter ahead to inform Collingwood off Cadiz of his coming, and to instruct that no salute should be fired, because it was undesirable to inform the enemy of every addition to the fleet. Indeed, Nelson endeavoured to keep Villeneuve and his Spanish allies in ignorance of our strength, so that they might be the more ready to come out. As it was, famine threatened them, and Napoleon, who had turned his face towards Germany, was urging his unlucky admiral to sweep through the Mediter-

From an Engraving. After Turner.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

This celebrated picture is historically most inaccurate.

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From an Engraving. After D. Maclise, R.A.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

The wall painting in Westminster Palace.

ranean. The "Victory" joined the fleet on September 28th, and Nelson was received with universal acclaim. He had been anxiously looked for, and his presence spread sunshine and gave confidence throughout the fleet. His courtesy and geniality charmed everybody, and Codrington, captain of the "Orion," wrote of "general joy" being manifested. His captains dined with him, and he developed to them his celebrated plan and memorandum of the attack. It animated them with his fire, and with the downright purpose of closing with the enemy. There could be no inconclusive action where Nelson was in command. This "Nelson touch" has become famous. "It was like an electric shock," he wrote to Emma; "some shed tears, all approved. 'It was new, it was singular, it was simple,' and from admirals downward it was repeated. 'It must succeed if ever they will allow us to get at them.'" While Nelson was thus imparting to all the spirit of fervour that was in himself, he was keenly anxious for the sufficiency and efficiency of the fleet. Every point had been carefully thought out, and nothing was left to chance. No advantage was to be forfeited, and he had urged the Admiralty to send more ships, for he declared, with full comprehension of the necessity, that it was "annihilation that the country wants, and not merely a splendid victory of twenty-three to thirty-six."

At length it became essential for Villeneuve to leave his port, and, hearing that some ships had gone to Gibraltar and Tetuan to water and refresh, he began to unmoor on October 19th. But he could not get out until the next day, when, in the afternoon, with thirty-three ships-of-the-line and some frigates, French and Spanish, he steered westward, and then stood away to the south-east. His preparations for departure were signalled to Nelson, who then had twenty-seven ships-of-the-line with him, by his frigates, and he ordered a course towards the Straits, accurately divining that Villeneuve sought to enter the Mediterranean. Then he sat down and penned his last pathetic letter to Lady Hamilton, which was found upon his desk when he was dead, and another to the child Horatia, conveying to her "the affectionate parental blessing of your father, Nelson and Bronte." It was on the morning of the ever-memorable 21st of October, 1805, that the enemy was discerned off Cape Trafalgar, at a distance of ten or twelve miles.

From an Engraving by J. Heath. After B. West, P.R.A.

"THEY HAVE DONE FOR ME AT LAST, HARDY."

On the Quarter-deck of the "Victory," about 1.30 p.m.

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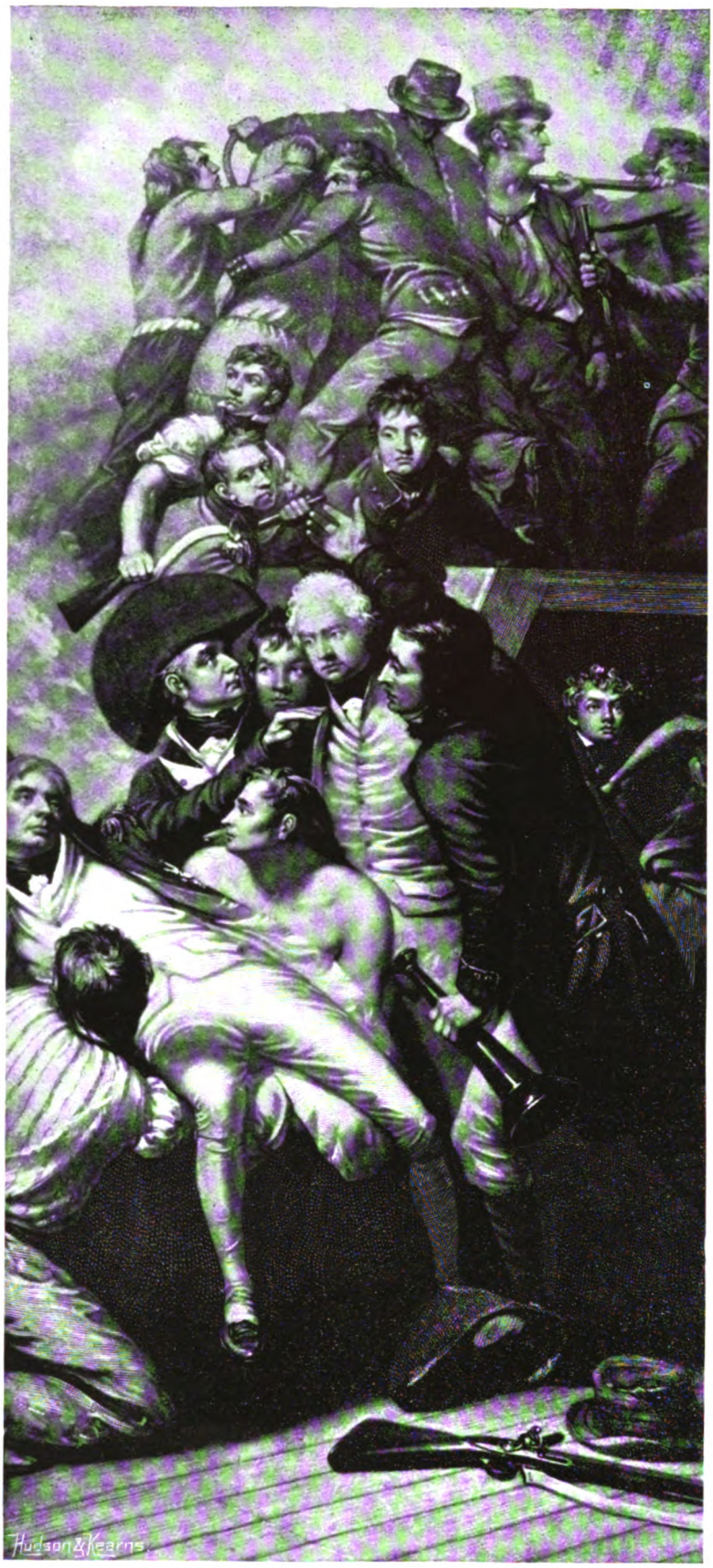
Eagerness marked every face in Nelson's Fleet, and many scanned with glasses the mighty armament of the foe as it rose fully into view. In a famous memorandum, Nelson had prescribed that the order of sailing, in two columns, should be the order of battle. Villeneuve, seeing fighting to be inevitable, directed his ships to wear, and they were heading to the northward towards Cadiz. Collingwood, leading the lee column in the "Royal Sovereign," was to fall upon the enemy's rear, while Nelson would lead the weather column in the "Victory," overawe the van, and throw his force against the centre. The van was not to be allowed to succour the rear. So fully was the whole system of attack understood by Collingwood, Northesk, and the captains, that few signals were necessary. On our side the formation in two columns was somewhat irregular, owing to the extreme lightness of the wind, and the same was the case with the Allies, who were stretched in a long line approaching to a crescent, of which the wings were broad on the beam of our ships before their centre was struck.

Nelson was early on deck observing the disposition of the Fleet, and wearing his undress-coat as an admiral, with four orders upon his breast. He had left his sword in his cabin, and, when he saw that all was going well, and that the solemn moment was approaching for which he had looked so long, he went down and wrote his memorable record and prayer:—

"At daylight saw the Enemy's Combined Fleet from East to E.S.E.; bore away; made the signal for Order of Sailing, and to Prepare for Battle; the Enemy with their heads to the Southward: at seven the Enemy wearing in succession. May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."



From an Engraving. *The Death of Nelson.* After S. Drummond.

Already, in the presence of Captain Hardy and Captain Blackwood, he had penned that remarkable codicil to his will which has become so famous. It set forth the "eminent services," unrewarded, of Lady Hamilton as having been of the very greatest service to the country. It declared that she obtained the King of Spain's letter in 1796 to the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England, which enabled orders to be sent out to Jervis to strike, if opportunity offered, against Spain, and that the neglect was not the fault of Lady Hamilton. Secondly, the "British Fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse that he was to encourage the Fleet being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, received every supply, went to Egypt, and destroyed the French Fleet. Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my Country, but, as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, a Legacy to my King and Country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life." Further, he committed to his country his "adopted daughter," Horatia Nelson Thompson, desiring that she would use the name of Nelson only.

It may here be observed, incidentally, that the services alluded to were never acknowledged, and that there is grave doubt whether they were ever rendered. Curiously enough, the only public reward received was a grant of arms from the Herald's College, expressly in virtue of the codicil, which was recited in the grant. But Lady Hamilton was otherwise well provided for. Afterwards she squandered money, and died at Calais in humble circumstances, while the child Horatia grew up, married, and left descendants.

When Nelson had discharged these duties, he came on deck to watch the slow approach to the enemy, and ordered Lieutenant Pasco to hoist the famous signal, when the "Victory" was about a mile and a-half from the enemy's line. He wished to say to the Fleet, "England confides that every man will do his duty"; but Pasco suggested to substitute "expects" for "confides," as the latter word was not in the vocabulary. So it was done, and it is said that Collingwood, munching an apple as he paced his quarter-deck, grumbled at the signalling, but was delighted when he knew the words. When the van ships had answered the signal, Nelson ordered the signal for "close action" to be hoisted at the "Victory's" top-gallant masthead, and there it remained until shot away.

Collingwood, in the "Royal Sovereign," followed by the "Belleisle," "Mars," "Tonnant," and the rest, in all fifteen sail-of-the-line, was intentionally ahead of the weather line, and as Nelson saw him go, he exclaimed, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action"; while Collingwood, on his part, said to Rotheram, his flag-captain, "What would Nelson give to be here!" Nelson was indeed burning to engage, and anxiously demanded of Captain Blackwood, whom he had summoned on board, what might be considered a victory. Blackwood said fourteen ships should be captured, whereupon Nelson said he could not be satisfied with less than twenty. Annihilation, he again said, was his aim, and nothing short of it. The British ships which went into action were twenty-seven, while the French had eighteen, and the Spaniards fifteen—together, thirty-three.

Collingwood headed for the "Santa Ana," 112, Vice-Admiral Alava's flag-ship, which had the "Fougueux," 74, astern, and the "San Leandro" and other ships a little to leeward. As he came on Avila opened fire, and upon this, both Fleets

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Vice Admiral COLLINGWOOD.
After C. Turner. About 1804.

Rear Admiral Lord NORTHESK.
After H. Patterson. About 1811.

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LORD NELSON CARRIED BELOW TO THE COCKPIT OF THE "VICTORY."

"A little later he covered his face and decorations, that the sight might not affect the ship's company."

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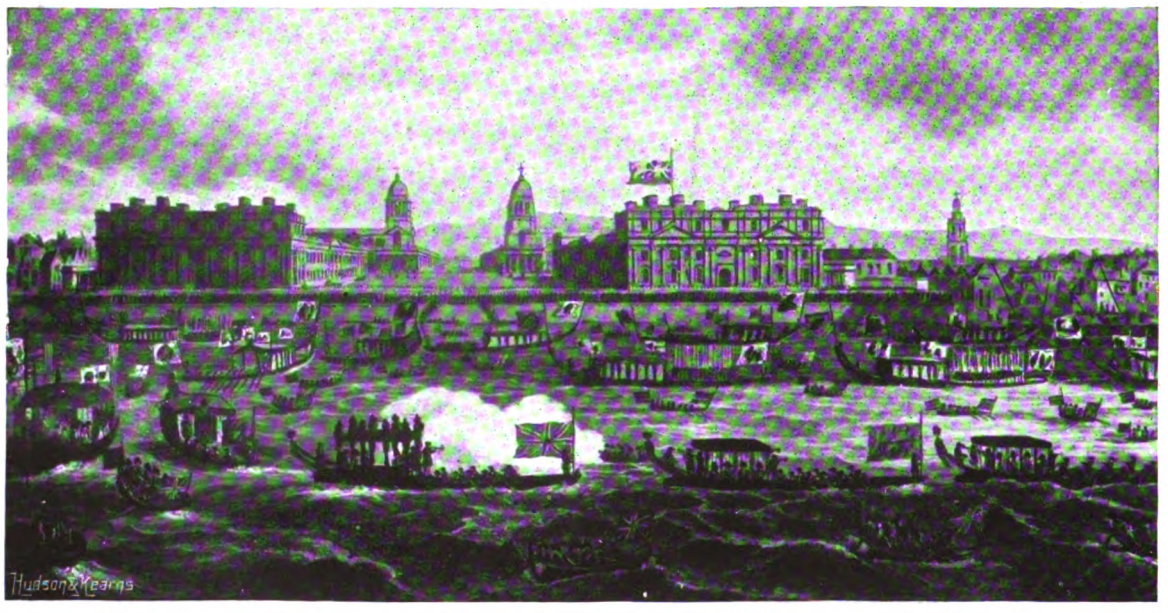
From an Engraving by W. Brumley. After A. W. Devis.

"THANK GOD, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY."

In the cockpit of the "Victory," about 4 p.m.

immediately hoisted their colours, all the British vessels flying the white ensign. A tremendous fire fell upon the "Royal Sovereign" from the "Santa Ana" and "Fougueux" as she passed under the stern of the former, raking her with a double-shotted broadside. Every gun told, and she soon passed through, pounding a ship on each side of her as she did so, and then, putting the helm hard over, ranged alongside the Spanish flag-ship. Meanwhile, the "Belleisle" and other ships were coming into action, and taking pressure off the gallant Collingwood, and masts and rigging began to go by the board. But it is impossible here, and unnecessary, to describe the action of the several ships, of which each gave a splendid account of herself.

Meanwhile battle had opened with the weather line by a trial shot from the "Bucentaure." Nelson was very anxious to engage Villeneuve, but, as his flag could not, at first, be made out—it was really in the "Bucentaure"—he gave Hardy leave to go in where he pleased. As soon as the enemy found the range, a deadly fire was opened from the huge "Santisima Trinidad" and other ships, but the "Victory" reserved her fire for the critical encounter that was coming. Nelson's friend, Scott, the public secretary, was killed by a round shot as he stood by the admiral's side, and another narrowly missed both Nelson and Hardy. The mizen-topmast was shot away, the wheel was smashed to pieces, and many of the sails were in ribbons. In all about fifty were killed and wounded by the cannonade. But the "Victory" forged slowly ahead, with double-shotted guns, which, gun by gun, she discharged into the "Bucentaure" as she passed under her stern. The destruction was fearful, but the enemy's ships were closing "like a forest." Hardy probably intended to lay his ship alongside the French flag-ship, but before he could do this, the "Redoutable" had come up on the starboard side, and her rigging caught in the "Victory's" yard-arm. Thus the two ships were locked together, Hardy's fire driving the men of the "Redoutable" from their guns, while her small-arm men on the upper deck and aloft swept the "Victory's" deck, and a number endeavoured to board her. At this time the havoc was terrible.



From an Engraving by Hill. After Pugin.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

From Greenwich to Whitehall by river, January 8th, 1806.

It was in this situation that a musket ball from the mizen-top of the "Redoutable" struck Nelson, as he was looking aft near the hatchway to the cabin, for he had been walking

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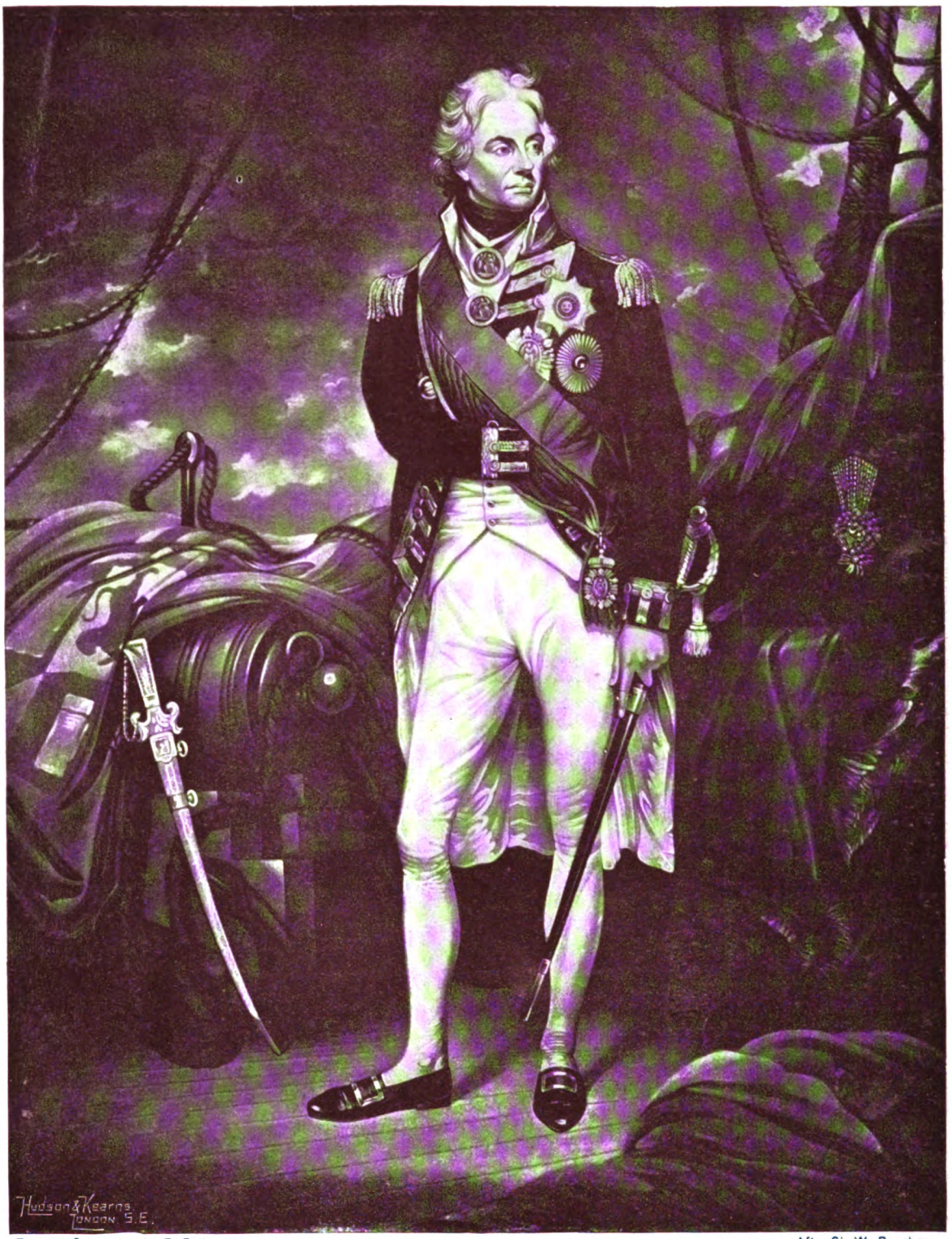
to and fro with Hardy. The fatal shot passed down through the lung and backbone, and lodged in the muscles of the back. The brave admiral, resisting all temptation to seek shelter, had stood on his quarter-deck, bearing all the evidence of his rank, and his death was perhaps inevitable, so hot and terrible was the fire, which laid many another in the "Victory" low before the "Téméraire," with double-shotted broadside, crushed the "Redoutable" out of all fighting power. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said Nelson, as his captain supported him. "I hope not," answered Hardy. "Yes," replied Nelson, "my backbone is shot through." Crowds of wounded were being carried down into the cockpit, when Beatty, one of the surgeons, heard the cry, "Mr. Beatty, Lord Nelson is here—the admiral is wounded."



From an Engraving by E. Bell. After Sir W. Beechey.

NELSON.

Rear-Admiral.

But the case was, indeed, hopeless, and, in the ghastly place, where the wounded were groaning, they laid the dying Hero a little apart, so that life might ebb peacefully away. He constantly cried for water, and called for Captain Hardy. "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed. He is surely destroyed." Then the captain came and congratulated him on victory. "I hope none of our ships have struck, Hardy." "No, my Lord," replied the captain, "there is no fear of that." Then the dying Hero called Hardy nearer. "I am a dead man," he said; "I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Then he spoke to the surgeon, as if asking for the possibility of life, and exclaimed, "God be praised! I have done my duty." At about three o'clock, as new ships of the enemy opened on the British vessels, he cried, "Oh, Victory! Victory! how you distract my poor brain!" Within an hour Hardy came back. The battle was decided. The leading ships, sacrificing themselves, had crushed the resistance they met, broken the line, and opened the way to the final triumph. Nelson asked the number of ships captured, and when Hardy said he thought fourteen or fifteen, the Hero replied, "I bargained for twenty," adding, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" The dying Nelson was not disposed to give up his command, and said, "If I live, I'll anchor." Then strength ebbed away, and he urged his captain to take care of Lady Hamilton, and added, "Kiss me, Hardy." Hardy bent down and kissed his cheek. He was satisfied, and said again, "Thank God! I have done my duty." When Hardy left him, he turned to the chaplain "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner," adding, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." The last words he uttered were, "Thank God! I have done my duty."

Thus, in the hour of victory, passed away the greatest of all seamen, and the most disinterested Englishman that has ever bled for his country. His triumph was without a precedent, and may never find a parallel. Of the thirty-three ships of the Allies, one had blown up, and seventeen were captured, including four flag-ships, while four got away with

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Dumanoir, to be taken by Sir Richard Strachan on November 4th, and the battered remnant of eleven escaped to Cadiz. If Nelson had lived, the triumph might have been more complete, but it could not have been more magnificent. What a victory it was for Englishmen! On the blood-stained waters of Trafalgar, where Nelson fell, the seal was set upon our beneficent dominion. Never since that day has any State risen to contest with us the supremacy of the seas. From

From a Photograph. Messrs Symonds & Co., Portsmouth

THE "VICTORY" (LAUNCHED 1765).

Wreathed with garlands of laurel, October 21st, 1896.

that hour to this never has England, as the mighty mistress of countries and seas, turned back in her progress, or swerved from the place she has won as the peace-maker of the world. For it was not a victory only for Englishmen. Europe is Nelson's debtor. How, but for Trafalgar, and the victories ashore that were its consequence, could Germany have arisen to her unity, or Italy, from the bondage of France, have been made free? Could Spain have preserved independence, and shall we go wrong in thinking that France herself drew from Trafalgar the possibilities of the liberty and enlightenment she enjoys?

With this thought, and amid the marks of his triumph, we leave Nelson, the purest patriot, and the man in whose complex being were embodied the richest qualities with which men of action can be endowed. The mourning with which tidings of his death were received still resounds in our ears. Men had learned to look upon him with confidence as their protector, and they wept for him as the great leader whose task was done, but the lustre of whose deeds should remain in the land. So we regard him to-day. Wherever heroism is valued, wherever country is dear, wherever the clarion-call rings through the hearts of men with the summoning voice of duty, there shall the name and fame of Nelson be honoured evermore.

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